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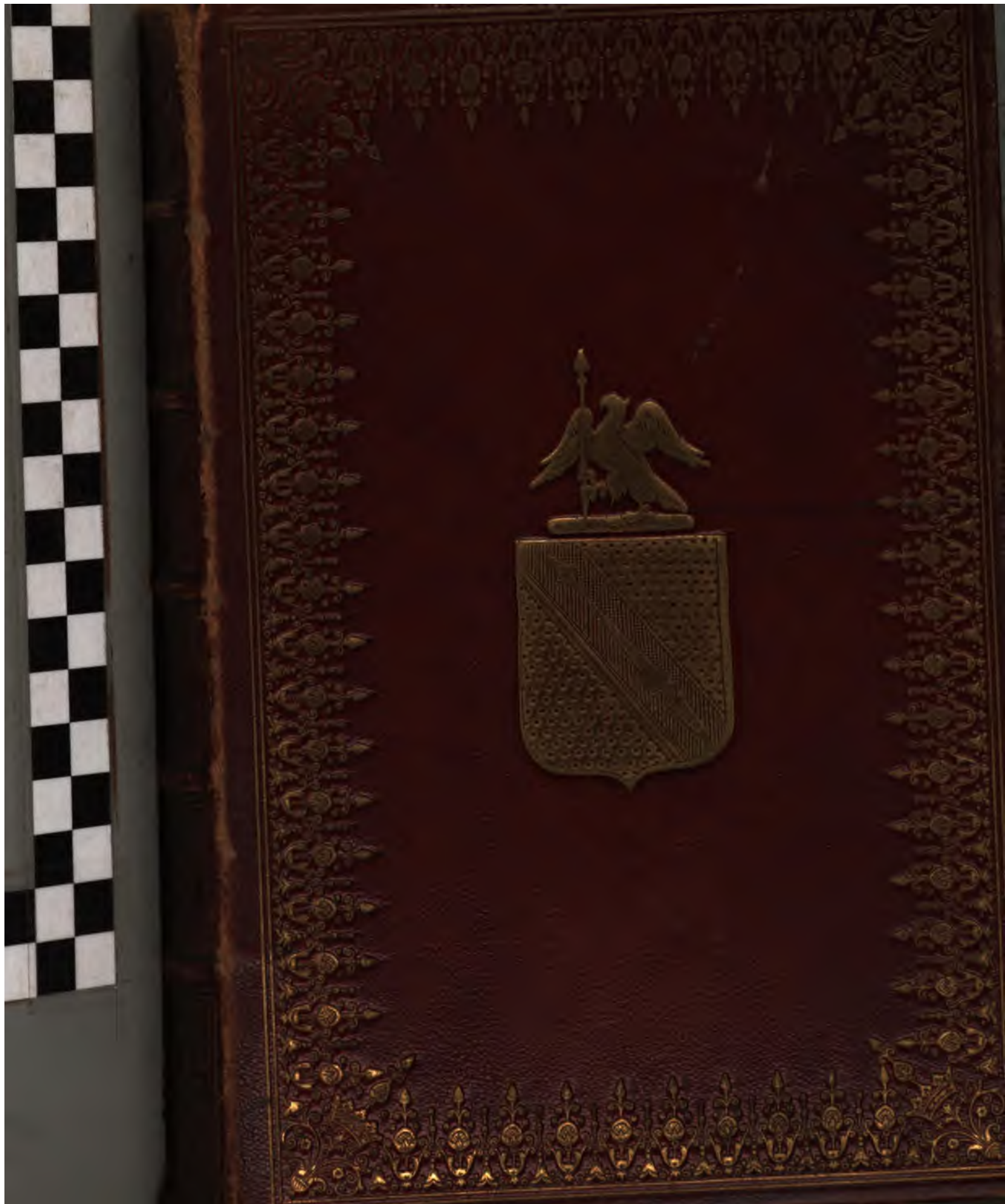
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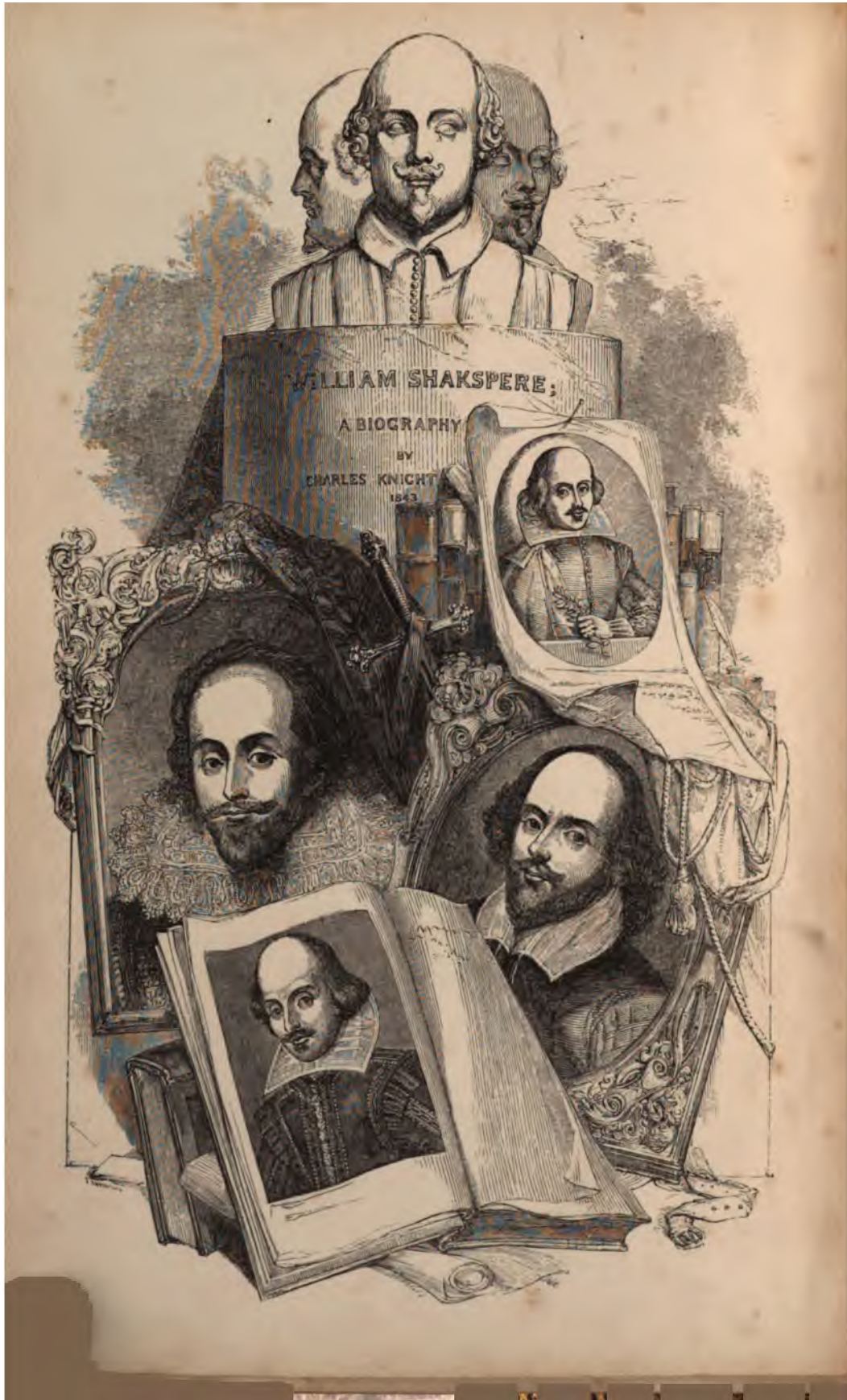
Jan<sup>y</sup> 30. 1863

<sup>y</sup> from M. and M. Grain









THE  
WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE;

CONTAINING  
HIS PLAYS AND POEMS,  
FROM  
THE TEXT OF THE EDITIONS BY CHARLES KNIGHT:

*With Glossarial Notes;*

AND  
FACTS CONNECTED WITH HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS, ABRIDGED FROM  
'WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, A BIOGRAPHY.'

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HARVEY.

~~~~~  
COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.  
~~~~~

*SEVENTH EDITION.*

LONDON:  
H. G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

—  
1859.



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THE  
TWO GENTLEMEN  
OF  
VERONA



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

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'THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA' was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspeare's plays, edited by John Heminge and Henry Condell, and published in 1623, seven years after his death. The text is singularly correct. There are not more than half a dozen passages of any real importance upon which a doubt can be entertained, if printed according to the original. It is, in all probability, a play written very early in Shakspeare's life.

The scene of this play is, in the first act, at Verona, and afterwards chiefly at Milan. The action is not founded upon any historical event. The one historical fact mentioned in this play is that of the emperor holding his court at Milan, which was under the government of a duke, who was a vassal of the empire. Assuming that this fact prescribes a limit to the period of the action, we must necessarily place that period at least half a century before the date of the composition of this drama.

Pope calls the style of 'The Two Gentlemen of

Verona' "simple and unaffected." It was opposed to Shakspeare's later style, which is teeming with allusion upon allusion. With the exception of the few obsolete words, and the unfamiliar application of words still in use, this comedy has a very modern air. The thoughts are natural and obvious, the images familiar and general. The most celebrated passages have a character of grace rather than of beauty; the elegance of a youthful poet aiming to be correct. Johnson considered this comedy to be wanting in "diversity of character." The action, it must be observed, is mainly sustained by Proteus and Valentine, and by Julia and Silvia; and the conduct of the plot is relieved by the familiar scenes in which Speed and Launce appear. The other actors are very subordinate, and we scarcely demand any great diversity of character amongst them; but it appears to us, with regard to Proteus and Valentine, Julia and Silvia, Speed and Launce, that the characters are exhibited, as it were, in pairs, upon a principle of very defined though delicate contrast.

# TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, father to Silvia.  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.; sc. 4.

VALENTINE.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.  
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.

PROTEUS.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.  
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

ANTONIO, father to Proteus.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3.

THURIO, rival to Valentine.  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2.  
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia in her escape.  
*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

SPEED, servant to Valentine.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1.  
Act IV. sc. 1.

LAUNCE, servant to Proteus.  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4

PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

HOST, with whom Julia lodges.  
*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2.

OUTLAWS with Valentine.  
*Appear*, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

JULIA, beloved of Proteus.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4.  
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 7.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE,—IN VERONA, IN MILAN, AND ON THE FRONTIERS OF MANTUA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open place in Verona.

*Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;  
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;  
Were I not affection chains thy tender days  
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,  
I rather would entreat thy company,  
To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
Than, living dally sluggardiz'd at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.  
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,  
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Will thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!  
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest  
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel;  
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy danger,  
If ever danger do environ thee,  
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,  
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;  
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'T is true; for you are over boots in love,  
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.<sup>a</sup>

Nay, give me not the boots. It is concluded that the allusion is to the instrument of torture called the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;  
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's  
mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;  
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;  
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;  
However,<sup>a</sup> but a folly bought with wit,  
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance,<sup>b</sup> I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'T is love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:

And he that is so yoked by a fool,  
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud  
The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,  
That art a votary to fond desire?  
Once more adieu: my father at the road  
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

<sup>a</sup> However—in whatsoever way.

<sup>b</sup> Circumstance. Proteus employs the word in the meaning of circumstantial deduction;—Valentine in that of position.



*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.  
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,  
Of thy success in love, and what news else  
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;  
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

*Val.* As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

[*Exit VALENTINE.*]

*Pro.* He after honour hunts, I after love:  
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;  
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.  
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;  
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;  
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

*Speed.* Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already;  
And I have play'd the sheep<sup>a</sup> in losing him.

*Pro.* Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,  
As if the shepherd be awhile away.

*Speed.* You conclude that my master is a shepherd  
then, and I a sheep?

*Pro.* I do.

*Speed.* Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I  
wake or sleep.

*Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

*Speed.* This proves me still a sheep.

*Pro.* True; and thy master a shepherd.

*Speed.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the  
sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my  
master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the  
shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages  
followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not  
thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry baa.

*Pro.* But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to  
Julia?

*Speed.* Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to  
her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave  
me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour!

*Pro.* Here 's too small a pasture for such store of  
muttons.

*Speed.* If the ground be overcharged, you were best  
stick her.

*Pro.* Nay, in that you are astray;<sup>b</sup> 't were best  
pound you.

*Speed.* Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me  
for carrying your letter.

*Pro.* You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

*Speed.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,  
'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your  
lover.

*Pro.* But what said she? did she nod? [*SPEED nods.*]

*Speed.* L.<sup>c</sup>

*Pro.* Nod, I; why, that 's noddy.

*Speed.* You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and  
you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.

*Pro.* And that set together is—noddy.

*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it to-  
gether, take it for your pains.

*Pro.* No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

*Speed.* Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

*Pro.* Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

<sup>a</sup> Sheep is pronounced *ship* in many English counties.

<sup>b</sup> *Astray.* The adjective here should be read "a stray"—a  
stray sheep.

<sup>c</sup> *L*—the old spelling of the affirmative particle *Ay*.

*Speed.* Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having  
nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

*Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in brief: what  
said she?

*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money, and the  
matter, may be both at once delivered.

*Pro.* Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

*Speed.* Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

*Pro.* Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;  
no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter:  
And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I  
fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.  
Give her no token but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.

*Pro.* What said she,—nothing?

*Speed.* No, not so much as—"Take this for thy  
pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have  
testern'd<sup>a</sup> me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry  
your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you  
to my master.

*Pro.* Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack;  
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,  
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:—

I must go find some better messenger;

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,

Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Garden of Julia's House.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

*Luc.* Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

*Jul.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,

That every day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

*Luc.* Please you, repeat their names, I 'll show my  
mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?

*Luc.* As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;

But, were I you, he never should be mine.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

*Luc.* Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

*Luc.* Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

*Jul.* How now! what means this passion at his name?

*Luc.* Pardon, dear madam; 't is a passing shame,

That I, unworthy body as I am,

Should censure<sup>b</sup> thus on lovely gentlemen.

*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

*Luc.* Then thus: of many good I think him best.

*Jul.* Your reason?

*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason;

I think him so, because I think him so.

*Jul.* And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

*Jul.* Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

*Luc.* Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

*Jul.* His little speaking shows his love but small.

*Luc.* Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all.

*Jul.* They do not love that do not show their love.

*Luc.* O, they love least that let men know their love

*Jul.* I would I knew his mind.

*Luc.* Peruse this paper, madam

*Jul.* "To Julia,"—Say, from whom?

*Luc.* That the contents will show.

*Jul.* Say, say; who gave it thee?

*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from

Proteus:

<sup>a</sup> You have testern'd me. A verb is here made out of the  
name of a coin—the *tester*.

<sup>b</sup> *Censure*—give an opinion.



Not being tried and tutor'd in the world :  
Experience is by industry achiev'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time :  
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him ?

*Pan.* I think your lordship is not ignorant,  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

*Ant.* I know it well.

*Pan.* 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him  
thither :

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,  
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen ;  
And be in eye of every exercise,  
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

*Ant.* I like thy counsel ; well hast thou advis'd :  
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall make known :  
Even with the speediest expedition,  
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

*Pan.* To-morrow, may it please you, don Alphonso,  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
Are journeying to salute the emperor,  
And to commend their service to his will.

*Ant.* Good company ; with them shall Proteus go :  
And,—in good time.—Now will we break with him.<sup>a</sup>

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Sweet love ! sweet lines ! sweet life !  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart ;  
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn :  
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,  
To seal our happiness with their consents !  
O, heavenly Julia !

*Ant.* How now ? what letter are you reading there ?

*Pro.* May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two  
Of commendation sent from Valentine,  
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

*Ant.* Lend me the letter ; let me see what news.

*Pro.* There is no news, my lord ; but that he writes  
How happily he lives, how well-belov'd,  
And daily graced by the emperor ;  
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish ?

*Pro.* As one relying on your lordship's will,  
And not depending on his friendly wish.

*Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish :  
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.  
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time  
With Valentinus in the emperor's court ;  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
Like exhibition\* thou shalt have from me.  
To-morrow be in readiness to go :  
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided ;  
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee :  
No more of stay ; to-morrow thou must go.—  
Come on, Panthino ; you shall be employ'd  
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt* ANT. and PAN.]

*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning ;  
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd :

I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,  
Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;  
And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
Hath he excepted most against my love.  
O, how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day ;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away !

*Re-enter* PANTHINO.

*Pan.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you ;  
He is in haste ; therefore, I pray you, go.

*Pro.* Why, this it is ! my heart accords thereto ;  
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter* VALENTINE and SPEED.

*Speed.* Sir, your glove.

*Val.* Not mine ; my gloves are on.

*Speed.* Why, then this may be yours, for this is but  
one.<sup>b</sup>

*Val.* Ha ! let me see : ay, give it me, it 's mine :—  
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine !  
Ah Silvia ! Silvia !

*Speed.* Madam Silvia ! madam Silvia !

*Val.* How now, sirrah ?

*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.

*Val.* Why, sir, who bade you call her ?

*Speed.* Your worship, sir ; or else I mistook.

*Val.* Well, you 'll still be too forward.

*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too  
slow.

*Val.* Go to, sir ; tell me, do you know madam  
Silvia ?

*Speed.* She that your worship loves ?

*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love ?

*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks : First, you  
save learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms  
like a malecontent ; to relish a love-song, like a ro-  
bin-redbreast ; to walk alone, like one that had the  
pestilence ; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his  
A.B.C. ; to weep, like a young wench that had buried  
her grandam ; to fast, like one that takes diet ; to watch,

\* Break with him—break the matter to him.

<sup>b</sup> One was anciently pronounced as if it were written on.

like one that fears robbing ; to speak puling, like a  
beggar at Halloween. You were wont, when you  
laughed, to crow like a cock ; when you walked, to  
walk like one of the lions ; when you fasted, it was  
presently after dinner ; when you looked sadly, it was  
for want of money ; and now you are metamorphosed  
with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly  
think you my master.

*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me ?

*Speed.* They are all perceived without ye.

*Val.* Without me ? they cannot.

*Speed.* Without you ? nay, that 's certain, for with-  
out you were so simple, none else would : but you are  
so without these follies, that these follies are within  
you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal ;  
that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to com-  
ment on your malady.

*Val.* But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia ?

*Speed.* She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper ?

*Val.* Hast thou observed that ? even she I mean.

*Speed.* Why, sir, I know her not.

*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and  
yet know'st her not ?

*Speed.* Is she not hard favoured, sir ?

*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.

*Val.* What dost thou know ?

*Speed.* That she is not so fair as (of you) well fa-  
voured.

\* Exhibition—stipend, allowance.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That 's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that a man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and will I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them;—Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion!<sup>a</sup> O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrrows.

Speed. O, 'give ye good ev'n! here 's a million of summers. [Aside.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoind me, I have writ your letter, Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 't is very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off; For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much: And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel; And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;— And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you; Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it? [Aside.

<sup>a</sup> Motion—a puppet show.

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ; But since unwillingly, take them again;

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request; But I will none of them; they are for you: I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over: And if it please you, so: if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour. And so good morrow, servant. [Exit SILVIA.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better, That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 't is you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What needs she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I 'll warrant you 't is as well.

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty, Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover, Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in print,<sup>a</sup> for in print I found it.—

Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.<sup>b</sup> [Exit.

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner: Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Giving a ring.

Pro. Why, then we 'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,

<sup>a</sup> In print—with exactness.

<sup>b</sup> Be moved—have compassion on me.

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,  
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance  
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!  
My father stays my coming; answer not;  
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;  
That tide will stay me longer than I should:

[Exit JULIA.]

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?  
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;  
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The same. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a Dog.

Laun. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe<sup>a</sup> is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing;" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood<sup>b</sup> woman;—well, I kiss her;—why, there 't is; here 's my mother's breath up and down; now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever man tied.

Pan. What 's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that 's tied here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the

<sup>a</sup> This left shoe. A passage in King John' also shows that each foot was formerly fitted with its shoe.

<sup>b</sup> Wood—mad, wild.

river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent for thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Milan. A Room in the Duke's.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and Servants.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'T were good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeit.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote<sup>a</sup> you my folly?

Val. I quote<sup>b</sup> it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change color?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind meleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and good shot off.

Val. 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's.

And spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchange of words,

And, I think, no other treasure to give your folly. For it appears, by their bare liveries, That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes your father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard on Sir Valentine, your father is in good health:

What say you to a letter from your friends?

Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful to any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman.

To be of worth, and worthy estimation,

And not without desert so well reputed.

<sup>a</sup> Quote—to mark.

<sup>b</sup> Quote was pronounced cote, from the old French Hence the quibble, I coat it in your jerkin—your short-jacket.

*Duke.* Hath he not a son?

*Fal.* Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves  
The honour and regard of such a father.

*Duke.* You know him well?

*Fal.* I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy  
We have convers'd and spent our hours together:  
And though myself have been an idle truant,  
Omitting the sweet benefit of time  
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,  
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that 's his name,  
Made use and fair advantage of his days;  
His years but young, but his experience old;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;  
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)  
He is complete in feature,\* and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Duke.* Beswore me, sir, but if he make this good,  
He is as worthy for an empress' love,  
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.  
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,  
With commendation from great potentates;  
And here he means to spend his time a-while:  
I think 't is no unwelcome news to you.

*Fal.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

*Duke.* Welcome him then according to his worth;  
*Silvia,* I speak to you: and you, sir *Thurio*—  
*Fal.* Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:  
I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit DUKE.*]

*Fal.* This is the gentleman I told your ladyship  
Had come along with me, but that his mistress  
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

*Sl.* Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,  
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

*Fal.* Nay, sure I think she holds them prisoners still.  
*Sl.* Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,  
How could he see his way to seek out you?

*Fal.* Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

*Th.* They say that love hath not an eye at all—

*Fal.* To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as yourself;  
Upon a homely object love can wink.

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Sl.* Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

*Fal.* Welcome, dear *Proteus*!—Mistress, I beseech  
*you,*

*Sl.* His welcome with some special favour.

*Sl.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,  
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

*Fal.* Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him  
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

*Sl.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

*Pro.* Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant  
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

*Fal.* Leave off discourse of disability:—

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sl.* And duty never yet did want his meed;  
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

*Pro.* I 'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

*Sl.* That you are welcome?

*Pro.*

No; that you are worthless.

*Th.* Madam, my lord your father would speak with  
*you.*

*Sl.* I wait upon his pleasure. Come, sir *Thurio*,  
Go with me:—once more, new servant, welcome:

I 'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

*Pro.* We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exit SILVIA, THURIO, and SPRED.*]

*Fal.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you  
came?

\* *Facies* (form or fashion) was applied to the body as well  
as the face.

*Pro.* Your friends are well, and have them much  
commended.

*Fal.* And how do yours?

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Fal.* How does your lady? and how thrives your  
love?

*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary you;  
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

*Fal.* Ay, *Proteus*, but that life is alter'd now:  
I have done penance for contemning love;  
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me  
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;  
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,  
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.  
O, gentle *Proteus*, love 's a mighty lord;  
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,  
There is no woe to his correction,\*  
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!  
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.

*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye;  
Was this the idol that you worship so?

*Fal.* Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

*Pro.* No; but she is an earthly paragon.

*Fal.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Fal.* O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

*Pro.* When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;  
And I must minister the like to you.

*Fal.* Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,  
Yet let her be a principality,  
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my mistress.

*Fal.* Sweet, except not any;  
Except thou wilt except against my love.

*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

*Fal.* And I will help thee to prefer her too:  
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—  
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth  
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,  
And, of so great a favour growing proud,  
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,  
And make rough winter everlastingly.

*Pro.* Why, *Valentine*, what braggardism is this?

*Fal.* Pardon me, *Proteus*: all I can is naming  
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;  
She is alone.

*Pro.* Then let her alone.

*Fal.* Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own?

And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.  
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,  
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.

My foolish rival, that her father likes,

Only for his possessions are so huge,

Is gone with her along; and I must after,  
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*Pro.* But she loves you?

*Fal.* Ay, and we are betroth'd: Nay, more, our  
marriage hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,  
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;  
The ladder made of cords; and all the means  
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.  
Good *Proteus*, go with me to my chamber,  
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

*Pro.* Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:  
I must unto the road,<sup>b</sup> to disembark

\* There is no woe compared to his correction.  
<sup>b</sup> Road—open harbour.

Some necessaries that I needs must use ;  
And then I 'll presently attend you.

*Val.* Will you make haste ?

*Pro.* I will.—

[*Exit VAL.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,  
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus ?  
She is fair ; and so is Julia, that I love ;—  
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd ;  
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold ;  
And that I love him not, as I was wont :  
O ! but I love his lady too, too much ;  
And that 's the reason I love him so little.  
How shall I dote on her with more advice,  
That thus without advice begin to love her !  
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled my reason's light ;  
But when I look on her perfections,  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can check my erring love, I will ;  
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.*

*Speed.* Launce ! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

*Laun.* Forswear not thyself, sweet youth ; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged ; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, Welcome.

*Speed.* Come on, you madcap, I 'll to the alehouse with you presently ; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia ?

*Laun.* Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him ?

*Laun.* No.

*Speed.* How then ? shall he marry her ?

*Laun.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What, are they broken ?

*Laun.* No, they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why then, how stands the matter with them ?

*Laun.* Marry, thus ; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou ! I understand thee not.

*Laun.* What a block art thou, that thou canst not ! My staff understands me.

*Speed.* What thou say'st ?

*Laun.* Ay, and what I do, too : look thee, I 'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed.

*Laun.* Why, stand under and understand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, will 't be a match ?

*Laun.* Ask my dog : if he say ay, it will ; if he say no, it will ; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is then, that it will.

*Laun.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

*Speed.* 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover ?

*Laun.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how ?

*Laun.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

*Speed.* Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.  
*Laun.* Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

*Laun.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse ; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why.

*Laun.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale<sup>a</sup> with a Christian : Wilt thou go ?

*Speed.* At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn ;  
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn ;  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn ;  
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,  
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.

Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear :

O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,

Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.

At first I did adore a twinkling star,

But now I worship a celestial sun.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;

And he wants wit that wants resolved will

To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—

Fie, fie, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad,

Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd

With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.

I cannot leave to love, and yet I do ;

But there I leave to love, where I should love.

Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :

If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;

If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,

For Valentine, myself ; for Julia, Silvia.

I to myself am dearer than a friend :

For love is still most precious in itself :

And Silvia, witness Heaven, that made her fair !

Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.

I will forget that Julia is alive,

Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead ;

And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,

Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now prove constant to myself,

Without some treachery us'd to Valentine :—

This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder

To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window ;

Myself in counsel, his competitor :

Now presently I 'll give her father notice

Of their disguising, and pretended<sup>b</sup> flight ;

Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine ;

For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter :

But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross,

By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.

Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,

As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Verona. A Room in Julia's House*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* Counsel, Lucetta ! gentle girl, assist me !

And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—

Who art the table<sup>c</sup> wherein all my thoughts

Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—

To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,

How, with my honour, I may undertake

A journey to my loving Proteus.

*Luc.* Alas ! the way is wearisome and long.

<sup>a</sup> *Ale*—a rural festival or church holiday.

<sup>b</sup> *Pretended*—intended.

<sup>c</sup> *Table*—table-book, or tables, for noting down something to be remembered.

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;  
Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly;  
And when the flight is made to one so dear,  
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

*Luc.* Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

*Jul.* O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?  
Fry the dearth that I have pined in,  
By longing for that food so long a time.  
Bidst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
That wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;  
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,  
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns;  
The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;  
But, when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.  
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love;  
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along?

*Jul.* Not like a woman; for I would prevent  
The base encounters of lascivious men:  
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds  
As may besecm some well-reputed page.

*Luc.* Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

*Jul.* No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,  
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:  
To be fantastic may become a youth  
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your  
tresses?

*Jul.* That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord,  
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"  
Why, ev'n what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

*Luc.* You must needs have them with a cod-piece,  
madam.

*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

*Luc.* A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,  
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have  
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.  
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,  
For undertaking so unsta'd a journey?  
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.

*Luc.* Then never dream on infamy, but go.  
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,  
No matter who 's displeas'd, when you are gone:  
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:  
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,  
And instances of infinite<sup>a</sup> of love,  
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful men.

*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base effect!  
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:  
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;  
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

*Luc.* Pray Heaven he prove so, when you come to him.

*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong:  
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:  
Only deserve my love, by loving him;  
And presently go with me to my chamber,  
To take a note of what I stand in need of,  
To furnish me upon my longing journey.  
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,  
My goods, my lands, my reputation;  
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:  
Come, answer not, but to it presently;  
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exit*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. *An Ante-room in the Duke's  
Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;  
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit THURIO.*]

*Pro.* Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:  
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours  
Done to me, undeserving as I am,  
My duty pricks me on to utter that  
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.  
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,  
This night intends to steal away your daughter;  
Myself am one made privy to the plot.  
I know you have determin'd to bestow her  
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;  
And should she thus be stolen away from you,  
It would be much vexation to your age.  
Then, for my duty's sake, I rather chose  
To cross my friend in his intended drift,  
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head  
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,  
Being unprevent'd, to your timeless grave.

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;  
Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;  
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:  
But, fearing lest my jealous aim<sup>b</sup> might err,  
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,  
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd.)  
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find  
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.  
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,  
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggest'd,<sup>c</sup>  
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
The key whereof myself have ever kept;  
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

*Pro.* Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean  
How he her chamber-window will ascend,  
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;  
For which the youthful lover now is gone,  
And this way comes he with it presently;  
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,  
That my discovery be not aimed at;

<sup>a</sup> Infinite—infinity.

<sup>b</sup> Aim—purpose, intention. <sup>c</sup> Suggest'd—tempted.



For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.<sup>a</sup>

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, he shall never know  
That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*]

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

*Val.* Please it your grace, there is a messenger  
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,  
And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import?

*Val.* The tenor of them doth but signify  
My health, and happy being at your court.

*Duke.* Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;  
I am to break with thee of some affairs,  
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.  
'T is not unknown to thee, that I have sought  
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match  
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman  
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities  
Beseeching such a wife as your fair daughter:  
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

*Duke.* No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,  
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;  
Neither regarding that she is my child,  
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:  
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,  
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;  
And, where<sup>b</sup> I thought the remnant of mine age  
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,  
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,  
And turn her out to who will take her in:  
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;  
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this?

*Duke.* There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,  
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,  
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:  
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,  
(For long ago I have forgot to court:  
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;)  
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,  
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;  
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

*Val.* A woman sometimes scorns what best contents  
her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;  
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you:  
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone;  
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:  
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away:"  
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;  
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.  
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Duke.* But, she I mean is promis'd by her friends  
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;  
And kept severely from resort of men,  
That no man hath access by day to her.

*Val.* Why, then I would resort to her by night.

*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,  
— 't is no man hath recourse to her by night.

What lets,<sup>c</sup> but one may enter at her window?

Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;

<sup>a</sup> *lence—design.*      <sup>b</sup> *Where—whereas.*  
<sup>c</sup> *Lets—hinders.*

And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it  
Without apparent hazard of his life.

*Val.* Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,  
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,  
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,  
So bold Leander would adventure it.

*Duke.* Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

*Val.* When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

*Duke.* This very night; for love is like a child,  
That longs for everything that he can come by.

*Val.* By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

*Duke.* But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;  
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

*Val.* It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

*Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord.

*Duke.* Then let me see thy cloak:

I'll get me one of such another length.

*Val.* Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

*Duke.* How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—  
What letter is this same? What's here?—"To Silvia"<sup>d</sup>!  
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!  
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*]

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;  
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:  
O, could their master come and go as lightly,  
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.  
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;  
While I, their king, that thither them importune,  
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them  
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:  
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,  
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:"

'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.  
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)  
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,  
And with thy daring folly burn the world?  
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?  
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!  
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;  
And think my patience, more than thy desert,  
Is privilege for thy departure hence:  
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,  
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.  
But if thou linger in my territories,  
Longer than swiftest expedition  
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,  
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love  
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.  
Be gone; I will not hear thy vain excuse,  
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit DUKE.*]

*Val.* And why not death, rather than living torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;  
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,  
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!  
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?  
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  
Unless it be to think that she is by,  
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.  
Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale;  
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
There is no day for me to look upon:  
She is my essence; and I leave to be,  
If I be not by her fair influence  
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.  
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:  
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;  
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.*

*Pro.* Run, boy, run, and seek him out.

*Laun.* So-ho! so-ho!

*Pro.* What seest thou?

*Laun.* Him we go to find:

There 's not a hair on 's head, but 't is a Valentine.

*Pro.* Valentine?

*Val.* No.

*Pro.* Who then? his spirit?

*Val.* Neither.

*Pro.* What then?

*Val.* Nothing.

*Laun.* Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

*Pro.* Who wouldst thou strike?

*Laun.* Nothing.

*Pro.* Villain, forbear.

*Laun.* Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

*Val.* My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news, so much of bad already hath possess'd them.

*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,

For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

*Val.* Is Silvia dead?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—

Hath she forsworn me?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—

What is your news?

*Laun.* Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanquish'd.

*Pro.* That thou art banished. O, that 's the news; from hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

*Val.* O, I have fed upon this woe already,

And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Death Silvia knew that I am banish'd?

*Pro.* Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom

(Which, unreveng'd, stands in effectual force)

A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;

Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;

With them, upon her knees, her humble self;

Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe;

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,

Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,

When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

That to close prison he commanded her,

With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

*Val.* No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life:

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless doleour.

*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,

And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,

And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence:

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd

Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.\*

The time now serves not to expostulate:

Come, I 'll convey thee through the city gate;

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large

Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:

\* *Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.* The lady of the sixteenth century had a small pocket in the front of her stays, in which she carried her letters, and other matters which she valued.

As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,

Regard thy danger, and along with me.

*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,

Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

*Val.* O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*]

*Laun.* I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave; but that 's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 't is I love, and yet 't is a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milkmaid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the catalog [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, "She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, "She can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

*Laun.* With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

*Speed.* Well, your old vice still; mistake the word:

What news then in your paper?

*Laun.* The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

*Speed.* Why, man, how black?

*Laun.* Why, as black as ink.

*Speed.* Let me read them.

*Laun.* Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Thou liest, I can.

*Laun.* I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

*Speed.* Marry, the son of my grandfather.

*Laun.* O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

*Laun.* There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!

*Speed.* Imprimis, "She can milk."

*Laun.* Ay, that she can.

*Speed.* Item, "She brews good ale."

*Laun.* And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

*Speed.* Item, "She can sew."

*Laun.* That 's as much as to say, can she so?

*Speed.* Item, "She can knit."

*Laun.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?\*

*Speed.* Item, "She can wash and scour."

*Laun.* A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

*Speed.* "She can spin."

*Laun.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath many nameless virtues."

*Laun.* That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed.* "Here follow her vices."

*Laun.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed.* Item, "She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

*Laun.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath a sweet mouth."

*Laun.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* Item, "She doth talk in her sleep."

\* *Stock—stocking.*

*Laun.* It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

*Speed.* Item, "She is slow in words."

*Laun.* O villain, that set this down among her vices!

To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't; and place it for her chief virtue.

*Speed.* Item, "She is proud."

*Laun.* Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, And cannot be ta'en from her.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath no teeth."

*Laun.* I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

*Speed.* Item, "She is curst."

*Laun.* Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

*Speed.* "She will often praise her liquor."

*Laun.* If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

*Speed.* Item, "She is too liberal."

*Laun.* Of her tongue she cannot; for that 's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I 'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath more hair than wit,<sup>a</sup> and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

*Laun.* Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath more hair than wit,"—

*Laun.* More hair than wit,—it may be; I 'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What 's next?

*Speed.*—"And more faults than hairs,"—

*Laun.* That 's monstrous: O, that that were out!

*Speed.*—"And more wealth than faults."

*Laun.* Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I 'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

*Speed.* What then?

*Laun.* Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

*Speed.* For me?

*Laun.* For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

*Speed.* And must I go to him?

*Laun.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

*Speed.* Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [Exit.]

*Laun.* Now will he be swinged for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same.* A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

*Thu.* Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

This weak impress of love is as a figure

in ice; which with an hour's heat

water, and doth lose his form.

will melt her frozen thoughts,

as Valentine shall be forgot—

Proteus? Is your countryman,

our proclamation, gone?

English proverb, † Trench'd—cut.

*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.

*Duke.* My daughter takes his going grievously.

*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

*Duke.* So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,

Let me not live to look upon your grace.

*Duke.* Thou know'st how willingly I would effect

The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

*Pro.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant

How she opposes her against my will.

*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.

What might we do, to make the girl forget

The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

*Pro.* The best way is, to slander Valentine

With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Duke.* Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken

By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

*Duke.* Then you must undertake to slander him.

*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:

'T is an ill office for a gentleman;

Especially, against his very<sup>a</sup> friend.

*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,

Your slander never can endamage him;

Therefore the office is indifferent,

Being entreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

She shall not long continue love to him.

But say, this weed her love from Valentine,

It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me;

Which must be done by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

*Duke.* And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this

kind;

Because we know, on Valentine's report,

You are already love's firm votary,

And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access

Where you with Silvia may confer at large;

For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,

And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;

Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,

To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can do, I will effect:—

But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;

You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,

By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes

Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

*Duke.* Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poetry.

*Pro.* Say that upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.

Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears

Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,

That may discover such integrity:

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans

Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire lamenting elegies,

Visit by night your lady's chamber-window,

With some sweet concert: to their instruments

Tune a deploring dump;<sup>b</sup> the night's dead silence

<sup>a</sup> Very—true; real.

<sup>b</sup> Dump—a mournful elegy.

Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.  
This, or else nothing, will inherit<sup>a</sup> her.  
Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.  
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.  
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,  
Let us into the city presently  
Tisert<sup>b</sup> some gentlemen well shill'd in music :

I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,  
To give the onset to thy good advice.  
Duke. About it, gentlemen.  
Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper ;  
And afterward determine our proceedings.  
Duke. Even now about it ; I will pardon you.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Forest, near Mantua.

*Enter certain Outlaws.*

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast ; I see a passenger.  
2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you ;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

*Speed.* Sir, we are undone ! these are the villains  
That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Fal.* My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir ; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace ! we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we ; for he is a proper man !

*Fal.* These know, that I have little wealth to lose ;  
A man I am cross'd with adversity :

riches are these poor habiliments,  
which if you should here disfurnish me,  
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you ?

*Fal.* To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you ?

*Fal.* From Milan.

2 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there ?

*Fal.* Some sixteen months ; and longer might have stay'd,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence ?

*Fal.* I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence ?

*Fal.* For that which now torments me to rehearse :  
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;  
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,  
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so :

But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

*Fal.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues ?

*Fal.* My youthful travel therein made me happy ;  
Or else I often had been miserable.

2 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction

1 *Out.* We'll have him ; sirs, a word.

*Speed.* Master, be one of them ;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

*Fal.* Peace, villain !

2 *Out.* Tell us this : Have you anything to take to ?

*Fal.* Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awful<sup>c</sup> men :

Myself was from Verona banished,

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,

Whom, in my mood, I stab'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.

<sup>a</sup> Inherit—obtain possession of.    <sup>b</sup> Sort—choose.  
<sup>c</sup> Awful—lawful.

But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,  
And, partly, seeing you are beautified  
With goodly shape ; and by your own report  
A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,  
As we do in our quality much want ;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :  
Are you content to be our general ?

To make a virtue of necessity,  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our consort ?  
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all :

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,  
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

*Fal.* I take your offer, and will live with you ;  
Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,

And show thee all the treasure we have got ;

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Milan. Court of the Palace.

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine,  
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,

I have access my own love to prefer ;

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,

To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falsehood to my friend :

When to her beauty I commend my vows,

She bids me think how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd :

And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,

The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

But here comes Thurio : now must we to her window,

And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter THURIO and Musicians.*

*Thu.* How now, sir Proteus ; are you crept before us ?

*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio ; for you know that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.

*Thu.* Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

*Pro.* Sir, but I do ; or else I would be hence.

*Thu.* Who ? Silvia ?

*Pro.* Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

*Thu.* I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter Host, at a distance ; and JULIA in boy's clothes.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest ! methinks you're ally-

cholly ; I pray you, why is it ?

*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry ; I'll bring you

where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak?

*Host.* Ay, that you shall.

*Jul.* That will be music.

[*Music plays.*]

*Host.* Hark! hark!

*Jul.* Is he among these?

*Host.* Ay: but peace, let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she,  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.  
Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness:  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.  
Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing,  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.

*Host.* How now? are you sadder than you were before?  
How do you, man? the music likes<sup>a</sup> you not.

*Jul.* You mistake; the musician likes me not.

*Host.* Why, my pretty youth?

*Jul.* He plays false, father.

*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?

*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heartstrings.

*Host.* You have a quick ear.

*Jul.* Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

*Host.* I perceive you delight not in music.

*Jul.* Not a whit, when it jars so.

*Host.* Hark, what fine change is in the music!

*Jul.* Ay, that change is the spite.

*Host.* You would have them always play but one thing.

*Jul.* I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on,  
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.<sup>b</sup>

*Jul.* Where is Launce?

*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

*Jul.* Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,  
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

*Thu.* Where meet we?

*Pro.* At saint Gregory's well.

*Thu.* Farewell. [*Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.*]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen:

Who is that, that spake?

*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,

You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.

*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

*Sil.* What's your will?

*Pro.* That I may compass yours.

*Sil.* You have your wish; my will is even this,—  
That presently you bid you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!  
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
That I be seduced by thy flattery,

—st deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

—return, and make thy love amends.

—by this pale queen of night I swear,

—ar from granting thy request,

s—pleases.

<sup>b</sup> Nick—beyond all reckoning.

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;  
And by and by intend to chide myself,  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;  
But she is dead.

*Jul.* 'T were false, if I should speak it;

For I am sure she is not buried.

[*Aside.*]

*Sil.* Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,  
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,  
I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd  
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

*Pro.* I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

*Sil.* And so suppose am I; for in his grave  
Assure thyself my love is buried.

*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;  
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

*Jul.* He heard not that.

[*Aside.*]

*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,  
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;  
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:  
For, since the substance of your perfect self  
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;  
And to your shadow will I make true love.

*Jul.* If 't were a substance, you would, sure, de-  
ceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

[*Aside.*]

*Sil.* I am very loth to be your idol, sir;  
But, since your falsehood shall become you well  
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,  
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:  
And so, good rest.

*Pro.* As wretches have o'er-night,  
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt PROTEUS; and SILVIA, from above.*]

*Jul.* Host, will you go?

*Host.* By my halidom,<sup>a</sup> I was fast asleep.

*Jul.* Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

*Host.* Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 't is  
almost day.

*Jul.* Not so; but it hath been the longest night  
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

*Egl.* This is the hour that madam Silvia  
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;  
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—  
Madam, madam!

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

*Sil.* Who calls?

*Egl.* Your servant, and your friend;  
One that attends your ladyship's command.

*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself.  
According to your ladyship's impose,<sup>b</sup>  
I am thus early come, to know what service  
It is your pleasure to command me in.

*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,  
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,  
Valiant, wise, remorseful,<sup>c</sup> well accomplish'd.

Thou art not ignorant what dear good will  
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;  
Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhor'd.  
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.  
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

<sup>a</sup> Halidom—holiness.

<sup>b</sup> Impose—command.

<sup>c</sup> Remorseful—compassionate.

To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;  
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
 I do desire thy worthy company,  
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose.  
 Uge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;  
 And on the justice of my flying hence,  
 To keep me from a most unholy match,  
 Which Heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.  
 I do desire thee, even from a heart  
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
 To bear me company, and go with me:  
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,  
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;  
 Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,  
 I give consent to go along with you;  
 Recking as little what betideth me  
 As much I wish all good befotune you.  
 When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,

Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:

Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came to some into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to our trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all company! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for 't; sure as I live he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog," says one; "What cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out," says a third; "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'t was I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't: these think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,  
 And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please.—I'll do what I can.

\* Keep—restrain.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant;  
 [To LAUNCE.]  
 Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,  
 Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that still an end\* turns me to shame.

[Exit LAUNCE.]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly, that I have need of such a youth,

That can with some discretion do my business,

For 't is no trusting to yon foolish lout;

But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;

Which (if my augury deceive me not)

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee,

Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She lov'd me well,<sup>b</sup> deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd her not to leave<sup>c</sup> her token  
 She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas!

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;

You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'T is pity, love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [Exit Pro.]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me.

To bind him to remember my good will;

And now am I (unhappy messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtain;

To carry that, which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet I will woo for him; but yet so coldly,

As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean

To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

\* Still an end—almost perpetually.

<sup>b</sup> She lov'd me well, who deliver'd it to me.

<sup>c</sup> To leave—to part with.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she?  
*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience  
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.  
*Sil.* From whom?  
*Jul.* From my master, sir Proteus, madam.  
*Sil.* O!—he sends you for a picture?  
*Jul.* Ay, madam.  
*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there. [*Picture brought.*  
 Go, give your master this: tell him, from me,  
 One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,  
 Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.  
*Jul.* Madam, please you peruse this letter.—  
 Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd  
 Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:  
 This is the letter to your ladyship.  
*Sil.* I pray thee, let me look on that again.  
*Jul.* It may not be; good madam, pardon me.  
*Sil.* There, hold.  
 I will not look upon your master's lines:  
 I know they are stuff'd with protestations,  
 And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,  
 As easily as I do tear his paper.  
*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.  
*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me;  
 For, I have heard him say a thousand times,  
 His Julia gave it him at his departure:  
 Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,  
 Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.  
*Jul.* She thanks you.  
*Sil.* What say'st thou?  
*Jul.* I thank you, madam, that you tender her:  
 Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.  
*Sil.* Dost thou know her?  
*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself:  
 To think upon her woes I do protest  
 That I have wept an hundred several times.  
*Sil.* Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.  
*Jul.* I think she doth, and that 's her cause of sor-  
 row.  
*Sil.* Is she not passing fair?  
*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:  
 When she did think my master lov'd her well,  
 She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;  
 But since she did neglect her looking-glass,  
 And threw her sun-expelling mask away,  
 The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,  
 And pinch'd\* the lily-tincture of her face,  
 That now she is become as black as I.  
*Sil.* How tall was she?

*Jul.* About my stature: for, at Pentecost,  
 When all our pageants of delight were play'd,  
 Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
 And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;  
 Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,  
 As if the garment had been made for me:  
 Therefore, I know she is about my height.  
 And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,  
 For I did play a lamentable part;  
 Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning  
 For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;  
 Which I so lively acted with my tears,  
 That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,  
 Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,  
 If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!  
*Sil.* She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—  
 Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—  
 I weep myself to think upon thy words.  
 Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this  
 For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.  
 Farewell. [*Exit SILVIA.*  
*Jul.* And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know  
 her.  
 A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.  
 I hope my master's suit will be but cold,  
 Since she respects my mistress' love so much.  
 Alas, how love can trifle with itself!  
 Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,  
 If I had such a tire, this face of mine  
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers:  
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,  
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.  
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:  
 If that be all the difference in his love,  
 I 'll get me such a colour'd periwig.  
 Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:  
 Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.  
 What should it be, that he respects in her,  
 But I can make respective in myself,  
 If this fond love were not a blinded god?  
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,  
 For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,  
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;  
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,  
 My substance should be statue\* in thy stead.  
 I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,  
 That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,  
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,  
 To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Abbey.*

*Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* The sun begins to gild the western sky:  
 And now it is about the very hour  
 That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.  
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,  
 Unless it be to come before their time;  
 So much they spur their expedition.

*Enter SILVIA.*

See where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!  
*Sil.* Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,  
 'The postern by the abbey-wall;  
 'n attended by some spies.  
 'ar not: the forest is not three leagues off:  
 'er that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

\* *Pinch'd*—painted.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.*

*Thu.* Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?  
*Pro.* O, sir, I find her milder than she was;  
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.  
*Thu.* What, that my leg is too long?  
*Pro.* No, that it is too little.  
*Thu.* I 'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.  
*Pro.* But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.  
*Thu.* What says she to my face?  
*Pro.* She says it is a fair one.  
*Thu.* Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.  
*Pro.* But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,  
 Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.  
*Jul.* 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;  
 For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside*

\* *Statue* and *picture* were often used without distinction

*Ths.* How likes she my discourse ?  
*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.  
*Ths.* But well, when I discourse of love and peace ?  
*Jul.* But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*]  
*Ths.* What says she to my valour ?  
*Pro.* O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.  
*Jul.* She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*]  
*Ths.* What says she to my birth ?  
*Pro.* That you are well deriv'd.  
*Jul.* True ; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*]  
*Ths.* Considers she my possessions ?  
*Pro.* O, ay ; and pities them.  
*Ths.* Wherefore ?  
*Jul.* That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*]  
*Pro.* That they are out by lease.<sup>a</sup>  
*Jul.* Here comes the duke.

## Enter DUKE.

*Duke.* How now, sir Proteus ? how now, Thurio ?  
 Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late ?  
*Ths.* Not I.  
*Pro.* Nor I.  
*Duke.* Saw you my daughter ?  
*Pro.* Neither.  
*Duke.* Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine ;  
 And Eglamour is in her company.  
 'Tis true ; for friar Laurence met them both,  
 As he in penance wander'd through the forest :  
 Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she ;  
 But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it :  
 Besides, she did intend confession  
 At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was not :  
 These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.  
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,  
 But meet me presently ; and meet with me  
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot  
 That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.  
 Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*]  
*Ths.* Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,  
 That flies her fortune when it follows her :  
 I'll after ; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,  
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*]  
*Pro.* And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,  
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*]  
*Jul.* And I will follow, more to cross that love,  
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.—Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.

## Enter SILVIA and Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Come, come ;  
 Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.  
*Sil.* A thousand more mischances than this one  
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.  
 2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.  
 1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her ?  
 3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,  
 But Moyses and Valerius follow him.  
 Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,  
 There is our captain : we'll follow him that's fled.  
 The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.  
 1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave ;  
 Fear not ; he bears an honourable mind,  
 And will not use a woman lawlessly.  
*Sil.* O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> By his possessions, Thurio means his lands ; but Proteus alludes to his mental endowments, which he says " are out by lease "—are not in his own keeping.

## SCENE IV.—Another part of the Forest.

## Enter VALENTINE.

*Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man.  
 This snadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :  
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
 Tune my distresses, and record<sup>a</sup> my woes.  
 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;  
 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
 And leave no memory of what it was !  
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;  
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !  
 What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day ?  
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,  
 Have some unhappy passenger in chase :  
 They love me well ; yet I have much to do,  
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.  
 Withdraw thee, Valentine ; who's this comes here ?  
 [*Steps aside*]

## Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

*Pro.* Madam, this service I have done for you,  
 (Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)  
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him  
 That would have forc'd your honour and your love.  
 Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look ;  
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
 And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.  
*Val.* How like a dream is this I see and hear !  
 Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]  
*Sil.* O miserable, unhappy that I am !  
*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;  
 But, by my coming, I have made you happy.  
*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy  
*Jul.* And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*]

*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
 Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
 O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,  
 Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;  
 And full as much (for more there cannot be)  
 I do detest false perjurd Proteus :  
 Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
 Would I not undergo for one calm look ?  
 O, 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,<sup>b</sup>  
 When women cannot love where they're below'd.

*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love where he's below'd.  
 Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,  
 For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith  
 Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths  
 Descended into perjury, to love me.  
 Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two.  
 And that's far worse than none ; better have none  
 Than plural faith, which is too much by one :  
 Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

*Pro.* In love,  
 Who respects friend ?

*Sil.* All men but Proteus.  
*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words  
 Can no way change you to a milder form,  
 I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end ;  
 And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

*Sil.* O Heaven !  
*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.  
*Val.* Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch ;  
 Thou friend of an ill fashion !

<sup>a</sup> Record—to sing.

<sup>b</sup> Approv'd—proved, experience.



*Pro.* Valentine!

*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;

(For such is a friend now;) treacherous man!  
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye  
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say  
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.  
Who should be trusted when one's own right hand  
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,  
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
The private wound is deepest: O time most accur'd!  
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.

*Pro.* My shame, and guilt, confounds me.—

Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow  
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer  
As e'er I did commit.

*Val.* Then I am paid;  
And once again I do receive thee honest:—  
Who by repentance is not satisfied

Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;  
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd,—  
And, that my love may appear plain and free,  
All that was mine, in Silvia, I give thee.

*Jul.* O me, unhappy!

[Faints.

*Pro.* Look to the boy.

*Val.* Why, boy!

Why, wag! how now? what 's the matter? Look up;  
speak.

*Jul.* O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a  
ring to madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was  
never done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy?

*Jul.* Here 't is; this is it.

[Gives a ring.

*Pro.* How! let me see:

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

*Jul.* O, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook;

This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [Shows another ring.

*Pro.* But how camest thou by this ring? at my de-  
part, I gave this unto Julia.

*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How! Julia!

*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,

And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment; if shame live

In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

*Pro.* Than men their minds! 't is true; O Heaven!  
were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all th'  
sins:

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins:

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either:

Let me be bless'd to make this happy close;

'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

*Pro.* Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for e'er

*Jul.* And I mine.

*Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.*

*Out.* A prize, a prize, a prize!

*Val.* Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke  
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,  
Banished Valentine.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine!

*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia 's mine.

*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death,  
Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,  
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands;

Take but possession of her with a touch;—

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.—

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love!

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,  
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—

Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,  
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

*Val.* I thank your grace; the gift hath made me

happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

*Duke.* I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

*Val.* These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,  
Are men endued with worthy qualities;

Forgive them what they have committed here,  
And let them be recall'd from their exile:

They are reformed, civil, full of good,  
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

*Duke.* Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and the  
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go; we will include all jars  
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

*Val.* And, as we walk along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:

What think you of this page, my lord?

*Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in him; be blushe

*Val.* I warrant you, my lord; more grace than he

*Duke.* What mean you by that saying?

*Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along.  
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—

Come, Proteus; 't is your penance, but to bear  
The story of your loves discovered:

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [Exeunt



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE COMEDY OF ERRORS' was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspeare's Plays in 1623. This copy presents many typographical blunders, and in a few passages the text is manifestly corrupt. The difficulties, however, are not very considerable. The Comedy was clearly one of Shakspeare's very early plays. It was probably untouched by its author after its first production.

In a work by Francis Meres, published in 1598, it is mentioned amongst other dramas of Shakspeare. The chief evidence of its being a very early play is to be found in the great prevalence of that measure which was known to our language as early as the time of Chaucer by the name of "rime dogerel." This peculiarity is to be observed only in three of our author's plays,—in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and in 'The Comedy of Errors.' It was a distinguishing characteristic of the early English drama. 'The Comedy of Errors' was unquestionably suggested by 'The Menæchmi' of Plautus; and it furnishes abundant proof of Shakspeare's familiarity with that ancient dramatist.

Criticism has justly held that 'The Comedy of Errors' is essentially a farce, and was meant to be so. Coleridge says, "A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the licence allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations." Nothing, however, can be managed with more skill than the whole dramatic action of this farce. It has been objected that the riddle which is presented throughout the piece teases and wearies the reader and the spectator. Hazlitt says, "In reading the play, from the sameness of the names of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, as well as from their being constantly taken for each other by those who see them, it is difficult, without a painful effort of attention, to keep the characters distinct in the mind. And again, on the stage, either the complete similarity of their persons and dress must produce the same perplexity whenever they first enter, or the identity of appearance, which the story supposes, will be destroyed. We still, however, having a clue to the difficulty, can tell which is which, merely from the contradictions which arise as soon as the different parties begin to speak; and we are indemnified for the perplexity and blunders into which we are thrown, by seeing others thrown into greater and almost inextricable ones." Hazlitt has here, almost undesignedly, pointed out the source of the pleasure which, with an "effort of attention,"—not a "painful effort," we think,—a reader or spectator of 'The Comedy of Errors' is sure to receive from this drama. We have "a clue to the difficulty;"—we know more than the actors in the drama;—we may be a little perplexed, but the deep perplexity of the cha-

acters is a constantly-increasing triumph to us. The spectators, the readers, have the clue, are let into the secret, by the story of the first scene. Nothing can be more beautifully managed, or is altogether more Shakspearean, than the narrative of Ægeon; and that narrative is so clear and so impressive that the reader never forgets it amidst all the errors and perplexities which follow. It appears to us that every one of an *audience* of 'The Comedy of Errors,' who keeps his eyes open, will, after he has become a little familiar with the persons of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, find out some clue by which he can detect a difference between each, even without "the practical contradictions which arise as soon as the different parties begin to speak." Each pair of persons selected to play the twins must be of the same height,—with such general resemblances of the features as may be made to appear identical by the colour and false hair of the tiring-room,—and be dressed with apparently perfect similarity. But let every care be taken to make the deception perfect, yet the observing spectator will detect a difference between each; some peculiarity of the voice, some "trick o' the eye," some dissimilarity in gait, some minute variation in dress; and, while his curiosity is kept alive by the effort of attention which is necessary for this detection, the riddle will not only not tease him, but its perpetual solution will afford him the utmost satisfaction.

But has not Shakspeare himself furnished a clue to the understanding of the Errors, by his marvellous skill in the delineation of character? Pope forcibly remarked that, if our poet's dramas were printed without the names of the persons represented being attached to the individual speeches, we should know who is speaking by his wonderful discrimination in assigning to every character appropriate modes of thought and expression. It appears to us that this is unquestionably the case with the characters of each of the twin-brothers in 'The Comedy of Errors.' The Antipholus of Ephesus is strikingly opposed to the Antipholus of Syracuse: he is neither sedate, nor gentle, nor truly loving, as his brother is;—he has no habits of self-command;—his temperament is sensual. The two Dromios each have their "merry jests;" they each bear a beating with wonderful good temper; they each cling faithfully to their master's interests. But there is certainly a marked difference in the quality of their mirth. The Dromio of Ephesus is precise and antithetical, striving to utter his jests with infinite gravity and discretion. On the contrary, the "merry jests" of Dromio of Syracuse all come from the outpouring of his gladsome heart. Of course the characters of the twins could not be violently contrasted, for that would have destroyed the illusion. They must still

"Go hand in hand, not one before another."



# COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**SOLINUS**, Duke of Ephesus.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**ÆGEON**, a merchant of Syracuse.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS**, twin-brother to Antipholus of Syracuse, but unknown to him, and son to Ægeon and Æmilia.  
*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**, twin-brother to Antipholus of Ephesus, but unknown to him, and son to Ægeon and Æmilia.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**, twin-brother to Dromio of Syracuse, and an attendant on Antipholus of Ephesus.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**, twin-brother to Dromio of Ephesus, and an attendant on Antipholus of Syracuse.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

**BALTHAZAR**, a merchant.  
*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

**ANGELO**, a goldsmith.  
*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1

A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**PINCH**, a schoolmaster and a conjurer.  
*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 4.

**ÆMILIA**, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus  
*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1.

**ADRIANA**, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

**LUCIANA**, sister to Adriana.  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

**LUCK**, her servant.  
*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

A Courtesan.  
*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

## SCENE,—EPHESUS.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter* DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

*Æge.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And by the doom of death, end woe and all.

*Duke.* Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;  
I am not partial, to infringe our laws;  
The enmity and discord, which of late  
Sprang from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,  
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—  
Excludes all pity from our threaten'g looks.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,  
To admit no traffic in our adverse towns:  
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,  
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,  
Again, if any Syracusan born,  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;  
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Æge.* Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,  
My woe end likewise with the evening sun.

*Duke.* Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause  
Why thou departedst from thy native home;  
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been impos'd,  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.  
Yet, that the world may witness that my end  
Was wrought by nature,\* not by vile offence,  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
In Syracuse was I born; and wed  
Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
And by me, too, had not our hap been bad,  
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,  
By prosperous voyages I often made  
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,  
And the great care of goods at random left,  
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:  
From whom my absence was not six months old  
Before herself (almost at fainting under  
The pleasing punishment that women bear)  
Had made provision for her following me,  
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.  
There had she not been long, but she became  
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;  
And, which was strange, the one so like the other  
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,  
A poor mean woman was delivered  
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:  
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,

\* *By nature*—by the impulses of nature, by natural affection, —as opposed to *vile offence*, the violation of the municipal laws of Ephesus.

I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
Made daily motions for our home return:  
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon. We came aboard:  
A league from Epidamnus had we sail'd  
Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:  
But longer did we not retain much hope;  
For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;  
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
And this it was,—for other means was none.—  
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:  
My wife, most careful for the latter born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
Such as seafaring men provide for storms:  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;  
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;  
And, by the benefit of his wished light,  
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
Two ships from far making amain to us,  
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:  
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!  
Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;  
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Ege.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!  
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;  
Which being violently borne upon,  
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,  
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
Fortune had left to both of us alike  
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burthened  
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
Was carried with more speed before the wind;  
And in our sight they three were taken up  
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;  
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;  
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,  
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.  
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;  
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

*Duke.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
Do me the favour to dilate at full  
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

*Ege.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
At eighteen years became inquisitive  
After his brother; and importun'd me,  
That his attendant (so his case was like,<sup>a</sup>  
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)  
Might bear him company in the quest of him:  
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,

<sup>a</sup> So his case was like—his case was so like that of Antipholus.

I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,  
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,  
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;  
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,  
Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
But here must end the story of my life;  
And happy were I in my timely death,  
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd  
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!  
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,  
And passed sentence may not be recall'd  
But to our honour's great disparagement,  
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:  
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,  
To seek thy help by beneficial help:  
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus:  
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die:—  
Gaoler, take him into thy custody.

*Gaol.* I will, my lord.

*Ege.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,  
But to procrastinate his lifeless<sup>a</sup> end. [Exit

#### SCENE II.—A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

*Mer.* There're give out you are of Epidamnus,  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here;  
And, not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the town,  
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
There is your money that I had to keep.

*Ant. S.* Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:  
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,  
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit Dro. S.

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

*Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;  
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,<sup>b</sup>  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterward consort you till bedtime;  
My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down, to view the city.

*Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[Exit Merchant.

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop;

<sup>a</sup> Lifeless. Lifeless and lifeless are the same; as lively and lively also are the same.

<sup>b</sup> Soon at five o'clock—about five o'clock

Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :  
So I, to find a mother and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—

What now ? How chance thou art return'd so soon ?

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too late :

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;

The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,

My mistress made it one upon my cheek :

She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;

The meat is cold, because you come not home ;

You come not home, because you have no stomach ;

You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;

But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,

Are penitent \* for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir ; tell me this, I pray :

Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

*Dro. E.* O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday  
last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ;

The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now :

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?

We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust

So great a charge on thine own custody ?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :

I hom my mistress come to you in post ;

If I return, I shall be post indeed ;<sup>b</sup>

For she will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of  
season ;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this :

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

*Dro. E.* To me, sir ? why, you gave no gold to me.

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave ; have done your fool-  
ishness,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner,

My mistress and her sister stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd<sup>a</sup> my money ;

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd :

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.

If I should pay your worship those again,

Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks ? what mistress, slave,  
hast thou ?

*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the  
Phoenix ;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,

And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid ? There, take you that, sir knave.

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir ? for God's sake, hold  
your hands ;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit Dro. E.*]

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,

The villain is o'er-raught<sup>b</sup> of all my money.

They say this town is full of cozenage ;

As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,

Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches that deform the body,

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such like liberties of sin :

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave ;

I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A public Place.

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,

That in such haste I sent to seek his master !

*Sue.* Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,

And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.

Good sister, let us dine, and never fret :

A man is master of his liberty :

Time is their master ; and when they see time,

They'll go, or come : If so, be patient, sister.

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o' door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

*Luc.* O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There 's none but asses will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.<sup>c</sup>

There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :

The lemnas, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subjects, and at their controls :

\* *Festient*—in the sense of doing penance.

<sup>b</sup> *Post index*. The post of a shop was used as the tally-board

of a publican is now used, to keep the score.

<sup>c</sup> *Lash'd with woe*. A *lash*, a *latch*, a *lash*, is each a

kind of expressing what binds or fastens ; and thus " head-

strong liberty," and " woe," are bound together—are inseparable.

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,

Indued with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords :

Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unweild.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But were you wedded you would bear some

sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where ?<sup>d</sup>

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she

pause ;

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;

But were we burthen'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would relieve me :

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience<sup>e</sup> in thee will be left.

<sup>a</sup> *Bestow'd*—stowed, deposited.

<sup>b</sup> *O'er-raught*—overreached.

<sup>c</sup> *Where* has here the power of a noun, and is used as in

'Henry VIII.'—"the king hath sent me *otherwhere*."

<sup>d</sup> The allusion is to the practice of "begging a fool" for the

guardianship of his fortune.

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try ;—  
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he 's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand! I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.<sup>a</sup>

*Adr.* But say, I prithee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain?

*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold mad; But sure he is stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,  
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

"'T is dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:  
"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:

"Will you come?" quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:  
"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"

"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold," quoth he:  
"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress;  
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"

*Luc.* Quoth who?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master.

"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress;"  
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,  
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;  
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?  
For God's sake send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating;

Between you I shall have a holy head.

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,  
That like a football you do spurn me thus?<sup>b</sup>  
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:  
If I last in this service you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*]

*Luc.* Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,  
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.  
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:  
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?  
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.  
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?  
That 's not my fault, he 's master of my state:  
What ruins are in me that can be found  
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground  
Of my defeatures:<sup>c</sup> My decayed fair<sup>d</sup>  
A sunny look of his would soon repair:  
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,  
And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.<sup>e</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Understand them—stand under them.

<sup>b</sup> To be round with any one is to be plain-spoken; as in 'Hamlet'—"Let her be round with him." Dromio uses the word in a double sense, when he alludes to the football.

<sup>c</sup> Defeatures—want of beauty—defect of features.

<sup>d</sup> Fair—used substantively, for beauty.

<sup>e</sup> Stale—stalking-horse.

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—

Would that alone alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see, the jewel best enamell'd

Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'hides still,

That others touch, yet often touching will

Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame,

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up

Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.

By computation, and mine host's report,

I could not speak with Dromio, since at first

I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again?

You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?

My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,

That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;

For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein:

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beating him.*]

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious hours.<sup>a</sup>

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,

But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me know my aspect,

And fashion your demeanour to my looks,

Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*Dro. S.* Sconce, call you it? so you would leave beating,

I had rather have it a head: an you use these

blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and in-

sconce it<sup>b</sup> too; or else I shall seek my wit in my

shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

<sup>a</sup> The "serious hours" of Antipholus are his private hours: the "sauciness" of Dromio intrudes upon those hours, and deprives his master of his exclusive possession of them—make them "a common" property.

<sup>b</sup> Inscence it—defend it—fortify it.

*Ant. S.* Why, first—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—  
For urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir? for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But, say, sir, is it dinner-time?

*Dro. S.* No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir, what's that?

*Dro. S.* Beating.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me neither dry lasting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain old pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Lest 's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loath it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason?

*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.\*

*Dro. S.* Certain ones then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in buying;† the other, that at dinner they should not sleep in his porridge.

*Ant. S.* Yea would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, in no time‡ to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew 't would be a bald conclusion: But what! who wuffs us yonder?

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Ant. S.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown; Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:

\* *Falsing*—the participle of the verb to fals.

† *Buying*—sipping.

‡ *Dromio* proves that "there is no time for all things," because a man possesses his hair, by means of a periwig, "in no time."

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick

Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious!

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate!

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do it.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

For, if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live dis-stain'd,‡ thou, undishonour'd.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,

As strange unto your town as to your talk;

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,

Want wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio?

*Dro. S.* By me?

*Ant. S.* By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

*Dro. S.* I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*Ant. S.* How can she thus then call us by our names

Unless it be by inspiration?

*Ant. S.* How ill agrees it with your gravity,

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,‡

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine;

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate;

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,

Usurping ivy, briar, or idle‡ moss;

\* *Fall* is here used as a verb active.

† *Dis-stain'd*—unstained.

‡ *Exempt*. Adriana intends to say that she must bear the wrong; that Antipholus, being her husband, is released, acquitted, exempt, from any consequences of this wrong.

§ *Idle*—useless, fruitless; as in "deserts idle."



Who, all for want of prouing, with intrusion  
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*Ant. S.* To me she speaks; she moves me for her  
name:

What, was I married to her in my dream?  
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?  
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?  
Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!  
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;  
If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?  
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

*Dro. S.* I am transformed, master, am I not?

*Ant. S.* I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.

*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 't is to an ass.

*Dro. S.* 'T is true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be,  
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.

Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?  
Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I'll say as they say, and persevere so,  
And in this mist at all adventures go.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*Adr.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,  
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

*Ant. E.* Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.  
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:

Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,

To see the making of her carcanet,\*

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.

But here's a villain, that would face me down

He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;

And that I did deny my wife and house:

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir, but I know what I  
know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to  
show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave  
were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

*Ant. E.* I think thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

*Ant. E.* You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray God,  
our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your wel-  
come dear.

*Ant. E.* O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl  
affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common; for that's  
nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry  
feast.

*Ant. E.* Ay to a niggardly host, and more sparing  
guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;  
'Tis cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

'Tis soft; my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.  
*re. F. Maud. Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'*

\* Carcanet—a chain, or necklace.

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Mome,<sup>a</sup> malt-horse, capon, coz-  
comb, idiot, patch!<sup>b</sup>

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch;  
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such  
store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter? My  
master stays in the street.

*Dro. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he  
catch cold on 's feet.

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho! open the  
door.

*Dro. S.* Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell  
me wherefore.

*Ant. E.* Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not  
din'd to-day.

*Dro. S.* Nor to-day here you must not; come again  
when you may.

*Ant. E.* What art thou, that keep'st me out from  
the house I owe?<sup>c</sup>

*Dro. S.* The porter for this time, sir, and my name  
is Dromio.

*Dro. E.* O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office  
and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy  
name for an ass.

*Luce.* [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who  
are those at the gate?

*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*Luce.* Faith, no; he comes too late;  
And so tell your master.

*Dro. E.* O Lord, I must laugh;—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my  
staff?

*Luce.* Have at you with another: that 's,—When?  
can you tell?

*Dro. S.* If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou  
hast answer'd him well.

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in,  
I hope?

<sup>a</sup> Mome is the French word for a buffoon;—*summer* is to go in  
disguise; hence *summery*. But *some* here means a blockhead,  
—something foolish.

<sup>b</sup> Patch—a pretender, a deceitful fellow, one who 's patched up.

<sup>c</sup> Owe—own.

*Luc.* I thought to have ask'd you.  
*Dro. S.* And you said, no.  
*Dro. E.* So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.  
*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.  
*Luc.* Can you tell for whose sake?  
*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.  
*Luc.* Let him knock till it ake.  
*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.  
*Luc.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?  
*Ant. [Within.]* Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?  
*Dro. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.  
*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come before.  
*Ant.* Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.  
*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.  
*Ant.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.  
*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.  
*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.  
*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.  
*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.  
 Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:  
 It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.  
*Ant. E.* Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.  
*Dro. S.* Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.  
*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind:  
 Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.  
*Dro. S.* It seems, thou want'st breaking: Out upon thee, hind!  
*Dro. E.* Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.  
*Dro. S.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.  
*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in: Go, borrow me a crow.  
*Dro. E.* A crow without feather; master, mean you so?  
 For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:  
 If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.  
*Ant. E.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.  
*Bal.* Have patience, sir, O let it not be so.  
 Hence you war against your reputation,  
 And draw within the compass of suspect  
 The circolated honour of your wife.  
 Once this,<sup>b</sup>—Your long experience of her wisdom,  
 Her sister virtue, years, and modesty, a  
 Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;  
 And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse  
 Why at this time the doors are made against you.<sup>c</sup>  
 Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,  
 And let us to the 'Tiger all to dinner:  
 And, about evening, come yourself alone,  
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;  
 And that supposed by the common rout,

<sup>a</sup> Part with—depart with.      <sup>b</sup> Once this—once for all.  
<sup>c</sup> To make the door so still a provincial expression.

Against your yet ungalld estimation,  
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:  
 For slander lives upon succession;  
 For ever housed, where it gets possession.  
*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,  
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.  
 I know a wench of excellent discourse;  
 Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle;—  
 There will we dine: this woman that I mean,  
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert)  
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;  
 To her will we to dinner. Get you home,  
 And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 't is made:  
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;  
 For there's the house; that chain will I bestow  
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)  
 Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:  
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.  
*Ant. E.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.  
*Ant. E.* Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—The same.

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot  
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,  
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs<sup>a</sup> rot?  
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?  
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:  
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;  
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:  
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;  
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;  
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:  
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;  
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;  
 Be secret-true: What need she be acquainted?  
 What simple thief brags of his own attainment?  
 'T is double wrong to truant with your bed,  
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:  
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;  
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,  
 Being compact of credit,<sup>b</sup> that you love us:  
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;  
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again;  
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:  
 'T is holy sport, to be a little vain,<sup>c</sup>  
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.  
*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,  
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)  
 Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,  
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.  
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;  
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,  
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,  
 To make it wander in an unknown field?  
 Are you a god? would you create me new?  
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.  
 But if that I am I, then well I know,  
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;  
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

<sup>a</sup> Love-springs are the early shoots of love.  
<sup>b</sup> Compact of credit—credulous.      <sup>c</sup> 'Tis—light of tongue.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with toy note.

To drown me in thy sister flood of tears;  
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:  
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,  
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;  
And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—

Let Love,<sup>a</sup> being light, be drowned if she sink!

*Luc.* What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated;<sup>b</sup> how, I do not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That 's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;  
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,  
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee;

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, sir, hold you still;  
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit *Luc.*]

*Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,  
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she?

*Dro. S.* A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro. S.* Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That 's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

<sup>a</sup> Love is here used as the queen of love.

<sup>b</sup> To mate—to amate—is to make senseless, to stupify as in a dream. *Motas* (Anglo-Saxon) is to dream.

<sup>c</sup> When anything offensive was spoken of, this form of apology was used.

*Ant. S.* What 's her name?

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that 's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.<sup>a</sup>

*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was assured<sup>b</sup> to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

*Ant. S.* Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;

And if the wind blow any way from shore,

I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,

Where I will walk, till thou return to me

If every one knows us, and we know none,

'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life, So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.]

*Ant. S.* There 's none but witches do inhabit here;

And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.

She, that doth call me husband, even my soul

Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,

Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,

Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

Hath almost made me traitor to myself:

But, lest myself be guilty to<sup>c</sup> self-wrong,

I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholus?

*Ant. S.* Ay, that 's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain;

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:<sup>d</sup>

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will that I shall do with this?

*Ang.* What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

<sup>a</sup> This is generally held to be an allusion to the War of the League—the war against Henry of Navarre, the *heir* of Henry III.

<sup>b</sup> Assured—affianced.

<sup>c</sup> Guilty to—not of—was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time.

<sup>d</sup> Porpentine. This word is invariably used throughout the early editions of Shakspeare for porcupine.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.  
*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:  
 Go hence with it, and please your wife withal;  
 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
 And then receive my money for the chain.  
*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
 For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit*]  
*Ant. S.* What I should think of this I cannot tell:  
 But this I think, there's no man is so vain  
 That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
 I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,  
 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;  
 If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter a Merchant, ANGILO, and an Officer.*

*Mer.* You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,  
 And since I have not much importun'd you,  
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
 To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:  
 Therefore make present satisfaction,  
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.  
*Ang.* Even just the sum that I do owe to you  
 Is owing to me\* by Antipholus:  
 And in the instant that I met with you,  
 He had of me a chain; at five o'clock  
 I shall receive the money for the same:  
 Præsech you walk with me down to his house,  
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Off.* That labour may you save; see where he comes.  
*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou  
 And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow  
 Among my wife and her confederates,  
 For locking me out of my doors by day.  
 Bet soft, I see the goldsmith;—get thee gone;  
 Buy thee a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!  
 [*Exit DROMIO.*]

*Ant. E.* A man is well help up that trusts to you.  
 I promised your presence, and the chain;  
 But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:  
 Belike, you thought our love would last too long,  
 If 't were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note  
 How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;  
 The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;  
 Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
 Than I stand debited to this gentleman:  
 I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,  
 For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;  
 Besides I have some business in the town:  
 Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
 And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
 Debase the sum on the receipt thereof;  
 Penance, I will be there as soon as you.

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?  
*Ant. E.* No; bear it with you, lest I come not time  
 enough.

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about  
 you?

*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;  
 Or else you may return without your money.  
*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;  
 Bet wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
 And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse  
 Your breach of promise to the Porpentine:  
 I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
 But, like a siren, you first begin to brawl.

\* *Growing to me*—acquiring to me.

*Mer.* The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.  
*Ang.* You hear how he importunes me; the chain—  
*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your  
 money.  
*Ang.* Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;  
 Either send the chain, or send me by some token.  
*Ant. E.* Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:  
 Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.  
*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance:  
 Good sir, say, wher you'll answer me, or no;  
 If not, I'll leave him to the officer.  
*Ant. E.* I answer you! What should I answer you?  
*Ang.* The money that you owe me for the chain.  
*Ant. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.  
*Ang.* You know I gave it you half an hour since.  
*Ant. E.* You gave me none; you wrong me much  
 to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:  
 Consider, how it stands upon my credit.  
*Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.  
*Off.* I do; and charge you, in the duke's name, to  
 obey me.

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation:—  
 Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
 Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!  
 Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.  
 I would not spare my brother in this case,  
 If he should scorn me so apparently.

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.  
*Ant. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:  
 But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
 As all the metal in your shop will answer.  
*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
 To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there's a bark of Epidamnium,  
 That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
 And then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, sir,  
 I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought  
 The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
 The ship is in her trim; the merry wind  
 Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,  
 But for their owner, master, and yourself.

*Ant. E.* How now! a madman? Why, thou peevish  
 sheep,  
 What ship of Epidamnium stays for me?

*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.  
*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;  
 And told thee to what purpose, and what end.  
*Dro. S.* You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon:  
 You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
 And teach your ears to list me with more heed.  
 To Adriana, villain, bid thee straight:  
 Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
 That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

\* *Peevish*—silly. *Sheep* and *ship* were pronounced alike.

There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;  
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,  
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave: be gone.  
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*]

*Dro. S.* To Adriana! that is where we din'd,  
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:  
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
Thither I must, although against my will,  
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?  
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea, or no?  
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad or merrily?  
What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?  
*Luc.* First, he denied you had in him no right.<sup>a</sup>  
*Adr.* He meant he did me none; the more my spite.  
*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.  
*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.  
*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

*Adr.* And what said he?  
*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.  
*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?  
*Luc.* With words that in an honest suit might move.  
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.  
*Adr.* Didst speak him fair?

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.  
*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;  
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.  
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,  
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;  
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;  
Stigmatical<sup>b</sup> in making, worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous then of such a one?  
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.  
*Adr.* Ah! but I think him better than I say,  
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:  
Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away;  
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Here, go: the desk, the purse; sweet, now,  
make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

*Dro. S.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.  
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;  
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;  
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;  
A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff;<sup>c</sup>  
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands  
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;  
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;<sup>d</sup>  
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.<sup>e</sup>

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?

*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on  
the case.

*Adr.* What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

<sup>a</sup> The modern construction would be—"He denied you had in him a right."

<sup>b</sup> *Stigmatical*—branded in form; with a mark upon him.

<sup>c</sup> The occupation of the bailiff being somewhat dangerous in times when men were ready to resist the execution of the law with the sword and rapier, he was clothed with the ox-skin, the buff, which in warfare subsequently took the place of the heavier coat of mail.

<sup>d</sup> The hound that runs counter runs upon a false course; but the hound that draws dry-foot well follows the game by the scent of the foot.

<sup>e</sup> Hell was the name of a place of confinement under the Exchequer Chamber for the debtors of the Crown.

*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;  
But is in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I  
tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in  
his desk?

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at. [*Exit Luc.*]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?<sup>a</sup>

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;

A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?

*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell: 't is time that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that did I never hear.

*Dro. S.* O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns  
back for very fear.

*Adr.* As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou  
reason!

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more  
than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard me say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Enter LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio; there 's the money, bear it straight;  
And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;  
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* There 's not a man I meet but doth salute  
me,

As if I were their well-acquainted friend;  
And every one doth call me by my name.  
Some tender money to me, some invite me;  
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;  
Some offer me commodities to buy:  
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,  
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,  
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.  
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, here 's the gold you sent me for:  
What, have you got [rid of] the picture of Old Adam  
new apparelled?

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? What Adam dost thou  
mean?

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but  
that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the  
calf's-skin that was killed for the prodigal; he that  
came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you  
forsake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went  
like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that,  
when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests  
them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives  
them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do  
more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.<sup>b</sup>

*Ant. S.* What! thou mean'st an officer?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that  
brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one  
that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God  
give you good rest!"

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there  
any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

<sup>a</sup> *Band*—bond.

<sup>b</sup> A *morris-pike* was the pike of the Moors.

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions; Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a Courtezan.*

*Cour.* Well met, well met, master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

*Dro. S.* Master, is this mistress Satan?

*Ant. S.* It is the devil.

*Dro. S.* Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and herself comes, that the wenches say, "God damn me," that's as much as to say, "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; eyes, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio?

*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

*Ant. S.* Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

You art, as you are all, a sorceress: I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd; And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail, A nail, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous, Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

*Ant. S.* Awaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

*Dro. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. *[Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.]*

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself:

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promis'd me a chain;

Both one and other he denies me now. The reason that I gather he is mad,

*(Besides this present instance of his rage,)* Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,

*(His own doors being shut against his entrance.)* Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatic, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My ring away: This course I fittest choose;

For fifty ducats is too much to lose. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—The same.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.*

*Ant. E.* Fear me not, man, I will not break away: I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money

To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;

And will not lightly trust the messenger:

That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,

I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.—

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

*Dro. E.* Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

*Ant. E.* But where 's the money?

*Dro. E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

*Dro. E.* I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I return'd.

*Ant. E.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. *[Beating him.]*

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

*Dro. E.* Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

*Off.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*Ant. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH, and others.*

*Ant. E.* Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

*Dro. E.* Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "Beware the rope's end."

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk? *[Beats him.]*

*Cour.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

*Cour.* Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

*Ant. E.* Peace, dotting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

*Adr.* O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

*Ant. E.* You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house?

*Adr.* O husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

*Ant. E.* Din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

*Dro. E.* Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?  
*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.  
*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?  
*Dro. E.* Certes, she did; the kitchen-restal scorn'd you.  
*Ant. E.* And did I not in rage depart from thence?  
*Dro. E.* In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness, That since have felt the vigour of his rage.  
*Adr.* Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?  
*Pinch.* It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein, And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.  
*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.  
*Adr.* Alas! I sent you money to redeem you, By *Dromio* here, who came in haste for it.  
*Dro. E.* Money by me? heart and good-will you might,  
 But, surely, master, not a rag of money.  
*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?  
*Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.  
*Luc.* And I am witness with her, that she did.  
*Dro. E.* God and the rope-maker, bear me witness, That I was sent for nothing but a rope!  
*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is possess'd; I know it by their pale and deadly looks: They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.  
*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?  
*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.  
*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold; But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.  
*Adr.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.  
*Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all; And art confederate with a damned pack, To make a loathsome abject scorn of me: But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes, That would behold in me this shameful sport.  
 [*Pinch and his Assistants bind Ant. E. and Dro. E.*  
*Adr.* O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.  
*Pinch.* More company; the fiend is strong within him.  
*Luc.* Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he looks!  
*Ant. E.* What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,  
 I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them To make a rescue?  
*Off.* Masters, let him go: He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.  
*Pinch.* Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.  
*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?  
 Hast thou delight to see a wretched man Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

*Off.* He is my prisoner; if I let him go, The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.  
*Adr.* I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee: Bear me forthwith unto his creditor, And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it. Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd Home to my house. O most unhappy day!  
*Ant. E.* O most unhappy strumpet!  
*Dro. E.* Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.  
*Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?  
*Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be not good master; cry, the devil.—  
*Luc.* God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!  
*Adr.* Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.  
 [*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants, ANT. E. and Dro. E.*  
 Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?  
*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?  
*Adr.* I know the man: What is the sum he owes?  
*Off.* Two hundred ducats.  
*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?  
*Off.* Due for a chain your husband had of him.  
*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.  
*Cour.* When as your husband, all in rage, to-day Came to my house, and took away my ring, (The ring I saw upon his finger now,) Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.  
*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it:—Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is; I long to know the truth hereof at large.  
 Enter *ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn and DROMIO of Syracuse.*  
*Luc.* God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.  
*Adr.* And come with naked swords; let's call us help,  
 To have them bound again.  
*Off.* Away, they'll kill us.  
 [*Exeunt Officer, ADR., and LUC.*  
*Ant. S.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.  
*Dro. S.* She that would be your wife now ran from you.  
*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff forthence:  
 I long that we were safe and sound aboard.  
*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.  
*Ant. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

*Ang.* I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you; But, I protest, he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.  
*Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city?  
*Ang.* Of very reverent reputation, sir, Of credit infinite, highly belov'd, Second to none that lives here in the city; His word might bear my wealth at any time.  
*Mer.* Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter *ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Ang.* 'T is so; and that self chain about his neck, Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him. Signior Antipholus, I wonder much That you would put me to this shame and trouble; And not without some scandal to yourself, With circumstance and oaths, so to deny This chain, which now you wear so openly: Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment, You have done wrong to this my honest friend; Who, but for staying on our controversy, Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day: This chain you had of me, can you deny it?  
*Ant. S.* I think I had; I never did deny it.  
*Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.  
*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

\* *Stuff*—baggage. "The king's stuff" is often mentioned the orders issued for royal progresses.

*Mer.* These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee :  
Ere on thee, wretch ! 't is pity that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.

*Ant. S.* Thou art a villain to impeach me thus :  
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

*Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad ;  
Some get within him,<sup>a</sup> take his sword away ;  
Ere Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*Dys. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house.<sup>b</sup>  
Tis some priory.—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exit ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Priory.*]

*Enter the ABBESS.*

*Abb.* Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither ?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence :  
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

*Ang.* I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

*Mer.* I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man ?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,  
And much different from the man he was ;  
Be, till this afternoon, his passion  
N'er brake into extremity of rage.

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea ?

Had some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye

Stay'd his affection in unlawful love ?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last ;  
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*Adr.* Why, so I did.

*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*Adr.* As roughly as my modesty would let me.

*Abb.* Haply, in private.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too.

*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.

*Adr.* It was the copy of our conference :

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;

At board, he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

In company, I often glanced it ;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

*Abb.* And therefore came it that the man was mad :

The reason clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thus say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thenceof the raging fire of fever bred ;

And what 's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thus say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?

In bed, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast ;

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have rear'd thy husband from the use of wits.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

<sup>a</sup> Get within him—close with him.

<sup>b</sup> Take a house—take to a house; take the shelter of a house.

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.—  
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*Abb.* No, not a creature enters in my house.

*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring my husband forth

*Abb.* Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but myself ;

And therefore let me have him home with me.

*Abb.* Be patient : for I will not let him stir,

Till I have used the approved means I have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

To make of him a formal man again :

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order ;

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here ;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness,

To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.

[*Exit ABBESS.*]

*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

*Adr.* Come, go ; I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And never rise until my tears and prayers

Have won his grace to come in person hither,

And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five :

Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale,—

The place of depth and sorry execution,

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause ?

*Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,

Who put unluckily into this bay,

Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Beheaded publicly for his offence.

*Ang.* See where they come ; we will behold his death.

*Luc.* Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, attended; ÆGEON, bare-headed; with*

*the Headsman and other Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publicly,

If any friend will pay the sum for him,

He shall not die, so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess !

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;

It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholus, my hus-

band,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,

At your important letters,—this ill day

A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;

That desperately he hurried through the street,

(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)

Doing displeasure to the citizens

By rushing in their houses, bearing thence

Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,

That here and there his fury had committed.

Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,<sup>a</sup>

He broke from those that had the guard of him ;

And, with his mad attendant and himself,

Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,

Met us again, and, madly bent on us,

Chas'd us away ; till, raising of more aid,

We came again to bind them : then they fled

Into this abbey, whither we pursued them ;

And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,

And will not suffer us to fetch him out.

<sup>a</sup> Strong escape—escape effected by strength.



Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,  
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

*Duke.* Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;  
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
To do him all the grace and good I could.  
'Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,  
And bid the lady abness come to me;  
I will determine this before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!  
My master and his man are both broke loose,  
Beaten the maids a-row,<sup>a</sup> and bound the doctor,  
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;  
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him  
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:  
My master preaches patience to him, and the while  
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:<sup>b</sup>  
And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*Adr.* Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;  
And that is false thou dost report to us.

*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.  
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you: [*Cry within.*  
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, he gone.

*Duke.* Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with  
halberds.

*Adr.* Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you  
That he is borne about invisible:  
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;  
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me  
justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took  
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice!

*Ege.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.  
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;  
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,  
Even in the strength and height of injury!  
Beyond imagination is the wrong  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors  
upon me,  
While she with harlots<sup>c</sup> feasted in my house.

*Duke.* A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

*Adr.* No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,  
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul  
As this is false he burthens me withal!

*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

*Ang.* O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.  
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advised what I say;  
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,  
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:  
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
Could witness it, for he was with me then;  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,

<sup>a</sup> A-row—on row; one after the other.

<sup>b</sup> It was the custom to shave, or crop, the heads of idiots.

<sup>c</sup> A harlot was, originally, a hureling.

Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
I went to seek him: In the street I met him;  
And, in his company, that gentleman.

There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,  
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,  
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,  
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats: He with none return'd.

Then fairly I bespoke the officer,  
To go in person with me to my house.

By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
Of vile confederates; along with them

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,

A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;  
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,

A living dead man: this pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,

And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,

Cries out, I was possess'd: then all together  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;

And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
There left me and my man, both bound together;

Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately

Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames, and great indignities.

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,  
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

*Ang.* He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine  
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,

After you first forswore it on the mart,  
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;

And then you fled into this abbey here,  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

*Ant. E.* I never came within these abbey walls,  
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;

I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!  
And this is false you burthen me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this!  
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

If here you hous'd him, here he would have been:  
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:

You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

*Dro. E.* Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.  
*Cour.* He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

*Ant. E.* 'T is true, my liege, this ring I had of her.  
*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.  
*Duke.* Why, this is strange:—Go call the abness  
hither;

I think you are all mated, or stark mad. [*Exit Attend.*  
*Ege.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;  
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,

And pay the sum that may deliver me.  
*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

*Ege.* Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?  
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,  
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:

Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.  
*Ege.* I am sure you both of you remember me.

*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;  
For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?  
*Ege.* Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life, till now.

*Ege.* Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,  
Have written strange defeatures in my face:  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

*Ant. E.* Neither.

*Ege.* Dromio, nor thou?

*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.

*Ege.* I am sure thou dost.

*Dro. E.* Ay, sir? but I am sure I do not; and what-  
soever a man denies you are now bound to believe him.

*Ege.* Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!  
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,  
In seven short years, that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?  
Though now this grained face of mine be hid  
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,  
Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:  
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)  
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my life.

*Ege.* But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,  
Thou know'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son,  
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

*Ant. E.* The duke, and all that know me in the city,  
Can witness with me that it is not so  
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusean, twenty years  
Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:  
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the ABBESS, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, and  
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Abb.* Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.  
[All gather to see him.]

*Ant. E.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.  
*Duke.* One of these men is genius to the other;  
And so of these: Which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

*Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.*

*Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.*

*Ant. S. Egeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?*

*Dro. S. O, my old master, who hath bound him here?*

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty:  
Speak, old Egeon, if thou be'st the man  
That hadst a wife once called Emilia,  
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons:  
O, if thou be'st the same Egeon, speak,  
And speak unto the same Emilia!

*Ege.* If I dream not, thou art Emilia:  
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son  
That flouted with thee on the fatal raft?

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnus, he, and I,  
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up:  
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio and my son from them,  
And me they left with those of Epidamnus:  
What then became of them I cannot tell;  
I to this fortune that you see me in.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning story right.  
These two Antipholus, these two so like,  
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—  
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—  
These are the parents to these children,  
Which accidentally are met together.

*Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?*

*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

*Duke.* Stay stand apart; I know not which is which.

*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

*Dro. E.* And I with him.

*Ant. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous  
warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.*

*Adr.* And are not you my husband?

*Ant. E.* No, I say nay to that.

*Ant. S.* And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,  
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;  
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

*Ant. E.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

*Ang.* I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

*Dro. E.* No, none by me.

*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,  
And Dromio my man did bring them me:  
I see, we still did meet each other's man,  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,  
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

*Duke.* It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

*Ant. E.* There, take it; and much thanks for my  
good cheer.

*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
To go with us into the abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathized one day's error  
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,  
And we shall make full satisfaction.  
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail  
Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,  
My heavy burthens are delivered:  
The duke, my husband, and my children both,  
And you the calendars of their nativity,  
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;  
After so long grief, such nativity!

*Duke.* With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[Exit DUKE, ABBESS, EGEON, COURTEZAN,  
Merchant, ANGELO, and ATTENDANTS.]

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from  
shipboard?

*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou  
embark'd?

*Dro. S.* Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the  
Centaur.

*Ant. S.* He speaks to me; I am your master,  
Dromio:  
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:  
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[Exit ANT. S. and E., ADR., and LUC.]

*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;  
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*Dro. E.* Methinks, you are my glass, and not my  
brother:

I see, by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.  
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

*Dro. S.* Not I, sir; you are my elder.

*Dro. E.* That's a question: how shall we try it?

*Dro. S.* We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then,  
lead thou first.

*Dro. E.* Nay, then thus:  
We came into the world like brother and brother:  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before  
another.

[Exit.]





## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

This play was one of those published in Shakspeare's lifetime. The first edition appeared in 1598. In the first collected edition, the folio of 1623, the text differs little from the original quarto.

From the title of the first edition of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' we learn that, when it was presented before Queen Elizabeth, at the Christmas of 1597, it had been "newly corrected and augmented." As no edition of the comedy, before it was corrected and augmented, is known to exist, we have no proof that the few allusions to temporary circumstances, which are supposed in some degree to fix the date of the play, may not apply to the augmented copy only. In the *extrinsic* evidence, therefore, which this comedy supplies, there is nothing whatever to disprove the belief which we entertain that, before it had been "corrected and augmented," 'Love's Labour's Lost' was one of the plays produced by Shakspeare about 1589, when, being only twenty-five years of age, he was a joint-proprietor in the Blackfriars theatre. The *intrinsic* evidence appears to us entirely to support this opinion.

There is no historical foundation for any portion of the action of this comedy. There was no Ferdinand King of Navarre. We have no evidence of a difference between France and Navarre as to possessions in Aquitaine.

Charles Lamb was wont to call 'Love's Labour's Lost' the Comedy of Leisure. 'Tis certain that in the

commonwealth of King Ferdinand of Navarre we have—

"All men idle, all;  
And women too."

But still all this idleness is too energetic to warrant us in calling this the Comedy of Leisure. Let us try again. Is it not the Comedy of Affectations?

Molière, in his 'Précieuses Ridicules,' has admirably hit off *one* affectation that had found its way into the private life of his own times. In 'Love's Labour's Lost' Shakspeare presents us almost every variety of affectation that is founded upon a misdirection of intellectual activity. We have here many of the forms in which cleverness is exhibited as opposed to wisdom, and false refinement as opposed to simplicity. The affected characters, even the most fantastical, are not fools; but, at the same time, the natural characters, who, in this play, are chiefly the women, have their intellectual foibles. All the modes of affectation are developed in one continued stream of fun and drollery; every one is laughing at the folly of the other, and the laugh grows louder and louder as the more natural characters, one by one, trip up the heels of the more affected. The most affected at last join in the laugh with the most natural; and the whole comes down to "plain *kenney* yea and nay,"—from the syntax of *Holofernes*, and the "fire-new words" of Armado, to "greasy Joan" and "roasted crabs."



# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<b>FERDINAND, King of Navarre.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.</i>	<b>DULL, a constable.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.</i>
<b>BIRON, a lord attending on the King.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.</i>	<b>COSTARD, a clown.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.</i>
<b>LONGAVILLE, a lord attending on the King.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.</i>	<b>MOTH, page to Armado.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.</i>
<b>DUMAIN, a lord attending on the King.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.</i>	<b>A Forester.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.</i>
<b>BOYET, a lord attending on the Princess of France.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.</i>	<b>PRINCESS OF FRANCE.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.</i>
<b>MERCADÉ, a lord attending on the Princess of France.</b> <i>Appears, Act V. sc. 2.</i>	<b>ROSALINE, a lady attending on the Princess of France.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.</i>
<b>DES ABRÍANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.</i>	<b>MARIA, a lady attending on the Princess of France.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.</i>
<b>SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.</i>	<b>KATHARINE, a lady attending on the Princess of France.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.</i>
<b>HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.</i>	<b>JAQUENETTA, a country wench.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2.</i>

SCENE,—NAVARRÉ.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—NAVARRÉ. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

**King.** Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,  
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;  
Our court shall be a little Academe,  
Still and contemplative in living art.  
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,  
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes  
That are recorded in this schedule here:  
Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names;  
That his own hand may strike his honour down,  
That violates the smallest branch herein:  
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.  
**Long.** I am resolv'd: 't is but a three years' fast;  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:  
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt the wits.  
**Dum.** My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.

The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves—  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;  
With all these living in philosophy.\*

**Biron.** I can but say their protestation over,  
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
That is, To live and study here three years.  
But there are other strict observances:  
As, not to see a woman in that term;  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:  
And, one day in a week to touch no food,  
And but one meal on every day beside;  
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:  
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,  
And not be seen to wink of all the day;  
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
And make a dark night too of half the day;)  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:  
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;  
Not to see ladies,—study,—fast,—not sleep.

**King.** Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

**Biron.** Let me say no, my liege, an if you please,  
I only swore to study with your grace,  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

**Long.** You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

**Biron.** By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.  
What is the end of study? let me know.

**King.** Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

\* *With all these.* To love, to wealth, to pomp, Dumain is dead; but philosophy, in which he lives, includes them all.

*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

*King.* Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

*Biron.* Come on then, I will swear to study so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know :

As thus,—To study where I well may dine,

When I to fast expressly am forbid ;<sup>a</sup>

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid :

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know :

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain ; and that most  
vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks ;

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from other's books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Too much to know is, to know nought but fame ;

And every godfather can give a name.

*King.* How well he 's read, to reason against reading !

*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the  
weeding.

*Biron.* The spring is near, when green geese are a  
breeding.

*Dum.* How follows that ?

*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Biron.* Something then in rhyme.

*King.* Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

*Biron.* Well, say I am ; why should proud summer  
boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

*King.* Well, sit you out ; go home, Biron ; adieu !

*Biron.* No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with  
you :

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say ;

Yet, confident I 'll keep what I have sworn,

And hide the penance of each three years' day,

Give me the paper,—let me read the same ;

And to the strictest decrees I 'll write my name.

<sup>a</sup> *Forbid* was a very ancient mode of making *bid* more emphatical. Biron will *study* to know what he is *forbid* to know ; he sees here *forbid* in its common acceptation. But he is expressly *for-bid* to fast—expressly *bid* to fast ; and he will receive the word as if he were *forbidden*—bid from fasting.

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from  
shame !

*Biron.* [*Reads.*]

Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—

Hath this been proclaim'd ?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*]

—On pain of losing her tongue.—

Who devis'd this penalty ?

*Long.* Marry, that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why ?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread per

*Biron.* A dangerous law against gentility. [*R.*

Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman wit'  
term of three years, he shall endure such public shame  
rest of the court shall possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—

About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

*King.* What say you, lords ? why, this was quite  
forgot.

*Biron.* So study evermore is over-shot ;

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should :

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'T is won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must, of force, dispense with this decree ;

She must lie<sup>a</sup> here on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space :

For every man with his affects is born ;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name : [*Subscribes.*

And he that breaks them in the least degree

Stands in attainder of eternal shame :

Suggestions<sup>b</sup> are to others, as to me ;

But, I believe, although I seem so loth,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted ?

*King.* Ay, that there is : our court, you know, is  
haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :

One who the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;

A man of complements,<sup>c</sup> whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,

For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new<sup>d</sup> words, fashion's own knight.

*Long.* Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport ;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

<sup>a</sup> *Lie*—to reside.

<sup>b</sup> *Suggestions*—temptations.

<sup>c</sup> *Complements*—a man versed in ceremonial distinctions, is punctilious—a man who brings *forms* to decide the matter between right and wrong.

<sup>d</sup> *Fire-new* and *bran new*—that is, *brand-new*—new off the  
trous—have each the same origin.

*Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.*

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This fellow. What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's thorough: but I would see his own person in his and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those times: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.]

"Gent deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Noxzur, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron.—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King.

\* So it is—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King.

"So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing linnet to the most wholesome physician of thy health, giving sir; and, as I am a gentleman, I mean myself to walk. The time when! About the sixth hour, when birds most traze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is yelped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most pressurous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the blue-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or smolest: But to the place where.—It standeth north-west and by east from the west corner of thy curious-laid garden.—There did I see that low-spirited swain, that has mischief of thy mirth.

Cost. Me?

King.

—"that unletter'd small-knowing soul.

\* Thorough—thirldorough, a peace-officer.

† Biron. The houses here mentioned is the heaven of the ancient stage—the covering, or internal roof. The "high words" expected in Armado's letter were associated with "a low heaven," as the ranting heroes of the early tragedy mouthed their lofty language beneath a very humble roof.

‡ Manner. A thief was taken with the manner when he was taken with the thing stolen—*had haberd*, having in the hand.

Cost. Me?

King.

—"that shallow vasaal,

Cost. Still me?

King.

—"which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King.

—"sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,

Cost. With a wench.

King.

—"with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King.

"For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And don Armado shall be your keeper.—

My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt KING, LONGVILLE, and DUMAIN.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and until then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.*

*Armado's House.*

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

\* Imp, in our old language, is a graft, a snoot;—and thence applied to a child.



*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty, and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What? that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heat'st my blood.

*Moth.* I am answered, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be crossed.

*Moth.* He speaks the mere contrary, crosses<sup>a</sup> love not him. *[Aside.]*

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

*Arm.* Impossible

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning; it fits the spirit of a lapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar call, three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

*Arm.* A most fine figure!

*Moth.* To prove you a cipher. *[Aside.]*

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one be four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion?

<sup>a</sup> *Crosser.* A cross is a coin.

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir: and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate<sup>a</sup> thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me.

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.<sup>b</sup>

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 't is not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

*Moth.* To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. *[Aside.]*

*Arm.* Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past

*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.*

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.<sup>c</sup> Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

*Jaq.* Man.

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's hereby.<sup>d</sup>

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?<sup>e</sup>

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away. *[Ex. DULL and JAQ.]*

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

<sup>a</sup> Maculate thoughts are impure thoughts.

<sup>b</sup> *Owe*—possess.

<sup>c</sup> *Day-woman* most probably means dairy-woman.

<sup>d</sup> *Hereby*—a provincial expression for *as it may happen*. *Armando* takes it as *hard by*.

<sup>e</sup> "With that face" was a vulgar idiomatic expression even in the time of Fielding, who says he took it. "Veilains, from very polite conversation."

*Ans.* Take away this villain; shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave; away.

*Car.* Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

*Moth.* No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt be prison'd.

*Car.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Car.* Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words; and therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have a little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* *MOTH* and *COSTARD*.]

*Ans.* I do affect\* the very ground, which is base, vice her shoe, which is base, guided by her foot, which

is base, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's buttshaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*]

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter* the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

*Boyet.* Now, madam, summon up your dearest<sup>b</sup> spirits;

Consider who the king your father sends;  
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,  
To parley with the sole inheritor

Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre: the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
As Nature was in making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world beside,  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;  
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd<sup>c</sup> by base sale of chapmen's<sup>d</sup> tongues:  
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,  
Than you much willing to be counted wise  
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,  
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
Behold noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,  
No woman may approach his silent court:  
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,  
Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,  
Bold of your worthiness, we single you  
As our best-moving fair solicitor:  
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,  
On serious business, craving quick despatch,  
Importunes personal conference with his grace.  
Base, signify so much; while we attend,  
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
That are you-fellows with this virtuous duke?

\* To affect is to incline towards, and thence, metaphorically, to love.

<sup>b</sup> Drawn-out.

<sup>c</sup> To utter is to put forth—as we say, “to utter base coin.”

<sup>d</sup> *Chapman* was formerly a seller—a *cheapman*, from *cheap*, a market. But it was also used indifferently for seller and buyer: the bargainer on either side was a *cheapman*, *chapman*, or *negotiator*.

1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man?

*Mar.* I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,  
Between lord Perigot and the beauteous heir  
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemniz'd  
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:  
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;  
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:  
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.  
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss  
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)  
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;  
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills  
It should none spare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?

*Mar.* They say so most, that most his humours know.

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

*Kath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd<sup>e</sup> youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:  
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;  
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.  
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;  
And much too little of that good I saw,  
Is my report,<sup>f</sup> to his great worthiness.

*Ros.* Another of these students at that time  
Was there with him: As I have heard a truth,  
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never soent an hour's talk withal:  
His eye begets occasion for his wit:  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies! are they all in love?

That every one her own hath garnish'd

With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

*Mar.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter* BOYET.

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord!

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

And he and his competitors in oath

Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,

<sup>e</sup> Compared to his great worthiness.

He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)  
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled house.  
Here comes Navarre.

[The Ladies mask.]

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.  
Prin. Fair I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.  
Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.  
King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.  
Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.  
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.  
Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.  
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. I hear, your grace hath sworn-out housekeeping: 'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord, And sin to break it: But pardon me, I am too sudden bold; To teach a teacher ill besemeth me. Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming, And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [Gives a paper.]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.  
Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;  
For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?  
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?  
Biron. I know you did.  
Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.  
Ros. 'T is long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.  
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?  
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.  
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!  
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!  
Biron. And send you many lovers!  
Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.  
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate The payment of a hundred thousand crowns; Being but the one half of an entire sum, Disbursed by my father in his wars. But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,) Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which, One part of Aquitaine is bound to us, Although not valued to the money's worth. If then the king your father will restore But that one half which is unsatisfied, We will give up our right in Aquitaine, And hold fair friendship with his majesty. But that, it seems, he little purposeth, For here he doth demand to have repaid An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands, On payment of a hundred thousand crowns, To have his title live in Aquitaine; Which we much rather had depart withal, And have the money by our father lent, Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

\* Long of you—along of you, through you.

A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,  
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,  
And wrong the reputation of your name,  
In so unseemingly to confess receipt  
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;  
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word:—  
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,  
For such a sum, from special officers  
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.  
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,  
Where that and other specialties are bound;  
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,  
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand  
As honour, without breach of honour, may  
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:  
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;  
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,  
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,  
Though so denied farther harbour in my house.  
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:  
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!  
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[Exeunt KING and his Train.]  
Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.  
Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it bleed.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, ay.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No poynt<sup>b</sup> with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.]

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit.]  
Long. I beseech you a word: What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [Exit LONG.]

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.]

\* The Princess = to be lodged, according to her rank, without the gates, although denied a farther advance—lodgment—in the King's house.

<sup>b</sup> No poynt—the double negative of the French, non point.

*Mar.* That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord ;  
Not a word with him but a jest.  
*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.  
*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.  
*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.  
*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry !  
*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships ?  
*No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.*  
*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture : Shall that finish the  
jest ?  
*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.  
*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast ;  
*My lips are no common, though several they be.*  
*Boyet.* Belonging to whom ?  
*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.  
*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling ; but, gentles, agree :  
This civil war of wits were much better us'd  
On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 't is abus'd.  
*Boyet.* If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)  
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,  
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.  
*Prin.* With what ?  
*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle, affected.  
*Prin.* Your reason.  
*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours do make their retire  
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :  
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,  
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only looking on fairest of fair :  
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;  
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from whence they were  
glass'd,  
Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.  
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,  
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :  
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,  
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.  
*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd—  
*Boyet.* But to speak that in words, which his eye hath  
disclos'd :  
I only have made a mouth of his eye,  
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.  
*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skil-  
fully.  
*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of  
him.  
*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother ; for her father  
is but grim.  
*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches ?  
*Mar.* No.  
*Boyet.* What, then, do you see ?  
*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.  
*Boyet.* You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—Another part of the Park.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

*Arm.* Warble, child ; make passionate my sense of  
hearing.  
*Moth.* *Concolinel* — [*Singing.*]  
*Arm.* Sweet air ! Go, tenderness of years ! take this  
boy, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately  
hither ; I must employ him in a letter to my love.  
*Moth.* Will you win your love with a French brawl ?  
*Arm.* How meanest thou ? brawling in French ?  
*Moth.* No, my complete master : but to jig off a tune  
at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour  
it with turning up your eyelids ; sigh a note, and sing a  
note ; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed  
love with singing love ; sometime through the nose, as  
if you snuffed up love by smelling love ; with your hat,  
perchance-like, o'er the shop of your eyes ; with your  
arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on  
a spit ; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after  
the old painting ; and keep not too long in one tune, but  
a nip and away : These are complements, these are  
lemons ; these betray nice wenches, that would be be-  
trayed without these ; and make them men of note, (do  
you note, men ?) that most are affected to these.  
*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience ?  
*Moth.* By my penny of observation.  
*Arm.* But O,—but O—  
*Moth.* —the hobby-horse is forgot.  
*Arm.* Callest thou my love, hobby-horse ?  
*Moth.* No, master ; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and  
your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot  
your love ?  
*Arm.* Almost I had.  
*Moth.* Negligent student ! learn her by heart.  
*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.  
*Moth.* And out of heart, master : all those three I  
will prove.  
*Arm.* What wilt thou prove ?

*Moth.* A man, if I live ; and this, by, in, and with-  
out, upon the instant : By heart you love her, because  
your heart cannot come by her : in heart you love her, be-  
cause your heart is in love with her : and out of heart you  
love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.  
*Arm.* I am all these three.  
*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing  
at all.  
*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain ; he must carry me a  
letter.  
*Moth.* A message well sympathized ; a horse to be  
embassador for an ass !  
*Arm.* Ha, ha ! what sayest thou ?  
*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the  
horse, for he is very slow-gaited : But I go.  
*Arm.* The way is but short ; away.  
*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.  
*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?  
*Moth.* *Minimè*, honest master ; or rather, master, no.  
*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.  
*Moth.* You are too swift, sir, to say so :  
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun ?  
*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric !  
He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that 's he :—  
I shoot thee at the swain.  
*Moth.* Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*]  
*Arm.* A most acute juvenal ; voluble and free of  
grace !  
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face :  
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.  
My herald is return'd.  
*Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.*  
*Moth.* A wonder, master ; here 's a Costard broken  
in a shin.  
*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle : come,—thy  
*Tenvoy* ;—begin.  
*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *Tenvoy* ; no salve

in them all, sir: O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no Fenoy, no Fenoy, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling; O, pardon me, my stars! Both the inconsiderate take salve for Fenoy, and the word Fenoy for a salve!

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not Fenoy a salve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath before been said. I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

There 's the moral: Now the Fenoy.

Moth. I will add the Fenoy; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my Fenoy.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good Fenoy, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's fat:

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.— To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat Fenoy; ay, that 's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: Thus came your argument on;

Then the boy's fat Fenoy, the goose that you bought, And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me: how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you some day.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that to thee.

I challenge nothing out that was saidly within, You may be honest, and I broke my shin.

Arm. Will you talk no more of this matter?

Cost. Will you be more kind on the subject?

Arm. Speak Costard; I will be more so to you.

Cost. It makes me to cry Fainest; I shall some time or other curse this.

Arm. If you will, say so; I will be more so to you.

Cost. I will say so; I will be more so to you.

Arm. I will be more so to you.

Cost. I will be more so to you.

Arm. I will be more so to you.

Cost. I will be more so to you.

Arm. I will be more so to you.

Cost. I will be more so to you.

Arm. I will be more so to you.

inable? a penny:—No. I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration.—why, it is a faire name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park, And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name, And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;

And to her white hand see thou do commend This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy gerdon; go.

[Gives him money.]

Cost. Gerdon.—O sweet garden! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet garden!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gerdon—remuneration.

[Exit.]

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh; A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering psalnt o'er the boy, Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled,\* whining, putlibal, wayward boy; This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of loves-rhymes, lord of foli'd arms, The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all letterers and malcontents, Dread prince of plackets, king of cedgpieces,

Sole imperator, and great general, Of trotting paravers? O my little heart!—

And I to be a corporal of his band!

And wear his colours like a turnip's leaf!

What! I love! I love! I seek a wife!

A woman that is like a German cock, Still a repairing, and out of frame;

And never going a pace with a warlike, Skulking, and a dollar's way with a single!

Nay, to be married to such a worst of all; And among a hundred to be the worst of all;

A wife that is like a German cock, Still a repairing, and out of frame;

And never going a pace with a warlike, Skulking, and a dollar's way with a single!

Nay, to be married to such a worst of all; And among a hundred to be the worst of all;

A wife that is like a German cock, Still a repairing, and out of frame;

And never going a pace with a warlike, Skulking, and a dollar's way with a single!

Nay, to be married to such a worst of all; And among a hundred to be the worst of all;

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Park.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, LORDS, ATTENDANTS, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spur'd his horse so hard  
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, Forester, my friend, where is the bush

That we must stand and play the murderer in?\*

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,

And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what! first praise me, and then again  
say no!

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

When fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Then, good my glass,<sup>b</sup> take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.]  
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O honey in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Then will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Gleety grows guilty of detested crimes;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curse<sup>c</sup> wives hold that self-sovereignty<sup>d</sup>

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Leeds o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den<sup>e</sup> all! Pray you, which is the

best lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that

have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is

truth.

As your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

\* Royal and noble ladies. In the days of Elizabeth, delighted in the somewhat unrefined sport of shooting deer with a cross-bow.

<sup>b</sup> Good my glass. The Forester is the metaphorical glass of the Princess.

<sup>c</sup> Curse—shrewish.

<sup>d</sup> Self-sovereignty—used in the same way as self-sufficiency;—in a sovereignty over themselves, but in themselves.

<sup>e</sup> Dig-you-den. The popular corruption of give you good o'en.

Prin. What 's your will, sir? what 's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he 's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.]

"By Heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible; true, that thou artauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely; More fairer than fair, beautiful thanauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustre king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, *venis, vidi, vici*; which to annotanize<sup>a</sup> in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will: What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For titles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,  
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this

letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear

better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-

while.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here

in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho,<sup>b</sup> and one that makes sport

To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,

away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 't will be thine another day.

[Exeunt PRINCESS and TRAIN.]

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

<sup>a</sup> Annotanize is evidently a pedantic form of *annotate*; and we willingly restore the coined word, which has been modernized into *anatomize*.

<sup>b</sup> This allusion is to a mad Italian, commonly called the monarch, whose epitaph, or description, was written by Churchyard, in 1580. He believed that he was sovereign of the world.

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?  
 Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.  
 Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.  
 Finely put off!  
 Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,  
 Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.  
 Finely put on!  
 Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.  
 Boyet. And who is your deer?  
 Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not  
 near.  
 Finely put on, indeed!—  
 Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she  
 strikes at the brow.  
 Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her  
 now?  
 Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that  
 was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy,  
 as touching the hit it?  
 Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was  
 a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little  
 wench, as touching the hit it.  
 Ros. [*Singing.*]—  
 Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it.  
 Thou canst not hit it, my good man.  
 Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot.  
 An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt ROS. and KATH.*]  
 Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did  
 fit it!  
 Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both  
 did hit it.  
 Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark,  
 says my lady!  
 Let the mark have a prick in 't to mete at, if it may  
 be.  
 Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith your hand is  
 out.  
 Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit  
 the clout.  
 Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand  
 is in.  
 Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the  
 pin.  
 Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow  
 foul.  
 Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge  
 her to bowl.  
 Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my  
 good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]  
 Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!  
 Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!  
 O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!  
 When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,  
 so fit.  
 Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!  
 To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!  
 To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will  
 swear!—  
 And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!  
 Ah, Heavens, it is a most pathological nit!  
 Sola, sola! [*Shouting within. Exit COST., running.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

[*Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.*]  
 Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the  
 testimony of a good conscience.  
 Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood;  
 ripe as a pomewater,<sup>a</sup> who now hangeth like a jewel in  
 the ear of *coelo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and  
 anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil,  
 the land, the earth.  
 Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are  
<sup>a</sup> *Pomewater*—a species of apple.

sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I  
 assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.  
 Dull. 'T was not a *haud credo*; 't was a pricket.<sup>a</sup>  
 Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of in-  
 sinuation, as it were *in via*, in way, of explication;  
*facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to  
 show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed,  
 unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather  
 unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to in-  
 sert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 't was  
 a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou  
 monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are  
 bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he  
 hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he  
 is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;  
 And such barren plants are set before us, that we  
 thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that  
 do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,  
 or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a  
 school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,  
 Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your  
 wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five  
 weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good  
 man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?  
 Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was  
 no more;

And raught<sup>b</sup> not to five weeks, when he came to fivescore.  
 The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the  
 exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion  
 holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange;  
 for the moon is never but a month old: and I say, be-  
 side, that 't was a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal  
 epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the  
 ignorant, I have called the deer the princess killed, a  
 pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it  
 shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter;<sup>c</sup> for it argues  
 facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing  
 pricket;

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with  
 shooting.

The dogs did yell; put I to sore, then sore jumps from  
 thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else sore; the people fall a hooting.  
 If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores;<sup>d</sup> O sore L!

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.  
 Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw,<sup>e</sup> look how he claws him  
 with a talent.

<sup>a</sup> *Pricket*. The buck acquires a new name every year as he  
 approaches to maturity. The first year he is a fawn; the  
 second, a pricket; the third, a scroell; the fourth, a weate;  
 the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth, a complete buck.

<sup>b</sup> *Raught*—reached.  
<sup>c</sup> *Affect the letter*—affect alliteration.

<sup>d</sup> The pedant brings in the Roman numeral, L, as the sign of  
 fifty.

<sup>e</sup> *Talen* was formerly written *talent*.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pis mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol.* *Moherecle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapiit qui pauca loquitur*. A good feminine saluteth us.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master person.\*

*Hol.* Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

*Hol.* Of piercing a hog'shead! a good lustre of connect in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 't is pretty; it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from *san Armatho*; I beseech you, read it.

*Hol.* *Fuante, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan!<sup>b</sup> I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*<sup>c</sup>

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*<sup>d</sup>—Under janson, sir, what are the contents? Or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

*Nath.*

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book these eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder.

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

O celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong!

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only unlearn'd ratiſies; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden evidence of poesy, *carot*. Ovidius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention?

\* *Master person*. The derivation of *person* was, perhaps, commonly understood in Shakspeare's time, and *person* and *pers* were used indifferently. Blackstone has explained the word: "A *person*, *persona ecclesie*, is one that hath full possession of all the rights of a parochial church. He is called *person*, because, by his *person*, the church, which is an invisible body, is represented."—*Commentaries*, b. 1.

<sup>b</sup> The good old Mantuan was Joh. Baptist. Mantuanus, a Carmelite, whose Eclogues were translated into English by George Tottel's Sonnet, in 1567. His first Eclogue commences with *Fuante pecus gelidâ*.

<sup>c</sup> A proverbial expression applied to Venice.

<sup>d</sup> The poetical *sol-fa*, to recreate himself, and to show his musical skill.

*Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damoiselle virgin, was this directed to you?

*Jaq.* Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

"Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON."

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu!

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl. [*Ex. Cost. and Jaq.*]

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses: Did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.*

Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.<sup>b</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Another part of the same.

*Enter BIRON with a paper.*

*Biron.* The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By Heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan. [*Gets up into a tree.*]

*Enter the KING, with a paper.*

*King.* Ah me!

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Shot, by Heaven.—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—In faith, secrets.—

\* *Tired*—caparisoned; adorned with trappings.

<sup>b</sup> These lines are *hexameters*, and all the better for being very bad.



King. [Reads.]

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not,  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose.  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot;<sup>a</sup>  
The sight of dew that on my cheeks down flows:  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light.  
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;  
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief will show:  
But do not love thyself; thou thou wilt keep  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!  
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;  
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[Steps aside.]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!  
[Aside.]

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing  
papers.<sup>b</sup> [Aside.]

King. In love, I hope: Sweet fellowship in shame!  
[Aside.]

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.  
[Aside.]

Long. Am I the first that have been perjurd so?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort; not by  
two, that I know:

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner cap of society,  
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:  
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards<sup>c</sup> on wanton  
Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.<sup>d</sup>

Long. This same shall go.—[He reads the sonnet.]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye  
(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.  
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:  
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,  
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:  
If broken then, it is no fault of mine,  
If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,  
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein, which makes  
flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.  
[Stepping aside.]

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant play:  
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,  
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.  
More sacks to the mill! O Heavens, I have my  
wish;

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb! [Aside.]

<sup>a</sup> Smot—the old preterite of smote.  
<sup>b</sup> The perjure—the perjurer—when exposed on the pillory  
wore "papers of perjury."

<sup>c</sup> Guards—the hems or boundaries of a garment; generally  
ornamented.

<sup>d</sup> Slop. A clothesman is still a slop-seller.

Dum. By Heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal: there you lie  
[Aside.]

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.<sup>a</sup>

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.  
[Aside.]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;  
Her shoulder is with child. [Aside.]

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must  
shine. [Aside.]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [Aside.]

King. And I mine too, good lord! [Aside.]

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good  
word? [Aside.]

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she

Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers: Sweet misprision! [Aside.]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.  
[Aside.]

Dum. On a day, (alack the day!)  
Love, whose mouth is ever May,  
Spied a blossom, passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alack, my hand is sworn,  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;  
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee:  
Thou for whom Jove would swear,  
Juno but an Ethiopie were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love

This will I send; and something else more plain,  
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note;

For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [advancing] thy love is far from  
charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society:

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,

To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [advancing] you blush; as his your  
case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much:

You do not love Maria; Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile;

Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.

I have been closely shrouded in this bush,

And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your passion;

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:

Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

You would for paradise break faith and troth; [To LONGAVILLE]

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.  
[To DUMAIN]

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear

Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?

How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me

Coted—quoted.

n. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—  
 And my liege, I pray thee pardon me :

[Descends from the tree.

part, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
 forms for loving, that art most in love ?  
 How do make no coaches ; in your tears  
 no certain princess that appears :  
 not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing ;  
 none but minstrels like of sonneting.  
 you not asham'd ? nay, are you not,  
 we of you, to be thus much o'ershot ?  
 and his mote ; the king your mote did see ;  
 beam do find in each of three.  
 a scene of foolery have I seen,  
 of groans, of sorrow, and of teen !  
 with what strict patience have I sat,  
 a king transformed to a gnat !  
 great Hercules whipping a gig,  
 profound Solomon tuning a jig,  
 a pastor play at push-pin with the boys,  
 Titus Timon laugh at idle toys !  
 lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain ?  
 gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain ?  
 here my liege's ? all about the breast :—  
 He, ho !

t. Too bitter is thy jest.  
 betray'd thus to thy over-view ?  
 n. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you :  
 I am honest ; I that hold it sin  
 to ask the view I am engaged in ;  
 stray'd, by keeping company  
 with men like men, of strange inconstancy.  
 shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?  
 or for Joan ? or spend a minute's time  
 singing me ? When shall you hear that I  
 raise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
 a limb ?—

p. Soft ; Whither away so fast ?  
 a man, or a thief, that gallops so ?  
 n. I post from love ; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

God bless the king !  
 f. What present hast thou there ?  
 t. Some certain treason.

f. What makes treason here ?  
 t. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

f. If it mar nothing neither,  
 reason, and you, go in peace away together.

f. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read ;  
 reason misdoubts it ; it was treason, he said.

f. Biron, read it over. [Giving him the letter.]  
 hadst thou it ?

f. Of Costard.  
 g. Where hadst thou it ?

f. Of dum Adramadio, dum Adramadio.  
 g. How now ! what is in you ? why dost thou tear it ?

n. A toy, my liege, a toy ; your grace needs not  
 fear it.

f. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's  
 hear it.

n. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.  
 [Picks up the pieces.]

n. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [to COSTARD]  
 you were born to do me shame.—

n. My lord, guilty ; I confess, I confess.  
 t. What ?

n. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make  
 up the mess ;

like men, Biron appears to us to say—I keep company  
 with men like men—men having  
 the inconstancy of humanity.  
 he is—preening ; tripping himself up as a bird trims  
 its tail.

He, he, and you ; and you, my liege, and I,  
 Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.  
 O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true ; we are four :—  
 Will these turtles be gone ?

King. Hence, sirs ; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace !  
 As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree :

We cannot cross the cause why we are born ;

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of  
 thine ?

Biron. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the heavenly  
 Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd these  
 now ?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron :

O, but for my love, day would turn to night !

Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;

Where several worthies make one dignity ;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not :

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;

She passes praise : then praise too short doth  
 blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy

O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine !

King. By Heaven, thy love is black as ebony

Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look :

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night ;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of  
 light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,

Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days ;

For native blood is counted painting now ;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted  
 bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is  
 light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
 For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

*King.* 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,  
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.  
*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.  
*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as she.  
*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.  
*Long.* Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.  
*[Showing his shoe.]*  
*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,  
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!  
*Dum.* O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies  
The street should see as she walk'd over head.  
*King.* But what of this? Are we not all in love?  
*Biron.* O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.  
*King.* Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove  
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.  
*Dum.* Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.  
*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed;  
Some tricks, some quilllets,\* how to cheat the devil.  
*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.  
*Biron.* O, 't is more than need!—  
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:  
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—  
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—  
Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.  
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;  
And abstinence engenders maladies.  
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,  
In that each of you hath forsworn his book:  
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?  
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
Have found the ground of study's excellence,  
Without the beauty of a woman's face?  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They are the ground, the books, the academes,  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
Why, universal plodding prisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries;  
As motion, and long-during action, tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;  
And study too, the causer of your vow:  
For where is any author in the world,  
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?  
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
And where we are, our learning likewise is.  
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
With ourselves,—  
Do we not likewise see our learning there?  
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;  
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;  
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
In leaden contemplation, have found out  
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes  
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?  
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;  
And therefore finding barren practisers,  
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:

\* *Quillet* and *quodlibet* each signify a fallacious subtlety—what you please—an argument without foundation.

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain;  
But with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every power;  
And gives to every power a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices.  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;  
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:  
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:  
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:  
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
Subtle as sphynx; as sweet, and musical,  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;  
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.\*  
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.  
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;  
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:  
Then fools you were these women to forswear;  
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools  
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;  
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;  
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;  
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;  
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,  
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:  
It is religion to be thus forsworn:  
For charity itself fulfils the law;  
And who can sever love from charity?  
*King.* Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!  
*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;  
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,  
In conflict that you get the sun of them.  
*Long.* Now to plain-dealing; lay these gloves by;  
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?  
*King.* And win them too: therefore let us devise  
Some entertainment for them in their tents.  
*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct them thither;  
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand  
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon  
We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;  
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.  
*King.* Away, away! no time shall be omitted,  
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.  
*Biron.* *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;  
And justice always whirls in equal measure:  
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;  
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt*]

\* When Love speaks, the responsive harmony of the voice & all the gods makes heaven drowsy.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter HOLOPERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,<sup>a</sup> audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,<sup>b</sup> his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.<sup>c</sup> He is too picked,<sup>d</sup> too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Takes out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fantastical phantasies, such insociable and point-devise<sup>e</sup> comparisons; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, *last*, *fine*, when he should say, *doubt*; *det*, when he should pronounce *debt*;—*d, e, b, t*; not *d, e, t*:—he depths a calf, *canf*; half, *hauf*; neighbour, *vocatur*, *aisour*; neigh, abbreviated, *ne*: This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanity; *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Læus Deo bene intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone!*—*bone*, for *bone*: Priscian a little snatch'd; 't will serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTHS, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videane quis venit!*

Hol. *Video et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Math. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

[To COSTARD aside.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinis*:<sup>f</sup> thou art easier swallowed than a lap-dog.

Math. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. *Monsieur* [to HOL.], are you not lettered?

Math. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book;—

What is *a, b*, spelt backward, with a horn on his head?

Hol. *Ba, pueritia*, with a horn added.

Math. *Ba*, most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Math. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, *a, e, i*.—

Math. The sheep; the other two concludes it; *o, u*.<sup>g</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Affectation*.

<sup>b</sup> *Filed*—polished.

<sup>c</sup> *Thrasical*—from *Thraso*, the boasting soldier of Terence.

<sup>d</sup> *Picked*—trimmed.

<sup>e</sup> *Pole-dance*—vice to excess, and sometimes, adverbially, in exactly, with the utmost nicety.

<sup>f</sup> Taylor, the water poet, has given us a syllable more of this height of scholasticism—*honorificabilitudinitatibus*. But he has not equalled Rabelais, who has thus furnished the title of a book that might puzzle Petermaster Row—*Astipericatanactoparagogogonophortheritosis*.

<sup>g</sup> The poet asks who is the silly sheep—*quis, quis?* "The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them," says Moth; and the poet does repeat them—*a, e, i*; the other two clinches it.

<sup>h</sup> *o, u* (p. 100).

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit:<sup>h</sup> snip, snap, quick, and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*: A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the Heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unquem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy:—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—And among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

<sup>h</sup> *Venew* and *lout* equally denote a *hit* in fencing.

*Arm.* Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake! that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the worthies?—

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge\* not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Hol.* *Allons!* we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

*Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.*

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, if fairings come thus plentifully in: A lady wall'd about with diamonds! Look you, what I have from the loving king.

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*Prin.* Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme, As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper, Write on both sides of the leaf, margent and all; That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his godhead wax;<sup>b</sup> For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Kath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died: had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might have been a grandam ere she died: And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

*Kath.* A light condition in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Kath.* You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff; Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do; you do it still in the dark.

*Kath.* So do not you; for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

*Kath.* You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

*Ros.* Great reason; for, Past care is still past cure.

*Prin.* Well bandied both; a set<sup>c</sup> of wit<sup>e</sup> well play'd. But, Rosaline, you have a favour too: Who sent it? and what is it?

*Ros.* I would you knew:

As if my face were but as fair as yours, My favour were as great; be witness this. Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

*Fadge.* This word is from the Anglo-Saxon *feg-an*—to join—, and thence to fit, to agree.  
*Wax*—to grow; as we say, the moon waxeth.  
*Set of wit.* Set is a verb used at tennis.

The numbers true; and, were the numbring too, I were the fairest goddess on the ground; I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs. O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

*Prin.* Anything like?

*Ros.* Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ick; a good conclusion.

*Kath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor, My red dominical, my golden letter:<sup>a</sup> O that your face were not so full of O's!

*Kath.* A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!

*Prin.* But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

*Kath.* Madam, this glove.

*Prin.* Did he not send you twain?

*Kath.* Yes, madam; and moreover, Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;

A huge translation of hypocrisy, Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville; The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart, The chain were longer, and the letter short?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are-wise girls to mock our lovers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go. O, that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;

And shape his service wholly to my behests;

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Enter BOYET.*

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare!—

Arm, wench, arm! encounters mounted are

Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,

That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore,

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold address'd

The king and his companions: warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear;

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

\* Rosaline, it appears, was a brunette; Katharine fair, perhaps red-haired, marked with small-pox. In the early alphabets for children, A was printed in red, B, as well as the remainder of the alphabet, in black; and thus the ladies just upon their complexions.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath comm'd his embassy;  
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;  
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"  
And ever and anon they made a doubt,  
Presence majestical would put him out;  
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see,  
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."  
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;  
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil."  
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;  
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.  
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and flier'd, and swore,  
A better speech was never spoke before;  
Another with his finger and his thumb,  
Cried, "Via! we will do 't, come what will come:"  
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,  
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?  
*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—  
Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;  
And every one his love-feat will advance  
Unto his several mistress; which they 'll know  
By favours several, which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be  
task'd:—

*For,* ladies, we will every one be mask'd;  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.

*Held,* Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,  
And then the king will court thee for his dear;  
*Held,* take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;  
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—  
And change your favours too; so shall your loves  
Who contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.  
*Kath.* But, in this changing, what is your intent?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:  
They do it but in mocking merriment;  
And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,  
Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?  
*Prin.* No; to the death we will not move a foot:  
Not to their perm'd speech render we no grace:  
But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's  
heart,  
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*Prin.* Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,  
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.  
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;  
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;  
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*  
*The ladies mask.*]

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers  
come.

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGVILLE, and DUMAIN,  
in Business habits and masked; MORN, Musicians,  
and Attendants.*

*Mask.* "All hail the richest beauties on the earth!"  
*Biron.* Beauties no richer than rich taffata. [*Aside.*]

*Mask.* "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,  
[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*]  
That ever turn'd their"—backs—"to mortal views!"

*Biron.* "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes!"  
*Moth.* "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!"  
Out"—

*Boyet.* True; out, indeed.  
*Moth.* "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouch  
safe  
Not to behold"—

*Biron.* "Once to behold," rogue.  
*Moth.* "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,"—  
"With your sun-beamed eyes"—

*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet,  
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.  
*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me  
out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue!  
*Ros.* What would these strangers? know their minds,  
Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 't is our will  
That some plain man recount their purposes:  
Know what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the princess?  
*Biron.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.  
*Ros.* What would they, say they?

*Boyet.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.  
*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.  
*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be gone.  
*King.* Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,  
To tread a measure with her on the grass.

*Boyet.* They say that they have measur'd many a  
mile,  
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so: ask them how many inches  
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,  
The measure then of one is easily told.

*Boyet.* If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,  
And many miles, the princess bids you tell,  
How many inches do fill up one mile.

*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps  
*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps,  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you;  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without account.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.  
*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine  
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery cye.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;  
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.  
*King.* Then, in our measure, vouchsafe but one  
change:  
Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon.  
[*Music plays.*]

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.  
*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus  
estranged?

*Ros.* You took the moon at full; but now she's  
changed.  
*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.  
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.  
*King.* But your legs should do it.  
*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by  
chance,  
We 'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

*King.* Why take we hands then?  
*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by  
chance,  
We 'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

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*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by  
chance,  
We 'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

*King.* Why take we hands then?  
*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by  
chance,  
We 'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

*Ros.* Only to part friends :—  
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

*King.* More measure of this measure; be not nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prize you yourselves: What buys your company?

*Ros.* Your absence only.

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;  
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In private then.

*King.* I am best pleas'd with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

*Biron.* Nay then, two treys (an if you grow so nice),  
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice!  
There's half a dozen sweets.

*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog,<sup>a</sup> I'll play no more with you.

*Biron.* One word in secret.

*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.

*Biron.* Thou griev'st my gall.

*Prin.* Gall? bitter.

*Biron.* Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

*Mar.* Name it.

*Dum.* Fair lady,—

*Mar.* Say you so? Fair lord,—  
Take you that for your fair lady.

*Dum.* Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Kath.* What, was your visor made without a tongue?

*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*Kath.* O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,  
And would afford my speechless visor half.

*Kath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman:—Is not veal a calf?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady?

*Kath.* No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Kath.* No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp  
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

*Kath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.

*Kath.* Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen  
As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

*Biron.* By Heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

*King.* Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt KING, LORDS, MOTH, MUSIC, and ATTENDANTS.*]

*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd  
out.

*Ros.* Well-liking wits<sup>b</sup> they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

*Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

<sup>a</sup>Iron says, "Well run, dice!" The Princess says he can

cog the dice is to load them—and thence, generally, to

*liking* is used in the same sense in which the young of

goats in Job are said to be in *good-liking*.

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

*Ros.* O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*Prin.* Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

*Mar.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword:

No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

*Kath.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart,

And trow you what he call'd me?

*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.

*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art!

*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain<sup>c</sup> statute-caps<sup>d</sup>

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

*Kath.* And Longaville was for my service born.

*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

*Prin.* Will they return?

*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows,

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:

Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,

Blew like sweet roses in this summer air.

*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be under-

stood.

*Boyet.* Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,

Are angels vailing clouds,<sup>b</sup> or roses blown.

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,

If they return in their own shapes to woo?

*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,

Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:

Let us complain to them what fools were here,

Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;

And wonder what they were; and to what end

Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,

And their rough carriage so ridiculous,

Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt PRINCESS, ROS., KATH., and MARIA.*]

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,*

*in their proper habits.*

*King.* Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

*Boyet.* Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,

Command me any service to her thither?

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Biron.* This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,

And utters it again when Jove doth please:

He is wit's peddler; and retails his wares

At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:

He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,

That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;

This is the ape of forth, monsieur the nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms; nay, he can sing

A mean most meanly;<sup>e</sup> and, in ushering,

<sup>a</sup> By an act of parliament of 1571 it was provided that all  
above the age of six years, except the nobility and other persons  
of degree, should, on sabbath-days and holidays, wear caps of  
wool, manufactured in England.

<sup>b</sup> To rail—to avale, to cause to fall down; the clouds open as  
the angels descend.

<sup>c</sup> A mean most meanly. The mean, in vocal music, is an in-  
termediate part; a part—whether tenor, or second soprano, or  
contra-tenor—between the two extremes of highest and lowest.

Meed him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;  
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :  
This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
To show his teeth as white as whales' bone ; \*  
And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,  
That put Armado's page out of his part !

*Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET ; ROSALINE,  
MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

*Biron.* See where it comes !—Behaviour, what wert  
thou,

Till this man show'd thee ? and what art thou now ?

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day !

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

*King.* We came to visit you ; and purpose now

To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me ; and so hold your  
vow :

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke ;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

*Prin.* You nick-name virtue : vice you should have  
spoke ;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Nor, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest :

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game ;

A crew of Russians left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam ? Russians ?

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord ;

Tim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true :—It is not so, my lord ;

My lady, (to the manner of the days,) <sup>in</sup>

in courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit ; here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me. Gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish ; when we greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light : Your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich, for in my

eye,—

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

*Ros.* All the fool mine ?

*Biron.* I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the visors was it that you wore ?

*Biron.* Where ? when ? what visor ? why demand

you this ?

*Ros.* There, then, that visor ; that superfluous case,

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

*King.* We are desir'd : they 'll mock us now down-

right.

*Dem.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

\* *Whales' bone*—the tooth of the walrus.

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord ? Why looks your highness  
sad ?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows ! he 'll swoon ! Why look  
you pale ?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out ?—

Here stand I, lady ; dart thy skill at me ;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O ! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue ;

Nor never come in visor to my friend ;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song ;

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :

I do forswear them : and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand God  
knows !)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes ;

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la !—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

*Ros.* Sans sans, I pray you.

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;

I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see ;—

Write " Lord have mercy on us," \* on those three ;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :

These lords are visited ; you are not free,

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

*Prin.* No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

*Biron.* Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

*Ros.* It is not so. For how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?

*Biron.* Peace ; for I will not have to do with you.

*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end ;

*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans-

gression

Some fair excuse.

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advis'd ?

*King.* I was, fair madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her

*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject

her.

*King.* Upon mine honour, no.

*Prin.* Peace, peace, forbear ;

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

*Prin.* I will : and therefore keep it :—Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

*Ros.* Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight : and did value me

Above this world : adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

*Prin.* God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you, madam ? by my life, my

troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

\* *Lord have mercy on us*—the fearful inscription on houses

visited with the plague.



*Ros.* By Heaven, you did: and to confirm it plain.  
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

*King.* My faith, and this, the princess I did give;  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*Prin.* Parlon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;  
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—  
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

*Biron.* Neither of either; I remit both twain.  
I see the trick on't:—Here was a consent,

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment.)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd—

Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,

The ladies did change favours; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn: in will, and error.

Much upon this it is:—And might not you,

[To BOYET.

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,<sup>a</sup>

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;<sup>b</sup>

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,

Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.* Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have

done.

*Enter COSTARD.*

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three?

*Cost.* No, sir, but it is vara fine,  
For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.

*Cost.* Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is  
not so:

You cannot beg us,<sup>c</sup> sir, I can assure you, sir; we know  
what we know;

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

*Cost.* Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it  
doth amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, it were a pity you should get your  
living by reckoning, sir.

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors,  
sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own  
part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man, in one  
poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion  
the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of  
the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take  
some care. [Exit COSTARD.

<sup>a</sup> The squire—*esquierre*, a rule, or square.

<sup>b</sup> Allow'd—you are an allowed fool.

<sup>c</sup> Costard means to say we are not idiots. One of the most abominable corruptions of the feudal system of government was for the sovereign, who was the legal guardian of idiots, to grant the wardship of such an unhappy person to some favourite who bestowed him, granting with the idiot the right of using his pro-

*King.* Biron, they will shame us, let them not ap-  
proach.

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord: and 't is some  
policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his com-  
pany.

*King.* I say, they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you  
now:

That sport best pleases that doth least know how:

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Die in the zeal, of that which it presents

The form confounded makes most form in mirth;<sup>a</sup>

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy  
royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO converses with the KING, and  
delivers him a paper.

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God?

*Biron.* Why ask you?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch:  
for, I protest the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical;

too, too vain; too, too vain; But we will put it, as they  
say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of  
mind, most royal complement! [Exit ARMADO.

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of worthies:  
He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the

great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page,  
Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There is five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceiv'd, 't is not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the  
fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum;<sup>b</sup> and the whole world again  
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes  
amain.

[Seats brought for the KING, PRINCESS, &c.

*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*

*Enter COSTARD, armed, for Pompey.*

*Cost.* "I Pompey am,"—

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* "I Pompey am,"—

*Boyet.* With libbard's<sup>c</sup> head on knee.

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker; I must needs be  
friends with thee.

*Cost.* "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,"—  
*Dum.* The great.

*Cost.* It is great, sir;—"Pompey surnam'd the great"  
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my  
foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by  
chance;

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of  
France."

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had  
done.

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

<sup>a</sup> We understand the reading thus:—Where zeal strives to  
give content, and the contents (things contained) die in the  
zeal, the form of that which zeal presents, being confounded,  
makes most form in mirth.

<sup>b</sup> Abate a throw. *Novum*, or *quinquenove*, was a game at dice,  
of which nine and five were the principal throws. Biron there-  
fore says, Abate a throw—that is, leave out the nine—and the  
world cannot prick out five such.

<sup>c</sup> Libbard—leopard.

Cost. 'T is not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in "great."

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL, armed, for Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;

My 'wutcherson plain declares that I am Alisander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;"—

Boyet. Most true, 't is right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, [to NATH.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak!

Run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. retires.]

There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good lawyer: but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 't is;—a little o'erparted:—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOVERNES for Judas, and MORN for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed comus;

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology."—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Exit MORN.]

Hol. "Judas, I am,"—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not, Iscariot, sir,—

"Judas, I am, cyeleped Machabæus."

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. "Judas, I am,"—

Dum. The more sname for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.<sup>b</sup>

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.<sup>c</sup>

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.<sup>d</sup>

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

<sup>a</sup> O'erparted—overparted, not quite equal to his part.

<sup>b</sup> The common tradition was that Judas hanged himself on an elder-tree.

<sup>c</sup> A cittern-head. The head of a cittern, gittern, or guitar, was ornamented with a face.

<sup>d</sup> Flask. A soldier's powder-horn, which was often elaborately carved.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away!

Hol. This is not generous; not gentle; not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, armed, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He 's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift,"—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Iliou:

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea, From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,"—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector 's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet clucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man—but I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [to the PRINCESS] bestow on me the sense of hearing. [BIRON whispers COSTARD.]

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she 's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 't is yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamelize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hanged, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey!

Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is moved :—More Ates, more Ates ; stir them on ! stir them on !

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man ; I 'll slash ; I 'll do it by the sword :—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed worthies.

*Cost.* I 'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey !

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat ? What mean you ? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me ; I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it ; Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for 't ?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt ; I go woolward for penance.<sup>a</sup>

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen : since when, I 'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's ; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

*Enter MERCADE.*

*Mer.* God save you, madam !

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade ;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I am sorry, madam ; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king, your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life.

*Mer.* Even so ; my tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away ; the scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath : I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Ex. Worthies.*]

*King.* How fares your majesty ?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so ; I do beseech you stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords, for all your fair endeavours ; and entreat, Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide, The liberal opposition of our spirits : If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord ! A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue : Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme parts of time extremely form All causes to the purpose of his speed ; And often, at his very loose, decides That which long process could not arbitrate : And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesy of love, The holy suit which fain it would convince ; Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it From what it purpos'd ; since, to wail friends lost, Is not by much so wholesome, profitable, As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not ; my griefs are double. *Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce the ears of grief ;—

—these badges understand the king.

—our sakes have we neglected time ;

—play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,

wanting the shirt, so as to leave the woollen  
er coal next the skin.

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours  
Even to the opposed end of our intents :

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—

As love is full of unbefitting strains :

All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;

Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,

Full of stray shapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll

To every varied object in his glance :

Which party-coated presence of loose love

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,

Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,

Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

Suggested us to make : Therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love makes

Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,

By being once false for ever to be true

To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,

Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters, full of love ;

Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;

And, in our maiden council, rated them

At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,

As bombast,<sup>a</sup> and as lining to the time :

But more devout than this, in our respects,

Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves

In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not quote them so

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,

Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in :

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,

Full of dear guiltiness ; and, therefore this,—

If for my love (as there is no such cause)

You will do aught, this shall you do for me :

Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;

There stay, until the twelve celestial signs

Have brought about their annual reckoning :

If this austere insociable life

Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

But that it bear this trial, and last love ;

Then, at the expiration of the year,

Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,

And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,

I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut

My woeful self up in a mourning house ;

Raining the tears of lamentation

For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;

Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,

The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

*Biron.* And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

*Dum.* But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?

*Kath.* A wife !—A beard, fair health, and honesty ;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?

*Kath.* Not so, my lord ;—a twelvemonth and a day

I 'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say :

Come when the king doth to my lady come,

Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some.

*Dum.* I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Kath.* Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

<sup>a</sup> Bombast, from bombagia, cotton wool used as stuffing.

What says Maria ?

At the twelvemonth's end,  
I'll wear my black gown for a faithful friend.  
I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

The liker you; few taller are so young.  
Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,  
The window of my heart, mine eye,  
The humble suit attends thy answer there;  
I'll serve thee on me for thy love.  
Hast thou heard of you, my lord Biron,  
How you are for a man replete with mocks;  
Comparisons and wounding flouts;  
That on all estates will execute,  
Within the mercy of your wit:  
This wormwood from your fruitful brain,  
Withal, to win me, if you please,  
(The which I am not to be won,)—  
This twelvemonth term from day to day  
Speechless sick, and still converse  
With wretches; and your task shall be,  
The fierce endeavour of your wit,  
To move the pained impotent to smile.  
To move wild laughter in the throat of death?  
Is it possible:—  
To move a soul in agony.

Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,  
Whence is begot of that loose grace  
Which follow laughing bearers give to fools:  
Whence lies the ear  
Which hears it, never in the tongue  
Which makes it: then, if sickly ears,  
Which the clamours of their own dear groans,  
Your idle scorns, continue then,  
I'll have you, and that fault withal;  
You will not, throw away that spirit,  
I'll find you empty of that fault,  
Which is the fault of your reformation.

A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,  
I'll twelvemonth in an hospital.  
Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

[To the KING.]

No, madam, we will bring you on your way.  
Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Our Jill: these ladies' courtesy  
I'll have made our sport a comedy.  
Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,  
'Till it will end.

That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—  
Was not that Hector?

Dem. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I  
am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the  
plough for her sweet love three years. But, most  
esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that  
the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the  
owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the  
end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD,  
and others.

This side is Hiems, winter: This Ver, the spring: the  
one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo.  
Ver, begin.

SONG.

I.

SPRING. When daisies nod, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer-smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who:  
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

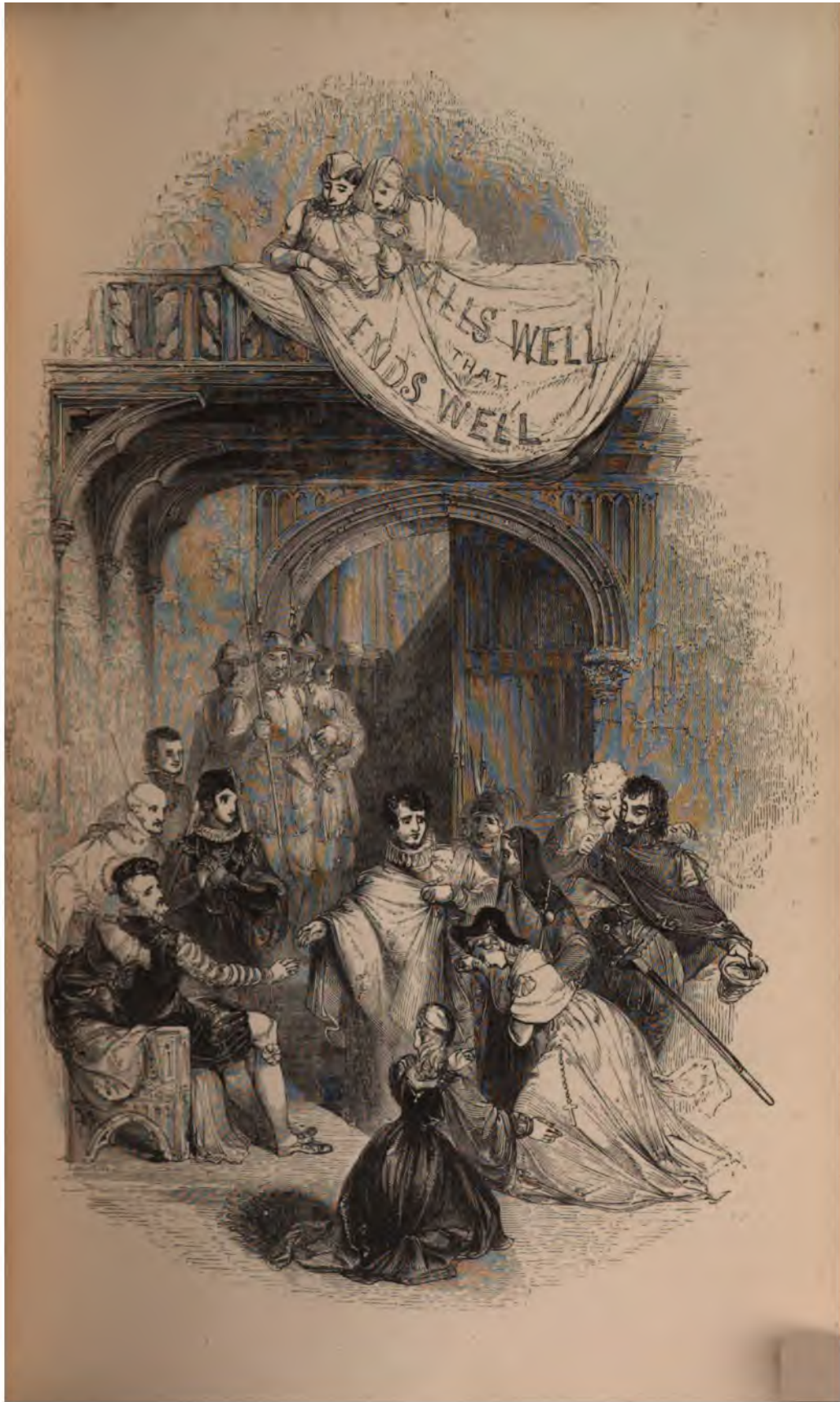
IV.

When all about the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who:  
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs  
of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [Exeunt

<sup>a</sup> Kiel—skien.





## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. In the original copy the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes. There are several examples of corruption in the text; but, upon the whole, it is very accurately printed, both with regard to the metrical arrangement and to punctuation.

In an early number of the 'Pictorial Edition' of Shakspeare we expressed an opinion as to the date of this comedy:—"Meres has also mentioned, amongst the instances of Shakspeare's excellence for comedy, 'Love's Labour Won.' This is generally believed to be 'All's Well that Ends Well;' and probably, in some form or other, this was an early play." Malone, in the *first* edition of his 'Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays,' assigns the date of this comedy to 1598, upon the authority of the passage in Meres. He says, "No other of our author's plays could have borne that title ('Love's Labour Won') with so much propriety as that before us." This is the real argument in the matter; and Coleridge, therefore, describes this play as "originally intended as the counterpart of 'Love's Labour's Lost.'" Shakspeare's titles, in the judgment of that philosophical critic, always exhibit "great significance." The Labour of Love which is *Lost* is not a very earnest labour. The King and his courtiers are fantastical lovers. They would win their mistresses by "bootless rhymes" and "speeches peun'd," and their most sincere declarations are thus only received as "mocking merriment." What would naturally be the counterpart of such a story? One of passionate, enduring, all-pervading love,—of a love that shrinks from no difficulty, resents no unkindness, fears no disgrace, but perseveres, under the most adverse circumstances, to vindicate its own claims by its own energy, and to achieve success by the strength of its own will. This is the Labour of Love which is *Won*. Is not this the story of 'All's Well that Ends Well'?

Of the characters we may say a few words.

Mrs. Jameson quotes a passage from Foster's 'Essays' to explain the general idea of the character of Helena: "To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, and yet be able to preserve, when the prosecution of a design requires it, an immovable heart amidst even the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is perhaps not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity." This "constitution of mind" has been created by Shakspeare in his Helena, and who can doubt the truth and nature of the conception?

Bertram, like all mixed characters, whether in the drama or in real life, is a great puzzle to those who look without tolerance on human motives and actions. In a one-sided view he has no redeeming qualities. Johnson says, "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her

as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." We have no desire to reconcile our hearts to Bertram; all that we demand is, that he should not move our indignation beyond the point in which his qualities shall consist with our sympathy for Helena in her love for him. And in this view the poet, as it appears to us, has drawn Bertram's character most skilfully. Without his defects the dramatic action could not have proceeded; without his merits the dramatic sentiment could not have been maintained.

"In this piece," says Schlegel, "age is exhibited to singular advantage: the plain honesty of the King, the good-natured impetuosity of old Lafeu, the maternal indulgence of the Countess to Helena's love of her son, seem all, as it were, to vie with each other in endeavours to conquer the arrogance of the young Count." The general benevolence of these characters, and their particular kindness towards Helena, are the counterpoises to Bertram's pride of birth, and his disdain of virtue unaccompanied by adventitious distinctions. The love of the Countess towards Helena is habit, that of the King is gratitude: in Lafeu the admiration which he perseveringly holds towards her is the result of his honest sagacity. He admires what is direct and unpretending, and he therefore loves Helena: he hates what is evasive and boastful, and he therefore despises Parolles.

"Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff." We think that this opinion of Johnson exhibits a singular want of discrimination in one who relished Falstaff so highly. Parolles is literally what he is described by Helena:—

"I know him a notorious liar,

Think him a great way fool, solely a coward."

Is this crawling, empty, vapouring, cowardly representative of the off-scourings of social life, to be compared for a moment with the unimitable Falstaff? The comparison will not bear examining with patience, and much less with painstaking. But Parolles in his own way is infinitely comic. "The scene of the drum," according to a French critic, "is worthy of Molière." This is the highest praise which a French writer could bestow; and here it is just. The character belongs to the school of which Molière is the head, rather than to the school of Shakspeare. And what shall we say of the Clown? He is the "artificial fool;" and we do not like him, therefore, quite so much as dear Launce and dearer Touchstone. To the Fool in 'Lear' he can no more be compared than Parolles to Falstaff; but he is, nevertheless, great—something that no other artist but Shakspeare could have produced. Our poet has used him as a vehicle for some biting satire. There can be no doubt that he is "a witty fool," "a shrewd knave, and an unhappy."



# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING OF FRANCE.	A Page.
<i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.</i>	<i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1.</i>
DUKE OF FLORENCE.	COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, <i>mother to Bertram.</i>
<i>Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i>	<i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.</i>
BERTRAM, <i>Count of Rousillon.</i>	HELENA, <i>a gentlewoman, protected by the Countess.</i>
<i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.</i>	<i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i>
LAFEU, <i>an old Lord.</i>	An old Widow of Florence.
<i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.</i>	<i>Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i>
PAROLLES, <i>a follower of Bertram.</i>	DIANA, <i>daughter to the Widow.</i>
<i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.</i>	<i>Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i>
<i>Several young French Lords that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.</i>	VIOLENTA, <i>neighbour and friend to the Widow.</i>
<i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i>	<i>Appears, Act III. sc. 5.</i>
Steward, <i>servant to the Countess of Rousillon.</i>	MARIANA, <i>neighbour and friend to the Widow.</i>
<i>Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4.</i>	<i>Appears, Act III. sc. 5.</i>
Crown, <i>servant to the Countess of Rousillon.</i>	<i>Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &amp;c. French and Florentine.</i>
<i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.</i>	

## SCENE,—IN FRANCE AND IN TUSCANY.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.*

*Count.* In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

*Laf.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times poor, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

*Count.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that had! how sad a passage\* 't is!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far,

\* *Passage*—what passes.

would\* have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

*Laf.* How called you the man you speak of, madam?  
*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

*Laf.* He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

\* *Would*—it would.



*Count.* 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelikehood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Hel.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou bless'd, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,  
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness  
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,  
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,  
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,  
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,  
'T is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,  
Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best  
That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*]

*Ber.* The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts [*to HELENA*] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

*Hel.* O, were that all!—I think not on my father;  
And these great tears grace his remembrance more  
Than those I shed for him.<sup>a</sup> What was he like?  
I have forgot him: my imagination  
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.  
I am undone; there is no living, none,  
If Bertram be away. It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it, he is so above me:  
In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
The hind that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,  
To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table;<sup>b</sup> heart too capable  
Of every line and trick<sup>c</sup> of his sweet favour:<sup>d</sup>  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

*Enter PAROLLES.*

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;  
And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see  
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*Par.* Save you, fair queen.

*Hel.* And you, monarch.<sup>e</sup>

*Par.* No.

<sup>a</sup> The "great tears" which the departure of Bertram causes her to shed, being imputed to her grief for her father, grace his remembrance more than those which she really shed for him.

<sup>b</sup> Table—the tabular surface—tablet, upon which a picture is painted, and thence used for the picture itself.

<sup>c</sup> Trick—peculiarly.

<sup>d</sup> Favour—countenance.

<sup>e</sup> Monarch. A sarcastic allusion to the Monarch already soiled in 'Love's Labour's Lost.'

*Hel.* And no.

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay. You have some stam of soldier in; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it against him?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails; and our virginity, though va in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some way of resistance.

*Par.* There is none: man, sitting down before will undermine you, and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers blowers up!—Is there no military policy how we might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity, being blown down, man will qu pier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down a with the breach yourselves made, you lose your It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to serve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase and there was never virgin got till virginity was lost. That you were made of is metal to make virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times got by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion; away with 't.

*Hel.* I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I a virgin.

*Par.* There 's little can be said in 't; 't is ag the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible obedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virgin murders itself; and should be buried in highways, of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress ag nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a che consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is poe proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most i bited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot ch but lose by 't: Out with 't: within ten year it make itself two, which is a goodly increase; and principal itself not much the worse: Away with 't.

*Hel.* How might one do, sir, to lose it to her liking?

*Par.* Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss y lying; the longer kept the less worth: off with 't, w 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virgin like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashi richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch the toothpick, which wear not now: Your date is b in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: A your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; ma 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; ma yet, 't is a withered pear: Will you anything with

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet.

There, shall your master have a thousand loves,  
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,  
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,  
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,  
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;  
His humble ambition, proud humility,  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world  
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,  
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—  
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—  
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

*Par.* What one, i' faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well.—'T is pity—

*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in 't,  
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,

<sup>a</sup> Stain—tincture; you have some slight mark of the roll about you.

er stars do shut us up in wishes,  
effects of them follow our friends,  
what we alone must think; which never  
thanks.

*Enter a PAGE.*

Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*  
title Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee,  
k of thee at court.

Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a cha-  
nder Mars, I,

specially think, under Mars.

Why under Mars?

Wars have so kept you under, that you must  
orn under Mars.

When he was predominant.

When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Why think you so?

As you go so much backward when you fight.

That 's for advantage.

As he is running away, when fear proposes the  
of the composition that your valour and fear  
you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the

I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee  
I will return perfect courtier; in the which,  
tion shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou  
able of a courtier's counsel, and understand  
e shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in  
ankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee  
ewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy  
then thou hast none, remember thy friends:  
good husband, and use him as he uses thee:  
[*Exit.*

It remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky  
re scope; only, doth backward pull  
leagues, when we ourselves are dull.  
er is it which mounts my love so high,  
e me see, and cannot feed mine eye?  
rest space in fortune nature brings  
e likes, and kiss like native things.

He strange attempts to those  
s their pains in sense; and do suppose  
s been cannot be: Who ever strove  
es merit that did miss her love?  
e disease—my project may deceive me,  
ents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

II.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

of cornets. *Enter the KING OF FRANCE,*  
h letters; Lords and others attending.

The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;  
ght with equal fortune, and continue  
y war.

So 't is reported, sir.

Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it  
y, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,  
tan, that the Florentine will move us  
y aid; wherein our dearest friend  
es the business, and would seem  
e make denial.

His love and wisdom,  
so to your majesty, may plead  
at credence.

He hath arm'd our answer,  
nce is denied before he comes;  
er gentlemen that mean to see  
en service, freely have they leave  
en either part.

It well may serve

A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What 's he comes here?

*Enter BERTRAM, LAPEU, and PAROLLES.*

I Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,  
Young Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;  
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,  
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts  
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal soundness now,  
As when thy father and myself, in friendship,  
First tried our soldiership! He did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;  
But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
To talk of your good father: In his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well observe  
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest  
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,  
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,  
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,  
His tongue obey'd his hand: \* who were below him  
He us'd as creatures of another place;  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man  
Might be a copy to these younger times;  
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now  
But goes backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, sir,  
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;  
So in approof lives not his epitaph,  
As in your royal speech.

*King.* 'Would I were with him! He would always  
say,

(Methinks I hear him now: his plausible words  
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
To grow there, and to bear,)—"Let me not live,"—  
This his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
When it was out,—“Let me not live,” quoth he,  
“After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions:”—This he wish'd;  
I, after him, do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir:  
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't, count,  
Since the physician at your father's died?  
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my lord.

*King.* If he were living I would try him yet;—  
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out  
With several applications:—nature and sickness  
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;  
My son 's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

\* The metaphor of a "clock" is continued; his tongue, in speaking what "exception" bade him, obeyed the hand of honour's clock—his hand being put for its hand.

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

*Count.* I will now hear : what say you of this gentlewoman ?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours : for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here ? Get you gone, sirrah : The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe ; 't is my slowness that I do not : for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

*Clo.* 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor ; though many of the rich are damned : But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar ?

*Clo.* I do beg your good-will in this case.

*Count.* In what case ?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage : and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue o' my body ; for, they say, barnes are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it : I am driven on by the flesh ; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason ?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them ?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are ; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clo.* I am out o' friends, madam ; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* You 're shallow, madam, in great friends ; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop : If I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge : He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood ; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood ; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend ; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage : for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one,—they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave ?

*Clo.* A prophet I, madam ; and I speak the truth the next way :<sup>a</sup>

For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find ;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

*Count.* Get you gone, sir ; I 'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you ; of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak to her ; Helen I mean.

<sup>a</sup> *The wurt way*—the nearest way.

*Clo.* Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?<sup>a</sup>  
Fond done, slute fond,  
Was this king Priam's joy ?  
With that she sigh'd as she stood,  
With that she sigh'd as she stood,  
And gave this sentence then ;  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
There 's yet one good in ten.

*Count.* What, one good in ten ? you con-  
song, sirrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam, whi-  
purifying o' the song : 'Would God would a  
world so all the year ! we 'd find no fault with  
woman, if I were the parson : One in ten, quoth  
we might have a good woman born but for every  
star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lotte-  
a man may draw his heart out, ere a pluck one

*Count.* You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as  
mand you !

*Clo.* That man should be at woman's cost  
and yet no hurt done !—Though honesty be no  
yet it will do no hurt ; it will wear the surplice  
militly over the black gown of a big heart.—I as  
forsooth ; the business is for Helen to come hither.

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentle-  
entirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do : her father bequeathed  
me ; and she herself, without other advantage, im-  
fully make title to as much love as she finds :  
more owing her than is paid ; and more shall  
her than she 'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her  
think, she wished me : alone she was, and did en-  
nicate to herself her own words to her own en-  
thought, I dare vow for her, they touched n  
stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved yo  
Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had p  
difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no go  
would not extend his might only where quali-  
level ; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would su  
poor knight to be surprised, without rescue in  
assault, or ransom afterward : This she deliver  
most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard vir-  
claim in : which I held my duty, speedily to ac-  
you withal ; sithence, in the loss that may hap  
concerns you something to know it.

*Count.* You have discharged this honestly ;  
to yourself : many likelihoods informed me of  
fore, which hung so tottering in the balance,  
could neither believe nor misdoubt : Pray you  
me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you  
honest care : I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit* S

*Enter* HELENA.

*Count.* Even so it was with me when I was y

If ever we are nature's, these are ours ; this

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong :

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born ;

It 's the show and seal of nature's truth,

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth

By our remembrances of days foregone,

Such were our faults ;—or then we thought

none.

Her eye is sick on 't ; I observe her now.

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam ?

*Count.* You know, Helen, I am a mother to y

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a moth

Why not a mother ? When I said, a mother,

<sup>a</sup> The mention of Helen is associated in the mind  
Clown with some popular ballad on the war of Troy.

if you saw a serpent: What 's in mother  
start at it? I say, I am your mother:  
you in the catalogue of those  
enwomb'd mine: 'T is often seen,  
strives with nature; and choice breeds  
slip to us from foreign seeds:  
oppress'd me with a mother's groan,  
ness to you a mother's care:—  
cy, maiden! does it curd thy blood  
am thy mother? What 's the matter,  
distemper'd messenger of wet,  
colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?  
What you are my daughter?

That I am not.

I say, I am your mother.

Pardon, madam;

Rousillon cannot be my brother:  
a humble, he from honour'd name;  
upon my parents, his all noble:  
is, my dear lord he is: and I  
not live, and will his vassal die:  
not be my brother.

Nor I your mother?

you are my mother, madam. ('Would you  
were,  
y lord, your son, were not my brother.)  
my mother!—(Or were you both our mothers,  
more for than I do for heaven,  
not his sister.) Can 't be other  
or daughter, he must be my brother?

Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-  
law:

And you mean it not! daughter, and mother,  
upon your pulse: What, pale again?  
with catch'd your fondness: Now I see  
ery of your loneliness, and find  
tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross.  
my son; invention is asham'd,  
be proclamation of thy passion,  
on dost not: therefore tell me true;  
as then, 't is so:—for, look, thy cheeks  
, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes  
grossly shown in thy behaviours,  
their kind they speak it: only sin  
sh obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
h should be suspected: Speak, is 't so?  
s, you have wound a goodly clue;  
ot, forswear 't: how'er, I charge thee,  
n shall work in me for thine avail,  
e truly.

Good madam, pardon me.

Do you love my son?

Your pardon, noble mistress!

Love you my son?

Do not you love him, madam?

Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,  
the world takes note; come, come, disclose  
of your affection; for your passions  
the full approach'd.

Then, I confess,  
my knees, before high Heaven and you,  
are you, and next unto high Heaven,  
our son:—

ids were poor but honest; so 's my love:  
fended; for it hurts not him  
is lov'd of me: I follow him not  
taken of presumptuous suit;

Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;  
Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;

Yet, in this captious and intenable\* sieve,

I still pour in the waters of my love,

And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love,

For loving where you do: but, if yourself,

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,

Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,

Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and love; O then, give pity

To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose

But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;

That seeks not to find that her search implies,

But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,

To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.

You know my father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,

And manifest experience, had collected

For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me

In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,

As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,

More than they were in note: amongst the rest,

There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,

To cure the desperate languishings whereof

The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive for Paris, was it?

Hel. speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,

Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,

Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,

If you should tender your supposed aid,

He would receive it? He and his physicians

Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,

They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,

Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off

The danger to itself?

Hel. There 's something hints,

More than my father's skill, which was the greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt

Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified

By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour

But give me leave to try success, I 'd venture

The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,

By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and

love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings

To those of mine in court; I 'll stay at home,

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:

Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,

What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [Exit

\* Captious and intenable—capable of receiving (taking), but  
not of retaining.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter KING, with young Lords, taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.*

*King.* Farewell, young lord, these warlike principles Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all, The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd, And is enough for both.

*1 Lord.* It is our hope, sir, After well enter'd soldiers, to return And find your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart Will not confess he owes the malady That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords; Whether I live or die, be you the sons Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy (Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall Of the last monarchy) see, that you come Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek, That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

*2 Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

*King.* Those girls of Italy, take heed of them; If they demand; beware of being captives, Before you serve.

*Both.* Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King.* Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The KING retires to a couch.*]

*1 Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

*Par.* 'T is not his fault; the spark—

*2 Lord.* O, 't is brave wars!

*Par.* Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

*Ber.* I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, "Too young," and "the next year," and "'t is too early."

*Par.* An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn But one to dance with!\* By Heaven, I 'll steal away.

*1 Lord.* There 's honour in the theft.

*Par.* Commit it, count.

*2 Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

*1 Lord.* Farewell, captain.

*2 Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

*2 Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.*] What will you do?

*Ber.* Stay; the king—

[*Seeing him rise.*]

*Par.* Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of an advice; be more expressive to them: for 't themselves in the cap of the time; there, do not sit, eat, speak, and move under the insid of fashion—the dress-makers as we still call it.

fluence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordmen. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*]

*Enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling*] for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I 'll see thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then here 's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy, And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

*Laf.* Good faith, across: But, my good lord, 't is thus; Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine,

That 's able to breathe life into a stone; Quickens a rock, and makes you dance canary, With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch Is powerful to raise king Pepin, nay, To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand And write to her a love-line.

*King.* What her is this?

*Laf.* Why, doctor she; My lord, there 's one arriv'd, If you will see her:—Now, by my faith and honour, If seriously I may convey my thoughts In this my light deliverance, I have spoke With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,\* Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her (For that is her demand) and know her business? That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu,

Bring in the admiration; that we with thee May spend our wonder too, or take off thine, By wondering how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I 'll fit you,

And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.*

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him: A traitor you do look like; but such traitors His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle, That dare leave two together: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord.

Geard de Narbon was my father,

In what he did profess well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards him;

Knowing him is enough. On his bed of death

Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling,

He had me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:

\* Profession—declaration of purpose.

earing your high majesty is touch'd  
that malignant cause wherein the honour  
dear father's gift stands chief in power,  
to tender it, and my appliance,  
all bound humbleness.

*g.* We thank you, maiden ;  
ay not be so credulous of cure,  
our most learned doctors leave us ; and  
agregated college have concluded  
labouring art can never ransom Nature  
er inaidable estate,—I say we must not  
our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
stitute our past-cure malady  
eries ; or to dissever so  
eat self and our credit, to esteem  
less help, when help past sense we deem.

*g.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains :  
no more enforce mine office on you ;  
ly entreating from your royal thoughts  
est one, to bear me back again.  
*g.* I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful  
ought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give,  
dear death to those that wish him live ;  
hat at full I know thou know'st no part ;  
ing all my peril, thou no art.

*g.* What I can do can do no hurt to try,  
you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :  
it of greatest works is finisher  
es them by the weakest minister :  
y writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
judges have been babes. Great floods have flown  
simple sources ; and great seas have dried,  
miracles have by the greatest been denied.  
pectation fails, and most oft there  
most it promises ; and oft it hits,  
hope is coldest, and despair most shifts.  
*g.* I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind  
maid ;

ains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :  
rs not took reap thanks for their reward.  
*g.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :  
ot so with Him that all things knows,  
is with us that square our guess by shows :  
est it is presumption in us, when  
elp of Heaven we count the act of men.  
ir, to my endeavours give consent :  
aven, not me, make an experiment.  
not an impostor, that proclaim  
lf against the level of mine aim ;  
now I think, and think I know most sure,  
it is not past power, nor you past cure.  
*g.* Art thou so confident ? Within what space  
st thou my cure ?

*g.* The greatest grace lending grace,  
rice the horses of the sun shall bring  
ery torcher his diurnal ring ;  
rice in muck and occidental damp  
Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;  
ur-and-twenty times the pilot's glass  
told the thievish minutes how they pass ;  
is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
th shall live free, and sickness freely die.  
*g.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,  
st dar'st thou venture ?

*g.* Tax of impudence,—  
umpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—  
uc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name  
d otherwise ; no worse of worst extended,  
vildest torture let my life be ended.  
*g.* Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth  
speak ;  
powerful sound within an organ weak :  
what impossibility would slay  
savage sense, sense saves another way.

Thy life is dear ; for all that life can rate  
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate ;  
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all  
That happiness and prime can happy call :  
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.  
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,  
That ministers thine own death, if I die.  
*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property  
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;  
And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;  
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

*King.* Make thy demand.  
*Hel.* But will you make it even ?  
*King.* Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,  
What husband in thy power I will command :  
Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image of thy state :  
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd ;  
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,  
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must,  
Though more to know could not be more to trust ;  
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest  
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted bless'd.—  
Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's  
Palace.*

*Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.*

*Count.* Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to the  
height of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught :  
I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* To the court ? why, what place make you  
special, when you put off that with such contempt—  
But to the court ?

*Clo.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any  
manners, he may easily put it off at court : he that  
cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say  
nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap ; and, in-  
deed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the  
court : but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all  
questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks ;  
the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock,  
or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions ?

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney  
as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's  
rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-  
Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole,  
the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a  
wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth ;  
nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness  
for all questions ?

*Clo.* From below your duke to beneath your constable,  
it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size  
that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned  
should speak truth of it : here it is, and all that belongs  
to't : ask me if I am a courtier : it shall do you no  
harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer—  
I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—There 's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, "O Lord, sir," at your whipping, and "spare not me"? Indeed, your "O Lord, sir," is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.<sup>a</sup>

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my—"O Lord, sir:" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with the time, To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Why, there 't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, sir: To your business: Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back: Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son; This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them.

*Count.* Not much employment for you: You understand me?

*Clo.* Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [Exit severally.]

SCENE III.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

*Laf.* They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

*Par.* Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ber.* And so 't is.

*Laf.* To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

*Par.* So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

*Par.* Right, so I say.

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable,—

*Par.* Why, there 't is; so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be helped,—

*Par.* Right: as 't were a man assured of a—

*Laf.* Uncertain life, and sure death.

*Par.* Just, you say well; so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?<sup>b</sup>

*Laf.* A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

*Par.* That 't is: I would have said the very same.

*Laf.* Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect—

*Par.* Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

*Laf.* Very hand of Heaven.

*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*Laf.* In a most weak—

The now vulgar expression, "O Lord, sir," was for a long time fashionable phrase, and has been ridiculed by other writers. The whipping of a domestic fool was not an uncommon occurrence.

<sup>a</sup> do you call there?—equivalent to "What d' ye call

*Par.* And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—  
*Laf.* Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

*Par.* I would have said it; you say well. Hese comes the king.

*Laf.* Lustick,<sup>a</sup> as the Dutchman says: I 'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.

*Par.* *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[Exit an Attendant.]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice  
I have to use: thy frank election make;  
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress  
Fall, when love please—marry to each—but one.<sup>b</sup>

*Laf.* I 'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken than these boys';  
And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well:

Not one of those but had a noble father.

*Hel.* Gentlemen,

Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,  
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—

Please it your majesty, I have done already:  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—  
"We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,  
Let the white death<sup>c</sup> sit on thy cheek for ever;  
We 'll ne'er come there again."

*King.* Make choice; and, see,

Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;

And to imperial Love, that god most high,

Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir; all the rest is mine.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice than throw amercement for my life.

*Hel.* The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies:

Love make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,

Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I 'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid [to a Lord] that I your hand should take;

I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake:

Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none have her: sure they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

<sup>a</sup> Lustick is, properly, gamesome. Lafeu uses it to express the King's renewed vigour.

<sup>b</sup> But one—except one.

<sup>c</sup> The white death—the paleness of death.

as are too young, too happy, and too good,  
yourself a son out of my blood.  
Fair one, I think not so.  
There 's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father  
is.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth  
as; I have known thee already.  
dare not say I take you; [*to BERTRAM*] but  
I give  
my service, ever whilst I live,  
guiding power.—This is the man.  
Why, then, young Bertram, take her, she 's thy  
wife.  
My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your  
highness,  
business give me leave to use  
of mine own eyes.  
Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done  
for me?  
Yes, my good lord; but never hope to know why  
marry her.  
Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly  
bed.  
But follows it, my lord, to bring me down  
over for your raising? I know her well;  
her breeding at my father's charge;  
physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain  
arrest me ever?  
'T is only title thou disdain'st in her, the which  
I'll up. Strange is it, that our bloods,  
weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
as if so mighty: If she be  
is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,  
physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st  
for the name: but do not so:  
best place when virtuous things proceed,  
is dignified by the doer's deed:  
great additions swell, and virtue none,  
copied honour: good alone  
without a name; vileness is so:  
worthy by what it should go,  
the title. She is young, wise, fair;  
to nature she 's immediate heir,  
or breed honour: that is honour's scorn  
challenges itself as honour's born,  
yet like the sire: Honours thrive,  
either from our acts we them derive  
or fore-goers: the mere word 's a slave,  
I on every tomb, on every grave  
trophy; and as oft is dumb,  
best, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb  
or'd losses indeed. What should be said?  
canst like this creature as a maid,  
state the rest: virtue, and she,  
win slower; honour and wealth from me.  
I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.  
Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive  
to choose.  
That you are well restor'd, my lord, I 'm glad;  
rest go.  
My honour 's at the stake; which to defeat,  
produce my power: Here, take her hand,  
costly boy, unworthy this good gift,  
set in vile misprision shackle up  
a, and her desert; that canst not dream,  
bring us in her defective scale,  
weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know  
us to plant thine honour, where  
we to have it grow: Check thy contempt:  
or will, which travails in thy good:  
not thy disdain, but presently  
e own fortunes that obedient right  
both thy duty owes and our power claims;  
I'll show thee from my care for ever,

Into the staggers,\* and the careless lapse  
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and late  
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,  
Without all terms of pity: Speak! thine answer!

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit  
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider  
What great creation, and what dole of honour,  
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late  
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,  
Is, as 't were, born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand,  
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise  
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,  
A balance more replete.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the favour of the king,  
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
Thy love 's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt KING, BER., HEL., Lords, and Attendants.*]

*Laf.* Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make his re-  
cantation.

*Par.* Recantation?—My lord? my master?

*Laf.* Ay: Is it not a language I speak?

*Par.* A most harsh one; and not to be understood  
without bloody succeeding. My master?

*Laf.* Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

*Par.* To any count; to all counts; to what is  
man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man; count's master is of  
another style.

*Par.* You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are  
too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which  
title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries,<sup>b</sup> to be a  
pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy  
travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the banner-  
ets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believ-  
ing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now  
found thee; when I lose thee again I care not: yet art  
thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art  
scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon  
thee,—

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest  
thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy  
on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare  
thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look  
through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy  
of it.

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserved it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it: and I will  
not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to  
pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st  
bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it  
is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold  
my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge,  
that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

\* *The staggers*—a metaphorical expression for uncertainty,  
insecurity.

<sup>b</sup> *For two ordinaries*—during two ordinaries at the same  
table.



*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*]

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*Par.* Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What's the matter, sweet heart?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what, sweet heart?

*Ber.* O my Parolles, they have married me:—I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen  
That hugs his kickie-wickie here at home;  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!  
France is a stable; we, that dwell in 't, jades;  
Therefore, to the war!

*Ber.* It shall be so; I'll send her to my house;  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king  
That which I durst not speak: His present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife  
To the dark house, and the detested wife.\*

*Par.* Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

\* Bertram would say—the strife of war is nothing, compared to that of the dark house, &c. By the "dark house," we understand the house which is the seat of gloom and discontent.

I'll send her straight away: To-morrow  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.  
'T is hard:

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:

The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 't is so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter HELENA and CLOWD.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

*Clo.* She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail that she's not very well?

*Clo.* Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things?

*Clo.* One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady!

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, thou'rt a knave.

*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night:

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and right of love,  
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,

Strengthen'd with what apology you think

May make it probable need.

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That, having this obtain'd, you presently

Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In everything I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter LAFU and BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* But I hope your lordship thinks not him a  
*soldier.*

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant proof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark  
 to a bunting.\*

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in  
 knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then sinned against his experience, and  
 transgressed against his valour; and my state that way  
 is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to  
 repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends;  
 I will pursue the amity.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* These things shall be done, sir. [*To BERTRAM.*]

*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a  
 good workman, a very good tailor.

*Ber.* Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to PAROLLES.*]

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night?

*Par.* As you 'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,  
 Given orders for our horses; and to-night,  
 When I should take possession of the bride,  
 End, ere I do begin.

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end  
 of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a  
 known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should  
 be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you,  
 captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and  
 you, monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I have deserved to run into  
 my lord's displeasure.

*Laf.* You have made shift to run into 't, boots and  
 spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard;<sup>b</sup>  
 and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer ques-  
 tion for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at  
 his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe  
 this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the  
 soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter  
 of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and  
 know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have  
 spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve  
 at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well; and common speech  
 Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

*Enter HELENA.*

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,  
 Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave  
 For present parting; only, he desires  
 Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.  
 You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,  
 Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
 The ministration and required office

On my particular: prepar'd I was not  
 For such a business; therefore am I found  
 So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,  
 That presently you take your way for home;  
 And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:  
 For my respects are better than they seem;  
 And my appointments have in them a need  
 Greater than shows itself, at the first view,  
 To you that know them not. This to my mother:

*[Giving a letter*

'T will be two days ere I shall see you; so  
 I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
 But that I am your most obedient servant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall  
 With true observance seek to eke out that,  
 Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd  
 To equal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that go:  
 My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

*Hel.* Pray, sir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;

Nor dare I say 't is mine; and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal  
 What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have?

*Hel.* Something; and scarce so much:—nothing,  
 indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would: my lord—faith,  
 yes;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

*Ber.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell.

*[Exit HELENA.*

*Ber.* Go thou toward home; where I will never  
 come,

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum:—  
 Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Florence. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended;  
 two French Lords, and others.*

*Duke.* So that, from point to point, now have you  
 heard

The fundamental reasons of this war;  
 Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,  
 And more thirsts after.

*1 Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel

\* The lark and the common bunting greatly resemble each  
 other, but the bunting has no song.

<sup>b</sup> The leaper into the custard was the city fool.

\* The wedding must be—than you have deserved, or are  
 willing to deserve.

Upon your grace's part; black and fearful  
 On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France  
 Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom  
 Against our borrowing prayers.

*2 Lord.* Good my lord,

The reasons of our state I cannot yield  
 But like a common and an outward man,  
 That the great figure of a council frames  
 By self-unable motion: therefore dare not  
 Say what I think of it; since I have found  
 Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail  
 As often as I guess'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord*. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,  
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,  
Come here for physic.

*Duke*. Welcome shall they be ;  
And all the honours that can fly from us  
Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;  
When better fall, for your avails they fell :  
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's  
Palace.*

*Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.*

*Count*. It hath happened all as I would have had it,  
save that he comes not along with her.

*Clo*. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very  
melancholy man.

*Count*. By what observance, I pray you ?  
*Clo*. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ;  
mend the ruff,\* and sing ; ask questions, and sing ;  
pick his teeth, and sing : I know a man that had this  
trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song.

*Count*. Let me see what he writes, and when he means  
to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

*Clo*. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at court ;  
our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing  
like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court : the  
brains of my Cupid 's knocked out ; and I begin to love,  
as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count*. What have we here ?

*Clo*. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*]

*Count*. [*Reads.*]

" I have sent you a daughter-in-law : she hath recovered the  
ring, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her ;  
and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run  
away ; know it before the report come. If there be breadth  
enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to  
you. " Your unfortunate son,  
" BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,  
To fly the favours of so good a king ;  
To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter CLOWN.*

*Clo*. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, be-  
tween two soldiers and my young lady.

*Count*. What is the matter ?

*Clo*. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some  
comfort ; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought  
he would.

*Count*. Why should he be killed ?

*Clo*. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he  
does : the danger is in standing to 't ; that 's the loss  
of men, though it be the getting of children. Here  
they come will tell you more : for my part, I only hear  
your son was run away. [*Exit.*]

*Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent*. Save you, good madam.

*Hel*. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gent*. Do not say so.

*Count*. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentle-  
men,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me unto 't,—Where is my son, I pray you ?

2 *Gent*. Madam, he 's gone to serve the duke of Flo-  
rence.

We met him thitherward ; for, thence we came,  
And, after some despatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

\* The top of the loose boot, which turned over, was called  
the *ruff*, or *ruffle*.

*Hel*. Look on his letter, madam ; here 's my pas-  
port. [*Reads.*]

" When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never  
shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I  
am father to, then call me husband : but in such a *then* I write  
a *never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.

*Count*. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

1 *Gent*. Ay, madam.

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

*Count*. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer ;  
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,  
Thou robb'st me of a moiety : He was my son ;  
But I do wash his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he ?

2 *Gent*. Ay, madam.

*Count*. And to be a soldier ?

2 *Gent*. Such is his noble purpose : and, believe 't,  
The duke will lay upon him all the honour  
That good convenience claims.

*Count*. Return you thither ?

1 *Gent*. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

*Hel*. " Till I have no wife, I have nothing in  
France."

'T is bitter.

*Count*. Find you that there ?

*Hel*. Ay, madam.

1 *Gent*. 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply,  
which his heart was not consenting to.

*Count*. Nothing in France, until he have no wife !

There 's nothing here that is too good for him,  
But only she : and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,  
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him ?

1 *Gent*. A servant only, and a gentleman

Which I have some time known.

*Count*. Parolles, was 't not ?

1 *Gent*. Ay, my good lady, he.

*Count*. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.  
My son corrupts a well-derived nature  
With his inducement.

1 *Gent*. Indeed, good lady,  
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,  
Which holds him much to have.

*Count*. You are welcome, gentlemen.  
I will entreat you, when you see my son,  
To tell him that his sword can never win  
The honour that he loses : more I 'll entreat you,  
Written, to bear along.

2 *Gent*. We serve you, madam,  
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count*. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.

Will you draw near ? [*Exeunt COUNTESS and GENTLEMEN.*]

*Hel*. " Till I have no wife, I have nothing in  
France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife !

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France.

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord ! is 't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none-sparing war ? and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets ? O, you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim ; move the still-peering\* air,

That sings with piercing ; do not touch my lord !

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the catiff that do hold him to it ;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected : better 't were,

I met the ravin lion when he roar'd

\* Still-peering—appearing still

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were,  
That all the miseries which nature owes  
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,  
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,  
As all it loses all; I will be gone:  
My being here it is that holds thee hence;  
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although  
The air of paradise did fan the house,  
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;  
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,  
To circulate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!  
Fw, with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away. [Exit.]

## SCENE III.—Florence. Before the Duke's Palace.

*Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM,  
Louis, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art; and we,  
Gent in our hope, lay our best love and credence  
Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength: but yet  
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
To the extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then, go thou forth;  
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,  
As thy auspicious mistress!

*Ber.* This very day,  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:  
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exit.]

## SCENE IV.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

*Enter COUNTESS and Steward.*

*Count.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her?  
Might you not know she would do as she has done,  
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

*Stew.*  
I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,  
With saint's vow my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,  
My dearest mascot, your dear son, may live;  
Toss him at home in peace, whilst I from far  
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:  
He takes labours bid him me forgive;  
I, his despiteful Jans, sent him forth  
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,  
Whose death and danger dog the heels of worth:  
He is too good and fair for death and me;  
When I myself embrace, to set him free.

*Count.* Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest  
words!—

Emilda, you did never lack advice so much  
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,  
I could have well diverted her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.

*Stew.* Pardon me, madam:  
If I had given you this at over-night,  
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,  
Punish would be but vain.

*Count.* What angel shall  
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,  
And leaves to grant, relieve him from the wrath  
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,  
To this unworthy husband of his wife:  
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,  
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—  
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,  
He will return; and hope I may that she,  
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both

Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense  
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—  
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.  
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,  
DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay, come; for if they do approach the city,  
we shall lose all the sight.

*Dia.* They say the French count nas done most  
honourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has taken their greatest  
commander; and that with his own hand he slew the  
duke's brother. We have lost our labour: they are  
gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their  
trumpets.

*Mar.* Come, let 's return again, and suffice ourselves  
with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this  
French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and  
no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour how you have been  
solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles:  
a filthy officer he is in those suggestions<sup>a</sup> for the young  
earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, entice-  
ments, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are  
not the things they go under: many a maid hath been  
seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so  
terrible shows in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot  
for all that dissuade succession, but that they are  
limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need  
not to advise you further; but, I hope your own grace  
will keep you where you are, though there were no fur-  
ther danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I  
know she will lie at my house: thither they send one  
another: I 'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim!  
Whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way?

*Wid.* Ay, marry is 't.—Hark you, they come this  
way:— [A march afar off.]

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but till the troops  
come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from France?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours,

That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you.

*Dia.* The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear that hears most nobly of him:  
His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,  
He 's bravely taken here. He stole from France,  
As 't is reported, for<sup>b</sup> the king had married him  
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

*Hel.* Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady

*Dia.* There is a gentleman that serves the count

Reports but coarsely of her.

*Hel.* What 's his name?

<sup>a</sup> Suggestions—temptations. <sup>b</sup> For—because.

*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.

*Hel.* O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated; all her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examin'd.

*Dia.* Alas, poor lady!

'T is a hard bondage, to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* Ay, right; good creature, wheresoe'er she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her  
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you mean?  
May be, the amorous count solicits her  
In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does, indeed;  
And brokes with all that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:  
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

*Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine  
army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

*Mar.* The gods forbid else!

*Wid.* So, now they come:—  
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;  
That, Escalus.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?

*Dia.* He;  
That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow;  
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest  
He were much goodlier:—Is 't not a handsome gen-  
tleman?

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Dia.* 'T is pity he is not honest: Yond 's that same  
knave,  
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,  
I would poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he  
melancholy?

*Hel.* Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.

*Par.* Lose our drum! well.

*Mar.* He 's shrewdly vexed at something: Look, he  
nas spied us.

*Wid.* Marry, hang you!

*Mar.* And your courtesies, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exit BER., PAR., Officers, and Soldiers.*]

*Wid.* The troop is pass'd: Come, pilgrim, I will  
bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents  
There 's four or five, to great saint Jaques bound,  
Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you:  
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,  
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking  
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,  
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We 'll take your offer kindly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*Camp before Florence.*

*Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.*

*1 Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him  
save his way.

*2 Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding,  
hold me no more in your respect.

*1 Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

*1 Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct-  
ion, without any malice, but to speak of him as  
on, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite  
liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner

of no one good quality worthy your lordship's enter-  
tainment.

*2 Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing  
too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at  
some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail  
you.

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular action to  
try him.

*2 Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his  
drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake  
to do.

*1 Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will sud-  
denly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure  
he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-  
wink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that  
he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when  
we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship  
present at his examination: if he do not, for the pro-  
mise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base  
fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence  
in his power against you, and that with the divine  
forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment  
in anything.

*2 Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his  
drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your  
lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to  
what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted,  
if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,\* you  
inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*1 Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the  
humour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in  
any hand.

*Ber.* How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely  
in your disposition.

*2 Lord.* A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so  
lost!—There was excellent command! to charge in  
with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our  
own soldiers!

*2 Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command  
of the service; it was a disaster of war that Caesar him-  
self could not have prevented, if he had been there to  
command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success:  
some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but  
it is not to be recovered.

*Par.* It might have been recovered.

*Ber.* It might, but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recovered: but that the merit of  
service is seldom attributed to the true and exact per-  
former, I would have that drum or another, or *his facet*.

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if  
you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this  
instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be  
magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will  
grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed  
well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend  
to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the  
utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I 'll about it this evening: and I will pre-  
sently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in  
my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation,  
and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are  
gone about it?

\* There is an old interlude, printed in 1601, called 'Jack  
Drum's Entertainment'; and it appears that this species of hos-  
pitality to which Jack Drum, or John Drum, or Tom Drum  
(for he is called by each name), was subjected, consisted in  
abuse and teasing.

I know not what the success will be, my lord ; attempt I vow.

I know thou 'rt valiant ; the possibility of thy soldiership scribe for thee. Farewell.

I love not many words. [Exit.

d. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not ange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems take this business, which he knows is not to be unns himself to do, and dares better be damned to 't ?

d. You do not know him, my lord, as we do : it is, that he will steal himself into a man's and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoat when you find him out, you have him ever

Why, do you think he will make no deed at us, that so seriously he does address himself

d. None in the world ; but return with an in- and clap upon you two or three probable lies : are almost embossed\* him ; you shall see his ight : for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's

d. We 'll make you some sport with the fox, as him. He was first smoked by the old lord when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what you shall find him ; which you shall see 't night.

d. I must go look my twigs ; he shall be

Your brother, he shall go along with me.

d. As 't please your lordship : I 'll leave you.

[Exit. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you I spoke of.

d. But, you say she 's honest. That 's all the fault : I spoke with her but once, and her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her, some coxcomb that we have i' the wind, and letters which she did re-send ; 's is all I have done : She 's a fair creature ; go see her ?

d. With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt.

ACT VII.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA and Widow.

If you misdoubt me that I am not she, not how I shall assure you further, shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was wel born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses ; And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband ; And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken Is so, from word to word ; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you ; For you have show'd me that which well approves You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay, and pay again, When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolves to carry her ; let her, in fine, consent, As we 'll direct her how 't is best to bear it, Now his important blood will nought deny That she 'll demand ; A ring the county wears, That downward hath succeeded in his house, From son to son, some four or five descents Since the first father wore it : this ring he holds In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then : It is no more, But that your daughter, ere she seems as won Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chastely absent ; after this, To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded : Instruct my daughter how she shall persever, That time and place, with this deceit so lawful, May prove coherent. Every night he comes With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd To her unworthiness : It nothing steads us To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists, As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed, And lawful meaning in a lawful act ; Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact : But let 's about it. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

First Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

d. He can come no other way but by this corner : When you sally upon him, speak what language you will ; though you understand it selves, no matter ; for we must not seem to and him ; unless some one among us, whom we aduce for an interpreter.

d. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

d. Art not acquainted with him ? knows he not e ?

d. No, sir, I warrant you.

d. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to ?

ans. The word is probably here used in the sense of

1 Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages ; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another ; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose : chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho ! here he comes ; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock : within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done ? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it : They begin to smoke me : and disgraces have of

late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord*. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside*].

*Par*. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord*. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside*].

*Par*. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord*. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside*].

*Par*. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord*. 'T would not do. [*Aside*].

*Par*. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 *Lord*. Hardly serve. [*Aside*].

*Par*. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord*. How deep? [*Aside*].

*Par*. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord*. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside*].

*Par*. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord*. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside*].

*Par*. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within*].

1 *Lord*. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*All*. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*Par*. O! ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*]

1 *Sold*. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

*Par*. I know you are the Muskos' regiment, And I shall lose my life for want of language: If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I will discover that which shall undo The Florentine.

1 *Sold*. *Boskos vauvado* :—

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue :—  
*Kerelybonto* :—Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards  
Are at thy bosom.

*Par*. Oh!

1 *Sold*. O, pray, pray, pray.—  
*Manka revania dulce.*

1 *Lord*. *Oscorbi dulchos volivoro.*

1 *Sold*. The general is content to spare thee yet; And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform Something to save thy life.

*Par*. O, let me live,  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,  
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold*. But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par*. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold*. *Acordo tinta*.—

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

1 *Go*, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,  
Sought the woodcock, and will keep him  
affled  
far from them.

2 *Sold*. Captain, I will.

1 *Lord*. He will betray us all unto ourselves;—  
Inform on that.<sup>a</sup>

2 *Sold*. So I will, sir.

1 *Lord*. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely  
lock'd. [*Exeunt*].

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.*

*Ber*. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

*Dia*. No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber*. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition!—But, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was,

When your sweet self was got.

*Dia*. She then was honest.

*Ber*. So should you be.

*Dia*. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber*. No more of that!

I prithee do not strive against my vows:

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia*. Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber*. How have I sworn!

*Dia*. 'T is not the many oaths that make the truth;

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell

me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes

I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love you ill? this has no holding,

To swear by him whom I protest to love,

That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths

Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;

At least, in my opinion.

*Ber*. Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts

That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever

My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

*Dia*. I see that men make ropes, in such a scarce,

That we'll forsake ourselves.<sup>b</sup> Give me that ring.

*Ber*. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power

To give it from me.

*Dia*. Will you not, my lord?

*Ber*. It is an honour longing to our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

In me to lose.

*Dia*. Mine honour's such a ring:

My chastity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

<sup>a</sup> "Inform on that" is—give information on that point.

<sup>b</sup> A *scarre* is a rock—a precipitous cliff; and thus, figuratively, a difficulty to be surmounted. Men, says Diana, pretend to show how we can overpass the obstacle. Such terms as "love is holy"—"my love shall persevere"—are the ropes by the aid of which the steep rock is to be climbed. The ropes "that we'll forsake, ourselves," are the supports of which we ourselves lose our hold, after we have unwisely trusted to them.

ere the greatest obloquy i' the world  
lose: Thus your own proper wisdom  
the champion honour on my part,  
our vain assault.

Here, take my ring:  
mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,  
be bid by thee.  
When midnight comes, knock at my chamber  
window;  
take my mother shall not hear.  
I charge you in the band of truth,  
I have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,  
here but an hour, nor speak to me:  
as are most strong; and you shall know them,  
ck again this ring shall be deliver'd:  
our finger, in the night, I'll put  
ing; that what in time proceeds  
n to the future our past deeds.  
If then; then, fail not: You have won  
me, though there my hope be done.  
heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.

[Exit.]  
for which live long to thank both Heaven  
and me!  
so in the end.—

er told me just how he would woo,  
sat in his heart; she says, all men  
like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,  
wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him  
un buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,<sup>a</sup>  
it will, I live and die a maid:  
this disguise, I think 't no sin  
him that would unjustly win.

[Exit.]  
SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp.

two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.  
L You have not given him his mother's letter?  
C I have delivered it an hour since: there is  
in 't that stings his nature; for, on the read-  
changed almost into another man.  
L He has much worthy blame laid upon him,  
ge off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.  
C Especially he hath incurred the everlasting  
re of the king, who had even tuned his bounty  
spiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but  
let it dwell darkly with you.  
L When you have spoken it 't is dead, and I  
are of it.

L He hath perverted a young gentlewoman  
Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this  
flashes his will in the spoil of her honour: he  
s her his monumental ring, and thinks himself  
the unchaste composition.

C Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are  
what things are we!

L Merely our own traitors. And as in the  
course of all treasons we still see them reveal  
e, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so  
a this action contrives against his own nobility,  
per stream o'erflows himself.

C Is it not meant damnably in us to be trum-  
our unlawful intents? We shall not then  
company to-night?

L Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to

L That approaches apace: I would gladly  
see his company<sup>b</sup> anatomized; that he might  
measure of his own judgments, wherein so cu-  
had set this counterfeit.

<sup>a</sup>—crafty, according to Steevens. Horne Tooke has a  
son that the word here means *brayed*—as a fool is  
in a mortar. Mr. Richards<sup>n</sup>, in his Dictionary,  
but in this passage it bears the sense of *violent*.  
<sup>b</sup>—companion.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come;  
for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these  
wars?

2 Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will count Rousillon do then? will  
he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not  
altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great  
deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled  
from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to saint  
Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most  
austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there re-  
siding, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to  
her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and  
now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters,  
which makes her story true, even to the point of her  
death: her death itself, which could not be her office to  
say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of  
the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point  
from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us com-  
forts of our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we  
drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his  
valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be  
encountered with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,  
good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if  
our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would  
despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he  
hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next  
morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters  
of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there,  
if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's  
tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my  
lord, is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses,  
a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I  
have conge'd with the duke; done my adieu with his  
nearest; buried a wife; mourned for her; writ to my  
lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy;  
and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected  
many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I  
have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this  
morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your  
lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to  
hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue  
between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth  
this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a  
double-meaning prophesier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: [Exit Soldiers] he has  
sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurp-  
ing his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the stocks



carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood,—he sways like a wench that had died her milk: he hath confessed himself to Mungon, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting; if the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has he?

*3 Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

*1 Lord.* Hoodman comes! *Forso' durtarous.*

*1 Sold.* He calls for the tortures: What will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pesty I can say no more.

*1 Sold.* *Basta chincarcia.*

*2 Lord.* *Bobbincio chincarciano.*

*1 Sold.* You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*1 Sold.* "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

*Par.* Five or six thousand; but very weak and un-serviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

*1 Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do; I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

*Ber.* All's one to him. What a past-saving share is this!

*1 Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theoretic of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

*2 Lord.* I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

*1 Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or therabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

*1 Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I can him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

*1 Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

*1 Sold.* "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

*Par.* By my truth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jacques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowic, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vsumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the number-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*1 Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

*1 Sold.* Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be 't the camp, a *Veremman*; what his reputation is with the duke, what 't, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether *him to the game of blindman's buff, formerly called*

he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: Demand them singly.

*1 Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

*Par.* I know him; he was a botcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the striere's fool with child; a dumb innocent that could not say him nay. [*The First Lord—DUMAIN—lifts up his hand in anger.*]

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*1 Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

*1 Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

*1 Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

*1 Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

*1 Sold.* Here 't is; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it, or no.

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

*1 Lord.* Excellently.

*1 Sold.*

"Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Roussillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

*1 Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable, both sides rogue!

*1 Sold.*

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;  
After he scores, he never pays the score:  
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;  
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;  
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,  
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:  
For count of this the count's a fool, I know it,  
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.  
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,  
"PAROLLES."

*Ber.* He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

*2 Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the arnipotent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

*1 Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

*1 Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

*Par.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is

than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such y, that you would think truth were a fool; *me* is his best virtue; for he will be swindled in his sleep he does little harm, save to his *es* about him; but they know his conditions, him in straw. I have but little more to say, *s* honesty: he has everything that an honest *ld* not have; what an honest man should have, *thing*.

*L.* I begin to love him for this.  
For this description of thine honesty? A pox for me, he 's more and more a cat.  
*L.* What say you to his expertness in war?  
Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the Eng-  
dians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of  
ship I know not; except, in that country, he  
ansour to be the officer at a place there called  
, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would  
nan what honour I can, but of this I am not

*L.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the  
seems him.  
A pox on him! he 's a cat still.  
*L.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need  
k you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.  
Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*<sup>a</sup> he will sell the fee-  
f his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut  
l from all remainders, and a perpetual suc-  
or it perpetually.

*L.* What 's his brother, the other captain Du-  
d. Why does he ask him of me?  
*L.* What 's he?  
E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so  
the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in  
exceeds his brother for a coward, yet his brother  
d one of the best that is: In a retreat he  
any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the

*L.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to  
e *Florentine*?  
Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rou-

*L.* I 'll whisper with the general, and know nis  
I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all  
Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile  
oution of that lascivious young boy the count,  
un into this danger: Yet who would have sus-  
n ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*]  
*L.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die:  
sal says, you, that have so traitorously disco-  
e secrets of your army, and made such pestife-  
rets of men very nobly held, can serve the world  
next use; therefore you must die. Come, heads-  
with his head.

O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my  
*L.* That shall you, and take your leave of all  
sals. [*Unmuffling him.*]

about you: Know you any here?  
Good morrow, noble captain.  
*L.* God bless you, captain Parolles.  
*L.* God save you, noble captain.  
*L.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord  
I am for France.

*L.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of  
et you writ to Diana in behalf of the count  
o? an I were not a very coward I 'd compel it  
but fare you well. [*Exeunt BER., Lords, &c.*]  
*L.* You are undone, captain: all but your scarf,  
a knot on 't yet.

*L.* *Cos*—sometimes written *cardoue*—a French piece  
being the fourth part of the gold crown.

*Par.* Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

*L.* *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but  
women were that had received so much shame, you  
might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir;  
I am for France, too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great  
'T would burst at this: Captain I 'll be no more;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft  
As captain shall; simply the thing I am  
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart  
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,  
That every braggart shall be found an ass.  
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live  
Safest in shame! being fool'd by foolery thrive!  
There 's place and means for every man alive.  
I 'll after them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's  
House.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd  
you,

One of the greatest in the christian world  
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 't is needful,  
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:  
Time was, I did him a desired office,  
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude  
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,  
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd  
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place  
We have convenient convoy. You must know  
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,  
My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,  
And by the leave of my good lord the king,  
We 'll be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,  
You never had a servant to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you, mistress,  
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour  
To recompense your love; doubt not, but Heaven  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,  
As it hath fated her to be my motive  
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men!  
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play  
With what it loathes, for that which is away:  
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions, I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you,—  
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,  
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;  
Our waggon is prepar'd,<sup>a</sup> and time revives us:  
All 's well that ends well: still the fine 's the crown;<sup>b</sup>  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's  
Palace.*

*Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.*

*Laf.* No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-  
taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have  
made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in

<sup>a</sup> The probability is that, in using the term *waggon* in the  
text, our poet meant a public vehicle. The early coaches were  
not much unlike waggons.

<sup>b</sup> From the Latin, *fnis coronat opus*.

nis colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

*Count.* I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand sallets, ere we light on such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

*Clo.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself—a knave or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who 's that? a Frenchman?

*Clo.* Faith, sir, a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clo.* The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there 's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee;

and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

*Laf.* A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.\*

*Count.* So he is. My lord, that 's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well; 't is not amiss: And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

*Count.* It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbonadoed face.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* 'Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting, day and night,  
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;  
But since you have made the days and nights as one,  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold you do so grow in my requital,  
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

*Enter a gentle Astringer.\**

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

*Ast.* And you.

\* An *astringer* is a falconer. A "gentle astringer" probably meant the head of the king's hawking establishment—not a zensual, but an officer of rank in his household.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

*Ast.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness;  
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

*Ast.* What 's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the king;  
And aid me with that store of power you have,  
To come into his presence.

*Ast.* The king 's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir?

*Ast.* Not, indeed!

\* *Unhappy*—unlucky—mischievous

emov'd last night, and with more haste  
use.

Lord, how we lose our pains!  
's well that ends well, yet;  
se seem so adverse, and means unfit.—  
h you, whither is he gone?  
try, as I take it, to Rousillon;  
am going.

I do beseech you, sir,  
we like to see the king before me,  
the paper to his gracious hand;  
renew, shall render you no blame,  
make you thank your pains for it:  
s after you, with what good speed  
will make us means.

This I'll do for you.  
d you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,  
alls more.—We must to horse again;—  
side.

[*Exeunt.*]

II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the  
Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Clown and PAROLLES.*

ed monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu  
I have ere now, sir, been better known to  
I have beld familiarity with fresher clothes;  
now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood,\* and  
what strong of her strong displeasure.  
sly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it  
ongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth  
of fortune's buttering. Prithee allow the

ay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I  
y a metaphor.

leed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop  
er against any man's metaphor. Prithee get

ay you, sir, deliver me this paper.

s, prithee stand away: A paper from for-  
estool to give to a nobleman! Look, here  
myself.

*Enter LAFEU.*

ur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but  
-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fish-  
displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied  
ay you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he  
a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally  
do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort,  
sins to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly

ed what would you have me to do? 't is too  
e her nails now. Wherein have you played  
with fortune, that she should scratch you,  
elf is a good lady, and would not have knaves  
under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you:  
stices make you and fortune friends; I am  
siness.

eseech your honour to hear me one single

u beg a single penny more: come, you shall  
your word.

y name, my good lord, is Parolles.

u beg more than word then.—Cox' my pas-  
me your hand: How does your drum?

my good lord, you were the first that found me.

as I, in south? and I was the first that lost  
lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some  
ou did bring me out.

u upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me

\* *Moed*—caprice.

at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings  
thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets  
sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.  
—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you  
last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall  
eat; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Countess's  
Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords,  
Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

*King.* We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem  
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,  
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know  
Her estimation home.

*Count.* 'T is past, my liege:  
And I beseech your majesty to make it  
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;  
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,  
O'erbears it, and burns on.

*King.* My honour'd lady,  
I have forgiven and forgotten all;  
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,  
And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say,—  
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord  
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,  
Offence of mighty note; but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey  
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;  
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve  
Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost,  
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hi-  
ther;—

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon;  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
The incensing relics of it; let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender; and inform him  
So 't is our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*]

*King.* What says he to your daughter? have you  
spoke?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters  
sent me

That set him high in fame.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* He looks well on 't.

*King.* I am not a day of season,\*  
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail  
In me at once: But to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,  
The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high-repent'd blames,  
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole;  
Not one word more of the consumed time.  
Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember  
The daughter of this lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege: at first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:

\* *A day of season*—a seasonable day. Sunshine and hail  
mark a day out of season.

Where the impression of mine eye inflicting,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warr'd the line of every other favour;  
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it still;  
Extended or contracted all proportions,  
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,  
That she, whom all men priz'd, and whom myself  
Since I have lost have lov'd, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well expos'd:  
That thou didst love her strikes some scars away  
From the great count: But love that comes too late,  
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them, until we know their grace:  
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:  
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,  
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.  
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous tokens for fair Maullin:  
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay  
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear Heaven,  
bles!

*Or, ere they meet in me, O nature come.*

*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name  
Must be digested, give a favour from you,  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,  
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,  
The last that ere I took her leave at court,  
I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not.

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—  
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,  
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessity to help, that by this token  
I would relieve her; Had you that craft, to reave  
her

Of what should stead her most?

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,  
How'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life,  
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it  
At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I am sure I saw her wear it.  
*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:  
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,  
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought  
I stood engag'd;<sup>a</sup> but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,  
In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
Receive the ring again.

*King.* Plutus himself,  
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,  
Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was Helen's,  
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,  
That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,

<sup>a</sup> *Engag'd.* We think that the lady is represented by Bertram  
to have considered him "engag'd"—pledged—to herself.

(When you have never come,) or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.

*King.* Thus speak it falsely, as I love mine oaths,  
And null't conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove  
That thou art an informant,—'t will not prove so;  
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she's dead; which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize BERTRAM.*  
My firm-past proof, how'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd the little.—Away with him;—  
We'll sift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was. [*Exit BERTRAM, guarded.*

*Enter the Astringer.*

*King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thoughts.

*Laf.* Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath, for four or five removes,<sup>b</sup> come short  
To tender it herself. I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,  
Is here attending: her business looks in her  
With an importing visage; and she told me,  
In a sweet vestal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

*King.* [*Reads.*]

"Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife  
was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count  
Rousillon a widower; his vows are forbidden to me, and by  
honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking so  
leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant  
me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes,  
and a poor maid is undone. DIANA CAPULET."

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll  
for this: I'll none of him.<sup>c</sup>

*King.* The Heavens have thought well on thee, Lafes,  
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:  
Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt the Astringer and some Attendants.*  
I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers!

*Enter BERTRAM, guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,  
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

*Re-enter the Astringer, with Widow and DIANA.*

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
Derived from the ancient Capulet;  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, count: Do you know these women?

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

<sup>a</sup> *Removes*—stages.

<sup>b</sup> The tolling in a fair was necessary to the validity of a loss  
gain; and Lafes will get rid of Bertram by toll and sale, ac-  
cording to one reading, or he will buy a son-in-law, and toll  
him, according to the other.

She 's none of mine, my lord.

If you shall marry,  
away this hand, and that is mine ;  
away Heaven's vows, and those are mine ;  
away myself, which is known mine ;  
now am so embodied yours,  
which marries you must marry me,  
th or none.

Your reputation [to BERTRAM] comes too short  
oughter ; you are no husband for her.  
My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,  
sometime I have laugh'd with : let your highness  
ere noble thought upon mine honour,  
to think that I would sink it here.  
Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to  
friend,  
deeds gain them : Fairer prove your honour,  
my thought it lies !

Good my lord,  
upon his oath, if he does think  
not my virginity.

What say'st thou to her ?

She 's impudent, my lord ;  
a common gamester to the camp.  
He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so  
I have bought me at a common price :  
believe him : O, behold this ring,  
high respect, and rich validity,  
a parallel ; yet, for all that,  
it to a commoner o' the camp,  
me.

He blushes, and 't is it :  
ceeding ancestors, that gem  
I by testament to the sequent issue,  
born ow'd and worn. This is his wife ;  
g 's a thousand proofs.

Methought, you said,  
one here in court could witness it.  
I did, my lord, but loth am to produce  
an instrument ; his name 's Parolles.  
I saw the man to-day, if man he be.  
Find him, and bring him hither.

What of him ?  
sted for a most perfidious slave,  
the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd ;  
sture sickens but to speak a truth :  
that, or this, for what he 'll utter,  
I speak anything ?

She hath that ring of yours.  
I think she has : certain it is I lik'd her,  
led<sup>b</sup> her i' the wanton way of youth :  
her distance, and did angle for me,  
my eagerness with her restraint,  
gaelments in fancy's course  
res of more fancy ; and, in fine,  
it coming with her modern grace,  
me to her rate : she got the ring ;  
d that which any inferior might  
t-price have bought.

I must be patient ;  
I have turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
ly diet me. I pray you yet,  
as lack virtue I will lose a husband,)  
your ring, I will return it home,  
me mine again.

I have it not.  
What ring was yours, I pray you ?  
er, much like the same upon your finger.  
Know you this ring ? this ring was his of late.  
And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.  
The story then goes false, you threw it him  
casement.

I have spoke the truth.

<sup>a</sup> *valley*—value

<sup>b</sup> *Boaried*—accoated

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts  
you.—

Is this the man you speak of ?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you  
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
(Which, on your just proceeding, I 'll keep off.)  
By him, and by this woman here, what know you ?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been  
an honourable gentleman ; tricks he hath had in him  
which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose : Did he love  
this woman ?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her : But how ?

King. How, I pray you ?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a  
woman.

King. How is that ?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What  
an equivocal companion is this !

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's com-  
mand.

Laf. He 's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty  
orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage ?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st ?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty : I did go between  
them, as I said ; but more than that, he loved her,—for,  
indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of  
limbo, and of furies, and I know not what : yet I was  
in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of  
their going to bed ; and of other motions, as promising  
her marriage, and things which would derive me ill  
will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what  
know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst  
say they are married : But thou art too fine<sup>a</sup> in thy  
evidence ; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say,  
was yours ?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it ? or who gave it you ?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you ?

Dia. It was not lent me neither

King. Where did you find it then ?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him ?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord ; she  
goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now ;

To prison with her : and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I 'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I 'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while ?

Dia. Because he 's guilty, and he is not guilty :

He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't :

I 'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life :

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Pointing to LAFED.]

<sup>a</sup> *Too fine*—too full of finesse.

*King.* She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;

[*Exit Widow.*]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,  
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,  
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,  
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:  
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;  
And at that time he got his wife with child:  
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;  
So there's my riddle,—One that's dead is quick;  
And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  
Is 't real that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good lord;  
'T is but the shadow of a wife you see,  
The name, and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both; O, pardon!

*Hel.* O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,  
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,  
And, look you, here 's your letter: This it says,  
"When from my finger you can get this ring,  
And are by me with child," &c.—This is done:  
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clear,  
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—  
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:  
Good Tom Drum [*to PAROLLES*] lend me a hand!  
chief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll m  
sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they  
scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,  
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—  
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To DIAI*]  
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower,  
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,  
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—  
Of that and all the progress, more and less,  
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:  
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Flouri*]

(*Advancing.*)

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:  
All is well ended, if this suit be won,  
That you express content; which we will pay,  
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts:  
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeun*]





## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM' was first printed in 1609. In that year there appeared two editions of the play;—the one published by Thomas Fisher, a bookseller; the other by James Roberts, a printer. The differences between these two editions are very slight. The play was not reprinted after 1609, till it was collected into the folio of 1623; and the text in that edition differs in few instances from that of the quartos.

Malone has assigned the composition of 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' to the year 1594. We are not disposed to dissent from this; but we entirely object to the reason upon which Malone attempts to show that it was one of our author's "earliest attempts in comedy." It appears to us a misapplication of the received meaning of words, to talk of "the warmth of a youthful and lively imagination" with reference to 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' and the Shakspeare of thirty. Of all the dramas of Shakspeare there is none more entirely harmonious than 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream.' All the incidents, all the characters, are in perfect subordination to the will of the poet. "Throughout the whole piece," says Malone, "the more exalted characters are subservient to the interests of those beneath them." Precisely so. An unpractised author—one who had not "a youthful and lively imagination" under perfect control—when he had got hold of the Theseus and Hippolyta of the heroic ages, would have made them ultra-heroical. They would have commanded events, instead of moving with the supernatural influence around them in harmony and proportion. An immature poet, again, if the marvellous creation of Oberon and Titania and Puck could have entered into such a mind, would have laboured to make the power of the fairies produce some strange and striking events. But the exquisite beauty of Shakspeare's conception is, that, under the supernatural influence, "the human mortals" move precisely according to their respective natures and habits. Demetrius and Lysander are impatient and revengeful;—Helena is dignified and affectionate, with a spice of female error;—Hermia is somewhat vain and shrewish. And then Bottom! Who but the most skilful artist could have given us such a character? Of him Malone says, "Shakspeare would naturally copy those manners first with which he was first acquainted. The ambition of a theatrical candidate for applause he has happily ridiculed in Bottom the weaver." A theatrical candidate for applause! Why, Bottom the weaver is the representative of the whole human race. His confidence in his own power is equally profound, whether he exclaims, "Let me play the lion too;" or whether he sings alone, "that they shall hear I am not afraid;" or whether, conscious that he is surrounded with spirits, he cries out, with his voice of authority, "Where 's Peas-blossom?" In every situation Bottom is the same,—the same personification of that self-love which the simple cannot conceal, and the wise can with difficulty suppress. Lastly, in the whole rhythmical structure of the versification, the poet has put forth all his strength. We venture to offer an opinion that, if any single compo-

sition were required to exhibit the power of the English language for purposes of poetry, that composition would be the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream.' This wonderful model, which, at the time it appeared, must have been the commencement of a great poetical revolution,—and which has never ceased to influence our higher poetry from Fletcher to Shelley,—was, according to Malone, the work of "the genius of Shakspeare, even in its minority."

"This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard," says Hippolyta, when Wall has "discharged" his part. The answer of Theseus is full of instruction:—"The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them." It was in this humble spirit that the great poet judged of his own matchless performances. He felt the utter inadequacy of his art, and indeed of any art, to produce its due effect upon the mind, unless the imagination, to which it addressed itself, was ready to convert the shadows which it presented into living forms of truth and beauty. "I am convinced," says Coleridge, "that Shakspeare availed himself of the title of this play in his own mind, and worked upon it as a dream throughout." The poet says so, in express words:—

"If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this (and all is mended),  
That you have but slumber'd here,  
While these visions did appear.  
And this weak and idle theme,  
No more yielding but a dream,  
Gentles, do not reprehend."

But to understand this dream—to have all its gay, and soft, and harmonious colours impressed upon the vision—to hear all the golden cadences of its poetry—to feel the perfect congruity of all its parts, and thus to receive it as a truth—we must not suppose that it will enter the mind amidst the lethargic slumbers of the imagination. We must receive it—

"As youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream."

To offer an analysis of this subtle and ethereal drama would, we believe, be as unsatisfactory as the attempts to associate it with the realities of the stage. With scarcely an exception, the proper understanding of the other plays of Shakspeare may be assisted by connecting the apparently separate parts of the action, and by developing and reconciling what seems obscure and anomalous in the features of the characters. But to follow out the caprices and illusions of the loves of Demetrius and Lysander,—of Helena and Hermia;—to reduce to prosaic description the consequence of the jealousies of Oberon and Titania;—to trace the Fairy Queen under the most fantastic of deceptions, where grace and vulgarity blend together like the Cupids and Chimeras of Raphael's Arabesques;—and, finally, to go along with the scene till the illusions disappear—till the lovers are happy, and "sweet bully Bottom" is reduced to an ass of human dimensions;—such an attempt as this would be worse even than unreverential criticism. No,—the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream' must be left to its own influences.



# A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**THESEUS, Duke of Athens.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**EGEUS, father to Hermia.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

**LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.**  
Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.**  
Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**QUINCE, the carpenter.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

**SNUG, the joiner.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

**BOTTOM, the weaver.**  
Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**FLUTE, the bellows-mender.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

**SNOUT, the tinker.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

**STARVELING, the tailor.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

**HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**HELENA, in love with Demetrius.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**OBERON, king of the fairies.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

**TITANIA, queen of the fairies.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

**PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow, a fairy.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

**PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, fairies.**  
Appear, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

**Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, Lion, characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.**  
Appear, Act V. sc. 1.

*Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.*  
*Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.*

SCENE.—ATHENS, AND A WOOD NEAR.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

Theseus. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace: four happy days bring in  
Her moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow  
Old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Withering out a young man's revenue.  
Four days will quickly steep themselves in  
Nights;  
Nights will quickly dream away the time;  
When the moon, like to a silver bow  
Bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of solemnities.

Theseus. Go, Philostrate,  
To fetch the Athenian youth to merriments;  
Let the pest and nimble spirit of mirth  
Lead melancholy forth to funerals,  
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [Exit PHIL.]  
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,  
I won thy love, doing thee injuries;  
I will wed thee in another key,  
To pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.  
Egeus. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The word *duke* was a corruption of the Latin *dux*, which  
indiscriminately applied to any military chief. Chaucer  
calls Theseus—Gower, *duke* Spartacus,—Stanyhurst, *duke*  
was. The word is also used in our translation of the Bible.

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Egeus. Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.  
Stand forth, Demetrius: My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.—  
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,  
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,  
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:  
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;  
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,  
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers  
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:  
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,  
Be it so she will not here before your grace  
Consent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:  
Which shall be either to this gentleman,  
Or to her death; according to our law,  
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid:

To you your father should be as a god;  
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one  
To whom you are but as a firm in wax,  
By him imprinted, and with his power

To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is Lysander.

*The.* In himself he is :

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

*The.* Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

*Her.* I do entreat your grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,  
Nor how it may concern my modesty,  
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts :  
But I beseech your grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

*The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,  
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
You can endure the livery of a nun ;  
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.  
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,  
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :  
But earthly happier<sup>a</sup> is the rose distill'd,  
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
Unto his lordship,<sup>b</sup> whose unwish'd yoke  
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.<sup>c</sup>

*The.* Take time to pause ; and, by the next new moon,  
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,  
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)  
Upon that day either prepare to die,  
For disobedience to your father's will ;  
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would ;  
Or on Diana's altar to protest,  
For aye, austerity and single life.

*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia :—And, Lysander, yield  
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

*Lys.* You have her father's love, Demetrius ;  
Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him.

*Ege.* Scornful Lysander ! true, he hath my love ;  
And what is mine my love shall render him ;  
And she is mine ; and all my right of her  
I do estate unto Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd ; my love is more than his,  
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia :  
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted<sup>d</sup> and inconstant man.

*The.* I must confess that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come ;  
And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me,  
I have some private schooling for you both.  
*See you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will ;*

<sup>a</sup> *Earthly happier*—more happy in an earthly sense.

<sup>b</sup> *Lordship*—authority.

<sup>c</sup> This is one of those elliptical expressions which frequently occur in our poet : it must be understood after *sovereignty*.

<sup>d</sup> *Spotted*—stained, impure ; the opposite of *spotless*.

Or else the law of Athens yields you up  
(Which by no means we may extenuate)  
To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come, my Hippolyta : What cheer, my love ?  
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along :

I must employ you in some business  
Against our nuptial ; and confer with you  
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

*Ege.* With duty and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt THEA, HERMIA, EGEO, DEM., and TRIN.*]

*Lys.* How now, my love ? Why is your cheek so pale ?  
How chance the roses there do fade so fast ?

*Her.* Belike for want of rain ; which I could well  
Beteem<sup>a</sup> them from the tempest of mine eyes.

*Lys.* Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth :

But, either it was different in blood ;—

*Her.* O cross ! too high to be enthralld to low !

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of years ;—

*Her.* O spite ! too old to be engag'd to young !

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;—

*Her.* O hell ! to choose love by another's eye !

*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it ;  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,  
Brief as the lightning in the collied<sup>b</sup> night,  
That, in a spleen,<sup>c</sup> unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold !  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Her.* If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,  
It stands as an edict in destiny :

Then let us teach our trial patience,  
Because it is a customary cross ;  
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,  
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.<sup>d</sup>

*Lys.* A good persuasion ; therefore, hear me, Hermia,  
I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child ;  
From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues ;  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee ;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us : If thou lov'st me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night ;  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May,  
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good Lysander !

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow ;  
By his best arrow with the golden head ;  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves ;  
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves,  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen ;  
By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke ;  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Lys.* Keep promise, love : Look, here comes Helena

*Enter HELENA.*

*Her.* God speed fair Helena ! Whither away ?

*Hel.* Call you me fair ? that fair again unsay.  
Demetrius loves your fair : O happy fair !  
Your eyes are load-stars ;<sup>e</sup> and your tongue's sweet sit

<sup>a</sup> *Beteem*—pour forth.

<sup>b</sup> *Collied*—black, smutted.

<sup>c</sup> *In a spleen*—in a sudden fit of passion or caprice.

<sup>d</sup> *Fancy's followers*—the followers of Love.

<sup>e</sup> *Fair*—used as a substantive for beauty.

<sup>f</sup> The *load-star* is the north star, by which sailors steered their course in the early days of navigation.

than lark to shepherd's ear,  
 is green, when hawthorn buds appear.  
 catching; O, were favour<sup>a</sup> so,  
 I catch,)<sup>b</sup> fair Hermia, ere I go,  
 I catch your voice, my eye your eye,  
 would catch your tongue's sweet melody.  
 I did mine, Demetrius being bated,  
 give to be to you translated.  
 how you look; and with what art  
 motion of Demetrius' heart.  
 on upon him, yet he loves me still.  
 at your frowns would teach my smiles  
 skill!  
 e him curses, yet he gives me love.  
 at my prayers could such affection move!  
 more I hate, the more he follows me.  
 more I love, the more he hateth me.  
 filly, Helena, is no fault of mine.  
 But your beauty; would that fault were  
 e!  
 e comfort; he no more shall see my  
 I myself will fly this place.  
 ne I did Lysander see,  
 is like a paradise to me:  
 graces in my love do dwell,  
 turn'd a heaven unto a hell!  
 a, to you our minds we will unfold;  
 ight, when Phoebe doth behold  
 age in the wat'ry glass,  
 liquid pearl the bladed grass,  
 lovers' flights doth still conceal,  
 me's gates have we devis'd to steal.  
 in the wood, where often you and I  
 imrose beds were wont to lie,  
 r bosoms of their counsel sweet,  
 sander and myself shall meet:  
 rom Athens, turn away our eyes,  
 riends and stranger companies.<sup>c</sup>  
 et playfellow; pray thou for us,  
 k grant thee thy Demetrius!—  
 ysander: we must starve our sight  
 od, till morrow deep midnight. [Ex. HER.  
 l, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:  
 a, Demetrius dote on you! [Exit Lys.  
 happy some o'er other some can be!  
 ms I am thought as fair as she.  
 hat? Demetrius thinks not so;  
 now what all but he do know.  
 s, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
 r of his qualities.  
 nd vild,<sup>d</sup> holding no quantity,  
 epose to form and dignity.  
 t with the eyes, but with the mind;  
 is wing'd Cupid painted blind.  
 's mind of any judgment taste;  
 o eyes, figure unheedy haste:  
 is love said to be a child,  
 oice he is so oft beguill'd.  
 ysa in game themselves forswear,  
 e is perjur'd everywhere:  
 trius look'd on Hermia's eyne,  
 en oaths, that he was only mine;  
 hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
 d, and showers of oaths did melt.  
 h of fair Hermia's flight:  
 ood will he, to-morrow night,

shores, appearance, outward qualities,  
 repetition of the word *fair* that Helena catches  
 traits; but she would also catch her voice, her  
 her expression, as well as her words.  
 her companions has an example in 'Henry V.':—  
 "suspicious unletter'd, rude, and shallow."

Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:  
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
 To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in a Cottage.*

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, and  
 STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by  
 man, according to the scrip.<sup>a</sup>

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which  
 is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our inter-  
 lude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-  
 day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play  
 treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so  
 grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable  
 comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a  
 merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors  
 by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the  
 weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and pro-  
 ceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for  
 love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing  
 of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I  
 will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To  
 the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could  
 play Eracles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make  
 all split.

"The raging rocks,  
 And shivering shocks,  
 Shall break the locks  
 Of prison-gates;  
 And Phibbus' car  
 Shall shine from far,  
 And make and mar  
 The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—  
 This is Eracles<sup>b</sup> vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more  
 condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have  
 a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask,<sup>c</sup>  
 and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby  
 too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—"Thisne,  
 Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby  
 dear! and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute  
 you, Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

<sup>a</sup> Scrip—script—a written paper.

<sup>b</sup> Eracles—Hercules—was one of the roaring heroes of the rude  
 drama, which preceded Shakspeare.

<sup>c</sup> In Shakspeare's time the parts of women were personated by  
 men and boys. The objection of Flute, that he had "a beard  
 coming," was doubtless a common objection; and the remedy  
 was equally common—"You shall play it in a mask."

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

*Snout.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

*Snug.* Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

*Quin.* An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us, every mother's son.

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an't were any nightingale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one

shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there we will rehearse: for if we meet in the city we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties<sup>a</sup> such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

*Quin.* At the duke's oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings.<sup>b</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

*Enter a Fairy on one side, and Puck on the other.*

*Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander everywhere,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs<sup>a</sup> upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners<sup>b</sup> be;

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours:

Must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou lob<sup>c</sup> of spirits, I'll be gone;

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night;

Take heed the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling:<sup>d</sup>

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her

joy:

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,

But they do square;<sup>e</sup> that all their elves, for fear,

Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

<sup>a</sup> *Orbs.* The *fairy rings*, as they are popularly called. It was the Fairy's office to *dew* these orbs, which had been parched under the fairy-reef in the moonlight revels.

<sup>b</sup> *Pensioners.* These courtiers, whom Mrs. Quickly put above earls (Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Scene 2), were Queen Elizabeth's favourite attendants. They were the handsomest men of the first families.

<sup>c</sup> *Lob*—looby, lubber, lubbard.

<sup>d</sup> *Changeling*—a child procured in exchange.

<sup>e</sup> *Square*—to quarrel.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite  
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,  
Call'd Robin Goodfellow; are you not he,  
That frights the maidens of the villagery;  
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern;<sup>a</sup>  
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;  
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;<sup>d</sup>  
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?  
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,  
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:  
Are not you he?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright;  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,  
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:  
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab;  
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.  
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
And "Tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe,  
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—  
But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

*Fai.* And here my mistress:—Would that ne were gone!

SCENE II.—*Enter OBERON, on one side, with his Train, and TITANIA, on the other, with hers.*

*Obe.* Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.  
*Tita.* What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;  
I have forsworn his bed and company.

<sup>a</sup> *Properties.* The person who has charge of the wooden swords, and pasteboard shields, and other trumpery required for the business of the stage, is still called the *property man*.

<sup>b</sup> A proverbial expression derived from the days of archery.—"When a party was made at butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase."

<sup>c</sup> *Quern*—a handmill.

<sup>d</sup> *Barm*—yeast.

Carry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?  
 Then I must be thy lady: But I know  
 thou hast stolen away from fairy land,  
 in shape of Corin sat all day,  
 in pipes of corn, and versing love  
 as Phillida. Why art thou here,  
 in the farthest steep of India?  
 forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
 thy mistress, and your warrior love,  
 as must be wedded; and you come  
 for bed joy and prosperity.  
 How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,  
 thy credit with Hippolyta,  
 I know thy love to Theseus?  
 Thou shalt not lead him through the glimmering night  
 in genia, unless he ravished?  
 Thou shalt not lead him with fair Æglé break his faith,  
 and Antiope?  
 These are the forgeries of jealousy:  
 Thou shalt not, since the middle summer's spring,  
 in a hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
 fountain,<sup>b</sup> or by rushy brook,  
 beached margent of the sea,  
 our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
 thy brows thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
 The winds, piping to us in vain,  
 once have suck'd up from the sea  
 the fogs; which, falling in the land,  
 have pelting a river made so proud,  
 have overcome their continents:<sup>d</sup>  
 Thou therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
 the man lost his sweat; and the green corn  
 shall ere his youth attain'd a beard:  
 The sands empty in the drowned field,  
 are fasted with the murrain flock;  
 men's morris is fill'd up with mud;<sup>e</sup>  
 quaint mazes in the wanton green,  
 if tread, are undistinguishable;  
 in mortals' want; their winter here,<sup>f</sup>  
 is now with hymn or carol bless'd:—  
 the moon, the governess of floods,  
 her anger, washes all the air,  
 her matic diseases do abound:  
 though this distemperature, we see  
 is alter: hoary-headed frosts  
 in fresh lap of the crimson rose;  
 and Hyems' chin, and icy crown,  
 in chaplet of sweet summer buds  
 mockery, set: The spring, the summer,  
 in autumn, angry winter, change  
 their liveries; and the mazed world,  
 increase,<sup>h</sup> now knows not which is which:  
 the same progeny of evils comes  
 to debate, from our dissension;  
 their parents and original.  
 Will you amend it then: it lies in you:  
 Will Titania cross her Oberon?

*summer's spring.* The spring is the beginning—as  
*False day,* a common expression in our early writers.  
*summer is the midsummer.*  
*fountain*—a fountain, or clear stream, rushing over  
 certainly not an artificially paved fountain.  
 —poetry, contemptible.  
*the sands.* A conceit is that which contains  
 the error of their commons the shepherds and  
 of England were wont to cut a rude series of lines,  
 they arranged eighteen stones, divided between two  
 to mow them alternately, as at chess or draughts,  
 he was finished by one of the players having all his  
 is impounded. This was the *nine men's morris*.  
*quaint.* Chapman, in his 'Homer,' has an inversion  
 —"mortal humans."  
*in mortals' want.* Their winter is here—is come—  
 he season is the latter summer, or autumn; and in  
 the hymns and carols which gladdened the nights  
 able winter are wanting to this premature one.  
 —producing.  
 —produce.

I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
 To be my henchman.<sup>a</sup>

*Tita.* Set your heart at rest,  
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
 His mother was a votress of my order:  
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;  
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
 Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;  
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,  
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:  
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,  
 Following (her womb then rich with my young squire),  
 Would imitate; and sail upon the land,  
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.  
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:  
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

*Obe.* How long within this wood intend you stay?

*Tita.* Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,  
 And see our moonlight revels, go with us;  
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*Obe.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

*Tita.* Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away:  
 We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[Exit TITANIA and her Train.

*Obe.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this  
 grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

*Puck.* I remember.

*Obe.* That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal, throned by the west;

And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft

Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;

And the imperial votaress passed on,

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:

It fell upon a little western flower,—

Before, milk-white; now, purple with love's wound,—

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,

Will make or man or woman madly dote

Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,

Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the earth

In forty minutes. [Exit Puck.

*Obe.* Having once this juice,

I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,

And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:

The next thing then she waking looks upon,

(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)

She shall pursue it with the soul of love.

And ere I take this charm off from her sight,

(As I can take it, with another herb,)

I'll make her render up her page to me.

But who comes here? I am invisible;

And I will overhear their conference.

<sup>a</sup> *Henchman*—a page; originally a horseman.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.  
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,  
And here am I, and wood<sup>a</sup> within this wood,  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;  
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.

*Dem.* Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?  
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love you the more.  
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What wosser place can I beg in your love,  
(And yet a place of high respect with me,  
Than to be used as you use your dog?)

*Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my  
spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

*Hel.* And I am sick when I look not on you.

*Dem.* You do impeach your modesty too much,  
To leave the city, and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not;  
To trust the opportunity of night,  
And the ill counsel of a desert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Hel.* Your virtue is my privilege for that.  
It is not night, when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night:  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;  
For you, in my respect, are all the world:  
Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

*Dem.* I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!  
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

*Dem.* I will not stay thy questions; let me go:  
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field,  
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do:  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.  
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,  
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*

*Obe.* Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this  
grove,  
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

*Re-enter PUCK.*

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Obe.* I pray thee, give it me.  
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine

<sup>a</sup> Wood—wild, mad.

There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:  
A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;  
But do it when the next thing he espies  
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man  
By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
Effect it with some care; that he may prove  
More fond on her, than she upon her love:  
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

*Puck.* Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.  
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

*Enter TITANIA, with her Train.*

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;  
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;  
Some, war with rear-mice<sup>a</sup> for their leathern wings,  
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back  
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders  
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;  
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;  
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

2 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:  
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleepeth.*

*Enter OBERON.*

*Obe.* What thou seest, when thou dost wake,  
[*Squeezes the flower on TITANIA'S eye*  
Do it for thy true-love take;  
Love and languish for his sake:  
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear  
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.*

*Lys.* Fair love, you faint with wandering in  
wood;  
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;  
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

<sup>a</sup> Rear-lice—bats.

it so, Lysander, find you out a bed,  
 this bank will rest my head.  
 e turf shall serve as pillow for us both;  
 one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.  
 ay, good Lysander; for my sake, my  
 ar,  
 off yet, do not lie so near.  
 take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;  
 the meaning, in love's conference.  
 t my heart unto yours is knit;  
 one heart we can make of it:  
 interchained with an oath;  
 bosoms, and a single troth.  
 ur side, no bed-room me deny;  
 o, Hermia, I do not lie.  
 ander riddles very prettily:—  
 beshrew my manners and my pride,  
 meant to say, Lysander lied.  
 friend, for love and courtesy  
 off; in human modesty  
 tion, as, may well be said,  
 virtuous bachelor and a maid:  
 stant; and good night, sweet friend:  
 er alter, till thy sweet life end!  
 en, Amen, to that fair prayer say I;  
 id life, when I end loyalty!  
 bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!  
 th half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

[*They sleep.*]

*Enter Puck.*

rough the forest have I gone,  
 it Athenian find I none,  
 whose eyes I might approve  
 as flower's force in stirring love.  
 ight and silence! who is here?  
 eads of Athens he doth wear:  
 as is he my master said  
 spised the Athenian maid;  
 d here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
 the dank and dirty ground.  
 etty soul! she durst not lie  
 ar this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.  
 url, upon thy eyes I throw  
 the power this charm doth owe:  
 hen thou wak'st, let love forbid  
 ep his seat on thy eyelid.  
 awake, when I am gone;  
 t I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*]

*DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.*

though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.  
 barge thee, hence, and do not haunt me  
 a.  
 ilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.  
 , on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit DEM.*]  
 am out of breath in this fond chase!  
 r prayer, the lesser is my grace.  
 ermia, wheresoe'er she lies;  
 blessed and attractive eyes.  
 er eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:  
 s are oftener wash'd than hers.  
 as ugly as a bear;  
 at meet me run away for fear:

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius  
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine  
 Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eyne?  
 But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!  
 Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!  
 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

*Lys.* And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[*Waking.*]

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,  
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
 Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
 Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:  
 What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what  
 though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

*Lys.* Content with Hermia? No: I do repent  
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
 Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:  
 Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd:  
 And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
 Things growing are not ripe until their season;  
 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;  
 And touching now the point of human skill,  
 Reason becomes the marshal to my will,  
 And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook  
 Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady of one man refus'd

Should of another therefore be abus'd!

[*Exit.*]

*Lys.* She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou

there;

And never mayst thou come Lysander near!

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies that men do leave

Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated; but the most of me!

And all my powers address your love and might

To honour Helen, and to be her knight.

[*Exit.*]

*Her.* [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do

thy best

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!

Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!

Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!

Methought a serpent ate my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:

Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;

Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.

No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:

Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.

[*Exit.*]



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Wood. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.*

*Bot.* Are we all met?

*Quin.* Pat, pat; and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

*Bot.* Peter Quince,—

*Quin.* What say'st thou, Bully Bottom?

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of 'Pyramus and Thisby' that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

*Snout.* By'r'lakin,<sup>a</sup> a parlous<sup>b</sup> fear.

*Star.* I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.<sup>c</sup>

*Bot.* No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

*Snout.* Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

*Snug.* Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

<sup>a</sup> *By'r'lakin*—by our ladykin, our little lady.

<sup>b</sup> *Parlous*—perilous.

<sup>c</sup> *Eight and six*—alternate verses of eight and six syllables.

*Snug.* You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cut about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his finger thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

*Enter PUCK behind.*

*Puck.* What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

*Pyr.* Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet;

*Quin.* Odours, odours.

*Pyr.* — odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. *[Exit.]*

*Puck.* A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! *[Aside.—Exit.]*

*This.* Must I speak now?

*Quin.* Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand he goes but to see a noise<sup>a</sup> that he heard, and is to come again.

*This.* Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as trust horse that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

*Quin.* Ninus' tomb, man: Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

*Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.*

*This.* O,—As true as trust horse, that yet would never tire.

*Pyr.* If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—

*Quin.* O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! *[Exit Clown.]*

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and hum,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. *[Exit.]*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

*Re-enter SNOOT.*

*Snout.* O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own: Do you?

*Re-enter QUINCE.*

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *[Exit.]*

<sup>a</sup> Quince's description of Bottom going "to see a noise" akin to Sir Toby Belch's notion of "to hear by the nose" ("Twelfth Night," Act II. Scene 3.)



see their knavery : this is to make an ass of  
 get me, if they could. But I will not stir  
 lace, do what they can : I will walk up and  
 and I will sing, that they shall hear I am

[Sings.

The wren with little quill ;  
 That angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?

[Waking.

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
 The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
 Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
 And dares not answer, nay—  
 Who would set his wit to so foolish a bird ?  
 To give a bird the lie, though he cry "Cuckoo,"

Pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :  
 My much enamour'd of thy note,  
 My eye enthralled to thy shape ;  
 And virtue's force perforce doth move me,  
 To view, to say, to swear, I love thee.  
 He thinks, mistress, you should have little reason  
 And yet, to say the truth, reason and love  
 Keep company together now-a-days : The more the  
 Some honest neighbours will not make them  
 say, I can glean<sup>b</sup> upon occasion.

So art as wise as thou art beautiful.  
 I so, neither : but if I had wit enough to get  
 food, I have enough to serve mine own turn.  
 It of this wood do not desire to go ;  
 remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
 It, of no common rate ;  
 it still doth tend upon my state,  
 we thee : therefore, go with me ;  
 see fairies to attend on thee ;  
 shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
 shall thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :  
 I purge thy mortal grossness so,  
 shalt like an airy spirit go.—  
 Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seed !

PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-  
 SEED, and four Fairies.

Exeunt.

And I.

And I.

And I.

Where shall we go.  
 kind and courteous to this gentleman ;  
 walks, and gambol in his eyes ;  
 with apricocks, and dewberries ;  
 with grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;  
 they steal from the humble-bees,  
 they tapers, crop their waxen thighs,  
 they see at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,  
 they love to bed, and to arise ;  
 they see the wings from painted butterflies,  
 they see the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes :  
 they do him courtesies.

Oh, mortal !

Oh !

Oh !

Oh !

Pray your worships mercy, heartily.—I be-  
 worship's name.

Exeunt.

It is of *ass* or *ass* expressed the blackbird in  
 av. It is used by Drayton as synonymous with  
 an which there can be no doubt) in his descrip-  
 tions of woodlands" of the Warwickshire Arden.  
 This verb is generally used in the sense of to *scuff* ;  
 head Bottom only means to say that he can *joke*.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good  
 master Cobweb : If I cut my finger, I shall make bold  
 with you.—Your name, honest gentleman ?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash,  
 your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good  
 master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more ac-  
 quaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir ?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your pa-  
 tience well : that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beer  
 hath devoured many a gentleman of your house : I  
 promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water  
 ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master  
 Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him ; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye ;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [Ex.

#### SCENE II.—Another part of the Wood.

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd ;  
 Then, what it was that next came in her eye,  
 Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit ?  
 What night-rule<sup>a</sup> now about this haunted grove ?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,

A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

Were met together to rehearse a play,

Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,

Who Pyramus presented, in their sport

Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :

When I did him at this advantage take,

An ass's now<sup>b</sup> I fixed on his head ;

Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,

And forth my mimic<sup>c</sup> comes : When they him spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,

Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,

Rising and cawing at the gun's report,

Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;

So at his sight away his fellows fly :

And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls :

He murmur cries, and help from Athens calls.

Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong ;

For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch ;

Some, sleeves ; some, hats ; from yielders all things

catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,

And left sweet Pyramus translated there :

When in that moment (so it came to pass)

Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd<sup>d</sup> the Athenian's eyes

With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—

And the Athenian woman by his side ;

That when he wak'd of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

<sup>a</sup> *Night-rule*—night-revel. The old spelling of *revel* became *rule* ; and by this corruption we obtained "the lord of mis-  
 rule."

<sup>b</sup> *Nowl*—noll, head.

<sup>c</sup> *Mimic*—actor.

<sup>d</sup> *Latch'd*—licked o'er

*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this the man.  
*Dem.* O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?  
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.  
*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;  
 For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.  
 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
 Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,  
 And kill me too.  
 The sun was not so true unto the day,  
 As he to me: Would he have stolen away  
 From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,  
 This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon  
 May through the centre creep, and so displease  
 Her brother's nuptial with the Antipodes.  
 It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;  
 So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

*Dem.* So should the murder'd look; and so should I,  
 Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:  
 Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,  
 As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

*Her.* What's this to my Lysander? where is he?  
 Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

*Dem.* I'd rather give his carcase to my hounds.  
*Her.* Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the  
 bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?  
 Henceforth be never number'd among men!  
 Oh! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;  
 Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,  
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!  
 Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?  
 An adder did it; for with doubler tongue  
 Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:  
 I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;  
 Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

*Dem.* An if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.* A privilege never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*]

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,

If for thy tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*]

*Obe.* What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules; that one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

*Obe.* About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer\*

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here;

I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

*Puck.* I go, I go; look, how I go;

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*]

*Obe.* Flower of this purple die,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

When his love he doth espay

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.

When thou wak'st, if she be by

Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,  
 Helena is here at hand.

\* *Cheer—lacc.*

And the youth, mistook by me,  
 Pleading for a lover's fee;  
 Shall we their fond pageant see?  
 Lo! what fools these mortals be!

*Obe.* Stand aside: the noise they make  
 Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two at once woo one—  
 That must needs be sport alone;  
 And these things do best please me,  
 That befall preposterously.

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.*

*Lys.* Why should you think that I should woo  
 scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears.

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,

In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you;

Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and more

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

*Hel.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'

*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

*Dem.* [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, <sup>and</sup> <sup>perfect,</sup> divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

*Hel.* O, spite! O, hell! I see you are all bent

To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so.

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! None of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin; and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport

*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;

For you love Hermia: this, you know, I know:

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;

And now to Helen it is home return'd,

There to remain.

*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know

I, lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

*Enter HERMIA.*

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function t

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;

doth impair the seeing sense,  
 hearing double recompense :  
 not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;  
 I thank it, brought me to thy sound.  
 unkindly didst thou leave me so ?  
 why should he stay whom love doth press to go ?  
 that love could press Lysander from my side ?  
 Lysander's love, that would not let him bide ;  
 na ; who more engilds the night  
 than fiery oes<sup>a</sup> and eyes of light.  
 at thou me ? could not this make thee know,  
 I have thee made me leave thee so ?  
 can speak not as you think ; it cannot be.  
 she is one of this confederacy !  
 receive they have conjoin'd, all three,  
 this false sport in spite of me.  
 Hermia ! most ungrateful maid !  
 conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd  
 with this foul derision ?  
 counsel that we two have shar'd,  
 O vows, the hours that we have spent,  
 have chid the hasty-footed time  
 of us,—O, and is all forgot ?  
 days' friendship, childhood innocence ?  
 us, like two artificial gods,  
 our needles created both one flower,  
 our sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
 sing of one song, both in one key ;  
 and, our sides, voices, and minds,  
 incorporate. So we grew together,  
 like double cherry, seeming parted ;  
 but union in partition,  
 two berries moulded on one stem :  
 so seeming bodies, but one heart,  
 first, like coats in heraldry,  
 separate, and crown'd with one crest<sup>b</sup>  
 you rent our ancient love asunder,  
 its men in scorning your poor friend ?  
 cruelly, 't is not maidenly :  
 as well as I, may chide you for it ;  
 alone do feel the injury.  
 am amazed at your passionate words :  
 a not ; it seems that you scorn me.  
 ave you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
 me, and praise my eyes and face ?  
 your other love, Demetrius,  
 but now did spurn me with his foot,  
 goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,  
 celestial ! Wherefore speaks he this  
 hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander  
 love, so rich within his soul,  
 for me, forsooth, affection ;  
 or setting on, by your consent ?  
 igh I be not so in grace as you,  
 gone with love, so fortunate ;  
 able most, to love unlov'd !  
 should pity, rather than despise.  
 understand not what you mean by this.  
 g, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,  
 this upon me when I turn my back ;  
 as at other ; hold the sweet jest up :  
 well carried, shall be chronicled.  
 any pity, grace, or manners,  
 I do not make me such an argument.  
 as well : 't is partly mine own fault,  
 with, or absence, soon shall remedy.  
 ay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse,  
 my life, my soul, fair Helena !

<sup>a</sup> oes.   
<sup>b</sup> is a double comparison here—1st, Of the two bodies, in two crests of heraldry ; and, 2ndly, Of the one joined to the one crest and the one owner. "Our two, but they are as united under one heart, as two are (when quartered or impaled) are borne by one and the same crest."

*Hel.* O, excellent !  
*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.  
*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.  
*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she entreat ;  
 Thy threats have no more strength than her weak  
 prayers.—  
*Helen,* I love thee ; by my life I do ;  
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
 To prove him false that says I love thee not.  
*Dem.* I say, I love thee more than he can do.  
*Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.  
*Dem.* Quick, come,—  
*Her.* Lysander, whereto tends all this ?  
*Lys.* Away, you Ethiopie !  
*Dem.* No, no, sir :—  
 Seem to break loose ; take on, as you would follow ;  
 But yet come not : You are a tame man, go !  
*Lys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou burr : vile thing, let  
 loose ;  
 Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.  
*Her.* Why are you grown so rude ? what change is  
 this,  
 Sweet love ?  
*Lys.* Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out  
 Out, loathed medicine ! O, hated poison, hence  
*Her.* Do you not jest ?  
*Hel.* Yes, 'sooth ; and so do you.  
*Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.  
*Dem.* I would I had your bond ; for I perceive  
 A weak bond holds you ; I 'll not trust your word.  
*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her  
 dead ?  
 Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.  
*Her.* What, can you do me greater harm than hate ?  
 Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?  
 Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?  
 I am as fair now as I was erewhile.  
 Since night you lov'd me ; yet, since night you left me :  
 Why then you left me,—O, the gods forbid !  
 In earnest, shall I say ?  
*Lys.* Ay, by my life ;  
 And never did desire to see thee more.  
 Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt,  
 Be certain, nothing truer, 't is no jest,  
 That I do hate thee, and love Helena.  
*Her.* O me ! you juggler ! you canker-blossom !  
 You thief of love ! what, have you come by night,  
 And stol'n my love's heart from him ?  
*Hel.* Fine, i' faith !  
 Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
 No touch of bashfulness ? What, will you tear  
 Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?  
 Fie, fie ! you counterfeit, you puppet, you !  
*Her.* Puppet ! why so ? Ay, that way goes the game  
 Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
 Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height ;  
 And with her personage, her tall personage,  
 Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.  
 And are you grown so high in his esteem,  
 Because I am so dwarfish, and so low ?  
 How low am I, thou painted maypole ? speak ;  
 How low am I ? I am not yet so low,  
 But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.  
*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
 Let her not hurt me : I was never curst ;<sup>a</sup>  
 I have no gift at all in shrewishness ;  
 I am a right maid for my cowardice ;  
 Let her not strike me : You, perhaps, may think,  
 Because she 's something lower than myself,  
 That I can match her.  
*Her.* Lower ! hark, again.  
*Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.  
 I evermore did love you, Hermia.

<sup>a</sup> Curst—shrewish man.

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you ;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood :  
He follow'd you ; for love, I follow'd him.  
But he hath chid me hence ; and threaten'd me  
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too :  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
And follow you no further : Let me go :  
You see how simple and how fond I am.

*Her.* Why, get you gone : Who is 't that hinders you ?

*Hel.* A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

*Her.* What, with Lysander ?

*Hel.* With Demetrius.

*Lys.* Be not afraid : she shall not harm thee, Helena.

*Dem.* No, sir ; she shall not, though you take her part.

*Hel.* O, when she 's angry, she is keen and shrewd :  
She was a vixen when she went to school ;  
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Her.* Little again ? nothing but low and little ?  
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?  
Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf ;  
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass<sup>a</sup> made ;  
You head, you acorn

*Dem.* You are too officious  
In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone ; speak not of Helena ;

Take not her part : for if thou dost intend<sup>b</sup>

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.<sup>c</sup>

*Lys.* Now she holds me not ;  
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

*Dem.* Follow ? nay, I 'll go with thee, cheek by  
jole. [*Exit Lys. and Dem.*]

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coil is long of you :  
Nay, go not back.

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I ;  
Nor longer stay in your curst company.  
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray ;  
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.  
[*Exit, pursuing HELENA.*]

*Obe.* This is thy negligence : still thou mistak'st,  
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.  
Did not you tell me, I should know the man  
By the Athenian garments he had on ?  
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,  
That I have 'ointed an Athenian's eyes :  
And so far am I glad it so did sort,  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

*Obe.* Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight :  
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron ;  
And lead these testy rivals so astray,  
As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;  
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;  
And from each other look thou lead them thus,  
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error, with his might,  
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

<sup>a</sup> *Knot-grass*—a low rampant herb.

<sup>b</sup> *Intend*. This word is explained by *pretend* ; but the meaning is rather to *direct*.

<sup>c</sup> *Aby it*—suffer for it.

When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;  
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,  
With league, whose date till death shall never end  
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
I 'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;  
And then I will her charmed eye release  
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with haste  
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,  
Troop home to churchyards : damned spirits all,  
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy-beds are gone ;  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

*Obe.* But we are spirits of another sort :  
I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.  
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :  
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit Obe.*]

*Puck.* Up and down, up and down ;  
I will lead them up and down ;  
I am fear'd in field and town ;  
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

*Enter LYSANDER.*

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? speak  
now.

*Puck.* Here, villain ; drawn and ready. Where  
thou ?

*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

*Puck.* Follow me then to plainer ground.

[*Exit Lys. as following the Obe.*]

*Enter DEMETRIUS.*

*Dem.* Lysander ! speak again.  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?  
Speak. In some bush ? Where dost thou hide thy ha-

*Puck.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come, thou dost !  
I 'll whip thee with a rod : He is defil'd  
That draws a sword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea, art thou there ?

*Puck.* Follow my voice ; we 'll try no manhood  
[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter LYSANDER.*

*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on ;  
When I come where he calls then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day !

[*Lies down.*]  
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I 'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.*

*Puck.* Ho, ho, ho ! Coward, why com'st thou to  
*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st ; for well I wot,  
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place ;  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
Where art thou now ?

*Puck.* Come hither ; I am here.

*Dem.* Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt  
this dear,

If ever I thy face by daylight see :

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

out my length on this cold bed.  
approach look to be visited.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Enter HELENA.

weary night, O, long and tedious night,  
thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,  
y back to Athens by daylight,  
these that my poor company detest:—  
that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
awhile from mine own company. [Sleeps.]  
Yet but three? Come one more;  
Two of both kinds makes up four.  
Here she comes, curst and sad:  
Cupid is a kvavish lad,  
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Never so weary, never so in woe,  
abbled with the dew, and torn with briers;  
further crawl, no further go;  
legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me, till the break of day.  
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lies down.]

Puck.

On the ground  
Sleep sound:  
I'll apply  
To your eye,  
Gentle lover, remedy.  
[Squeezing the juice on Lys.'s eye.]  
When thou wak'st,  
Thou tak'st  
True delight  
In the sight  
Of thy former lady's eye:  
And the country proverb known,  
That every man should take his own,  
In your waking shall be shown:  
Jack shall have Jill;  
Nought shall go ill;  
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be  
well. [Exit PUCK.—DEM., HEL., &c., sleep.]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—The Wood.

TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending;  
Oberon behind unseen.

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
like I thy amiable cheeks do coy,<sup>a</sup>  
kiss musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.  
Where's Peas-blossom?

Ready.  
Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's  
Cobweb?

Ready.  
Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your  
in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-  
a top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring  
every-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in  
a, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care  
y-bag break not; I would be loth to have you  
s<sup>b</sup> with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's mon-  
stard-seed?

Ready.  
Give me your neif,<sup>c</sup> monsieur Mustard-seed.  
a, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

What's your will?  
Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero  
to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur;  
inks, I am marvellous hairy about the face;  
n such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle  
et scratch.

What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet  
I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us  
tungs and the bones.

Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.  
Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch  
at dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to  
of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

I have a venturous fairy that shall seek  
arvel's heard, and fetch thee new nuts.  
I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried  
But, I pray you, let none of your people stir  
have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.  
be gone, and be all ways away.  
the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle

<sup>a</sup> To say is here to *crest*.  
*neif*, *neef*—*neef* and. <sup>c</sup> *Neif*—*neef*.

Gently entwist; the female ivy so  
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.<sup>a</sup>  
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleep.]

OBERON advances. Enter PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet  
sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.  
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,  
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,  
I did upbraid her and fall out with her:  
For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds  
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,  
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,  
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.  
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,  
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,  
I then did ask of her her changeling child;  
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent  
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.  
And now I have the boy, I will undo  
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.  
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp  
From off the head of this Athenian swain;  
That he awaking when the other do,  
May all to Athens back again repair;  
And think no more of this night's accidents,  
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be thou, as thou wast wont to be,  
[Touching her eyes with an herb.]

See, as thou wast wont to see:  
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower  
Hath such force and blessed power.  
Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.  
Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!  
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?  
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

<sup>a</sup> Gifford pointed out the true meaning of this passage in his  
note upon a parallel passage in Ben Jonson:—

“ — behold!  
How the blue bindweed doth itself enfold  
With honeysuckle, and both these entwine  
Themselves with bryony and jessamine.”

“ In many of our counties,” says Gifford, “the woodbine is  
still the name for the great *convulcus*.”

*Obe.* Silence a while.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, music call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

*Tita.* Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

*Puck.* When thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes  
peep.

*Obe.* Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen,  
take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.  
Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,  
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend, and mark;  
I do hear the morning lark.

*Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
Trip we after the night's shade:  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

*Tita.* Come, my lord; and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night,  
That I sleeping here was found,  
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*  
[*Horns sound within.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and Train.*

*The.* Go one of you, find out the forester;

For now our observation is perform'd;  
And since we have the vaward of the day,  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.  
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:  
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:  
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are  
these?

*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;  
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;  
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:  
I wonder of their being here together.

*The.* No doubt they rose up early, to observe  
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,  
Came here in grace of our solemnity.

But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day  
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

*Ege.* It is, my lord.

*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their  
horns.

*Horns, and shout within.* DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER,  
HERMIA, and HELENA wake and start up.

*The.* Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is  
past;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

*Lys.* Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel to THE.*  
*The* I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies;

How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
That hatred is so far from jealousy,  
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,  
I cannot truly say how I came here:  
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—  
And now I do bethink me, so it is;) I  
came with Hermia hither: our intent  
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be  
Without the peril of the Athenian law.<sup>a</sup>

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough  
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.  
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,  
Thereby to have defeated you and me:  
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—  
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth  
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;  
And I in fury hither follow'd them;  
Fair Helena in fancy following me.  
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,  
(But, by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,  
Melted as the snow, seems to me now  
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,  
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:  
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,  
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,  
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:  
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food:  
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,  
And will for evermore be true to it.

*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:  
Of this discourse we will hear more anon.  
Egeus, I will overbear your will;  
For in the temple, by and by with us,  
These couples shall eternally be knit.  
And, for the morning now is something worn,  
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.  
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,  
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.  
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and Train.*  
*Dem.* These things seem small and undistinguish-  
able,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

*Her.* Methinks I see these things with parted eye,  
When everything seems double.

*Hel.* So, methinks:  
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,<sup>b</sup>  
Mine own, and not mine own.

*Dem.* [Are you sure  
That we are awake?] It seems to me,  
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,  
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

*Her.* Yea, and my father.

*Hel.* And Hippolyta.

*Lys.* And he did bid us follow to the temple.

*Dem.* Why, then, we are awake; let's follow him;  
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

*As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.*

*Bot.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will an-  
swer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."—Hey, ho!  
Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout,  
the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen henow,

<sup>a</sup> They intended to leave Athens for some place where they might be beyond (*without*) the perils of the Athenian law.

<sup>b</sup> She has found Demetrius, as a person picks up a jewel for the moment it is his own, but its value may cause it to be reclaimed. She feels insecure in the possession of her treasure.

asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I dream,—past the wit of man to say what was:—Man is but an ass if he go about to ex- dream. Methought I was—there is no man what. Methought I was, and methought I t man is but a patched fool<sup>a</sup> if he will offer at methought I had. The eye of man hath to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to at my dream was. I will get Peter Quince a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will the latter end of a play, before the duke: Per- e, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it sh.<sup>b</sup> [Exit.

II.—Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come? He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is el.

If he come not, then the play is marred; It forward, doth it?

It is not possible: you have not a man in all ble to discharge Pyramus, but he.

No: he hath simply the best wit of any handi- in Athens.

Yes, and the best person too: and he is a very for a sweet voice.

You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God a thing of naught.

*Enter SNUG.*

*Snug.* Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married if our sport had gone forward we had all been made men.

*Flu.* O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost six- pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him six pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

*Enter BOTTOM.*

*Bot.* Where are these lads? where are these hearts? *Quin.* Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

*Bot.* Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards,<sup>a</sup> new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred.<sup>b</sup> In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

[Exit.

## ACT V.

I.—Athens. *An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

It is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

More strange than true. I never may believe like fables, nor these fairy toys.

And madmen have such seething brains, sing fantasies, that apprehend a cool reason ever comprehends.

So, the lover, and the poet, imagination all compact:

More devils than vast hell can hold— a madman: the lover, all as frantic,

Sees beauty in a brow of Egypt:

His eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Looks from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,

Imagination bodies forth

Of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

Objection and a name.

It hath strong imagination:

It would but apprehend some joy,

It sends some bringer of that joy;

It night, imagining some fear,

It is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Of all the story of the night told over,

Our senses transfigur'd so together,

So smooth as fancy's images,

It is something of great constancy;

It is, strange, and admirable.

<sup>a</sup> Patched fool—a fool in a particular coat.

<sup>b</sup> Possibly, at the death of Thisby.

*Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.*

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love, Accompany your hearts!

*Lys.* More than to us

Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

*The.* Come now; what masks, what dances, shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,

Between our after-supper and bedtime?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

*Philostr.* Here, mighty Theseus.

*The.* Say, what abridgment<sup>c</sup> have you for this evening?

What mask, what music? How shall we beguile

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

*Philostr.* There is a brief, how many sports are rife;

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.

*Lys.* [Reads.] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung,

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

<sup>a</sup> In the first act, Bottom has told us that he will "discharge" the part of Pyramus. "in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow." He is now solicitous that the strings by which the artificial beards were to be fastened should be in good order.

<sup>b</sup> Preferred—not in the sense of chosen in preference, but offered—as a suit is preferred.

<sup>c</sup> Abridgment—pastime; something that may abridge "the lazy time." This is one explanation. Is it not, rather—what short thing have you, of play, or mask, or music?



*The.* We'll none of that: that have I told my love,  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*Lys.* "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

*The.* That is an old device, and it was play'd  
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*Lys.* "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

*The.* That is some satire, keen, and critical,  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*Lys.* "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,  
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

*The.* Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?  
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.<sup>a</sup>  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

*Philost.* A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;  
Which is as brief as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.  
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself,  
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,  
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears  
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

*The.* What are they that do play it?

*Philost.* Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,  
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;  
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories  
With this same play, against your nuptial.

*The.* And we will hear it.

*Philost.* No, my noble lord,  
It is not for you: I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,  
(Unless you can find sport in their intents,  
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,  
To do you service.

*The.* I will hear that play;  
For never anything can be amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,  
And duty in his service perishing.

*The.* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such  
thing.

*Hip.* He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

*The.* The kinder we, to give them thanks for no-  
thing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:  
And what poor duty cannot do,  
Noble respect takes it in might,<sup>b</sup> not merit.  
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,  
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,  
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,  
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

*Philost.* So please your grace, the prologue is  
address'd.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Snow is a common thing; and, therefore, "wonderous  
strange" is sufficiently antithetical—hot ice, and snow as  
strange.

<sup>b</sup> Might. This is not used to express power, but will—what  
one mayeth—the will for the deed.

<sup>c</sup> Address'd—ready.

*The.* Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.]

Enter Prologue.

*Pro.* If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think we come not to offend,  
But with good will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider, then, we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight.

We are not here. That you should here repent you

The actors are at hand; and, by their show,

You shall know all that you are like to know.

*The.* This fellow doth not stand upon points.<sup>a</sup>

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt:  
He knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It  
is enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath played on his prologue  
like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in govern-  
ment.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain; his  
sense impaired, but all disorder'd. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION,  
in dumb show.

*Pro.* Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

This beautiful lady Thisbe is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers Sunder

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are come

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moonshine: for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which by name Lion light,

The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:

Aun comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain:

Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

And, Thisbe tarrying in mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,  
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[Exeunt PROLOGUE, THISBE, LION, and MOONSHINE.]

*The.* I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

*Dem.* No wonder, my lord; one lion may  
speak, many asses do.

*Wall.* In this same interlude, it doth befall,

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;

And such a wall as I would have you think,

That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,

Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,

Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew

That I am that same wall; the truth is so:

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

*The.* Would you desire lime and hair to speak?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever I  
heard of. My lord.

*The.* Pyramus draws near the wall: silence.

Enter PYRAMUS.

*Pyr.* O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black

O night, which ever art when day is not!

O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot!

<sup>a</sup> The Prologue is very carefully mis-pointed in the  
editions—"a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but  
ordered." Had the fellow stood "upon points" it would  
read thus:—

"If we offend, it is with our good will

That you should think we come not to offend;

But with good will to show our simple skill.

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then. We come: but in despite

We do not come. As, minding to content you,

Our true intent is all for your delight.

We are not here that you should here repent you

The actors are at hand; and, by their show,

You shall know all that you are like to know."

<sup>b</sup> Fall—used actively.

o. O wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,  
 sands between her father's ground and mine;  
 all, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
 me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.  
 (Wall holds up his fingers.)  
 courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!  
 but see I? No Thisby do I see.  
 I wall, through whom I see no bliss;  
 I be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The wall, methinks, being sensible, should  
 die.

No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving  
 Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to  
 through the wall. You shall see, it will fall  
 told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,  
 parting my fair Pyramus and me:  
 merry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;  
 my moans with lime and hair knit up in thee.  
 I see a voice: now will I to the chink,  
 ere an I can hear my Thisby's face.

My love! thou art my love, I think.  
 Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;  
 like Limander am I trusty still.  
 And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.  
 Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.  
 As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.  
 O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.  
 I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.  
 With thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?  
 'Tis the life, 'tis death, I come without delay.  
 'Tis thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;  
 being done, thus Wall away doth go.

[Exeunt WALL, PYRAMUS, and THISBE.]

Now is the mural down between the two neigh-

No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful  
 without warning.

This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.  
 The best in this kind are but shadows; and the  
 no worse, if imagination amend them.  
 It must be your imagination, then, and not

If we imagine no worse of them than they of  
 us, they may pass for excellent men. Here  
 noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

You ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear  
 the smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
 see, perchance, both quake and tremble here,  
 as lions rough to wildest rage doth roar,  
 know that I, one SONG the joiner, am  
 a fell, nor else no lion's dam:  
 I should as lion come in strife  
 his place, 't were pity of my life.

A very gentle beast, and of a good con-

The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I

This lion is a very fox for his valour.

True; and a goose for his discretion.

Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry  
 tion; and the fox carries the goose.

His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his  
 for the goose carries not the fox. It is well:  
 to his discretion, and let us hearken to the

This lantern doth the horned moon present.

He should have worn the horns on his head.  
 He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible  
 or circumference.

This lantern doth the horned moon present;  
 if the moon 't' th' moon do seem to be.

This is the greatest error of all the rest: the  
 old be put into the lantern: How is it else the  
 moon?

He dares not come there for the candle: for,  
 it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon: Would he would  
 change.

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion,  
 that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason,  
 we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern  
 is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my  
 thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for  
 they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. Th's is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?

Lion. Oh— [The LION roars.—THISBE runs off]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines  
 with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion.

[The LION tears THISBE'S mantle, and exits]

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay;—O spite!

But mark;—Poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood?

Approach, ye furies fell!

O fates! come, come;

Out thread and thrum;

Quill, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,  
 would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,  
 That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus:

Ay, that left pap

Where heart doth hop:—

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light!

Moon, take thy flight!

Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies.—Exit MOONSHINE.]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but  
 one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is  
 nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover  
 and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe  
 comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she  
 comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for  
 such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus,  
 which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet.

This. Asleep, my love.

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise,

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,  
This cherry nose,  
These yellow cowslip cheeks,  
Are gone, are gone:  
Lovers, make moan!  
His eyes were green as leeks,  
O sisters three,  
Come, come to me,  
With hands as pale as milk;  
Lay them in gore,  
Since you have shore  
With shears his thread of silk.  
Tongue, not a word:  
Come, trusty sword;  
Come, blade, my breast imbrue  
And farewell, friends;  
Thus Thisbe ends:  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[Dies.]

*The.* Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.  
*Dem.* Ay, and Wall too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask<sup>a</sup> dance, between two of our company?

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[Here a dance of Clowns.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—  
Lovers to bed: 't is almost fairy time.

I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,  
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.  
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd  
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—  
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,  
In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf behowls the moon;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,  
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,  
In remembrance of a shroud.  
Now it is the time of night,  
That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide:  
And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecate's<sup>b</sup> team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,

<sup>a</sup> An Italian dance, after the manner of the peasants of Bergomaseo.

<sup>b</sup> Marlowe, Middleton, and Goiding also use *Hecate* as a disyllable. In Spenser and Jonson we find *Hecate*.

Now are frolic; not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:  
I am sent, with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train

*Obe.* Through the house give glimmering light,  
By the dead and drowsy fire;  
Every elf, and fairy sprite,  
Hop as light as bird from brier;  
And this dirty, after me,  
Sing, and dance it, trippingly.  
*Tita.* First, rehearse this song by rote:  
To each word a warbling note,  
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
Will we sing, and bless this place.

## SONG, AND DANCE.

*Obe.* Now, until the break of day,  
Through this house each fairy stray,  
To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be:  
And the issue there create  
Ever shall be fortunate.  
So shall all the couples three  
Ever true in loving be;  
And the blots of Nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand;  
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
Despised in nativity,  
Shall upon their children be  
With this field-dew consecrate,  
Every fairy take his gait;  
And each several chamber bless,  
Through this palace with sweet peace;  
Ever shall in safety rest,  
And the owner of it blest.  
Trip away;  
Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and

*Puck.* If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, (and all is mended,)  
That you have but slumber'd here,  
While these visions did appear.  
And this weak and idle theme,  
No more yielding but a dream,  
Gentles, do not reprehend;  
If you pardon, we will mend.  
And, as I am an honest Puck,  
If we have unearned luck,  
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,  
We will make amends, ere long:  
Else the Puck a liar call.  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your hands, if we be friends,  
And Robin shall restore amends.



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE TAMING OF THE SHREW' was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspeare's Plays in 1623. In 1594 'A pleasant conceited Historie called the Taming of a Shrew' was printed. This play, it is thought, preceded Shakspeare's 'Taming of the Shrew.' This comedy of some unknown author opens with an Induction, the characters of which are a Lord, Slie, a Tapster, Page, Players, and Huntsmen. The incidents are precisely the same as those of the play which we call Shakspeare's. The scene of 'The Taming of a Shrew' is laid at Athens; that of Shakspeare's at Padua. The Athens of the one and the Padua of the other are resorts of learning. Alfonso, a merchant of Athens, (the Baptista of Shakspeare,) has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son of the Duke of Cestus (Sestos), is enamoured of one, Polidor of another, and Ferando (the Petrucio of Shakspeare) of Kate, the Shrew. The merchant hath sworn, before he will allow his two younger daughters to be addressed by suitors, that

"His eldest daughter first shall be espous'd."

The wooing of Kate by Ferando is exactly in the same spirit as the wooing by Petrucio; so is the marriage; so the lenten entertainment of the bride in Ferando's country-house; so the scene with the Tailor and Haberdasher; so the prostrate obedience of the tamed Shrew. The under-plot, however, is different. But all parties are ultimately happy and pleased; and the comedy ends with the wager, as in Shakspeare, about the obedience of the several wives. This undoubted resemblance involves some necessity for conjecture, with very little guide from evidence. The first and most obvious hypothesis is, that 'The Taming of a Shrew' was an older play than Shakspeare's; and that he borrowed from that comedy. But we propose another theory. Was there not an older play than 'The Taming of a Shrew,' which furnished the main plot, some of the characters, and a small part of the dialogue, both to the author of 'The Taming of a Shrew' and the author of 'The Taming of the Shrew?' This play we may believe, without any violation of fact or probability, to have been used as the rude material for both authors to work upon. Whether the author or improver of the play printed in 1594 be Marlowe or Greene (to each of whom the comedy has been assigned), there can be little question as to the characteristic superiority of Shakspeare's work.

But there is a third theory—that of Tieck—that 'The Taming of a Shrew' was a youthful work of Shakspeare himself. To our minds that play is totally different from the imagery and the versification of Shakspeare.

Shakspeare's 'Taming of the Shrew' was produced in a "taming" age. Men tamed each other by the axe and the fagot; parents tamed their children by the rod and the ferule, as they stood or knelt in trembling

silence before those who had given them life; and although England was then called the "paradise of women," and, as opposed to the treatment of horse they were treated "obsequiously," husbands thought that "taming," after the manner of Petrucio, by pain and starvation, was a commendable fashion.

We are—the happier our fortune—living in an age when this practice of Petrucio is not universally considered orthodox; and we owe a great deal to him who has exhibited the secrets of the "taming school" with so much spirit in this comedy, for the better belief of our age, that violence is not to be subdued by violence. Pardon be for him, if, treading in the footsteps of some predecessor whose sympathies with the peaceful and the beautiful were immeasurably inferior to his own, and sacrificing something to the popular appetite, he should have made the husband of a froward woman "kill her in her own humour," and bring her upon her knees to the abject obedience of a revolted but penitent slave:—

"A foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord."

Pardon for *him*? If there be one reader of Shakspeare and especially if that reader be a female, who cherishes *unmixed* indignation when Petrucio, in his triumph exclaims—

"He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak"—

we would say,—the indignation which you feel, and which thousands sympathise, belongs to the age which you live; but the principle of justice, and justice to women above all, from which it springs, has been established, more than by any other lessons of human origin, by him who has now moved your anger. It is to him that woman owes, more than to any other human authority, the popular elevation of the feminine character, by the most matchless delineations of purity, its faith, its disinterestedness, its tenderness, heroism, its union of intellect and sensibility. It is that, as long as the power of influencing mankind by high thoughts, clothed in the most exquisite language, shall endure, will preserve the ideal elevation of woman pure and unassailable from the attacks of coarseness, libertinism,—ay, and even from the degradation of the example of the crafty and worldly-minded of their own sex:—for it is he that has delineated the ingenious and trusting Imogen, the guileless Perdita, the impassioned Juliet, the heart-stricken but loving Desdemona, the generous and courageous Portia, the unconquered Isabella, the playful Rosalind, the world-unknown Miranda. Shakspeare may have exhibited one froward woman wrongly tamed; but who can estimate the number of those from whom his all-penetrating influence has averted the curse of being froward?



# TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**VIOLANTA**, a rich gentleman of Padua.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.  
 Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**VINCENTIO**, an old gentleman of Pisa.  
*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**PETRUCCIO**, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1;  
 Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**GRUMIO**, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to  
 Katharina.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV.  
 sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**KATHARINA**, a suitor to Bianca.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.  
 Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**HORTENSIO**, a suitor to Bianca.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1;  
 Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

**TRANCIO**, servant to Lucentio.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.  
 Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**BIONDELLO**, servant to Lucentio.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.  
 Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**GRUMIO**, servant to Petrucio.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.  
 Act V. sc. 2.

**CURTIS**, servant to Petrucio.  
*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1.

**Pedant**, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio  
*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**KATHARINA**, the shrew, daughter to Baptista.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV.  
 sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**BIANCA**, sister to Katharina, and daughter to  
 Baptista.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.  
 Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**Widow**.  
*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2.

**Taylor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on  
 Baptista and Petrucio.**

ENE.—SOMETIMES IN PADUA; AND SOMETIMES IN PETRUCCIO'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

## INDUCTION.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.  
 CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker.  
 Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants.

SCENE I.—Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

*Enter Hostess and SLY.*

Will you please \* you, in faith,  
 a pair of stocks, you rogue!  
 I have a baggage; the Slys are no rogues: Look  
 on these, we came in with Richard Conqueror.  
*passus pallabris*;<sup>b</sup> let the world slide:  
 they will not pay for the glasses you have  
 set, and warm thee.  
 I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-  
 [Exit.  
 fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer  
 thee: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come,  
 or else [Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

<sup>a</sup> Gifford affirms that this is a common word in the  
 hand, meaning to beat, to chastise, to humble.  
<sup>b</sup> *pallabris*—*passus pallabris*—few words, as they have  
*sonas*, in the same way, is the *cessa* of the Spaniards  
 spoken.

<sup>c</sup> *Brach*—a petty constable—appears, in recent times,  
 a parallel to Warwickshire: "There are in several  
 his realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but  
 superior to our constables; as, in Warwickshire, a

*Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his  
 Train.*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my  
 hounds:

Brach \* Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd;  
 And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.  
 Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good  
 At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?  
 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord,  
 He cried upon it at the merest loss,  
 And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:  
 Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,  
 I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
 But sup them well, and look unto them all;  
 To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,  
 doth he breathe?

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd  
 with ale,  
 This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

\* *Brach*. In 'Lear' Shakspeare uses this word as indicating  
 a dog of a particular species. But he in other places employs  
 it in the way indicated in an old book on sports,—'The Gentle-  
 man's Recreation.'—'A brach is a mannerly name for all beagles  
 bitches.'

*Lord.* O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!  
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!  
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,  
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,  
A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,  
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:  
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,  
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:  
Procure me music ready when he wakes,  
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;  
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,  
And, with a low submissive reverence,  
Say,—What is it your honour will command?  
Let one attend him with a silver bason,  
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;  
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,  
And say,—Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
And ask him what apparel he will wear;  
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
And that his lady mourns at his disease:  
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;  
And, when he says he is —,\* say, that he dreams,  
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.  
This do, and do it kindly,<sup>b</sup> gentle sirs;  
It will be pastime passing excellent,  
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,  
As he shall think, by our true diligence,  
He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently and to bed with him;  
And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.*  
*Sirrah,* go see what trumpet 't is that sounds:

[*Exit Servant.*  
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,  
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

How now? who is it?

*Serv.* An 't please your honour, players,  
That offer service to your lordship.

*Lord.* Bid them come near.

*Enter Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

*Players.* We thank your honour.

*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

*Lord.* With all my heart,—This fellow I remember,  
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—  
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:  
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part  
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 't was Soto that your honour means.

*Lord.* 'T is very true;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time;  
The rather for I have some sport in hand,  
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.  
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

\* *And, when he says he is—.* The dash is here clearly intended to indicate a blank. It is as if the lord had said, "And when he says he is *So and So,*" when he tells his name.

<sup>b</sup> *Kindly*—naturally.

But I am doubtful of your modesties;  
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,  
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)  
You break into some merry passion,  
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,  
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain our selves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,  
And give them friendly welcome every one:  
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exit Servant and Players.*

*Sirrah,* go you to Bartholomew, my page, [*To a Servant.*  
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,  
And call him madam, do him obeisance.

Tell him from me, as he will win my love,

He bear himself with honourable action,

Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

Unto their lords, by them accomplished:

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;

And say,—What is 't your honour will command,

Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,

May show her duty, and make known her love?

And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd

To see her noble lord restor'd to health,

Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:

And if the boy have not a woman's gift,

To rain a shower of commanded tears,

An onion will do well for such a shift;

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;

Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Servant.*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,

Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:

I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;

And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,

When they do homage to this simple peasant.

I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence

May well abate the over-merry spleen,  
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

*SLY* is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter *Lord*, dressed like a servant.

*Sly.* For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am Christophero Sly. Call not me *humour*, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of best: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour! O, that a mighty man of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

*Sly.* What! would you make me mad? Am not I

ber Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-beath;\* by  
 seller, by education a card-maker, by trans-  
 a bear-herd, and now by present profession a  
 Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Win-  
 be know me not: if she say I am not fourteen  
 the score for sheer ale, score me up for the  
 knave in Christendom. What! I am not be-  
 Here's—  
 O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.  
 O, this it is that makes your servants  
 droop.  
 Hence comes it that your kindred shun your  
 house,  
 hence by your strange lunacy.  
 Lord, bethink thee of thy birth;  
 se thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
 sh hence these abject lowly dreams.  
 e thy servants do attend on thee,  
 his office ready at thy beck.  
 u have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*  
 thy caged nightingales do sing:  
 thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,  
 d sweeter than the lustful bed  
 me trimm'd up for Semiramis.  
 wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground:  
 thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,  
 mess studded all with gold and pearl.  
 u love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar  
 e morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?  
 ule shall make the welkin answer them,  
 e shrill echoes from the hollow earth.  
 Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are  
 e swift  
 led stage, ay, fleetier than the roe.  
 e Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee  
 night  
 painted by a running brook;  
 herea all in sedges hid,  
 om to move and wanton with her breath,  
 the waving sedges play with wind.  
 We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;  
 she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
 e painted as the deed was done.  
 e Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny  
 wood;  
 e g her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:  
 hat sight shall sad Apollo weep,  
 anily the blood and tears are drawn.  
 Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:  
 e a lady far more beautiful  
 y woman in this waning age.  
 e And, till the tears that she hath shed for  
 these  
 eous floods o'er-ran her lovely face,  
 he fairest creature in the world;  
 she is inferior to none.  
 e am I a lord? and have I such a lady?  
 e dream, or have I dream'd till now?  
 e sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;  
 e sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—  
 e life, I am a lord, indeed;  
 e tinker, nor Christopher Sly.  
 e ng our lady hither to our sight;  
 e e again, a pot o' the smallest ale.  
 e on the Heath is a small village on the borders of  
 e and Oxfordshire. In 'Domesday Book,' according  
 e, it is written *Bertone*—so that the *Burton* of the  
 e correct.  
 e ven that in this passage, as in 'Henry IV., Part II.,'  
 e which Shakespeare alludes is the hamlet of *Wilm-  
 eoty Wylnyesteke*, about three miles to the north of  
 e the parish of Aston-Cantlow. Wilmeote is a  
 e village with a few old houses, amongst whose se-  
 e ds our poet, no doubt, passed many of his boyish  
 e ight, synonymous with *distraught*, distracted.

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash your  
 hands?

[*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!

O, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream;

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

*Sly.* These fifteen years? by my fay, a goodly  
 nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O yes, my lord; but very idle words:—

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,

Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;

And rail upon the hostess of the house;

And say, you would present her at the leet,

Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts;<sup>a</sup>

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such  
 maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—

As Stephen Sly, and Old John Naps of Greece,

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;

And twenty more such names and men as these,

Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.*

*Page.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?

*Page.* Here, noble lord. What is thy will with  
 her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me hus-  
 band?

My men should call me lord; I am your Goodman.

*Page.* My husband and my lord, my lord and  
 husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well: What must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else; so lords call  
 ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,  
 And slept above some fifteen year or more.

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'T is much. Servants, leave me and her  
 alone.

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so  
 long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams

again. I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and  
 the blood.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Your honour's players, hearing your amend-  
 ment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,

For so your doctors hold it very meet:

<sup>a</sup> At the *leet*, or *court-leet*, of a manor, the jury presented those who used false weights and measures; and, amongst others, those who, like the "fat ale wife of Wincot," used jugs of irregular capacity instead of the *sealed*, or *lieused* quart.



Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,  
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will let them play: Is it not a com-  
monty, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

*Page.* No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff?

*Page.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see 't:

Come, madam wife, sit by my side,

And let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.\*

[*They sit down.*]

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Padua. *A public Place.*

*Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

*Luc.* Tranio, since, for the great desire I had  
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,  
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,  
The pleasant garden of great Italy;  
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd  
With his good will, and thy good company,  
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;  
Here let us breathe, and haply\* institute  
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
Gave me my being, and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffic through the world,  
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.  
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,  
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:<sup>b</sup>  
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,  
Virtue, and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply, that treats of happiness  
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.  
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,  
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves  
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*Tra.* *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself;  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue, and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;  
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:  
Balk<sup>c</sup> logic with acquaintance that you have,  
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;  
Music and poesy use to quicken you;  
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,  
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:  
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

*Luc.* Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.  
If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,  
We could at once put us in readiness;  
And take a lodging, fit to entertain  
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.  
But stay awhile: What company is this?

*Tra.* Master, some show, to welcome us to town

\* *Haply*—in the sense of *probably*.

<sup>b</sup> Pisa gave me my being, and also first gave my father being—that father was Vincentio, &c. It shall become Vincentio's son, that he may fulfil the hopes conceived of him, to deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.

<sup>c</sup> *Balk*. Tranio draws a distinction between the dry and the agreeable of the liberal sciences. *Balk* logic—pass over logic—

<sup>d</sup> your acquaintance, but practise rhetoric in your common sense (in the legitimate sense of resorting to *frequently*) and poetry to quicken you, but fall to mathematics and physics as you find your inclination serves.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:  
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,  
Before I have a husband for the elder:  
If either of you both love Katharina,  
Because I know you well, and love you well,  
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:  
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

*Kath.* I pray you, sir, [*to BAP.*] is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?<sup>b</sup>

*Hor.* Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mate  
for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

*Kath.* I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;  
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But, if it were, doubt not her care should be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord!

*Tra.* Hush, master! here is some good pasture  
toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful forward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence do I see  
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

*Tra.* Well said, master; mum! and gaze your  
fill.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Kath.* A pretty peat;<sup>c</sup> 't is best

Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books and instruments shall be my company;

On them to look, and practise by myself.

*Luc.* Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.  
[*Aside.*]

*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I that our good will effects

Bianca's grief.

*Gre.* Why, will you mew her,  
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:  
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit BIANCA.*]

And, for I know she taketh most delight  
In music, instruments, and poetry,

\* We print these lines as in the original, where they stand in verse. Are they not a portion of an old song, and intended to be sung?

<sup>b</sup> A *stale* is a thing staled—exposed for common sale. Baptista has offered Katharina to Gremio and Hortensio. "Choose of you;" and she is justly indignant at being set up for the bidding of these companions.

<sup>c</sup> *Peat*—pet, spoiled child.

asters will I keep within my house,  
struct her youth. If you, Hortensio,  
or Gremio, you know any such,  
em hither; for to cunning<sup>a</sup> men  
very kind, and liberal  
own children in good bringing-up;  
knewell. Katharina, you may stay;  
ve more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.

Why, and I trust I may go too. May I not?  
all I be appointed hours; as though, belike,  
ot what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [Exit.  
You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are  
ere's none will hold you. Their love is not

Hortensio, but we may blow our nails toge-  
fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both  
fazevell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet  
if I can by any means light on a fit man to  
that wherein she delights, I will wish him<sup>b</sup> to

So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray.  
the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked  
now now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—  
may yet again have access to our fair mistress,  
appy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and  
e thing specially.

What 's that, I pray?  
Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.  
A husband! a devil.  
I say, a husband.  
I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though  
e be very rich, any man is so very a fool as to  
ed to hell?

Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience  
e to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there  
follows in the world, an a man could light on  
ould take her with all faults, and money

I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry  
e condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross  
ening.

Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten  
But, come; since this bar in law makes us  
t shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till  
eg Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we  
sought free for a husband, and then have to 't  
Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He  
fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior

I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the  
e in Padua to begin his wooing, that would  
ly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the  
her. Come on. [Exeunt Grem. and Hort.

[Advancing.] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it  
ossible

e should of a sudden take such hold?  
Tranio, till I found it to be true,  
ought it possible, or likely;  
while idly I stood looking on,  
be effect of love in idleness:

in plainness do confess to thee,—  
to me as secret, and as dear,  
to the queen of Carthage was,—  
harm, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
ve not this young modest girl;  
me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;

t, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.  
Master, it is no time to chide you now;  
is not rated from the heart:  
ve touch'd you, naught remains but so,—  
e captum quam queas minimo.  
mercies, lad; go forward, this contents;  
fill comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Causing—knowing, learned.

Wish him—commend him.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,  
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,  
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her  
sister

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,  
And with her breath she did perfume the air;  
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his  
trance.

I pray, awake, sir: If you love the maid,  
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,  
That, till the father rids his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home;  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!  
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care  
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 't is plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,

Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,

And undertake the teaching of the maid:

That 's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible. For who shall bear your part,

And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?

Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house;

Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,

For man or master: then it follows thus;—

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,

Keep house, and port,<sup>a</sup> and servants, as I should:

I will some other be; some Florentine,

Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.

'T is hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once

Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak:<sup>b</sup>

When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;

But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [They exchange habits.

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And I am tied to be obedient,

(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;

"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,

Although, I think, 't was in another sense,)

I am content to be Lucentio,

Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:

And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid

Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where

are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?

Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what 's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 't is no time to jest,

<sup>a</sup> Part—state, show.

<sup>b</sup> Colour'd hat and cloak. Servants formerly wore clothes of  
sober hue—black or sad colour; their masters bore about the  
lines of the rainbow in their doublets and mantles, and hats and  
coats. Such gay vestments were called emphatically colour'd.

And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his;  
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,  
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,  
While I make way from hence to save my life;  
You understand me?

*Bion.* I, sir? ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;  
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Bion.* The better for him. 'Would I were so too!

*Tra.* So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish  
after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.  
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise  
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of com-  
panies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;  
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;  
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me  
why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*The Presenters above speak.*)

*1 Serv.* My lord, you nod: you do not mind the play.

*Sly.* Yes, by saint Anna, do I. A good matter, surely.  
Come there any more of it?

*Page.* My lord, 't is but begun.

*Sly.* 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady.  
'Would 't were done!

[*They sit and mark.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

*Enter PETRUCIO and GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
my friends in Padua; but, of all,  
beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:

Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

*Gru.* Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there  
any man has rebused your worship?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir,  
that I should knock you here, sir?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My master is grown quarrelsome: I should  
knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll wring it;  
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

*Gru.* Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

*Pet.* Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

*Enter HORTENSIO.*

*Hor.* How now? what 's the matter?—My old  
friend Grumio! and my good friend Petrucio!—How  
do you all at Verona?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?  
*Con tutto il core bene trovato*, may I say.

*Hor.* *Alla nostra casa bene venuto*,

*Molto honorato signor mio Petrucio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise; we wil compound this quarrel.

*Gru.* Nay, 't is no matter, what he *leges*<sup>a</sup> in Latin.  
—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his  
service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and  
soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to  
master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see),  
thirty,—a pip out?

<sup>a</sup> *Leges*—alleges.

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,  
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

*Pet.* A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,  
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate?—O Heavens!  
Spake you not these words plain,—“Sirrah, knock me  
here,

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly”?  
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

*Hor.* Petrucio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:  
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;  
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.  
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the  
world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,  
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—  
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;  
And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:  
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petrucio, shall I then come roundly to thee,  
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife?  
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:  
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,  
And very rich:—but thou 'rt too much my friend,  
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we  
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know  
One rich enough to be Petrucio's wife,  
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)  
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,  
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd  
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,  
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,  
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough  
As are the swelling Adriatic seas;  
I come to wive it wealthy in Padua;  
If wealthy, then happily in Padua.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his  
mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him  
to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;<sup>a</sup> or an old trot with but  
a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases  
as two-and-fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so  
money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petrucio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,  
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
I can, Petrucio, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;  
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:  
Her only fault (and that is faults enough)  
Is,—that she is intolerable curst,  
And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure,  
That, were my state far worse than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:  
Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough;  
For I will board her, though she chide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman:  
Her name is Katharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her;  
And he knew my deceased father well:  
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,

<sup>a</sup> *Aglet-baby.* *Aglet* is *aiguillette*—a point. The *baby* was a  
small carving on the point which carried the lace.

you over at this first encounter,  
 you will accompany me thither.  
 I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour  
 of my word, an she knew him as well as I do,  
 I think scolding would do little good upon  
 her, may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves,  
 say, that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll  
 show you some rope-tricks. I 'll tell you what, sir,—an she  
 is but a little, he will throw a figure in her face,  
 and disfigure her with it, that she shall have no  
 more to see withal than a cat: a you know him

Fairy, Petrucio, I must go with thee;  
 Baptista's keep my treasure is:  
 the jewel of my life in hold,  
 my best daughter, beautiful Bianca;  
 withheld from me, and other more  
 than her, and rivals in my love:  
 to get it a thing impossible,  
 the defects I have before rehears'd,  
 Katharina will be woo'd,  
 by this order hath Baptista ta'en,  
 she shall have access unto Bianca,  
 Katharine the curst have got a husband,  
 she is a maid of all titles the worst.  
 Now shall my friend Petrucio do me grace;  
 he, disguis'd in sober robes,  
 shall appear as a schoolmaster  
 in music, to instruct Bianca:  
 I may by this device, at least,  
 have some time and leisure to make love to her,  
 unsuspected, court her by herself.

GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with  
 books under his arm.

Here 's no knavery! See; to beguile the old  
 man, the young folks lay their heads together!  
 Master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!  
 Peace, Gremio; it is the rival of my love:—  
 stand by a while.

A proper stripling, and an amorous!  
 [They retire.]

Very well: I have perus'd the note.  
 Now, sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound:  
 of love, see that at any hand;  
 you read no other lectures to her:  
 stand me:—Over and beside  
 Baptista's liberality,  
 add it with a largess:—Take your papers too,  
 we have them very well perfum'd;  
 sweeter than perfume itself,  
 they go. What will you read to her?  
 Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you,  
 my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)  
 as yourself were still in place:  
 perhaps with more successful words  
 than unless you were a scholar, sir.  
 O this learning! what a thing it is!  
 O this woodcock! what an ass it is!  
 Peace, sirrah.

Hum! mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!  
 and you 're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow  
 you

I am going?—To Baptista Minola.  
 I do inquire carefully  
 of the schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;  
 good fortune, I have lighted well  
 on a young man; for learning, and behaviour,  
 he turns; well read in poetry  
 and books.—good ones, I warrant ye.  
 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman,

who was not a person to be very correct in his similes.  
 \* Well seen in music—well versed.

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,  
 A fine musician to instruct our mistress;  
 So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
 To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.  
 Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [Aside.]

Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love;  
 Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,  
 I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.  
 Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,  
 Upon agreement from us to his liking,  
 Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;  
 Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—  
 Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?  
 Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;  
 If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.  
 Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?  
 Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:  
 My father dead, my fortune lives for me;  
 And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were  
 strange:

But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name;  
 You shall have me assisting you in all.  
 But, wilt you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?  
 Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I 'll hang her. [Aside.]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?  
 Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?  
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with win  
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?  
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?  
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?  
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;  
 That gives not half so great a blow to hear,  
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?  
 Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.\*

Gru. For he fears none. [Aside.]

Gre. Hortensio, hark!  
 This gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
 My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,  
 And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.  
 Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.  
 Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [Aside.]

Enter TRANIO, bravely appareled; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! if I may be bold,  
 Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way  
 To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is 't he  
 you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.  
 Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have you to do?  
 Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let 's away.  
 Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [Aside.]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:—  
 Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?  
 Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you  
 hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
 For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.  
 Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,  
 That she 's the choice love of signior Gremio.

\* Fear boys with bugs—frighten boys with hobgoblins.

*Hor.* That she 's the chosen of signior Hortensio.  
*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,  
 Do me this right,—hear me with patience.  
 Baptista is a noble gentleman,  
 To whom my father is not all unknown;  
 And, were his daughter fairer than she 's,  
 She may more suitors have, and me for one.  
 Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;  
 Then well one more may fair Bianca have:  
 And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,  
 Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.  
*Gre.* What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.  
*Luc.* Sir, give him head; I know, he 'll prove a  
 jade.  
*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words?  
*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,  
 Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?  
*Tra.* No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;  
 The one as famous for a scolding tongue,  
 As is the other for beauteous modesty.  
*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.  
*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;  
 And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.  
*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,  
 Her father keeps from all access of suitors,  
 And will not promise her to any man,  
 Until the elder sister first be wed:  
 The younger then is free, and not before.  
*Tra.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
 Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;  
 An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—  
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
 For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,  
 Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.  
*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;  
 And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
 You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
 To whom we all rest generally beholden.  
*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,  
 Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,<sup>a</sup>  
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;  
 And do as adversaries do in law,—  
 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.  
*Gre.* *Bion.* O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's be  
 gone.  
*Hor.* The motion 's good indeed, and be it so;—  
 Petrucio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Baptista's House.**Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.*

*Bian.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,  
 To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;  
 That I disdain: But for these other gawds,  
 Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,  
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;  
 Or, what you will command me, will I do,  
 So well I know my duty to my elders.  
*Kath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell  
 Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.  
*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,  
 I never yet beheld that special face  
 Which I could fancy more than any other.  
*Kath.* Minion, thou liest: Is 't not Hortensio?  
*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear,  
 I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.  
*Kath.* O then, belike, you fancy riches more;  
 You will have Gremio to keep you fair.  
*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so?  
 Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,  
 You have but jested with me all this while:  
 I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*Kath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so.[*Strikes her.*]*Enter BAPTISTA.*

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?  
 Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—  
 Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her,  
 For shame, thou hilding,<sup>a</sup> of a devilish spirit,  
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?  
*Kath.* Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be reveng'd.  
 [*Flies after BIANCA.*]  
*Bap.* What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.  
 [*Exit BIANCA.*]  
*Kath.* What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see  
 She is your treasure, she must have a husband;  
 I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,

<sup>a</sup> *Hilding*—a mean-spirited person.

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.<sup>b</sup>  
 Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,  
 Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit KATHARINA*]  
*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?  
 But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.  
*Bap.* Good morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!  
*Pet.* And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter  
 Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?  
*Bap.* I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.  
*Gre.* You are too blunt, go to it orderly.  
*Pet.* You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave:  
 I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
 That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,  
 Her affability, and bashful modesty,  
 Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,  
 Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
 Of that report which I so oft have heard.  
 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
 I do present you with a man of mine, [*Presenting HORTENSIO*]  
 Cunning in music, and the mathematics,  
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
 Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:  
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;  
 His name is Licio, born in Mantua.  
*Bap.* You 're welcome, sir; and be for your good sake  
 But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,  
 She is not for your turn, the more my grief.  
*Pet.* I see you do not mean to part with her;  
 Or else you like not of my company.  
*Bap.* Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.  
 Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

<sup>a</sup> *Contrive this afternoon*—wear away the afternoon.<sup>b</sup> A proverbial expression, applied to the ill-used class of malis.

Petrucio is my name; Antonio's son,  
well known throughout all Italy.  
I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.  
Saying your tale, Petrucio, I pray,  
that are poor petitioners, speak too:  
'Tis you are marvellous forward.  
O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain  
be doing.  
I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your  
wooing.

But, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.  
As the like kindness myself, that have been  
only beholding to you than any, I freely give  
to this young scholar, [*presenting* LUCENTIO]  
who has been long studying at Rheims; as cunning  
in Latin, and other languages, as the other in  
all mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray  
accept his service.

A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome,  
Antonio.—But, gentle sir, [*to* TRANIO] methinks  
you look like a stranger. May I be so bold to know  
of your coming?

Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;  
I am a stranger in this city here,  
and myself a suitor to your daughter,  
and mean, fair, and virtuous.

My firm resolve unknown to me,  
I have the consent of the eldest sister:  
My only request is all that I request,—  
I have a knowledge of my parentage,  
and we welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,  
access and favour as the rest.

And the education of your daughters,  
I have a dowry a simple instrument,  
a small packet of Greek and Latin books:  
I have kept them, then their worth is great.  
Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.  
A mighty man of Pisa: by report  
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.  
[*to* HOR.] the lute, and you [*to* LUC.] the  
set of books,  
I will go see your pupils presently.  
[*Exit*]

*Enter a Servant.*

And bid the gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,  
that their fathers bid them use them well.

[*Exit* Servant, *with* HOR., LUC., and BION.  
I will go walk a little in the orchard,  
and to dinner: You are passing welcome,  
and pray you all to think yourselves.

Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
for to-day I cannot come to woo.  
I love my father well; and in him, me,  
I have my heir to all his lands and goods,  
I would have better'd rather than decreas'd:  
If I get your daughter's love,  
I shall have with her to wife?  
I will give her my death, the one half of my lands:  
I will give you a possession, twenty thousand crowns.

And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
a good hood,\*—be it that she survive me,—  
I will give you lands and leases whatsoever:  
I will have it thus be therefore drawn between us,  
I will have my warts may be kept on either hand.

\*—a word once in common use, meaning *go back*.  
The origin of an old ballad, called 'The Ingenious  
' was

"And I cannot come every day to woo."  
The word *hood*. *Hood* must here mean, not the  
of a widow, but the property to which the widow  
entitled. Petrucio would assure Katharina of a  
I provision in all his "lands and leases." He  
her dowry,"—by fine and recovery.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;  
And where two raging fires meet together,  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:  
Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:  
So I to her, and so she yields to me;  
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy  
speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter* HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Hor.* I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the  
lute?

*Hor.* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.  
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;  
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume with  
them!"

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,  
And through the instrument my pate made way;  
And there I stood amazed for a while,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;  
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,  
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,  
As she had studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:  
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:  
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;  
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.  
Signior Petrucio, will you go with us;  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

*Pet.* I pray you do; I will attend her here,—  
[*Exit* BAP., GRE., TRA., and HOR.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks

As though she bid me stay by her a week;

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—

But here she comes; and now, Petrucio, speak.

*Enter* KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of  
hearing;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:—

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sound'd,

(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs.)

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kath.* Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd  
you hither

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,  
You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what 's a moveable?

*Kath.* A joint-stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Kath.* No such jade as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee:  
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should be? should? buz!<sup>a</sup>

*Kath.* Well 'n'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

*Kath.* Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too  
angry.

*Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp does wear his  
sting?

In his tail.

*Kath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue?

*Kath.* Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

*Pet.* What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come  
again.

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

*Kath.* That I 'll try. [*Striking him.*]

*Pet.* I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.

*Kath.* So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, Kate? O put me in thy books.

*Kath.* What is your crest? a coxcomb?

*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

*Kath.* No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.<sup>b</sup>

*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so  
sour.

*Kath.* It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

*Pet.* Why, here 's no crab; and therefore look not  
sour.

*Kath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then show it me.

*Kath.* Had I a glass, I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face?

*Kath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.

*Pet.* Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'T is with cares.

*Kath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you 'scape not so.

*Kath.* I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.

'T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,  
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,  
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,  
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

Rut thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,  
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

<sup>a</sup> *Buz* is an interjection of ridicule.

<sup>b</sup> *Craven*. A *craven* cock, and a *craven* knight, were each contemptible. The knight who had *craven*, or *craved*, life from an antagonist, was branded with the name which he had uttered in preferring safety to honour.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,

Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

*Kath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

*Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

*Kath.* A witty mother! witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Kath.* Yes; keep you warm.

*Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed.

And, therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well.)

Thou must be married to no man but me;

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable, as other household Kates.

Here comes your father; never make denial,

I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

*Re-enter BAPTISTA, Gremio, and Tranio.*

*Bap.* Now, signior Petrucio: How speed you with  
my daughter?

*Pet.* How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your  
dumps?

*Kath.* Call you me daughter? now I promise you,

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatic;

A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 't is thus,—yourself and all the world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;

If she be curst, it is for policy:

For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;

She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;

For patience she will prove a second Grissel;

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:

And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

*Kath.* I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

*Gre.* Hark, Petrucio! she says she 'll see thee  
hang'd first.

*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night  
our part!

*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself

If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?

'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 't is incredible to believe

How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 't is a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say; but give me your hand.  
God send you joy, Petrucio! 't is a match.

*Tra.* Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.  
 Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;  
 Venice; Sunday comes apace;  
 have rings, and things, and fine array;  
 me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday.  
 [Exit *PER.* and *KATH.* severally.]  
 Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?  
 Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's  
 part,  
 ture madly on a desperate mart.  
 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you;  
 ring you gain, or perish on the seas.  
 The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.  
 No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.  
 , Baptista, to your younger daughter;  
 e day we long have looked for;  
 e neighbour, and was suitor first.  
 And I am one that love Bianca more  
 ds can witness, or your thoughts can guess.  
 foangling! thou canst not love so dear as I.  
 reybeard! thy love doth freeze.

But thine doth fry.  
 stand back; 't is age that nourisheth.  
 but youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.  
 content you, gentlemen; I will compound this  
 strife:  
 he must win the prize; and he, of both,  
 assure my daughter greatest dower,  
 e my Bianca's love.  
 or Gremio, what can you assure her?  
 list, as you know, my house within the city  
 furnished with plate and gold;  
 ad ewers, to lave her dainty hands;  
 ings all of Tyrian tapestry:  
 odgers I have stuff'd my crowns;  
 e chests my arras, counterpoints,<sup>a</sup>  
 parcel, tents, and canopies,  
 a, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,  
 of Venice gold in needlework,  
 ad brass, and all things that belong  
 or housekeeping: then, at my farm,  
 undred milch-kine to the pail,  
 at oxen standing in my stalls,  
 kings answerable to this portion.  
 e struck in years, I must confess;  
 die to-morrow, this is hers,  
 I live, she will be only mine.  
 hat, only, came well in. Sir, list to me:  
 father's heir, and only son;

If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
 I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
 Old signior Gremio has in Padua;  
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year,  
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.  
 What! have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?  
*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land!  
 My land amounts not to so much in all:  
 That she shall have; besides an argosy  
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road.  
 What! have I chok'd you with an argosy?  
*Tra.* Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less  
 Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,<sup>a</sup>  
 And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,  
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.  
*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;  
 And she can have no more than all I have.  
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.  
*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the  
 world,  
 By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.  
*Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best;  
 And, let your father make her the assurance,  
 She is your own; else, you must pardon me:  
 If you should die before him, where 's her dower?  
*Tra.* That 's but a cavil; he is old, I young.  
*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as  
 old?  
*Bap.* Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd:—  
 On Sunday next you know  
 My daughter Katharine is to be married:  
 Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;  
 If not, to signior Gremio:  
 And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.]  
*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;  
 Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool  
 To give thee all, and, in his waning age,  
 Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!  
 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.]  
*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!  
 Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.<sup>b</sup>  
 'T is in my head to do my master good:—  
 I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio  
 Must get a father call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;  
 And that 's a wonder: fathers, commonly,  
 Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,  
 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [Ex

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Baptista's House.

*LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.*

*Hort.* Souldier, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:  
 so soon forgot the entertainment  
 Katharine welcom'd you withal?  
 ut, wrangling pedant, this is  
 ess of heavenly harmony:  
 me leave to have prerogative;  
 in music we have spent an hour,  
 we shall have leisure for as much.  
 eposterous ass! that never read so far  
 he cause why music was ordain'd!  
 t, to refresh the mind of man,  
 studies, or his usual pain?

<sup>a</sup> Gallias, galley, galleon, galleot, were vessels of burthen  
 navigated both with sails and oars.  
<sup>b</sup> Card of ten—a proverbial expression.

Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
 And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.  
*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.  
*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
 To strive for that which resteth in my choice:  
 I am no breeching scholar in the schools;  
 I 'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,  
 But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
 And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:  
 Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;  
 His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.  
*Hor.* You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?  
 [To *BIANCA*.—*HORTENSIO* retires.]  
*Luc.* That will be never;—tune your instrument.  
*Bian.* Where left we last?

<sup>a</sup> Gallias, galley, galleon, galleot, were vessels of burthen  
 navigated both with sails and oars.  
<sup>b</sup> Card of ten—a proverbial expression.



*Luc.* Here, madam :—  
*Hæc ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;  
Hic steterat Priami regis celsa senis.*

*Bian.* Construe them

*Luc.* *Hæc ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regis*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

*Hor.* Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*  
*Bian.* Let's hear ;— [Hortensio plays.  
O fie ! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hæc ibat* Simois, I know you not ;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regis*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 't is now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the base.

*Hor.* The base is right ; 't is the base knave that jars. How fiery and forward our pedant is ! Now, for my life the knave doth court my love : *Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

*Luc.* Mistrust it not ; for, sure, Æacides Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I must believe my master ; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt :

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you :—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* You may go walk, [*to Lucentio*] and give me leave awhile ;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

*Luc.* Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,

And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd,<sup>a</sup>

Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art ;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

'Than hath been taught by any of my trade ;

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

*Bian.* [*Reads.*] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion ;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection :

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I ;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut ? tut ! I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up ;

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewell, sweet masters, both ; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt BIANCA and Serv.*

*Luc.* Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[*Exit.*

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant ;

Method, he looks as though he were in love :

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,

Seize thee that list : If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> But I be deceiv'd—unless I be deceived.

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Baptista's house.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, HORTENSIO, and Attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior Lucentio, [*to TRANIO*] this is the appointed day

That Katharine and Petrucio should be married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law :

What will be said ? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage !

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

*Kath.* No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, forcé

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,

Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen ;

Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour :

And, to be noted for a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns ;

Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katharine,

And say,—“ Lo, there is mad Petrucio's wife,

If it would please him come and marry her.”

*Tra.* Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista to

Upon my life, Petrucio means but well,

Whatever fortune stays him from his word :

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Kath.* 'Would Katharine had never seen him, that

[*Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA, and others.*

*Bap.* Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep

For such an injury would vex a saint,

Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* Master, master ! news, old news, and such as you never heard of !

*Bap.* Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news to hear of Petrucio coming ?

*Bap.* Is he come ?

*Bion.* Why, no, sir.

*Bap.* What then ?

*Bion.* He is coming

*Bap.* When will he be here ?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees there.

*Tra.* But, say, what :—To thine old news.

*Bion.* Why, Petrucio is coming, in a new hat, an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buck another laced ; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless ; with broken points :<sup>a</sup> His horse lipped with an old saddle, and stirrups of no kindred : besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the city, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fadde, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raised with the lous, past cure of the flies, stark spoiled with the starve, begnawn with the bots ; swayed in the back, and under-shotten ; ne'er legged before ; and with a half-elbow bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being strained to keep him from stumbling, hath been burst, and now repaired with knots ; one girth six-pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,<sup>c</sup> which

<sup>a</sup> Two broken points. The points were amongst the most and elegant parts of the dress of Elizabeth's time ; and a two broken was certainly indicative of more than an slovenliness.

<sup>b</sup> Fashions—the farcins, or farcy.

<sup>c</sup> Velure—velvet.

ters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and  
and there pieced with packthread.

Who comes with him?  
O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned  
horse; with a lincn stock\* on one leg, and a  
boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and  
an old hat, and "The humour of forty fancies"  
in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in  
; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentle-  
lackey.

'T is some odd humour pricks him to this  
fashion;  
sometimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Why, sir, he comes not.

Didst thou not say, he comes?

Who? that Petrucio came?

Ay, that Petrucio came.

No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on

it.

Why, that 's all one.

Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,  
and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

*Enter PETRUCIO and GRUMIO.*

Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?  
You are welcome, sir.

And yet I come not well.

And yet you halt not.

Not so well apparel'd

as you were.

Were it better I should rush in thus.  
Where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?  
Does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:  
I herefore gaze this goodly company;  
I never saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-  
day:

As we said, fearing you would not come;

And that you come so unprovided.

And off this habit, shame to your estate,

And come to our solemn festival.

And tell us, what occasion of import

Will so long detain'd you from your wife,

That you lither so unlike yourself?

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

But, I am come to keep my word,

And in some part enforced to digress;

At more leisure, I will so excuse

That shall well be satisfied withal.

Where is Kate? I stay too long from her;

And what she wears, 't is time we were at church.

See not your bride in these unreverent robes;

But by chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with  
your words;

And he 's married, not unto my clothes:

And repair what she will wear in me,

And change these poor accoutrements,

And well for Kate, and better for myself.

And if a fool am I, to chat with you,

And should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And bid the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt PETR., GRU., and BION.*]

He hath some meaning in his mad attire:

And I will persuade him, be it possible,

And let him better ere he go to church.

I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*]

But, sir, to love concerneth us to add

And to our liking: Which to bring to pass,

\* Stock—stocking.

As I before imparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,  
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—  
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;  
And make assurance, here in Padua,  
Of greater sums than I have promised.  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,  
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our vantage in this business:  
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,  
The narrow-prying father, Minola,  
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;  
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

*Enter GREMIO.*

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.

*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming  
home?

*Gre.* A bridegroom, say you? 't is a groom indeed,  
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Tra.* Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.

*Gre.* Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*Tra.* Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

*Gre.* Tut! she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest  
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,

"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;

"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

*Tra.* What said the wench, when he arose again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and  
swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:—"A health," quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm:—"Quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming:

Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*]

*Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,  
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your  
pains:

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*Bap.* Is 't possible you will away to-night?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come:

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business

You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;  
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Kath.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* I am content.

*Kath.* Are you content to stay?

*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay;  
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio, my horse.<sup>a</sup>

*Gr.* Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

*Kath.* Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;  
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way,

You may be jogging whiles your boots are green

For me, I 'll not be gone, till I please myself:

'T is like, you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Pet.* O Kate, content thee; prithee be not angry.

*Kath.* I will be angry. What hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:

I see, a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:

Obey the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare

I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch

Kate;

I 'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt PET., KATH., and*

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones

*Gre.* Went they not quickly I should die

laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches, never was the like!

*Luc.* Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?

*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she 's madly

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petrucio is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and

groom wants,

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast;

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride

*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, [A

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Hall in Petrucio's Country House.

*Enter GRUMIO.*

*Gr.* Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?<sup>b</sup> was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warn them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

*Enter CURTIS.*

*Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly?

*Gr.* A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

*Gr.* O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

*Gr.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress, and myself,<sup>c</sup> fellow Curtis.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

*Gr.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress,

<sup>a</sup> is here used in the plural.

<sup>b</sup> covered with mire, sullied.

<sup>c</sup> Grumio, calling himself a beast, has also called himself,—hence the offence.

whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in office?

*Curt.* I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, How good a world?

*Gr.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but mine, and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy reward for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There 's fire ready; And, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

*Gr.* Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!"<sup>d</sup> and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

*Gr.* Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught a cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the trimmings, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and the officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks within, the jills fair without,<sup>e</sup> the carpets laid, everything in order?

*Curt.* All ready. And, therefore, I pray thee,

*Gr.* First, know, my horse is tired; my mistress fallen out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gr.* Out of their saddles into the dirt. And hangs a tale.

<sup>a</sup> The first words of a *round* for four voices, printed in a musical work, entitled *Pammelia, Munches Music or Mixed Varieties of Pleasant Roundelays and Catches*, &c.

<sup>b</sup> Jacks were leathern drinking-vessels—jills, cups or saucers of metal. The leathern jugs were to be kept clean—the pewter ones bright without. But Grumio is quoted upon the application of *Jills* to maids, and *Jacks* to men.

<sup>c</sup> *Carpets laid*—to cover the tables. The floors were covered with rushes.

's ha't, good Grumio.  
d thine ear.  
e.  
e.  
s 't is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.  
therefore 't is called, a sensible tale: and  
but to knock at your ear, and beseech  
ow I begin: *In primis*, we came down a  
master riding behind my mistress:—  
on one horse?  
it 's that to thee?  
y, a horse.

thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed  
ldst have heard how her horse fell, and  
horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how  
how she was bemoiled; how he left her  
e upon her; how he beat me because her  
ed; how she waded through the dirt to  
me; how he swore; how she prayed, that  
before; how I cried; how the horses ran  
er bridle was burst; how I lost my crup-  
ny things of worthy memory, which now  
blivion, and thou return unexperienced to

this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.  
and that thou and the proudest of you all  
en he comes home. But what talk I of  
erth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip,  
usop, and the rest. Let their heads be  
ed, their blue coats brushed, and their  
indifferent knit: let them curtsy with  
; and not presume to touch a hair of my  
-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they

are.  
them forth.  
ou hear, ho? you must meet my master,  
e my mistress.  
she hath a face of her own.  
knows not that?  
it seems, that callest for company to  
er.  
d them forth to credit her.  
she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter several Servants.*  
come home, Grumio.  
now, Grumio?  
Grumio!  
ow Grumio?  
ow, old lad?  
ome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;  
—and thus much for greeting. Now,  
mpanions, is all ready, and all things  
things is ready: how near is our master?  
at hand, alighted by this: and therefore  
's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

*PETRUCIO and KATHARINA.*  
be these knaves? What, no man at door,  
crup, nor to take my horse?  
naniel, Gregory, Philip?  
ere, here, sir; here, sir.  
sir! here, sir! here, sir! nere, sir!  
ded and unpolish'd grooms!  
alance? no regard? no duty?  
olish knave I sent before?  
sir; as foolish as I was before.  
asant swain! you whoreson malt-horse  
ge!

see meet me in the park,  
ag these rascal knaves with thee?

\* *Bemoiled*—bemoiled.

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;  
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:  
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gre-  
gory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—  
[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*  
"Where is the life that late I led"<sup>a</sup>— [Sings.  
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.  
Soud, soud, soud, soud!<sup>b</sup>

*Re-enter Servants, with Supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.  
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

"It was the friar of orders grey," [Sings.  
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:  
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

[*Strikes him.*  
Be merry, Kate:—Some water here; what, ho!

Where 's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,  
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither: [*Ex. Ser.*  
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted  
with.

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?  
[*A bason is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—  
[*Servant lets the ewer fall*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?  
[*Strikes him.*

*Kath.* Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling  
*Pet.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.  
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?  
What is this? mutton?

*1 Serv.* Ay. Who brought it?  
*Pet.* I. Who brought it?  
*1 Serv.* I.

*Pet.* 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat:  
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?  
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,  
And serve it thus to me that love it not?  
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c., about the stage*  
You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!  
What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.

*Kath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;  
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
For it engenders cholera, planteth anger;  
And better 't were that both of us did fast,  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,  
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:  
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt PET., KATH., and CURT.*  
*Nath.* [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?  
*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter CURTIS.*

*Gru.* Where is he?  
*Curt.* In her chamber,  
Making a sermon of continency to her:  
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,  
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

<sup>a</sup> In 'A Handful of Pleasant Delites,' 1584, this is the title  
of a "new Sonet."

<sup>b</sup> These words are thought to express the noise made by a  
person heated and fatigued.

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*]Re-enter **PETRUCCIO**.

*Pet.* Thus have I politically begun my reign,  
And 't is my hope to end successfully:  
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;  
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,<sup>a</sup>  
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,  
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I 'll find about the making of the bed;  
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—  
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,  
That all is done in reverend care of her,  
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:  
And, if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;  
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak; 't is charity to show.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter **TRANIO** and **HORTENSIO**.

*Tra.* Is 't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?  
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

*Hor.* Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*]Enter **BIANCA** and **LUCENTIO**.

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

*Bian.* What, master, read you? first resolve me  
that.

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the art to love.

*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my  
heart!

[*They retire.*]

*Hor.* Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,  
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca  
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

*Tra.* O spiteful love! unconstant womankind!  
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

*Hor.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion:  
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to Bianca;  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,  
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—  
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.

*Hor.* See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,  
As one unworthy all the former favours  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,  
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:  
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

*Hor.* 'Would all the world, but he, had quite for-  
sworn!

<sup>a</sup>To man my haggard—to tame my wild hawk.

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow  
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,  
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:  
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HOR.—Luc. and BIAN. adentro.*]

*Tra.* Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace  
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!  
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love  
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

*Bian.* Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn  
me?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.

*Tra.* I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God give him joy!

*Tra.* Ay, and he 'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.

*Tra.* 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

*Bian.* The taming-school! what, is there such a  
place?

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petrucio is the master;  
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,  
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter **BIONDELLO**, running.

*Bion.* O master, master, I have watch'd so long  
That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied  
An ancient angle<sup>a</sup> coming down the hill,  
Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?

*Bion.* Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,  
I know not what; but formal in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio?

*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,  
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;  
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,  
As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Luc. and Bion.*]Enter a **Pedant**.

*Ped.* God save you, sir!

*Tra.* And you, sir! you are welcome  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;  
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;  
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?

*Ped.* Of Mantua.

*Tra.* Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!  
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

*Ped.* My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hand

*Tra.* 'T is death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?  
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke  
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:  
'T is marvel; but that you are but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

*Ped.* Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

*Tra.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this I will advise you:  
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

<sup>a</sup> Angle. An angle is a bait, allurement; and, in the  
of the passage before us, is also one who may be allured,  
ceived. An angle, in the old writers, is a gull.

ry, sir, in Pisa have I often been ;  
 wned for grave citizens.  
 mong them, know you one Vincentio ?  
 know him not, but I have heard of him ;  
 it of incomparable wealth.  
 e is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,  
 tance somewhat doth resemble you.  
 s much as an apple doth an oyster, and all

[*Aside.*

o save your life in this extremity,  
 r will I do you for his sake ;  
 it not the worst of all your fortunes,  
 are like to sir Vincentio.  
 and credit shall you undertake,  
 y house you shall be friendly lodg'd.  
 y you take upon you as you should ;  
 stand me, sir ;—so shall you stay  
 are done your business in the city :  
 courtesy, sir, accept of it.  
 r, sir, I do ; and will repute you ever  
 of my life and liberty.  
 en go with me, to make the matter good.  
 e way, I let you understand ;  
 is here look'd for every day,  
 urance of a dower in marriage  
 and one Baptista's daughter here :  
 e circumstances I 'll instruct you :  
 e, sir, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

RE III.—*A Room in Petrucio's House.*

*Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.*

o, no ; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.  
 he more my wrong, the more his spite appears :  
 he marry me to famish me ?  
 at come unto my father's door,  
 aty, have a present alms ;  
 where they meet with charity :  
 never knew how to entreat,  
 needed that I should entreat,  
 I for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;  
 kept waking, and with brawling fed .  
 which spites me more than all these wants,  
 under name of perfect love ;  
 wld say, if I should sleep, or eat,  
 adly sickness, or else present death.  
 a, and get me some repast ;  
 what, so it be wholesome food.  
 hat say you to a neat's foot ?  
 'tis passing good ; I prithee let me have it.  
 fear it is too choleric a meat :  
 us to a fat tripe, finely broil'd ?  
 like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.  
 cannot tell ; I fear 't is choleric.  
 you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?  
 dish that I do love to feed upon.  
 r, but the mustard is too hot a little.  
 Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.  
 ay, then I will not ; you shall have the  
 mustard,  
 get no beef of Grumio.  
 hen both, or one, or anything thou wilt  
 by, then the mustard without the beef.  
 o, get these gone, thou false deluding slave,  
 [*Beats him.*  
 t me with the very name of meat ;  
 these, and all the pack of you,  
 ph thus upon my misery !  
 e gone, I say.

*Petrucio, with a dish of meat ; and Hortensio.*

ow fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all  
 mort ?  
 stress, what cheer ?

\* *All amors—dispirited.*

*Kath.*

'Faith, as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.  
 Here, love ; thou see'st how diligent I am,  
 To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[*Sets the dish on a table.*

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.  
 What, not a word ? Nay, then thou lov'st it not ;  
 And all my pains is sorted to no proof :  
 Here, take away this dish.

*Kath.*

I pray you, let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;  
 And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

*Kath.* I thank you, sir.

*Hor.* Signior Petrucio, fie ! you are to blame :  
 Come, mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.

*Pet.* Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.

[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !  
 Kate, eat apace ;—And now, my honey love,  
 Will we return unto thy father's house ;  
 And revel it as bravely as the best,  
 With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,  
 With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things ;  
 With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,  
 With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.  
 What, hast thou din'd ? The tailor stays thy leisure,  
 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

*Enter Tailor.*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;

*Enter Haberdasher.*

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir ?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;  
 A velvet dish ;—fie, fie ! 't is lewd and filthy ;  
 Why, 't is a cockle, or a walnutshell,  
 A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;  
 Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

*Kath.* I 'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,  
 And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
 And not till then.

*Hor.* That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

*Kath.* Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak ;  
 And speak I will. I am no child, no babe :  
 Your betters have endur'd me say my mind ;  
 And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;  
 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break ;  
 And rather than it shall, I will be free  
 Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,  
 A custard-coffin,<sup>a</sup> a bauble, a silken pie :  
 I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

*Kath.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap ;  
 And it I will have, or I will have none.

*Pet.* Thy gown ? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see 't  
 O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here !

What 's this ? a sleeve ? 't is like a demi-cannon ;  
 What ! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart ?  
 Here 's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,  
 Like to a censer in a barber's shop :

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

*Hor.* I see, she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*

*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
 According to the fashion and the time.

*Pet.* Marry, and did ; but if you be remember'd,  
 I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
 For you shall hop without my custom, sir :  
 I 'll none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

<sup>a</sup> *Custard-coffin.* The crust of a pie was called the coffin

*Kath.* I never saw a better fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:  
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

*Tai.* She says, your worship means to make a puppet  
of her.

*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,  
Thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:  
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tai.* Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction:  
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

*Tai.* But did you not request to have it cut?

*Gru.* Thou hast faced\* many things.

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me: thou hast brav'd<sup>b</sup> many men;  
brave not me. I will neither be faced nor brav'd. I  
say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but  
I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

*Tai.* *Imprimis*, "a loose-bodied gown:"

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew  
me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bot-  
tom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* "With a small compassed cape;"

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* "With a trunk sleeve;"

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* "The sleeves curiously cut."

*Pet.* Ay, there 's the villainy.

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I com-  
manded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up  
again: and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little  
finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true, that I say; and I had thee in  
place where, thou shouldst know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give  
me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no  
odds.

*Pet.* Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i' the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress'  
gown for thy master's use!

*Pet.* Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:  
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!  
O, fie, fie, fie!

*Pet.* Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—

[*Aside.*]

Go, take it hence; begone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.  
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*]

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your  
father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;

As the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

—made facings.

<sup>b</sup> *Braved*—made fine.

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:

And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let 's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

*Kath.* I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two;

And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why, so! this gallant will command the sun

[*Exit*]

SCENE IV.—Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house. Please it you that  
call?

*Ped.* Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,

Signior Baptista may remember me,

Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

*Tra.* 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,  
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

*Ped.* I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your  
son: 'T were good he were school'd.

*Tra.* Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;

Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

*Bion.* Tut! fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

*Bion.* I told him, that your father was at Venice;

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

*Tra.* Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to do:  
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—

Sir, [*to the Pedant*] this is the gentleman I told you

I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself:

And,—for the good report I hear of you;

And for the love he beareth to your daughter,

And she to him,—to stay him not too long,

I am content, in a good father's care,

To have him match'd; and,—if you pleas'd to like

No worse than I,—upon some agreement,

Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd;

For curious<sup>a</sup> I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:—

Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here

<sup>a</sup> *Curious*—scrupulous.

my daughter, and she loveth him,  
 assemble deeply their affections :  
 before, if you say no more than this,  
 a father you will deal with him,  
 my daughter a sufficient dower,  
 is made, and all is done :  
 shall have my daughter with consent.  
 I thank you, sir. Where then do you know  
 it,  
 bed ; and such assurance ta'en,  
 with either part's agreement stand ?  
 Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,  
 have ears, and I have many servants :  
 old Gremio is hear'ning still ;  
 quily, we might be interrupted.  
 Then at my lodging, an it like you :  
 th my father lie ; and there, this night,  
 as the business privately and well :  
 your daughter by your servant here,  
 shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
 it is this, that, at so slender warning,  
 like to have a thin and slender pittance.  
 It likes me well : Cambio, hie you home,  
 Bianca make her ready straight ;  
 you will, tell what hath happened :  
 his father is arriv'd in Padua,  
 she's like to be Lucentio's wife !  
 I pray the gods she may, with all my  
 art !  
 Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.  
 Baptista, shall I lead the way ?  
 He ! one mess is like to be your cheer ;  
 we will better it in Pisa.

I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRA., PED., and BAP.]

Cambio.

What say'st thou, Biondello ?

You saw my master wink and laugh upon  
 you ?

Biondello, what of that ?

Faith, nothing ; but he has left me here be-  
 spound the meaning or moral of his signs  
 as.

I pray thee, moralize them.

Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the  
 father of a deceitful son.

And what of him ?

His daughter is to be brought by you to the

And then ?

The old priest at saint Luke's church is at  
 hand at all hours.

And what of all this ?

I cannot tell : expect<sup>n</sup> they are busied about  
 feil assurance : Take you assurance of her  
*legio ad imprimendum solim* : to the church ;  
 a priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest wit-

e not that you look for, I have no more to  
 say.

Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*  
 Fear'st thou, Biondello ?

I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in  
 an as she went to the garden for parsley to  
 dist ; and so may you, sir ; and so adieu, sir.  
 He hath appointed me to go to saint Luke's,  
 to wait be ready to come against you come with  
 me.

I may, and will, if she be so contented :  
 be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt ?

It hap may, I 'll roundly go about her ;  
 so hand, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

Expect—behere—think—thy are misled, &c.

SCENE V.—*A public Road.*

*Enter* PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

*Pet.* Come on, o' God's name ; once more toward  
 our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon !

*Kath.* The moon ! the sun ; it is not moonlight now.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Kath.* I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house :

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd : nothing but cross'd

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Kath.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon.

*Kath.* I know it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

*Kath.* Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun ;

But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;

And so it shall be so for Katharine.

*Hor.* Petrucio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward : thus the bowl should  
 run,

And not unluckily against the bias.

But soft ! Company is coming here !

*Enter* VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good morrow, gentle mistress : Where away ? [*To* VIN.]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentler woman ?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks ?

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Hor.* 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman  
 of him.

*Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and  
 sweet,

Whither away ; or where is thy abode ?

Happy the parents of so fair a child ;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow !

*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate ? I hope thou art not  
 mad :

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That everything I look on seemeth green :

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father ;

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandsire ; and, withal, make  
 known

Which way thou travellest : if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,

That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,

My name is call'd Vincentio : my dwelling Pisa ;

And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit

A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name ?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*Pet.* Happily met ; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,

I may entitle thee my loving father ;

The sister to my wife, this gentler woman,



Thy sou by this hath married: wonder not,  
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth  
Beside, so qualified as may beseem  
The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:  
And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.  
*Vin.* But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?  
*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.  
*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof:  
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.  
[*Exeunt PET., KATH., and*  
*Hor.* Well, Petrucio, this hath put me in head  
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—Padua. Before Lucentio's House.

*Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA;  
GREMIO walking on the other side.*

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.  
*Luc.* I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt LUC., BIAN., and BION.*  
*Gre.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go; I think I shall command your welcome here, And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

*Gre.* They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

*Enter Pedant above at a window.*

*Ped.* What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

*Vin.* Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

*Ped.* He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* Why, how now, gentleman! [*To VINCENTIO.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain. I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing BION.*

*Bion.* I hope I may choose, sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life,

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou see thy master's father, Vincentio?

*Bion.* What, my old, worshipful old master?

marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window

*Vin.* Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats*

*Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman murder me.

*Ped.* Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window*

*Pet.* Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They*

*Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, Servants.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beat my son?

*Vin.* What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir, immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet, velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! I am undone, I am undone! While I play the husband at home, my son and my servant spend the university.

*Tra.* How now? what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is the man lunatic?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman, your habit, but your words show you a madman. sir, what cerns<sup>b</sup> it you if I wear pearl and gold? thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father? O villain! he is a sullen Bergamo.

*Bap.* You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name? as if I knew not his name: brought him up ever since he was three years of his name is Tranio.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio, and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands signior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his father, lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where son, Lucentio.

*Tra.* Call forth an officer: [*Enter one of the*

*Officer.*] Carry this mad knave to the gaol:—

Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the gaol!

*Gre.* Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be caught in this business. I dare swear this is the son of Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou dares.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tra.* Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard: to the gaol with him!

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd!

O monstrous villain!

<sup>c</sup> *Unguis lat.—high-crowned hat.*

<sup>b</sup> *Cerns means conceals.*

BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny  
weir him, or else we are all undone.

Pardon, sweet father. *[Kneeling.]*

Lives my sweet son?

*[BION., TRA., and Ped. run out.]*

Pardon, dear father. *[Kneeling.]*

How hast thou offended?

Lucentio?

Here 's Lucentio,

and unto the right Vincentio;  
and for marriage made thy daughter mine,  
interfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.  
Here 's packing with a witness, to deceive us  
all!

Where is that damned villain, Tranio,  
and brav'd me in this matter so?  
Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?  
Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love  
exchange my state with Tranio,  
and did bear my countenance in the town;  
pily I have arriv'd at last

wished haven of my bliss:  
Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;  
adon him, sweet father, for my sake.

I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent  
me glad.

But do you hear, sir? *[To LUCENTIO.]* Have  
sed my daughter without asking my good-will?  
fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to:  
ill in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. *[Exit.]*

And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. *[Exit.]*  
Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not  
frown. *[Exit LUC. and BIAN.]*

My cake is dough.<sup>a</sup> But I'll in among the rest;  
spe of all,—but my share of the feast. *[Exit.]*

PETRUCCIO and KATHARINA advance.  
Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.  
First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

What, in the midst of the street?  
That art thou ashamed of me?

No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.  
Why, then, let 's home again:—Come, sirrah,  
let 's away.

Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee,  
love, stay.

's not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;  
see than never, for never too late. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Room in Lucentio's House.

*Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO,  
and the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRU-  
CCIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRA-  
BIONDELLO, Gremio, and others, attending.*

At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;  
and 't is, when raging war is done,  
at 'scapes and perils overblown.

Bianca, bid my father welcome,  
with self-same kindness welcome thine:  
Petruccio,—sister Katharina,—

Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—  
and the best, and welcome to my house.

Let us to close our stomachs up,  
and great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;

we sit to chat, as well as eat. *[They sit at table.]*

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

Padua affords this kindness, son Petruccio.

*He is dough.* This proverbial expression is used in  
Lestrange, to express the disappointment of the heirs  
of France when Louis XIV. was born: "So that  
our cake is dough."

*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

*Hor.* For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

*Wid.* Then never trust me if I be afraid.<sup>a</sup>

*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my  
sense;

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

*Wid.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

*Pet.* Roundly replied.

*Kath.* Mistress, how mean you that?

*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.

*Pet.* Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

*Hor.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

*Pet.* Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

*Kath.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns  
round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

*Kath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wid.* Right, I mean you.

*Kath.* And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

*Pet.* To her, Kate!

*Hor.* To her, widow!

*Pet.* A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

*Hor.* That 's my office.

*Pet.* Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

*[Drinks to HORTENSIO.]*

*Bap.* How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

*Gre.* Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

*Bian.* Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

*Vin.* Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

*Bian.* Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep  
again.

*Pet.* Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,  
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—

You are welcome all. *[Ex. BIAN., KATH., and Widow.]*

*Pet.* She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;

Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-  
hound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift simile, but something currish.

*Tra.* 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;

'T is thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

*Bap.* O ho, Petruccio, Tranio hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

*Hor.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

*Pet.* A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'T is ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

*Bap.* Now, in good sadness, son Petruccio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say—no: and, therefore, for assurance,

Let 's each one send unto his wife;

And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first, when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Hor.* Content: What 's the wager?

*Luc.* Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.* A match; 't is done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin?

<sup>a</sup> The use of *fear* in the active and passive sense is here ex-  
plified.

*Luc.* That will I.  
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.  
*Bion.* I go. [Exit.]  
*Bap.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.  
*Luc.* I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

How now! what news?  
*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busy, and she cannot come.  
*Pet.* How! she's busy, and she cannot come!  
Is that an answer?  
*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too:  
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.  
*Pet.* I hope, better.  
*Hor.* Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife  
To come to me forthwith. [Exit BIONDELLO.]  
*Pet.* O, ho! entreat her!  
Nay, then she must needs come.  
*Hor.* I am afraid, sir,  
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

Now, where's my wife?  
*Bion.* She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;  
She will not come; she bids you come to her.  
*Pet.* Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,  
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!  
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;  
Say I command her come to me. [Exit GRUMIO.]  
*Hor.* I know her answer.  
*Pet.* What?  
*Hor.* She will not.  
*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Enter KATHARINA.*

*Bap.* Now, by my holiday, here comes Katharina!  
*Kath.* What is your will, sir, that you send for me?  
*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?  
*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.  
*Pet.* Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,  
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [Exit KATH.]  
*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.  
*Hor.* And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.  
*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,  
An awful rule, and right supremacy;  
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.  
*Bap.* Now fair befall thee, good Petrucio!  
The wager thou hast won; and I will add  
Unto thy losses twenty thousand crowns!  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.  
*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet;  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.*

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.  
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;  
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.  
[KATH. pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]  
*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!  
*Bian.* Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?  
*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too:  
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.  
*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

*Pet.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong  
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.  
*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking; we will hat  
no telling.

*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her  
*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

*Kath.* Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,  
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—  
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:

And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she, but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

I am asham'd, that women are so simple  
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,  
Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,  
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;

But now, I see our lances are but straws;  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.  
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;

And place your hands below your husbands' feet  
In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready, may it do him ease!

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me  
Kate.

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha'

*Vin.* 'T is a good bearing, when children are toward

*Luc.* But a harsh bearing, when women are froward

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to bed:  
We three are married, but you two are sped.

'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;<sup>a</sup>  
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

*Hor.* Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a cur  
shrew.<sup>b</sup>

*Luc.* 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will  
tam'd so.

<sup>a</sup> Hit the white—a term in archery.

<sup>b</sup> Shrew. It would appear from this couplet, and another  
this scene, where *shrew* rhymes to *woe*, that *shrew* was the  
pronunciation.



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,' like 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,' was first printed in 1600; and it had a further similarity to that play from the circumstance of two editions appearing in the same year—the one bearing the name of a publisher, Thomas Heyes, the other that of a printer, J. Roberts. The play was not reprinted till it appeared in the folio of 1623. In that edition there are a few variations from the quartos. All these editions present the internal evidence of having been printed from correct copies. 'The Merchant of Venice' is one of the plays of Shakspeare mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598, and it is the last mentioned in his list.

Stephen Gosson, who, in 1579, was moved to publish a tract called 'The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillars of the commonwealth,' thus describes a play of his time:—"The Jew, shown at the Bull, representing the greedyness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers." Whatever might have been the plot of 'The Jew' mentioned by Gosson, the story of the bond was ready to Shakspeare's hand, in a ballad to which Warton first drew attention. He considers that the ballad was written before 'The Merchant of Venice.' But this ballad of 'Gernutus' wants that remarkable feature of the play, the intervention of Portia to save the life of the Merchant; and this, to our minds, is the strongest confirmation that the ballad preceded the comedy. Shakspeare found that incident in the source from which the ballad-writer professed to derive his history:—

" In Venice towne not long agoe,  
A cruel Jew did dwell,  
Which lived all on usurie.  
As Italian writers tell."

It was from an Italian writer, Ser Giovanni, the author of a collection of tales called '*Il Pecorone*,' written in the fourteenth century, and first published at Milan in 1558, that Shakspeare unquestionably derived some of the incidents of his story, although he might be familiar with another version of the same tale.

"It is well known," says Mrs. Jameson, "that 'The Merchant of Venice' is founded on two different tales; and in weaving together his double plot in so masterly a manner, Shakspeare has rejected altogether the character of the astutious lady of Belmont, with her magic potions, who figures in the Italian novel. With yet more refinement, he has thrown out all the licentious part of the story, which some of his contemporary dramatists would have seized on with avidity, and made the best or the worst of it possible; and he has substituted the trial of the caskets from another source.\* That source is the '*Gesta Romanorum*.'

In dealing with the truly dramatic subject of the forfeiture of the bond, Shakspeare had to choose between one of two courses that lay open before him. The '*Gesta Romanorum*' did not surround the debtor and the creditor with any prejudices. We hear nothing of one being a Jew, the other a Christian. There is a remarkable story told by Gregorio Leti, in his '*Life of Pope Sixtus the Fifth*,' in which the debtor and creditor 'The Merchant of Venice' change places. The

\* *Characteristics of Women*, vol. i. p. 72.

debtor is the Jew,—the revengeful creditor the Christian; and this incident is said to have happened in Rome in the time of Sir Francis Drake. This, doubt, was a pure fiction of Leti, whose narratives by no means to be received as authorities; but it is probable that he felt the intolerance of the old story, and endeavoured to correct it, though in a very inartificial manner. Shakspeare took the story as he found it in the narratives which represented the popular prejudice. He had not before him the ballad of 'Gernutus,' (on which point it is difficult to decide,) he had certainly access to the tale of the '*Pecorone*.' If he had not the contest connected with the story of the bond between two of the same faith, he would have lost the powerful hold which the subject possessed upon the feelings of an audience two centuries and a half. If he had gone directly counter to those feelings, (supposing that the story which Leti tells had been known to him, as some have supposed,) his comedy would have been hooted from the stage.

'The Prioress's Tale' of Chaucer belonged to a period when the Jews were robbed, maimed, banished, and most foully vilified, with the universal consent of the powerful and the lowly, the learned and the ignorant:—

" There was in Asie, in a grete citee,  
Amonges Cristen folk a Jewerie.  
Sustened by a lord of that contree,  
For foul usure, and lucre of vilanie,  
Hateful to Crist, and to his compaignie."

It was scarcely to be avoided in those times that Chaucer, the most genuine and natural of poets, should lend his great powers to the support of the popular belief that Jews ought to be proscribed as—

"Hateful to Crist, and to his compaignie."

But we ought to expect better things when we were in the times in which the principles of religious liberty were at least germinated. And yet what a play Marlowe's '*Jew of Malta*,'—undoubtedly one of the most popular plays even of Shakspeare's day, judging we may from the number of performances recorded in Henslowe's papers! That drama, as compared with 'The Merchant of Venice,' has been described by Charles Lamb, with his usual felicity:—"Marlowe's *Jew* does not approach so near to Shakspeare's as Edward II. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, something human in them. 'If you wrong us, we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster, brutal with a large painted nose, to please the rabble. He kills in sport—poisons whole nunneries—invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as a century or two earlier, might have been played by the Londoners, *by the Royal command*, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the cabinet." 'The *Jew of Malta*' was written essentially upon an intolerant principle. 'The Merchant of Venice,' whilst it seized upon the prejudices of the multitude, and dealt with them as a foregone conclusion by which the whole dramatic action was to be governed, had the intention of meeting those prejudices as hateful as the reaction of cruelty and revenge of which they are the cause.



# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE. <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.</i>	TUBAL, a Jew, friend to Shylock. <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 1.</i>
DUKE OF ARRAGON, suitor to Portia. <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 9.</i>	LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock. <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.</i>
DUKE OF MOROCCO, suitor to Portia. <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7.</i>	Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2.</i>
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice. <i>Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 6. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.</i>	LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio. <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2.</i>
BASSANIO, friend to Antonio. <i>Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.</i>	BALTHAZAR, servant to Portia. <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 4.</i>
ANTONIO, friend to Antonio and Bassanio. <i>Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 8. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.</i>	STEPHANO, servant to Portia. <i>Appears, Act V. sc. 1.</i>
NERISSA, friend to Antonio and Bassanio. <i>Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 8. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.</i>	PORTIA, a rich heiress. <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.</i>
SHYLOCK, friend to Antonio and Bassanio. <i>Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.</i>	NERISSA, waiting-maid to Portia. <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.</i>
LORENZO, in love with Jessica. <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.</i>	JESSICA, daughter to Shylock. <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.</i>
SHYLOCK, a Jew. <i>Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.</i>	Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

—PARTLY AT VENICE; AND PARTLY AT BELMONT, THE SEAT OF PORTIA, ON THE CONTINENT.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.  
 O brother, I know not why I am so sad;  
 you say it worries you;  
 might it, found it, or came by it,  
 it is made of, whereof it is born,  
 that want-wit sadness makes of me,  
 much ado to know myself.  
 our mind is tossing on the ocean;  
 your argosies with portly sail,  
 and rich burghers on the flood,  
 the pageants of the sea,  
 the petty traffickers,  
 to them, do them reverence,  
 by them with their woven wings.  
 believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,  
 part of my affections would  
 hopes abroad. I should be still  
 a grass, to know where sits the wind;  
 naps, for ports, and piers, and roads;  
 object that might make me fear  
 o my ventures, out of doubt,  
 me sad.

My wind, cooling my broth,  
 me to an ague when I thought

What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
 But I should think of shallows and of flats;  
 And see my wealthy Andrew<sup>a</sup> dock'd in sand,  
 Vailing her high-top<sup>b</sup> lower than her ribs,  
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
 And see the holy edifice of stone,  
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,  
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream;  
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;  
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
 To think on this; and shall I lack the thought  
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?  
 But tell not me; I know Antonio  
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.  
*Ant.* Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,  
 My ventures<sup>c</sup> are not in one bottom trusted,

<sup>a</sup> *Wealthy Andrew.* Johnson explains this (which is scarcely necessary) as "the name of the ship;" but he does not point out the propriety of the name for a ship, in association with the great naval commander, Andrea Doria, famous through all Italy.

<sup>b</sup> *Vailing her high-top.* To *vail* is to *let down*: the *high-top* was shattered—fallen—when the *Andrew* was on the shallows.

<sup>c</sup> *My ventures, &c.* This was no doubt proverbial—something more elegant than "all the eggs in one basket."

Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
Upon the fortune of this present year:  
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

*Salar.* Why, then you are in love.

*Ant.*

Fie, fie!

*Salar.* Not in love neither? Then let us say, you  
are sad

Because you are not merry: and 't were as easy  
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,  
Because you are not sail. Now, by two-headed Janus,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,  
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper:  
And other of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*

*Solan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kins-  
man,  
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;  
We leave you now with better company.

*Salar.* I would have stay'd till I had made you  
merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you,

And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?

Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisuress to attend on yours.

*[Exit SALARINO and SOLANIO.]*

*Lor.* My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,  
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time  
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, signior Antonio;

You have too much respect upon the world:

They lose it that do buy it with much care.

Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,

And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the Fool  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man whose blood is warm within

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—

I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:—

These are a sort of men, whose visages

Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;

And do a wilful stillness entertain,

With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;

As who should say, "I am sir Oracle,

And when I open my lips let no dog bark!"

I, my Antonio, I do know of these,

That therefore only are reputed wise

For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,

If they should speak, would almost damn those ears

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:

With this melancholy bait,

They'll catch this opinion.

*Ant.*—Fare ye well, a while;

I'll attend you at dinner-time after dinner.

*Bass.* We will leave you then till dinner-time:

I'll tell thee more of these same dumb wise men,

As I'll let me speak,

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,  
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this year.\*

*Gra.* Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commend-  
able

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

*[Exit GRATIANO and LORENZO.]*

*Ant.* Is that anything now?<sup>b</sup>

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing  
more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are ten  
grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall  
seek all day ere you find them; and when you have  
found them they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well; tell me now, what lady is the same  
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bass.* 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port<sup>c</sup>  
Than my faint means would grant continuance:  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate; but my chief care  
Is to come fairly off from the great debts  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,  
Hath left me gag'd: To you, Antonio,  
I owe the most in money and in love;  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;  
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way, with more advised watch  
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both  
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost: but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well; and herein spend but time  
To wind about my love with circumstance;  
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong  
In making question of my uttermost,  
Than if you had made waste of all I have.  
Then do but say to me what I should do,  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
And I am prest<sup>d</sup> unto it: therefore speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,  
Of wond'rous virtues. Sometimes<sup>e</sup> from her eye  
I did receive fair speechless messages:  
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.  
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;  
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,  
And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
O, my Antonio! had I but the means

\* For this gear—a colloquial expression, meaning for the  
matter.

<sup>b</sup> Gratiano has made a commonplace attempt at wit; and  
Antonio gravely, but sarcastically, asks, "Is that anything?"  
Bassanio replies, "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing."

<sup>c</sup> Port—appearance, carriage.

<sup>d</sup> Prest—ready.

<sup>e</sup> Sometimes—formerly.

rival place with one of them,  
 ainal presages me such thrift,  
 sold questionless be fortunate.  
 thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;  
 ave I money, nor commodity  
 present sum: therefore go forth,  
 my credit can in Venice do;  
 I be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
 h thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
 stly inquire, and so will I,  
 oney is; and I no question make,  
 t of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

II.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary  
 of this world.

Thou wouldst be, sweet madam, if your miseries  
 were same abundance as your good fortunes are:  
 for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit  
 with food, as they that starve with nothing: It is  
 happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean;  
 and comes sooner by white hairs, but competency  
 brings on more.

Good sentences, and well pronounced.

They would be better, if well followed.

If to do were as easy as to know what were  
 good, chapels had been churches, and poor men's  
 houses palaces. It is a good divine that followeth  
 his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty  
 times that which I do than I can prove to be  
 good to be done, than be one of the twenty  
 mine own teaching. The brain may devise  
 things which the heart and sense never can  
 reach to; and that is madness. The youth, to skip o'er  
 the words of good counsel the cripple. But this reas-  
 oning is the fashion to choose me a husband:—  
 I will choose! I may neither choose whom I  
 please, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a  
 father curbed by the will of a dead father:—  
 I have hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor  
 can I avoid one?

Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men  
 have good inspirations; therefore, the lot  
 hath devised in these three chests, of gold,  
 silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning  
 will, no doubt, never be chosen by any  
 but one who you shall rightly love. But what  
 if, in your affection towards any of these  
 suitors that are already come?

I pray thee, overname them; and as thou  
 hast named them, I will describe them; and according to  
 their description level at my affection.

First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

By his own description, that 's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing  
 of his horse; and he makes it a great appro-  
 priation to his own good parts that he can shoe him-  
 self: I am much afraid my lady his mother played  
 false with a smith.

Then, is there the county Palatine.

He doth nothing but frown; as who should say,  
 "I will not have me, choose;" he hears merry  
 words and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping  
 philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unman-  
 ness in his youth. I had rather to be married  
 to a fish-woman than to such a head with a bone in his mouth, than to  
 these. God defend me from these two!

How say you by the French lord, monsieur le

Count? He made him, and therefore let him pass for  
 a Frenchman. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker.  
 But, if he hath a horse better than the Neapoli-  
 tan, or a better habit of frowning than the count,  
 he is every man in no man: if a throstle

sing he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his  
 own shadow: if I should marry him I should marry  
 twenty husbands: If he would despise me I would for-  
 give him; for if he love me to madness I shall never  
 requite him.

*Ner.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young  
 baron of England?

*Por.* You know I say nothing to him; for he under-  
 stands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French,  
 nor Italian; and you will come into the court and  
 swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English.  
 He is a proper man's picture. But, alas! who can  
 converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited!  
 I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose  
 in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour  
 everywhere.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neigh-  
 bour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him;  
 for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and  
 swore he would pay him again when he was able: I  
 think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed  
 under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German, the duke of  
 Saxony's nephew?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober;  
 and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk:  
 when he is best he is a little worse than a man; and  
 when he is worst he is little better than a beast: an  
 the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go  
 without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the  
 right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's  
 will if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set  
 a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket:  
 for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without,  
 I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa,  
 ere I will be married to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of  
 these lords; they have acquainted me with their deter-  
 minations: which is, indeed, to return to their home  
 and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may  
 be won by some other sort than your father's imposition,  
 depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as  
 chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of  
 my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are  
 so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I  
 dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair de-  
 parture.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's  
 time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came  
 hither in company of the marquis of Montferat?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think so was he  
 called.

*Ner.* True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my  
 foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember him  
 worthy of thy praise.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The four strangers seek you, madam, to take  
 their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth,  
 the prince of Morocco; who brings word the prince, his  
 master, will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good  
 heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be  
 glad of his approach: if he have the complexion of a  
 saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he  
 should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks  
 at the door.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE III.—Venice. *A public Place.**Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.**Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—well.*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.*Shy.* For three months,—well.*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound,—well.*Bass.* May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.*Bass.* Your answer to that.*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?*Shy.* Oh no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad.<sup>a</sup> But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.*Bass.* Be assured you may.*Shy.* I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork! to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?*Enter ANTONIO.**Bass.* This is signior Antonio.*Shy.* [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe If I forgive him!*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?*Shy.* I am debating of my present store: And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats: What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me: But soft: How many months Do you desire? Rest you fair, good signior: [*To ANT.*] Your worship was the last man in our mouths.*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd<sup>b</sup> How much you would?*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.*Ant.* And for three months.*Shy.* I had forgot,—three months, you told me so. Well then, your bond; and, let me see. But hear you:*Squandered abroad.* The meaning is simply scattered.<sup>b</sup> Possess'd—*informed.*

Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow, Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep, This Jacob from our holy Abraham was (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf) The third possessor; ay, he was the third.*Ant.* And what of him? did he take interest?*Shy.* No, not take interest; not, as you would say: Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.When Laban and himself were compromis'd That all the earnings<sup>a</sup> which were streak'd and piec'd Should fall, as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank, In end of autumn turned to the rams:

And when the work of generation was

Between these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd pill'd<sup>b</sup> me certain wands,

And, in the doing of the deed of kind,

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time

Fall<sup>c</sup> particolour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was bless'd;

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd<sup>d</sup> for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,

But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:

But note me, signior.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul producing holy witness

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;

A goodly apple rotten at the heart;

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—'t is a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft

In the Rialto you have rated me

About my moneys, and my usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spet<sup>d</sup> upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well, then, it now appears you need my help:

Go to then; you come to me, and you say,

"Shylock, we would have moneys;" You say so;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,

"Hath a dog money? is it possible

A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,

With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

Say this,—

"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time

You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies

I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,

To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

<sup>a</sup> Earnings—lamb's just dropped.<sup>b</sup> Pill'd. This is usually printed *peel'd*. The words are synonymous; but in the old and the present translations of the Bible we find *pill'd* in the passage of Genesis to which Shylock alludes.<sup>c</sup> Fall—to let fall.<sup>d</sup> Spet was the more received orthography in Shakespeare's time.

friends; (for when did friendship take  
barren metal of his friend?)  
rather to thine enemy;  
break, thou mayst with better face  
penalties.

Why, look you, how you storm!  
friends with you, and have your love;  
shames that you have stain'd me with;  
or present wants, and take no doir  
for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me:  
and I offer.

This were kindness.  
his kindness will I show:  
e to a notary: seal me there  
e bond; and, in a merry sport,  
ay me not on such a day  
place, such sum, or sums, as are  
in the condition, let the forfeit  
ed for an equal pound  
ir flesh, to be cut off and taken  
rt of your body pleaseth me.  
intent, in faith; I 'll seal to such a bond,  
ere is much kindness in the Jew.  
ou shall not seal to such a bond for me;  
dwell\* in my necessity.  
by, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;

Within these two months, that 's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* O father Abraham, what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture?  
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour I extend this friendship;  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;

And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard<sup>a</sup>  
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently  
I will be with you. [Exit

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come on; in this there can be no dismay,  
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt

## ACT II.

I.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO,  
Train; PORTIA, NERISSA and other of her  
nts.*

islike me not for my complexion,  
e'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
am a neighbour, and near bred.  
he fairest creature northward born,  
ebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
make incision for your love,  
hose blood is reddest, his, or mine.  
lady, this aspect of mine  
(the valiant; by my love, I swear,  
garded virgins of our clime  
it too; I would not change this hue,  
deal your thoughts, my gentle queen.  
terms of choice I am not solely led  
ection of a maiden's eyes:  
lottery of my destiny  
e right of voluntary choosing:  
father had not scanted me,  
me by his wit,<sup>b</sup> to yield myself  
o wins me by that means I told you,  
owned prince, then stood as fair  
er I have look'd on yet,  
ection.

Even for that I thank you;  
pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
fortune. By this scimitar,  
he Sophy, and a Persian prince  
ree fields of sultan Solymán,  
e-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
e heart most daring on the earth,  
oung sucking cubs from the she-bear,  
the lion when he roars for prey,  
e, lady: But, alas the while!  
and Lichas play at dice  
e better man, the greater throw  
estime.

he word is here used in its ancient sense of mental  
real. To wit, from the Anglo-Saxon *witan*, is to

May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:  
So is Alcides beaten by his page;  
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance;  
And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

*Mor.* Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple; after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then! [Cornets  
To make me bless'd, or curs'd 'st among men. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run  
from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow,  
and tempts me; saying to me,—Gobbo, Launcelot  
Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launce-  
lot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:—  
My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot;  
take heed, honest Gobbo; or (as aforesaid) honest  
Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: scorn running with thy  
heels:<sup>b</sup> Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack.  
Via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the  
heavens;<sup>c</sup> rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and  
run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of  
my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend,  
Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an  
honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did some-  
thing smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;  
—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not:  
budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience:

<sup>a</sup> *Fearful guard*—a guard that is the cause of fear.

<sup>b</sup> When Pistol says "He hears with ears," Sir Hugh Evans  
calls the phrase "affectation." Perhaps Launcelot uses "scorn  
running with thy heels" in the same affected fashion.

<sup>c</sup> *For the heavens.* This expression is simply, as Gifford  
states, "a petty oath." It occurs in Ben Jonson and Dekker.

Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* [*Aside.*] O Heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind,\* high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try conclusions with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's sotties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him dwell with him, or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now—[*aside*—now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot.

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

*Laun.* *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a bovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might hail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn,

\* Sand-blind—having an imperfect sight, as if there was sand in the eye. Shovel-blind, a disease of Launcelot's, is the exact reverse of sand-blind.

if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy Dobbinn my phill-horse<sup>a</sup> has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem then that Dobbinn's tail backward; I am sure he had more hair of his I have of my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How and thy master agree? I have brought him a How 'gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well; but for mine own part, I set up my rest to run away, so I will not re have run some ground. My master's a v Give him a present! give him a halter: I am in his service; you may tell every finger I h my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: your present to one master Bassanio, who, ind rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will r as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! he the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew if the Jew any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other F*

*Bass.* You may do so:—but let it be so ha supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clo these letters delivered; put the liveries to and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodg  
[*Exit a*

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy! Wouldst thou aught with

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one w to serve,—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I s Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall spec

*Gob.* His master and he (saving your v reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that having done me wrong, doth cause me, as m being I hope an old man, shall trifly unto yo

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I wou upon your worship; and my suit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent<sup>b</sup> to as your worship shall know by this honest ol and, though I say it, though old man, yet, po my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both:—What would yo

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter, s

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd t Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,

And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become

The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the God, sir, and be hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, w son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out:—give him a livery [*To his Fo More guarded<sup>c</sup> than his fellows': See it done.*

*Laun.* Father, in:—I cannot get a service, have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well; [*too his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table cloth offer to swear upon a book I shall have g tune! Go to, here's a simple line of life! h

<sup>a</sup> phill-horse—the same as chill-horse—the horse in t

<sup>b</sup> Impertinent. Launcelot is a blunderer, as well as

<sup>c</sup> can play upon a word; here he means pertinent.

<sup>d</sup> More guarded—more ornamented, laced, fringed.

of wives : Alas, fifteen wives is nothing ;  
 es and nine maids, is a simple coming in  
 : and then, to 'scape drowning thrice ; and  
 l of my life with the edge of a feather-bed ;  
 ple 'scapes ! Well, if fortune be a woman,  
 I wench for this gear.—Father, come. I'll  
 ve of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt LAUN. and Old Gob.*  
 say thee, good Leonardo, think on this ;  
 being bought, and orderly bestow'd,  
 ate, for I do feast to-night  
 em'd acquaintance : hie thee, go.  
 y best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

ere 's your master ?  
 Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit LEON.*  
 nior Bassanio,—  
 atiano !  
 ave a suit to you.

You have obtain'd it.  
 a must not deny me : I must go with you  
 Belmont.  
 by, then you must.—But hear thee, Gra-  
 tiano ;  
 s wild, too rude, and bold of voice ;  
 become thee happily enough,  
 a eyes as ours appear not faults  
 hey are not known, why, there they show  
 so liberal :—pray thee take pain  
 th some cold drops of modesty  
 g spirit ; lest, through thy wild behaviour,  
 strued in the place I go to,  
 y hopes.

Signior Bassanio, hear me :  
 put on a sober habit,  
 respect, and swear but now and then,  
 s-books in my pocket, look demurely ;  
 while grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
 ny hat, and sigh, and say amen ;  
 observance of civility,  
 all studied in a sad ostent \*  
 is grandam.—never trust me more.  
 ll, we shall see your bearing.  
 y, but I bar to-night ; you shall not gage me  
 e do to-night.

No, that were pity ;  
 treat you rather to put on  
 t suit of mirth, for we have friends  
 e merriment : But fare you well,  
 e business.  
 d I must to Lorenzo and the rest ;  
 visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

II.—Venice. *A Room in Shylock's House.*

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*  
 a sorry thou wilt leave my father so ;  
 s hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
 of some taste of tediousness :  
 e well : there is a ducat for thee :  
 celot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
 so is thy new master's guest :  
 his letter ; do it secretly,  
 well ; I would not have my father  
 alk with thee.  
 Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue. Most  
 again,—most sweet Jew ! If a Christian did  
 e knave and get thee, I am much deceived :  
 these foolish drops do somewhat drown my  
 t : adieu ! [*Exit.*

ewell, good Launcelot.  
 a heinous sin is it in me,

\* *Costly—display.*

To be asham'd to be my father's child :  
 But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
 I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo,  
 If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;  
 Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time ;  
 Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
 All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.  
*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torchbearers.  
*Solan.* 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd ;  
 And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'T is now but four o'clock ; we have two hours  
 To furnish us.—

*Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news ?  
*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this, it  
 shall seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand : in faith, 't is a fair hand ;  
 And whiter than the paper it writ on  
 Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou ?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to  
 sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jessica,  
 I will not fail her ;—speak it privately : go.  
 Gentlemen, [*Exit LAUN.*

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ?  
 I am provided of a torchbearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Solan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me and Gratiano  
 At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'T is good we do so. [*Ex. SALAR. and SOLAN.*

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all : She hath directed  
 How I shall take her from her father's house ;  
 What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with ;  
 What page's suit she hath in readiness.  
 If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
 It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :  
 And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
 Unless she do it under this excuse,—  
 That she is issue to a faithless Jew.  
 Come, go with me ; peruse this as thou goest :  
 Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Venice. *Before Shylock's House.*

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be my  
 judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :

What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica !—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out ;—

Why, Jessica, I say !

*Laun.* Why, Jessica !

*Shy.* Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me I could do  
 nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

*Jes.* Call you ? What is your will ?

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica ;

There are my keys :—But wherefore should I go ?

I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,  
Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;  
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproof.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock in the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd lute,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the public street,  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:  
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:  
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;  
Say, I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, sir.—  
Mistress, look out at window for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

*Jes.* His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

*Shy.* The patch\* is kind enough; but a huge feeder,  
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me,  
Therefore I part with him; and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste  
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;  
Perhaps, I will return immediately;  
Do as I bid you,

Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;  
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

*Jes.* Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,  
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo  
Desir'd us to make a stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.  
*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont  
To keep obliged faith forfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,  
With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
How like a younger, or a prodigal,  
The scarfed bark<sup>b</sup> puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like a prodigal doth she return;  
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
Starv'd, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

\*The domestic fool was sometimes called a patch; hence that this class was thus named from their vocation. Patch thus came to be an exempt.  
b—the vessel gay with streamers.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo;—more of his here after.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode:

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;  
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

*Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,  
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;  
For who love I so much? and now who knows  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pain  
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shame?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.  
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;  
And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So you are, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.  
But come at once;

For the close night doth play the runaway,  
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit, from above.*]

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentle and no Jew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;  
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;  
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come?—O, gentlemen, away;  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit, with JES. and SALAR.*]

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio?

*Ant.* Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?  
'T is nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you:  
No masque to-night; the wind is come about;  
Bassanio presently will go aboard:  
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on 't; I desire no more delight  
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and both their Trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
The several caskets to this noble prince:—  
Now make your choice.

e first, of gold, who this inscription bears :  
 oseth me shall gain what many men desire."  
 , silver, which this promise carries :  
 ooth me shall get as much as he deserves."  
 full lead, with warning all as blunt :  
 oeth me must give and hazard all he hath."  
 I know if I do choose the right ?  
 e one of them contains my picture, prince ;  
 se that, then I am yours withal.  
 me god direct my judgment ! Let me see.  
 y the inscriptions back again :  
 this leaden casket ?  
 ooth me must give and hazard all he hath."  
 —For what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?  
 threatens : Men that hazard all  
 pe of fair advantages :  
 ind stoops not to shows of dross ;  
 or give, nor hazard, ought for lead.  
 the silver, with her virgin hue ?  
 ooth me shall get as much as he deserves."  
 s he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco,  
 thy value with an even hand :  
 t rated by thy estimation,  
 deserve enough ; and yet enough  
 tend so far as to the lady :  
 be afraid of my deserving  
 weak disabbling of myself.  
 I deserve !—Why, that 's the lady :  
 h deserve her, and in fortunes,  
 and in qualities of breeding ;  
 han these, in love I do deserve.  
 stray'd no further, but chose here ?—  
 nce more this saying grav'd in gold :  
 ooth me shall gain what many men desire."  
 's the lady : all the world desires her :  
 ur corners of the earth they come,  
 s shrine, this mortal breathing saint.  
 nian deserts, and the vasty wilds  
 abia, are as through-fares now,  
 to come view fair Portia :  
 Kingdom, whose ambitious head  
 face of heaven, is no bar  
 foreign spirits ; but they come,  
 ook, to see fair Portia.  
 e three contains her heavenly picture.  
 at lead contains her ? 'T were damnation  
 s base a thought : it were too gross  
 cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
 think in silver she 's immur'd,  
 times undervalued to tried gold ?  
 ought ! Never so rich a gem  
 worse than gold. They have in England  
 t bears the figure of an angel  
 s gold ; but that 's insculp'd upon ;  
 n angel in a golden bed  
 thin.—Deliver me the key ;  
 choose, and thrive I as I may !  
 ere, take it, prince, and if my form lie  
 e,  
 yours. [He unlocks the golden casket.  
 hell ! what have we here ?  
 death, within whose empty eye  
 written scroll ? I 'll read the writing  
 All that glisters is not gold,  
 Often have you heard that told ;  
 Many a man his life hath sold  
 But my outside to behold :  
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.  
 Had you been as wise as bold,  
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
 Your answer had not been miscoll'd ;  
 Fare you well ; your suit is cold.  
 feed ; and labour lost :  
 rewell heat ; and welcome frost.—

Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart  
 To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [Exit.  
 Por. A gentle riddance :—Draw the curtains, go ;—  
 Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.—Venice. *A Street.**Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO.*

*Salar.* Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;  
 With him is Gratiano gone along ;  
 And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.  
*Solan.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke ;  
 Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.  
*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail ;  
 But there the duke was given to understand,  
 That in a gondola were seen together  
 Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica ;  
 Besides, Antonio certified the duke,  
 They were not with Bassanio in his ship.  
*Solan.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :  
 " My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !  
 Fled with a Christian ?—O my christian ducats !—  
 Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !  
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,  
 Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !  
 And jewels ; two stones, two rich and precious stones,  
 Stol'n by my daughter !—Justice ! find the girl !  
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats !"  
*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
 Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.  
*Solan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
 Or he shall pay for this.  
*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd :  
 I reason'd<sup>a</sup> with a Frenchman yesterday,  
 Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part  
 The French and English, there miscarried  
 A vessel of our country, richly fraught :  
 I thought upon Antonio when he told me,  
 And wish'd in silence that it were not his.  
*Solan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you hear ;  
 Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.  
*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.  
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :  
 Bassanio told him, he would make some speed  
 Of his return ; he answer'd—" Do not so,  
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,  
 But stay the very riping of the time ;  
 And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,  
 Let it not enter in your mind of love :  
 Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts  
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love  
 As shall conveniently become you there :"  
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
 And with affection wondrous sensible  
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.  
*Solan.* I think he only loves the world for him.  
 I pray thee, let us go and find him out,  
 And quicken his embraced heaviness  
 With some delight or other.

*Salar.* Do we so. [Exit.SCENE IX.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House**Enter NERISSA with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain  
 straight ;  
 The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
 And comes to his election presently.

<sup>a</sup> Reason'd is here used for discern'd.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their Trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince; if you choose that wherein I am contain'd, straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd; but if you fail, without more speech, my lord, you must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoind by oath to observe three things: first, never to unfold to any one which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail of the right casket, never in my life to woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice, immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear that comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address'd me: Fortune now to my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:" you shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

What many men desire.—That many may be meant by the fool multitude, that choose by show, not learning more than the fond eye doth teach, which prizes not to th' interior, but, like the martlet, builds in the weather on the outward wall, even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire, because I will not jump with common spirits, and rank me with the barbarous multitudes. Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house; tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"

And well said too. For who shall go about to cozen fortune, and be honourable without the stamp of merit! Let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,

were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover that stand bare!

How many be commanded that command!

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

from the true seed of honour! and how much honour

pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,

to be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"

I will assume desert:—Give me a key for this, and instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.

*Ar.* What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot, presenting me a schedule? I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices, and of opposed natures.

*Ar.* What is here?

"The fire seven times tried this;  
Seven times tried that judgment is  
That did never choose amiss:  
Some there be that shadows kiss;  
Such have but a shadow's bliss:  
There be fools alive, I wis,  
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.  
Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will ever be your head:  
So begone; you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.

Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt ARRAGON and Trains.*]

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth. O these deliberate fools! when they do choose, they have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy;—Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady?

*Por.* Here; what would my lord?

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord:

From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;<sup>a</sup>

To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen

So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,

To show how costly summer was at hand,

As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,

Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see

Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter SOLANIO and SALARINO.*

*Solan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

*Solan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the st Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Solan.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

*Solan.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants? *Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That 's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Solan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

<sup>a</sup> *Regards—salutations.*

is damned for it.  
 hat 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.  
 own flesh and blood to rebel!  
 but upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these  
 ay, my daughter is my flesh and blood.  
 here is more difference between thy flesh and  
 etween jet and ivory; more between your  
 n there is between red wine and rhenish:—  
 do you hear whether Antonio have had any  
 r no?  
 ere I have another bad match: a bankrout, a  
 ho dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;  
 at was used to come so smug upon the mart.  
 look to his bond: he was wont to call me  
 t him look to his bond: he was wont to lend  
 a christian courtesy;—let him look to his

Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not  
 b? What 's that good for?  
 bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else  
 t my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and  
 se half a million; laughed at my losses,  
 my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my  
 oled my friends, heated mine enemies; and  
 mason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes?  
 few hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affec-  
 ns? fed with the same food, hurt with the  
 ns, subject to the same diseases, healed by  
 ans, warmed and cooled by the same winter  
 e, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we  
 if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you  
 o we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we  
 ? If we are like you in the rest, we will  
 on in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian,  
 humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a  
 should his sufferance be by Christian ex-  
 y, revenge. The villainy you teach me I  
 e; and it shall go hard but I will better the

*Enter a Servant.*

ntlemen, my master Antonio is at his house,  
 to speak with you both.  
 Ve have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

ere comes another of the tribe; a third can-  
 bel, unless the devil himself turn Jew.  
 [Exit SOLANIO, SALARINO, and Servant.  
 e now, Tubal, what news from Genoa?  
 and my daughter?  
 hen came where I did hear of her, but can-  
 y, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone,  
 thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse  
 on our nation till now; I never felt it till  
 thousand ducats in that; and other precious  
 sels.—I would my daughter were dead at  
 d the jewels in her ear! would she were  
 y foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No  
 a?—Why, so:—and I know not how much  
 e search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the  
 th so much, and so much to find the thief;  
 faction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring  
 ghts o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my  
 no tears but o' my shedding.  
 o, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as  
 remon,—  
 at, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?  
 hath an argosy cast away, coming from  
 ank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped  
 the wrack.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good  
 news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one  
 night, fourscore ducats!

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never  
 see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting!  
 fourscore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my  
 company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but  
 break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll  
 torture him; I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had  
 of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it  
 was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a  
 bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of  
 monkeys.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that 's true, that 's very true: Go, Tubal,  
 fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I  
 will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out  
 of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go,  
 Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good  
 Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and  
 Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,  
 Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong  
 I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:  
 There 's something tells me, (but it is not love,)  
 I would not lose you; and you know yourself,  
 Hate counsels not in such a quality:  
 But lest you should not understand me well,  
 (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)  
 I would detain you here some month or two,  
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you  
 How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;  
 So will I never be: so may you miss me;  
 But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,  
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes.  
 They have o'erlook'd<sup>a</sup> me, and divided me;  
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—  
 Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,  
 And so all yours: O! these naughty times  
 Put bars between the owners and their rights;  
 And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,  
 Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.  
 I speak too long; but 't is to peize<sup>b</sup> the time;  
 To eke it, and to draw it out in length,  
 To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose;  
 For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess  
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:  
 There may as well be amity and life  
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,  
 Where men enforced do speak anything.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

<sup>a</sup> *O'erlook'd.* In 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' we have—  
 "Vild worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth."

The word is here used in the same sense; which is derived from  
 the popular opinions of the influence of fairies and witches.  
 The eyes of Bassanio have o'erlooked Portia, and she yields to  
 the enchantment.

<sup>b</sup> *Peize.* *Peize* and *peize* are the same words. To *weigh* the  
 time, is, to keep it in suspense—upon the balance



*Por.* Well, then, confess, and live.

*Bass.* Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession :  
O happy torment, when my torturer  
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !  
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then : I am lock'd in one of them ;  
If you do love me, you will find me out.  
*Nerissa*, and the rest, stand all aloof.  
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice ;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music : that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,  
And watery death-bed for him : He may win ;  
And what is music then ? then music is  
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch : such it is,  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,  
With no less presence, but with much more love,  
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,  
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
With bleared visages, come forth to view  
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !  
Live thou, I live :—With much much more dismay  
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

*Music, whilst BASSANTIO comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

1. Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head ?  
How begot, how nourished ?  
Reply, reply.
2. It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies :  
Let us all ring fancy's knell ;  
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.  
Ding, dong, bell.

*All.*

*Bass.* So may the outward shows be least themselves ;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?  
There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stayers of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk ;  
And these assume but valour's excrement,  
To render them redoubt'd ! Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight ;  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it :  
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.  
Thus ornament is but the guil'd<sup>a</sup> shore  
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on

<sup>a</sup> *Guil'd*—deceiving. The active and passive participles are substituted each for the other by Shakspeare and the other shakspearean poets.

To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,  
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,  
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,  
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embac'd despair,  
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy !  
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess ;  
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,  
For fear I surfeit !

*Bass.* What find I here ?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,  
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends : Here in her hair  
The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs : But her eyes,—  
How could he see to do them ? having made one,  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd :<sup>a</sup> Yet look, how far  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
In underprising it, so far this shadow  
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here 's the scroll,  
The continent and summary of my fortune.

" You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true !  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content, and seek no new.  
If you be well pleas'd with this,  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave :

[*Kissing her*]

I come by note, to give and to receive.  
Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
Hearing applause and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt  
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;  
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so ;  
As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see, my lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am : though, for myself alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich ;  
That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account : but the full sum of me  
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn ; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;  
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours  
Is now converted : but now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same myself,

<sup>a</sup> *Unfurnish'd*—unsurrounded by the other features.

my lord,—I give them with this ring;  
 when you part from, lose, or give away,  
 it shall be the ruin of your love,  
 the advantage to exclaim on you.  
 O lady, you have bereft me of all words,  
 my blood speaks to you in my veins;  
 there is such confusion in my powers,  
 that my own reason fairly spoke  
 of a prince, there doth appear  
 a buzzing pleased multitude;  
 whereof something, being blent together,  
 is wild of nothing, save of joy,  
 and not express'd: But when this ring  
 comes to this finger, then parts life from hence;  
 and bold to say, Bassanio's dead.  
 O my lord and lady, it is now our time,  
 stand by and see our wishes prosper,  
 and joy; Good joy, my lord and lady!  
 O my lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,  
 I shall have all the joy that you can wish;  
 and you can wish none from me:  
 your honours mean to solemnize  
 the time of your faith, I do beseech you,  
 at that time I may be married too.  
 With all my heart, so thou canst get a  
 wife.  
 Thank your lordship; you have got me one.  
 O my lord, can look as swift as yours:  
 when my mistress, I beheld the maid;  
 I lov'd; for intermission  
 she retains to me, my lord, than you.  
 She stood upon the caskets there;  
 I chose mine too, as the matter falls:  
 here, until I sweat again,  
 my roof was dry, till my very roof was dry  
 of love, at last,—if promise last,—  
 the promise of this fair one here,  
 my love, provided that your fortune  
 be not my mistress.

Is this true, Nerissa?  
 O lady, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.  
 Will you do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?  
 O my faith, my lord.  
 Your feast shall be much honour'd in your  
 carriage.  
 We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand  
 shall win, and stake down?  
 O my lord, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake  
 our own.  
 O my lord, here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?  
 O my lord, my old Venetian friend, Solanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO.  
 O my lord, Bassanio, and Solanio, welcome hither;  
 the youth of my new interest here  
 has hid you welcome:—By your leave,  
 my friends and countrymen,  
 I am, welcome.

So do I, my lord;  
 I am entirely welcome.  
 Thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,  
 I was not to have seen you here;  
 I was going with Solanio by the way,  
 and he has met me, past all saying nay,  
 and has brought me along.

I did, my lord,  
 for the reason for it. Signior Antonio  
 has hid you from me. [Gives BASSANIO a letter.  
 Here I ope his letter,  
 and tell me how my good friend doth.  
 O my lord, I am not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;  
 unless in mind: his letter there  
 tells me of his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.  
 Your hand, Solanio. What's the news from Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?  
 I know he will be glad of our success;  
 We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Solan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath  
 lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same  
 paper,  
 That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;  
 Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world  
 Could turn so much the constitution  
 Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—  
 With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,  
 And I must freely have the half of anything  
 That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,  
 Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
 That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,  
 When I did first impart my love to you,  
 I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
 Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;  
 And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,  
 Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
 How much I was a braggart: When I told you  
 My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
 That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,  
 I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
 Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,  
 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;  
 The paper as the body of my friend,  
 And every word in it a gaping wound,  
 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?  
 Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?  
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
 And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

Solan. Not one, my lord.  
 Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
 The present money to discharge the Jew,  
 He would not take it: Never did I know  
 A creature that did bear the shape of man,  
 So keen and greedy to confound a man:  
 He plies the duke at morning, and at night;  
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state  
 If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,  
 The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;  
 But none can drive him from the envious plea  
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear  
 To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,  
 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh  
 Than twenty times the value of the sum  
 That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,  
 If law, authority, and power deny not,  
 It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
 The best condition'd and unwearied spirit  
 In doing courtesies; and one in whom  
 The ancient Roman honour more appears,  
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;  
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
 Before a friend of this description  
 Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.  
 First, go with me to church, and call me wife;  
 And then away to Venice to your friend;

For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:  
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,  
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;  
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:  
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:  
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.  
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [Reads.]

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

*Por.* O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste: but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;—

This is the fool that lends out money gratis;—

Gaoler, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond:

Thou call'st me dog, before thou hadst a cause:

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:

The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond<sup>a</sup>

To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not;

I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [Ex. SHY.

*Salar.* It is the most impenetrable cur

That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.

He seeks my life; his reason well I know;

I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made moan to me;

Therefore he hates me.

*Salar.* I am sure the duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law,

For the commodity that strangers have

With us in Venice; if it be denied,

'T will much impeach the justice of the state;

Since that the trade and profit of the city

Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:

These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,

That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come

To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit

<sup>a</sup> *Fond.* This is generally explained as *foolish*—one of the senses in which Shakspeare very often uses the word. We are inclined to think that it here means *indulgent*, tender, weakly compassionate.

Of godlike amity; which appears most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
How true a gentleman you send relief,  
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
I know you would be prouder of the work,  
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;  
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,  
Being the bosom lover of my lord,  
Must needs be like my lord: if it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,  
In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
From out the state of hellish cruelty!  
This comes too near the praising of myself;  
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.  
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands

The husbandry and manage of my house,  
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,  
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,  
To live in prayer and contemplation,  
Only attended by Nerissa here,  
Until her husband and my lord's return:  
There is a monastery two miles off,  
And there we will abide. I do desire you  
Not to deny this imposition;  
The which my love, and some necessity,  
Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart,  
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd  
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[Exit JES. and LOR.]

Now, Balthazar,  
As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,  
And use thou all the endeavour of a man  
In speed to Padua; see thou render this  
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;  
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee  
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed  
Unto the tranect,<sup>a</sup> to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [Exit.

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,  
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands  
Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us?

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both account'd like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;  
And speak, between the change of man and boy  
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,

<sup>a</sup> *Tranect.* No other example is found of the use of this word in English, and yet there is little doubt that the word is correct. *Tranare*, and *trainare*, are interpreted by Florio as only as to draw, which is the common acceptation, but as it pass or swim over. Thus the tranect was most probably the boat of the ferry.

the bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,  
 Upon proud ladies sought my love,  
 Denying they fell sick and died;  
 And do withal: then I'll repent,  
 And for all that, that I had not kill'd them:  
 And of these puny lies I'll tell,  
 I shall swear I have discontinued school  
 Twelve month:—I have within my mind  
 A hundred raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
 Which I will practise.

Why, shall we turn to men?  
 O! what a question's that,  
 To turn near a lewd interpreter!  
 I'll tell thee all my whole device  
 As in my coach, which stays for us  
 At the gate; and therefore haste away,  
 And measure twenty miles to-day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Yes, truly;—for, look you, the sins of the  
 world to be laid upon the children; therefore, I  
 fear you. I was always plain with you,  
 and I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore,  
 cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned.  
 I set no hope in it that can do you any good;  
 'tis but a kind of bastard hope neither.  
 And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Marry, you may partly hope that your father  
 is dead, that you are not the Jew's daughter,  
 but were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so  
 that my mother should be visited upon me.

Truly then I fear you are damned both by  
 your mother; thus when I shun Scylla, your  
 father fall into Charybdis, your mother; well, you  
 are damned both ways.  
 I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made  
 a Christian of me.

Truly, the more to blame he: we were Chris-  
 tians before; 'e'en as many as could well live,  
 and other: This making of Christians will raise  
 the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters we  
 shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

'Til tell my husband, Launcelot, what you  
 have done.

I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot,  
 as you get my wife into corners.

Alas, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Launcelot  
 is dead: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for  
 me, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he  
 is no good member of the commonwealth;  
 for turning Jews to Christians, you raise the price

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth,  
 than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the  
 Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more  
 than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman,  
 she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I  
 think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into  
 silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only  
 but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for  
 dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then  
 bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done, too, sir: only, cover is the  
 word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt  
 thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant?  
 I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain mean-  
 ing; go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve  
 in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for  
 the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in  
 to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits  
 shall govern. [Exit LAUN.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory  
 An army of good words; and I do know  
 A many fools, that stand in better place,  
 Than I wish'd like him, that for a tricky word  
 Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;—  
 How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet

The lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
 For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
 He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;  
 And, if on earth he do not mean it, it  
 Is reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
 And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
 And Portia one, there must be something else  
 Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world  
 Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband

Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;

Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
 I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Court of Justice.*

DUKE, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANTIO,  
 TRIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, and others.

What is Antonio here?

Truly, to please your grace.

I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer  
 thy adversary, an inhuman wretch  
 Void of pity, void and empty  
 Of all dram of mercy.

I have heard  
 How he hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
 His own abuse; but since he stands obdurate,

And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach,\* I do oppose

My patience to his fury; and am arm'd

To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,

The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Solan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.  
 Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

\* *Envy's reach.* Envy is here used in the sense of *malice*,  
*hatred*; as in the translation of the Bible (Mark xv. 10).

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought  
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)  
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back,  
Enough to press a royal merchant down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that:  
But, say, it is my humour: Is it answer'd?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?  
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;  
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;  
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,  
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,  
Master of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loathes: Now, for your answer.  
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a woollen bagpipe,—but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
As to offend, himself being offended;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee  
twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew,<sup>b</sup>  
You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;  
You may as well do anything most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what 's harder?)  
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,  
Make no more offers, use no further means,  
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

<sup>a</sup> *Affection*, either for love or dislike—sympathy or antipathy—being the *master of passion*—sways it (*passion*) to the mood of what it (*affection*) likes or loathes.

<sup>b</sup> The construction of this line appears to us elliptical: we believe that it should be understood thus:—

"I pray you, think, [if] you question with the Jew."

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering thus?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong!

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,  
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you,  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought; 't is mine, and I will have it;  
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice:

I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

*Solan.* My lord, here stays without  
A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! come  
yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

*Ner.* From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace  
[Presents a letter]

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,  
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, execrable \* dog!  
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, sterv'd,<sup>b</sup> and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my hand,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:

Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall

To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court:—

Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,

To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart:—some three or four of  
you

<sup>a</sup> *Inexorable*. In is used as an augmentative particle, the sense being *most execrable*.

<sup>b</sup> *Sterv'd*—synonymous with *starved*, and used by Spenser and the elder poets.

courteous conduct to this place.—  
The court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.]

we shall understand that, at the receipt of your  
try sick; but in the instant that your messenger  
of visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome;  
Althassar; I acquainted him with the cause in con-  
cern the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned  
like together: he is furnished with my opinion;  
with his own learning (the greatness whereof I  
commend). comes with him, at my importunity,  
grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let  
me be no impediment to let him lack a reverend  
man I never knew so young a body with so old a  
heart: him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial  
shall bid his commendation."

As he hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:  
take it, is the doctor come.—

PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

My hand: Came you from old Bellario?  
Yes, my lord.

You are welcome: take your place.  
I'm acquainted with the difference  
of his present question in the court?  
I'm informed throughly of the cause.  
The merchant here, and which the Jew?  
Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.  
What is your name Shylock?

Shylock is my name.  
What strange nature is the suit you follow;  
What rule that the Venetian law  
prescribes you, as you do proceed.—  
What is his danger, do you not? [To ANT.]  
As he says.

Do you confess the bond?

Then must the Jew be merciful.  
That compulsion must I? tell me that.  
The quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
As the gentle rain from heaven  
falls upon the parch'd bosom;  
Which is twice bless'd;  
In that it gives, and him that takes:  
It is the mightiest; it becomes  
The monarch better than his crown;  
It is the force of temporal power,  
To awe and majesty,  
Which doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
Which doth above this sceptred sway,  
Which doth sit in the hearts of kings,  
Which doth give us the law,  
Which doth sit to God himself;  
Which doth power doth then show likest God's  
Whom we do reverence. Therefore, Jew,  
If it be thy plea, consider this—  
The course of justice, none of us  
Can give: we do pray for mercy;—  
Which doth teach us all to render  
Mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
Which doth be justice of thy plea;  
Which doth follow, this strict court of Venice  
Which doth give sentence 'gainst the merchant there,  
Which doth lie upon my head! I crave the law,  
Which doth forfeit of my bond.  
Which doth not able to discharge the money?  
Which doth here I tender it for him in the court;  
Which doth sum: if that will not suffice,  
Which doth bid to pay it ten times o'er,  
Which doth bid my hands, my head, my heart:  
Which doth suffice, it must appear  
Which doth bid ears down truth.<sup>b</sup> And I beseech you,  
Which doth bid the law to your authority:  
Which doth bid right do a little wrong;  
Which doth bid the cruel devil of his will.

<sup>a</sup> says,—“*Is his danger, under his danger,*  
*is captive. The old French danger frequently*  
*the power, dominion.*”  
<sup>b</sup> used in the sense of honesty.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:

'T will be recorded for a precedent;  
And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!  
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?  
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;  
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is:

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'T is very true: O wise and upright judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:

So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—

Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the  
flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; But what of that?

'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use,

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife.

Tell her the process of Antonio's end,

Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that, if she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I would she were in heaven, so she could entreat some power to change this curriish Jew.

*Ner.* 'T is well you offer it behind her back; the wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.* We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine; the court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast; the law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little;—there is something else.—This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood; the words expressly are a pound of flesh: Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh; But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law?  
*Por.* Thyself shall see the act: For, as thou ugest justice, be assur'd

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

*Gra.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

*Shy.* I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice, And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.  
*Por.* Soft.

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh. Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more, But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more, Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance, Or the division of the twentieth part Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn But in the estimation of a hair,— Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew! Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.  
*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court; He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?  
*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture, To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why, then the devil give him good of it! I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew; The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,— If it be prov'd against an alien, That by direct or indirect attempts He seek the life of any citizen, The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive Shall seize one half his goods; the other half To the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice. In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st: For it appears by manifest proceeding, That, indirectly, and directly too, Thou hast contriv'd against the very life Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd The danger formerly by me rehears'd. Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg that thou mayst have leave to beg thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state, Thou hast not left the value of a cord; Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of an spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it: For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; The other half comes to the general state, Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that: You take my house, when you do take the prop That doth sustain my house; you take my life, When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the court, To quit the fine for one half of his goods;

I am content, so he will let me have The other half in use,<sup>a</sup> to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman That lately stole his daughter;

Two things provided more,—That for this favour, He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift, Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd, Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this; or else I do recant The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew; what dost thou say?  
*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.  
*Shy.* I pray you give me leave to go from hence: I am not well; send the deed after me, And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.  
*Gra.* In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers:

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,<sup>b</sup> To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font. [*Exit. Shy.*

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you with me home to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon. I must away this night toward Padua;

And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry that your leisure serves you not. Antonio, gratify this gentleman;

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Magnificoes, and Train.*  
*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friends

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,

Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew, We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above, In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid that is well satisfied: And I, delivering you, am satisfied,

And therein do account myself well paid; My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you know me, when we meet again; I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

<sup>a</sup> In use—lent on interest.

<sup>b</sup> Ten more. Jurymen were jestingly called godfathers—“godfathers in law,” as lieu Jonson has it.

Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;  
 remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
 be: grant me two things, I pray you,  
 by me, and to pardon me.  
 You press me far, and therefore I will yield.  
 Your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;  
 Your love, I'll take this ring from you:—  
 As back your hand; I'll take no more;  
 My love shall not deny me this.  
 This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;  
 I shame myself to give you this.  
 I will have nothing else but only this;  
 Methinks, I have a mind to it.  
 There's more depends on this than on the  
 value.  
 This ring in Venice will I give you,  
 I'll not out by proclamation;  
 I'll bid his I pray you pardon me.  
 See, sir, you are liberal in offers:  
 I'll give you first to beg; and now, methinks,  
 I'll show you how a beggar should be answer'd.  
 Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;  
 As she put it on, she made me vow  
 I would neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.  
 That excuse serves many men to save their gifts.  
 Your wife be not a mad woman,  
 How well I have deserv'd this ring,  
 Not hold out enemy for ever,  
 I'll give it to me. Well, peace be with you!  
 [Exit POR. and NERISSA.]  
 My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;  
 My services, and my love withal,  
 Against your wife's commandment.  
 Now, Gratiano, run and overtake him;

Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,  
 Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste. [Exit GRA.]  
 Come, you and I will thither presently;  
 And in the morning early will we both  
 Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [Exit

## SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed  
 And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,  
 And be a day before our husbands home:  
 This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:  
 My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,  
 Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat  
 Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:  
 His ring I do accept most thankfully,  
 And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,  
 I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.  
 Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—  
 I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To PORTIA.]  
 Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old  
 swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men;  
 But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.  
 Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?  
 [Exit

## ACT V.

Belmont. Avenue to Portia's House.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

The moon shines bright:—In such a night as  
 his,  
 Sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
 And did make no noise,—in such a night,  
 Methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
 His soul toward the Grecian tents,  
 Said lay that night.

In such a night,  
 I fearfully o'ertrip the dew;  
 The lion's shadow creeps ere himself,  
 And smay'd away.

In such a night,  
 With a willow in her hand  
 And wild sea-banks, and waft her love  
 Gain to Carthage.

In such a night,  
 Heard the enchanted herbs  
 And new old Aëon.

In such a night,  
 He steal from the wealthy Jew;  
 And in unthrif love did run from Venice,  
 To Belmont.

In such a night,  
 Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;  
 And his soul with many vows of faith,  
 And true one.

In such a night,  
 Jessica, like a little shrew,  
 Love, and he forgave it her  
 And did out-night you, did no body come:  
 I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you,  
 friend.

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,  
 My mistress will before the break of day  
 Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about  
 By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays  
 For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.  
 I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—  
 But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
 And ceremoniously let us prepare  
 Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mis-  
 tress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! Where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there 's a post come from my master,  
 with his horn full of good news; my master will be  
 here ere morning. [Exit.

Lor. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their  
 coming.

And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?  
 My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
 Within the house, your mistress is at hand:



And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit STEPH.*]  
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines<sup>a</sup> of bright gold.  
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:<sup>b</sup>  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music.

*Jes.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is your spirits are attentive:  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;  
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature;  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less:  
A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

*Ner.* It is your music, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect;  
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,  
When neither is attended; and, I think,  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.  
How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise and true perfection!—  
Peace! How the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd!

*Lor.* That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the  
cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

<sup>a</sup> *Patines.* A patine is the small flat dish or plate used in the service of the altar.

<sup>b</sup> *Cherubins.* We follow the orthography of the old editions, though cherubim may be more correct. Spenser uses *cherubins* as the plural of cherubin.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands' welfare.  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa;  
Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence;  
Nor you, Lorenzo—Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*]

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:  
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.  
It looks a little paler; 't is a day  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me;  
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam: give welcome to my  
friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house:  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

[*GRA. and NER. seem to talk apart.*]

*Gra.* By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong;  
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:  
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already? what 's the matter?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me; whose posy was,  
For all the world, like cutler's poetry  
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

*Ner.* What talk you of the posy, or the value?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till the hour of death;  
And that it should lie with you in your grave:  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective,<sup>a</sup> and have kept it.  
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—  
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;  
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain with you,  
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—  
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;  
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,  
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Music.*]

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away

<sup>a</sup> *Respective*—regardful.

that begg'd it, and, indeed,  
and then the boy, his clerk,  
se pains in writing, he begg'd mine :  
man, nor master, would take aught  
ings.

What ring gave you, my lord ?  
pe, which you receiv'd of me.  
could add a lie unto a fault,  
it ; but you see, my finger  
ring upon it, it is gone.  
so void is your false heart of truth.  
will ne'er come in your bed  
e ring.

Nor I in yours,  
se mine.

Sweet Portia,  
ow to whom I gave the ring,  
ow for whom I gave the ring  
nceive for what I gave the ring,  
illingly I left the ring,  
would be accepted but the ring,  
ate the strength of your displeasure.  
I had known the virtue of the ring,  
orthiness that gave the ring,  
honour to contain\* the ring,  
t then have parted with the ring-  
there so much unreasonable,  
as'd to have defended it  
ns of zeal, wanted the modesty  
ing held as a ceremony ?  
as me what to believe ;  
but some woman had the ring.  
by mine honour, madam, by my soul,  
d it, but a civil doctor,  
use three thousand ducats of me,  
e ring ; the which I did deny him,  
sim to go displeas'd away ;  
had held up the very life  
end. What should I say, sweet lady ?  
(to send it after him ;  
th shame and courtesy ;  
ould not let ingratitude  
ear it : Pardon me, good lady ;  
blessed candles of the night,  
(there, I think, you would have begg'd  
e to give the worthy doctor.  
et that doctor e'er come near my house :  
got the jewel that I lov'd,  
n you did swear to keep for me,  
as liberal as you ;  
him anything I have,  
ody, nor my husband's bed :  
shall, I am well sure of it :  
t from home ; watch me, like Argus ;  
if I be left alone,  
; honour, which is yet mine own,  
; doctor for my bedfellow.  
I his clerk ; therefore be well advis'd,  
eave me to mine own protection.  
do you so : let not me take him then ;  
'll mar the young clerk's pen.  
the unhappy subject of these quarrels.  
rieve not you ; you are welcome notwith-  
ding.  
a, forgive me this enforced wrong ;  
earing of these many friends,  
e, even by thine own fair eyes,  
; myself,—

Mark you but that !

*to see and to see* are here synonymous.

In both my eyes he doubly sees himself :  
In each eye one :—swear by your double self,  
And there 's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me ;  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth ;  
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,  
[To PORTIA]

Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety : Give him this ;  
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

*Bass.* By Heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor !

*Por.* I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio ;  
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano ;  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of highways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough :

What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it ?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd :

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;

It comes from Padua, from Bellario :

There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;

Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo here

Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,

And but e'en now return'd ; I have not yet

Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;

And I have better news in store for you

Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;

There you shall find, three of your argosies

Are richly come to harbour suddenly :

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold ?

*Ner.* Ay ; but the clerk that never means to do it,  
Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow ;

When I am absent then lie with my wife.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living,

For here I read for certain, that my ships

Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo ?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I 'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you and Jessica,

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,

After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way

Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,

And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied

Of these events at full : Let us go in ;

And charge us there upon inter'gatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so ; The first inter'gatory,

That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,

Whether till the next night she had rather stay,

Or go to bed now, being two hours to day :

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,

Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live, I 'll fear no other thing

So sore,\* as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt*]

\* *Sore*—excessively, extremely, much.





MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

"*Mere Antiochus Nemusus*" was first printed in 1800. There was no other separate edition. The variations between the text of the quarto and that of the folio are very few. The chronology of this comedy is sufficiently fixed by the circumstance of its publication in 1800, coupled with the fact that it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598.

"The story is taken from Ariosto," says Pope. To Ariosto then we turn; and we are repaid for our labour by the pleasure of reading that long but by no means tedious story of *Geneva*, which occupies the whole of the fifth book, and part of the sixth, of the "*Orlando Furioso*." "The tale is a pretty comical matter," as *Hamington* quaintly pronounces it. The famous town of *St. Andrew's* forms its scene; and here was enacted something like that piece of villainy by which the *Claudio* of Shakespeare was deceived, and his Hero "done to death by slanderous tongues." But here the surveillance ceases. Ariosto found the incident of a lady betrayed to suspicion and danger, by the persuasion of her own waiting-woman, amongst the popular traditions of the south of Europe—this story has been traced to Spain—and he interwove it with the adventures of his *Rinaldo* as an integral part of his chivalrous romance. Spenser has told a similar story in "*The Fairy Queen*" (Book II., Canto IV.). The European story, which Ariosto and Spenser have thus adapted, has formed also the groundwork of one of *Bandello's Italian novels*. It was for Shakespeare to surround the main incident with those accessories which he could nowhere borrow, not to make of it such a comedy as no other man has made—a comedy not of manners or of sentiment, but of life viewed under its profoundest aspects, whether of the grave or the ludicrous. The title of this comedy, rightly considered, is the best exponent of the idea of this comedy. It is "a representation of the contrast and contradiction between life in its real essence and the aspect which it presents to those who are engaged in its struggle."

The "*Much Ado about Nothing*" was acted under the name of "*Benedick and Beatrice*," even during the life of its author. These two characters absorb very much of the acting interest of the play; but they cannot be separated from the play without being liable to misconception. The character of *Beatrice* cannot be understood, except in connection with the injuries done to *Hero*; and except we view it, as well as the characters of all the other agents in the scene, with reference to the one leading idea, that there is a real aspect of things which is to be seen by the audience and not seen by the agents. The character of *Don John*, for example, and the characters of his loose confederates, are understood by the spectators; and their villainy is

purposely transparent. Without *Don John* the plot could not move. He is not a rival in *Claudio's* love, as the "wicked duke" of Ariosto: he is simply a meanly, ill-conditioned, spiteful rascal; such a one as ordinarily takes to backbiting and hinting away character. Shakespeare gets rid of him as soon as he can: he fires the train and disappears. He would be out of harmony with the happiness which he has suspended, but not destroyed; and so he passes from the stage, with

"Think not on him till to-morrow."

But his instrumentality has been of the utmost importance. It has given us that beautiful altar-scene, that would be almost too tragical if we did not know that the "*Much Ado*" was "*about Nothing*." But that maiden's wrongs, and that father's passion, are real aspects of life, however unreal be the cause of them. The instrumentality, too, of the hateful *Don John* has given us *Dogberry* and *Verges*. Coleridge has said, somewhat hastily we think,—"Any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action." Surely not. Make *Dogberry* in the slightest degree less self-satisfied, loquacious, full of the official stuff of which functionaries are still cut out, and the action breaks down before the rejection of *Hero* by her lover. For it is not the ingenious absurdity that prevents the detection of the plot against *Hero*; it is the absurdity which prevents the prompt disclosure of it after the detection. Truly did *Don Pedro* say, "This learned constable is too cunning to be understood." The wise fellow, and the rich fellow, and the fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him, nevertheless holds his prison fast; and when he comes to the Prince, with "Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slander; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves," though his method be not logical, his matter is all-sufficient. The passionate lover, the calm and sagacious prince, the doting father, were the dupes of a treachery, not well compact, and carried through by dangerous instruments. They make no effort to detect what would not have been very difficult of detection: they are satisfied to quarrel and to lament. *Accident* discovers what intelligence could not penetrate; and the treacherous slander is manifest in all its blackness to the wise *Dogberry* :—

"Flat burglary as ever was committed."

Here is the crowning irony of the philosophical poet. The players of the game of life see nothing, or see minute parts only; but the dullest by-stander has glimpses of something more.



# UCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<b>PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.</b> Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.	<b>CONRADE, follower of Don John.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.</i>
<b>FRANCISCO, bastard brother to Don Pedro.</b> Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.	<b>DOGERRY, a city officer.</b> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.</i>
<b>FRANCISCO, young lord of Florence, favourite of Don Pedro.</b> Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.	<b>VERGES, a city officer.</b> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.</i>
<b>FRANCISCO, young lord of Padua, favourite likewise of Don Pedro.</b> Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.	<b>A Sexton.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.</i>
<b>MONTANO, Governor of Messina.</b> Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.	<b>A Friar.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.</i>
<b>LEONATO, brother to Leonato.</b> Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.	<b>A Boy.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 3.</i>
<b>CLAUDIO, servant to Don Pedro.</b> Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.	<b>HERO, daughter to Leonato.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.</i>
<b>ACHILLO, follower of Don John.</b> Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.	<b>BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.</i>
	<b>MARGARET, a gentlewoman attending on Hero.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.</i>
	<b>URSULA, a gentlewoman attending on Hero.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.</i>
	<i>Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.</i>

SCENE,—MESSINA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Street in Messina.*

Enter HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.

HERO. I have received a letter, that don Pedro of Arragon is very near by this; he was not three miles off when I left him.

BEATRICE. Many gentlemen have you lost in this war of any sort,<sup>a</sup> and none of name.

HERO. My story is twice itself when the achiever is named: I find here, that don Pedro hath won much honour on a young Florentine,

and he hath deserved on his part, and equally redress'd don Pedro: He hath borne himself like a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered than you must expect of me to tell you how.

BEATRICE. Hath an uncle here in Messina will be glad to hear of it.

HERO. He hath already delivered him letters, and there is great joy in him; even so much that joy could be modest enough without a badge of battle.

BEATRICE. He hath break out into tears?<sup>b</sup>

HERO. He hath break out into tears?<sup>b</sup>

BEATRICE. He hath break out into tears?<sup>b</sup>

HERO. He hath break out into tears?<sup>b</sup>

BEATRICE. He hath break out into tears?<sup>b</sup>

HERO. He hath break out into tears?<sup>b</sup>

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto<sup>a</sup> returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills<sup>b</sup> here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,<sup>c</sup> I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant trencherman, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady:—But what is he to a lord?

<sup>a</sup> Montanto. Beatrice thus nicknames Benedick, after a term of the fencing-school.

<sup>b</sup> Set up his bills—stuck up a notice—a placard as we now call it.

<sup>c</sup> He'll be meet with you—he'll be even with you.

L.

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed<sup>a</sup> with all honourable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits<sup>b</sup> went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference<sup>c</sup> between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

*Mess.* Is't possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith<sup>d</sup> but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

*Mess.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.<sup>e</sup>

*Beat.* No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer<sup>f</sup> now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

*Beat.* O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter DON PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.*

*D. Pedro.* Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

*D. Pedro.* You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt that you asked her?

*Leon.* Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

*D. Pedro.* You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

*Bene.* If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

<sup>a</sup> *Staffed*—stored, furnished.

<sup>b</sup> *Five wits.* Shakspeare here uses the term *wits* in the sense of intellectual powers. Johnson says, "The *wits* seem to have been reckoned *five*, by analogy to the five *senses*, or the five *inlets of ideas*."

<sup>c</sup> *Bear it for a difference*—for a distinction—as in heraldry.

<sup>d</sup> *His faith*—his belief generally; here, his confidence in a friend.

<sup>e</sup> *In your books.* He who is *in your books*—or, as we sometimes say, in your *good books*—is he whom you think well of—whom you trust. It appears tolerably obvious, then, that the phrase has a commercial origin; and that, as he who has obtained *credit*, buys upon *trust*, is in his creditor's *books*, so he who has obtained in any way the confidence of another is said to be *in his books*.

<sup>f</sup> *Squarer*. To *square* is to dispute—to confront

*Beat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, Benedick; nobody marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear lady Disdain! are y living?

*Beat.* Is it possible Disdain should die, which hath such meet food to feed it as signior Benedick's Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you be in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turncoat:—But it is I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: would I could find in my heart that I had not heart: for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women; they would have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I God, and my cold blood, I am of your humours; that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than swear he loves me.

*Bene.* God keep your ladyship still in that so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a paw'd scratched face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, and such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a thousand of yours.

*Bene.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep you o' God's name; I have done.

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick; I you of old.

*D. Pedro.* This is the sum of all: Leonato, Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay at the least a month; and he heartily prays so occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not swear.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: be conciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all.

*D. John.* I thank you: I am not of many but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace lead on?

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato; we will go to

[*Exeunt all but Bene. and Claudio.*]

*Claud.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter signior Leonato?

*Bene.* I noted her not: but I looked on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady?

*Bene.* Do you question me as an honest man do, for my simple true judgment; or would you me speak after my custom, as being a professor to their sex?

*Claud.* No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little a great praise: only this commendation I can her: that were she other than she is, she were us some; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray tell me truly how thou likest her.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you inquire of?

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan rare carpenter?<sup>a</sup> Come, in what key shall I play you, to go in the song?<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Benedick is laughing at Claudio for his love which indeed he still scarcely credits. He asks him—*you this with a sad brow?*—*i. e.* are you serious in your or are you flouting or mocking us.—as though you were that Cupid, the blind god, has the keenest sight to spy a man that Vulcan, the smith, is a rare carpenter?

<sup>b</sup> To join in the song.

mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever

in see yet without spectacles, and I see no there's her cousin, an she were not pos- sible, exceeds her as much in beauty as the both the last of December. But I hope you it to turn husband; have you? could scarce trust myself, though I had strary, if Hero would be my wife. 't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the in but he will wear his cap with suspicion? see a bachelor of three-score again? Go in thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a e print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, returned to seek you.

*Re-enter DON PEDRO.*

What secret hath held you here, that you to Leonato's? could your grace would constrain me to tell. I charge thee on thy allegiance. I hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as I would have you think so; but on my mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is ith who?—now that is your grace's part.— hort his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's er this were so, so were it uttered.

te the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor ; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so." my passion change not shortly, God forbid otherwise.

Amen, if you love her; for the lady is ethy.

ou speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

By my truth, I speak my thought.

nd in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

d by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I

hat I love her, I feel.

That she is worthy, I know.

at I neither feel how she should be loved, e she should be worthy, is the opinion that melt out of me; I will die in it at the

. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the sauty.

nd never could maintain his part but in the will.

at a woman conceived me, I thank her; ight me up, I likewise give her most humble ; that I will have a recheat<sup>a</sup> winded in my

hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,<sup>b</sup> shall pardon me: Because I will not do

ing to mistrust any, I will do myself the at name; and the fine<sup>c</sup> is, (for the which I finer,) I will live a bachelor.

. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with

ith anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my

ith love: prove that ever I lose more blood

an I will get again with drinking, pick out

with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up

of a brathel-house, for the sign of blind

. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith

ove a notable argument. I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and ; and he that hits me let him be clapped on

and called Adam.<sup>d</sup>

—the huntsman's note to recall the hounds.  
—a belt. <sup>a</sup> The fin—the conclusion.  
os to the old archer of ballad notoriety—Adam

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

*Bene.* The savage bull may; but if ever this sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good house to hire," let them signify under my sign,—“Here you may see Benedick the married man.”

*Claud.* If this should ever happen thou wouldst be horn-mad.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too then.

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

*Claud.* To the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it)—

*D. Pedro.* The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded<sup>a</sup> with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further,<sup>b</sup> examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit BENE.]

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may do me good.

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

*Claud.* O my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,

I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand

Than to drive liking to the name of love:

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,

Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently,

And tire the hearer with a book of words:

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;

And I will break with her; [and with her father

And thou shalt have her:] Was't not to this end

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to love,

That know love's grief by his complexion!

But lest my liking might too sudden seem,

I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity:

Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once,<sup>c</sup> thou lovest;

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night;

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then, after, to her father will I break;

Then, after, to her father will I break;

<sup>a</sup> Guarded—trimmed, as with guards on apparel.

<sup>b</sup> The old ends flouted at were the long-winded conclusions of private letters.

<sup>c</sup> Once—once for all.



And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine :  
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Leon.* How now, brotner? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dreamt not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend: go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.*

*Con.* What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

*D. John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

*D. John.* I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

*Con.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of

this, till you may do it without controlment of late stood out against your brother, and you newly into his grace; where it is in should take root, but by the fair weather th yourself: it is needful that you frame th your own harvest.

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker<sup>a</sup> in a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood dained of all than to fashion a carriage to any: in this, though I cannot be said to be honest man, it must not be denied that I dealing villain. I am trusted with a man franchised with a clog; therefore I have d sing in my cage: If I had my mouth I w I had my liberty I would do my liking: time, let me be that I am, and seek not to

*Con.* Can you make no use of your disc

*D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it comes here? What news, Borachio?

*Enter BORACHIO.*

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper your brother, is royally entertained by Leo can give you intelligence of an intended tr

*D. John.* Will it serve for any model to chief on? What is he for a fool that bet to unquietness?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right h

*D. John.* Who? the most exquisite Cla

*Bora.* Even he.

*D. John.* A proper squire! And who which way looks he?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter Leonato.

*D. John.* A very forward March-chick! you to this?

*Bora.* Being entertained for a perfume smoking a musty room, comes me the Claudio, hand in hand, in sad<sup>b</sup> conference hind the arras; and there heard it agreed u prince should woo Hero for himself, and hav her give her to count Claudio.

*D. John.* Come, come, let us thither; th food to my displeasure: that young start the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross I I bless myself every way: You are both assist me?

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*D. John.* Let us to the great supper: t the greater that I am subdued: 'Would th of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's t

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Leonato's House.*

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.*

*Leon.* Was not count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heartburned an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

*Leon.* Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

*Beat.* With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and

money enough in his purse, such a man any woman in the world,—if he could g will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt nev husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Ant.* In faith, she's too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst: I God's sending that way: for it is said, "curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too cu none.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst God will s horns.

*Beat.* Just, if he send me no husband; fo blessing I am at him upon my knees every evening: Lord! I could not endure a hus beard on his face: I had rather lie in the w

<sup>a</sup> Canker—the dog rose.

<sup>b</sup> Sad—

you may light upon a husband that hath no

what should I do with him? dress him in my  
I make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He  
beard is more than a youth; and he that  
is less than a man: and he that is more  
is not for me; and he that is less than a  
not for him: Therefore I will even take six-  
best of the bearward, and lead his apes into

hell, then, go you into hell?

but to the gate; and there will the devil  
to an old cuckold, with horns on his head,  
Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to  
there's no place for you maids:" so deliver  
apes, and away to saint Peter: for the  
shows me where the bachelors sit, and there  
scurry as the day is long.

Well, niece, [to Hero] I trust you will be  
your father.

As, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make  
of say, "As it please you!"—but yet for all  
let him be a handsome fellow, or else make  
fussy, and say, "Father, as it please me."  
Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted  
and.

Will till God make men of some other metal

Would it not grieve a woman to be over-  
with a piece of valiant dust? to make ac-  
r life to a clod of wayward marl? No,  
none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and  
it a sin to match in my kindred.

Daughter, remember what I told you: if the  
solicit you in that kind, you know your

the fault will be in the music, cousin, if you  
and in good time: if the prince be too im-  
him there is measure in everything, and so  
to answer.<sup>b</sup> For hear me, Hero; Wooing,  
and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure,  
se-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a  
and full as fantastical; the wedding, man-  
t, as a measure full of state and anticthy;  
most repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls  
que-pace faster and faster, till he sink into

again, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church

the revellers are entering, brother; make

PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR;  
N, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and  
asked.

Lady, will you walk about with your friend?  
you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say  
as yours for the walk; and, especially, when

With me in your company?

May say so when I please.

And when please you to say so?

When I like your favour; for God defend  
it shall be like the case!

My visor is Philemon's roof; within the  
use is Jove.

By, then your visor should be thatch'd.

Speak low, if you speak love.

[Takes her aside.

—important.

and meaning of *measures*, a particular sort of dance,  
upon—Benedick's own description of that dance,  
and anticthy," is the most characteristic account  
yet.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake, for I have  
many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry,  
Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the  
dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior An-  
tonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you  
were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down:  
you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you  
by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go  
to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's  
an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my  
good wit out of the 'Hundred merry Tales';—Well,  
this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull  
fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders:  
none but libertines delight in him; and the commenda-  
tion is not in his wit but in his villainy; for he both  
pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at  
him and beat him: I am sure he is in the fleet; I would  
he had boarded<sup>a</sup> me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him  
what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two  
on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed  
at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a  
partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that  
night. [Music within.] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them  
at the next turning. [Dance. Then exeunt all

but DON JOHN, BORA., and CLAUD.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and  
bath withdrawn her father to break with him about it:  
The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his  
bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brotner in  
his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you dis-  
suade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you  
may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry  
her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt DON JOHN and BOR.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick.

<sup>a</sup> Boarded—accosted.

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.  
 'T is certain so;—the prince wove for himself.  
 Friendship is constant in all other things,  
 Save in the office and affairs of love:  
 Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;  
 Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
 And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,  
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.  
 This is an accident of hourly proof,  
 Which I mistrusted not: Farewell, therefore, Hero.

*Re-enter* BENEDICK.

*Bene.* Count Claudio?  
*Claud.* Yea, the same.  
*Bene.* Come, will you go with me?  
*Claud.* Whither?  
*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.  
*Claud.* I wish him joy of her.  
*Bene.* Why, that 's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?  
*Claud.* I pray you leave me.  
*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post.  
*Claud.* If 't will not be, I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*]  
*Bene.* Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

*Re-enter* DON PEDRO.

*D. Pedro.* Now, signior, where 's the count; Did you see him?  
*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and I think told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.  
*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! What 's his fault?  
*Bene.* The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.  
*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.  
*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.  
*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.  
*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.  
*D. Pedro.* The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.  
*Bene.* O, she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood

\* *An usurer's chain*—the ornament of a wealthy citizen or goldsmith.

like a man at a mark, with a whole army she me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs; breath were as terrible as her terminations, though no living near her; she would infect to the north. I would not marry her though she were endow'd all that Adam had left him before he transgressed; would have made Hercules have turned spit; have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, of her: you shall find her the infernal Até in apparel. I would to God some scholar would hit her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man is as quiet in bell as in a sanctuary; and people purpose because they would go thither; so, in disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

*Re-enter* CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, LEONATO, and

*D. Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any errand to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me; I will fetch you a toothpick now from the fardel of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's beard; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do embassage to the Pigmies,—rather than hold words' conference with this harpy: You have employment for me?

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good counsel.

*Bene.* O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not; endure my lady Tongue.

*D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come; you have heart of signior Benedick.

*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while ago; I gave him use for it—a double heart for a sin; marry, once before he won it of me with faith; therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

*D. Pedro.* You have put him down, lady, you put him down.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my lord; I should prove the mother of fools. I have count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count? wherefore sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* How then? Sick?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor well; but civil, count; civil as an orange; something of that jealous complexion.

*D. Pedro.* I faith, lady, I think your blessing true; though I 'll be sworn, if he be so, his countenance is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name; fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, good will obtained: name the day of marriage, God give thee joy!

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, grace say Amen to it!

*Beat.* Speak, count, 't is your cue.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I was but little happy if I could say how much. I am yours, I am yours: I give away myself and dote upon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry

*Beat.* Yea, my lord, I thank it; poor fool, on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells his ear that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every man to the world but I, and I am sunburn'd; I stand in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho! for a husband.

\* Shakspeare, in 'All 's Well that Ends Well,' has a phrase to go to the world in the sense of being married.

*Ira.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one. I would rather have one of your father's gettish your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your excellent husbands, if a maid could come by

*Ira.* Will you have me, lady?

No, my lord, unless I might have another for days; your grace is too costly to wear every day, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born all mirth, and no matter.

*Ira.* Your silence most offends me, and to be silent becomes you; for, out of question, you were merry hour.

No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then a star danced, and under that was I born.—God give you joy!

Niece, will you look to those things I told

I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's  
[*Exit BEATRICE.*]

*Ira.* By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

There's little of the melancholy element in her; she is never sad, but when she sleeps; ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and waked with laughing.

*Ira.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband,

O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers with it.

*Ira.* She were an excellent wife for Benedick. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week they would talk themselves mad.

*Ira.* Count Claudio, when mean you to go to

To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, have all his rites.

Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence even-night; and a time too brief too, to have all your mind.

*Ira.* Come, you shake the head at so long a time; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall ally by us; I will, in the interim, undertake Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Claudio and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of the one with the other. I would fain have it so; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you will but minister such assistance as I shall give you.

My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten atchings.

And I, my lord.

*Ira.* And you too, gentle Hero?

I will do any modest office, my lord, to help you to a good husband.

*Ira.* And Benedick is not the unhopefullest that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is a brave strain,\* of approved valour, and confirmed

I will teach you how to humour your cousin, shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in spite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, he is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, and we the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will give you my drift.  
[*Exeunt.*]

E II.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

*Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.*

*Don John.* It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

\* Spain—lineare.

*D. John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges even with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

*D. John.* Show me briefly how.

*Bora.* I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

*D. John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

*D. John.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

*D. John.* What proof shall I make of that?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

*D. John.* Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

*Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overturned.

*D. John.* Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora.* Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*D. John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Leonato's Garden.

*Enter BENEDICK and a Boy.*

*Bene.* Boy!

*Boy.* Signior.

*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

*Boy.* I am here already, sir.

*Bene.* I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer;

his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. *[Withdraws]*

*Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this music?  
*Claud.* Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is, As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!  
*D. Pedro.* See you where Benedick hath hid himself?  
*Claud.* O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid fox with a pennyworth.

*Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.  
*Balth.* O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.  
*D. Pedro.* It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.  
*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing: Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear, he loves.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, pray thee, come: Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.  
*D. Pedro.* Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks; Note notes, forsooth, and noting! *[Music.]*  
*Bene.* Now, "Divine air!" now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

I.

*Balth.* Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore;  
To one thing constant never:  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny;  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
Of damps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leavy.  
Then sigh not so, &c.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a good song  
*Balth.* And an ill singer, my lord.  
*D. Pedro.* Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

*Bene.* *[Aside.]* An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, marry; *[to CLAUDIO.]*—Dost thou

hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

*Balth.* The best I can, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Do so: farewell. *[Exit BALTHAZAR.]*  
Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

*Claud.* O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits. *[Aside to PEDRO.]* I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

*Bene.* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? *[Aside.]*

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

*D. Pedro.* May be, she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud.* Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. *[Aside.]*

*Leon.* What effects, my lord! She will sit you,— You heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*D. Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

*Leon.* I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

*Bene.* *[Aside.]* I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

*Claud.* He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. *[Aside.]*

*D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

*Claud.* 'T is true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

*Leon.* This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night: and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet!

*Claud.* That.

*Leon.* O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence;<sup>a</sup> railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

*Leon.* She doth, indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overcome her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

*D. Pedro.* It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

<sup>a</sup> A farthing, and perhaps a halfpenny, was used to signify any small particle or division. So, in the character of the Prioress in Chaucer's Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales':—

"That in hirre cuppe was no ferthing sawe  
Of these whan she drunken hadde hire draught."

To what end? He would but make a sport  
to torment the poor lady worse.

*Ursula.* An he should, it were an alms to hang  
on 's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all  
that, she is virtuous.

*Hero.* And she is exceeding wise.

*Ursula.* In everything, but in loving Benedick.

O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in  
a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood  
is the victor. I am sorry for her, as I have just  
sent her uncle and her guardian.

*Ursula.* I would she had bestowed this dotage on  
some other body, I would have daff'd all other respects, and made  
myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and  
let him say what he will say.

Were it good, think you?

*Ursula.* Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says  
she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she  
be love known; and she will die if he woo her,  
and she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed  
fear.

*Ursula.* She doth well: if she should make tender  
of her love 't is very possible he'll scorn it: for the  
more you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

*Hero.* He is a very proper man.

*Ursula.* He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

*Hero.* Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

*Ursula.* He doth, indeed, show some sparks that  
will.

And I take him to be valiant.

*Ursula.* As Hector, I assure you: and in the man-  
ner of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either  
he quarrels them with great discretion, or undertakes  
them with a christian-like fear.

If he do fear God he must necessarily keep  
his peace, if he break the peace he ought to enter into a  
war with fear and trembling.

*Ursula.* And so will he do; for the man doth fear  
God, whoever it seems not in him, by some large jests  
he makes. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall  
I tell him of her love?

*Hero.* Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out  
of her own counsel.

Nay, that 's impossible; she may wear her  
love out first.

*Ursula.* Well, we will hear further of it by your  
niece. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well:  
I would wish he would modestly examine himself  
how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

*Hero.* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will  
not set my expectation. *[Aside.]*

*Ursula.* Let there be the same net spread for her:

and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman  
carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opi-  
nion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that 's  
the scene that I would see, which will be merely a  
dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

*[Aside.]*

*[Exeunt D. PEDRO, CLAUD., and LEON.]*

BENEDICK advances from the arbour.

*Bene.* This can be no trick: The conference was  
sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero.  
They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections  
have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be re-  
quired. I hear how I am censured: they say I will  
bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from  
her; they say too, that she will rather die than give  
any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry—I  
must not seem proud:—Happy are they that hear their  
detractions, and can put them to mending. They say  
the lady is fair; 't is a truth, I can bear them witness:  
and virtuous—'t is so, I cannot reprove it: and wise,  
but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to  
her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will  
be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some  
odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because  
I have railed so long against marriage: But doth not  
the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth  
that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and  
sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a  
man from the career of his humour? No: The world  
must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor,  
I did not think I should live till I were married.—  
Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she 's a fair lady: I  
do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

*Beat.* Against my will, I am sent to bid you come  
in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks, than you  
take pains to thank me; if it had been painful I would  
not have come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure, then, in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a  
knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no  
stomach, signior; fare you well. *[Exit.]*

*Bene.* Ha! "Against my will, I am sent to bid you  
come in to dinner"—there 's a double meaning in that.  
"I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took  
pains to thank me"—that 's as much as to say, Any  
pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do  
not take pity of her I am a villain; if I do not love  
her I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. *[Exit.]*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;  
ask thou find my cousin Beatrice  
with the prince and Claudio:  
tell her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula  
are in the orchard, and our whole discourse  
is to hear her; say, that thou overheard'st us;  
and that we steal into the pleached bower,  
under the eaves, ripen'd by the sun,  
to hear her;—like favourites,  
that by peevishness, that advance their pride  
that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,

To listen our purpose: ' This is thy office,  
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. *[Exit.]*

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,  
As we do trace this alley up and down,  
Our talk must only be of Benedick:  
When I do name him, let it be thy part  
To praise him more than ever man did merit:  
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick  
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter  
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,  
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

\* *Purpose*, and *propose*, have the same meaning—that of con-  
versation.

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs  
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Urs.* The pleasantest angling is to see the fish  
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :  
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now  
Is couched in the woodbine coverture :  
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose no-  
thing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[*They advance to the bower.*]

No, truly Ursula, she is too disdainful ;  
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild  
As haggards of the rock.<sup>a</sup>

*Urs.* But are you sure  
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

*Hero.* So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

*Hero.* They did entreat me to acquaint her of it :

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,  
To wish him wrestle with affection,  
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urs.* Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman  
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,  
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

*Hero.* O God of love ! I know he doth deserve  
As much as may be yielded to a man :

But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart  
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice :  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprising<sup>b</sup> what they look on ; and her wit  
Values itself so highly, that to her  
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-endear'd.

*Urs.* Sure, I think so ;  
And therefore, certainly, it were not good  
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why, you speak truth : I never yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,  
But she would spell him backward : if fair fac'd,  
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister ;  
If black,<sup>c</sup> why, Nature, drawing of an antic,  
Made a foul blot : if tall, a lance ill-beated ;  
If low, an agate very vilely cut ;  
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;  
If silent, why, a block moved with none.  
So turns she every man the wrong side out ;  
And never gives to truth and virtue that  
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

*Hero.* No ; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,  
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :  
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,  
She would mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me  
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.  
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,  
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :  
It were a better death than die with mocks ;  
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

*Urs.* Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

*Hero.* No ; rather I will go to Benedick,  
And counsel him to fight against his passion :  
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders  
To stain my cousin with : One doth not know  
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*Urs.* O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.  
She cannot be so much without true judgment,  
Having so swift and excellent a wit

<sup>a</sup> The *haggard* was a wild and unsocial species of hawk.  
<sup>b</sup> *Misprising*—undervaluing.

<sup>c</sup> *Black*—as opposed to fair ; swarthy.

As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse  
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

*Hero.* He is the only man of Italy,  
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

*Urs.* I pray you be not angry with me,  
Speaking my fancy ; signior Benedick,  
For shape, for bearing, argument,<sup>a</sup> and val  
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good

*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he l  
When are you married, madam ?

*Hero.* Why, every day ;—to-morrow : C  
I'll show thee some attires ; and have thy  
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

*Urs.* She's ta'en, I warrant you ; we have  
ma'am.

*Hero.* If it proves so, then loving goes by  
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with tr

[*Exeunt HERO and*

BEATRICE advances.

*Beat.* What fire is in mine ears ? Can this  
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn  
Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, ad  
No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving han  
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite t  
To bind our loves up in a holy hand :

For others say thou dost deserve ; and I  
Believe it better than reportingly.

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDIC  
LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marria  
summate, and then go I toward Arragon.

*Claud.* I'll bring you thither, my lord,  
vouchsafe me.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a  
new gloss of your marriage, as to show a chi  
coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will on  
with Benedick for his company ; for, from  
of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all  
hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring  
little hangman dare not shoot at him : he ha  
as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the cl  
what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I ; methinks you are sadder

*Claud.* I hope he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant ; there's no  
of blood in him, to be truly touched with lov  
sad, he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ach.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it !

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it s

*D. Pedro.* What ? sigh for the tooth-ach ?

*Leon.* Where is but a humour, or a worm !

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a gri  
that has it.

*Claud.* Yet, say I, he is in love.

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fanc  
unless it be a fancy<sup>b</sup> that he hath to strange  
as, to be a Dutchman to-day ; a Frenchma  
row ; [or in the shape of two countries at o  
German from the waist downward, all slop  
Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet

<sup>a</sup> *Argument*—conversation.

<sup>b</sup> *Fancy* is here used in a different sense from the  
which immediately precedes it—although *fancy* in t  
*love* is the same as *fancy* in the sense of the indu  
*humour*.

fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, but for fancy, as you would have it to appear

If he be not in love with some woman, there being old signs: he brushes his hat o' morn-hat should that bode?

*Bro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

No, but the barber's man hath been seen with the old ornament of his cheek hath already mis-lalla.<sup>a</sup>

Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the beard.

*Bro.* Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can I him out by that?

That 's as much as to say, The sweet youth 's

*Bro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

And when was he wont to wash his face?

*Bro.* Yes, or to paint himself? for the which, hat they say of him.

Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now a lutestring,<sup>b</sup> and now governed by stops.

*Bro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: he is in love.

Nay, but I know who loves him.

*Bro.* That would I know too; I warrant, one as him not.

Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite as for him.

*Bro.* She shall be buried with her face upwards. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old

walk aside with me; I have studied eight or e words to speak to you, which these hobby-ut not hear. [Exeunt *BERNARD* and *LEONATO*.

*Bro.* For my life, to break with him about

It is even so: Hero and Margaret have by ed their parts with Beatrice; and then the twi not bite one another when they meet.

Enter *DON JOHN*.

*Bro.* My lord and brother, God save you.

*Bro.* Good den, brother.

*Bro.* If your leisure served, I would speak with

*Bro.* In private?

*Bro.* If it please you;—yet count Claudio may e what I would speak of concerns him.

*Bro.* What 's the matter?

*Bro.* Means your lordship to be married to-mor- [To *CLAUDIO*.

*Bro.* You know he does.

*Bro.* I know not that, when he knows what I

If there be any impediment, I pray you dis-

*Bro.* You may think I love you not; let that eafter, and aim better at me by that I now ifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you el in dearth of heart hath help to effect your marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill [

*Bro.* Why, what 's the matter?

*Bro.* I came hither to tell you: and, circum- hortened, (for she hath been too long a talking ady is disloyal.

Who? Hero?

*Bro.* Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, in's Hero.

Disloyal?

al of the old writers allude to the same employment hair.

ular wit is now employed in the milting of love- ally accompanied on the lute. The "stops" are the e late.

*D. John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so?

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*D. John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*D. Pedro.* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*D. John.* I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till night, and let the issue show itself.

*D. Pedro.* O day untowardly turned!

*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting!

*D. John.* O plague right well prevented!

So will you say when you have seen the sequel. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter *DOGGERY* and *VERGES*, with the Watch.

*Dogb.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

*Dogb.* You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if a<sup>a</sup> will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

<sup>a</sup> *Hone if a.* We have retained the quaint vulgarism of the original, a for he.



2 *Watch*. How if they will not?

*Dogb*. Why, then let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch*. Well, sir.

*Dogb*. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch*. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dogb*. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg*. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

*Dogb*. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg*. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch*. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not near us?

*Dogb*. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg*. 'T is very true.

*Dogb*. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

*Verg*. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, a cannot.

*Dogb*. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg*. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

*Dogb*. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch*. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dogb*. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGB. and VERG.*]

*Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.*

*Bora*. What! Conrade,—

*Watch*. Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*]

*Bora*. Conrade, I say!

*Con*. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

*Bora*. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

*Con*. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

*Bora*. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

*Watch*. [*aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

*Bora*. Therefore know, I have earned of don John a thousand ducats.

*Con*. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

*Bora*. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Con*. I wonder at it.

*Bora*. That shows thou art unconfirmer; knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

*Con*. Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora*. I mean, the fashion.

*Con*. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora*. Tush! I may as well say, the fool! But seest thou not what a deformed thief this

*Watch*. I know that Deformed; a has been thief this seven year; a goes up and down like a tleman: I remember his name.

*Bora*. Didst thou not hear somebody?

*Con*. No; 't was the vane on the house.

*Bora*. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed this fashion is? how giddily he turns about his bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty? fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in church-window; sometime, like the shaven H the smirched<sup>b</sup> worm-eaten tapestry, where his seems as massy as his club?

*Con*. All this I see; and see that the fashion out more apparel than the man: But art not self giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

*Bora*. Not so neither: but know, that I have wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress window, bids me a thousand times good tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and possessed by my master don John, saw at the orchard this amiable encounter.

*Con*. And thought thy Margaret was Hero?

*Bora*. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and by his oaths, which first possessed them, part dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly villainy, which did confirm any slander that had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore meet her as he was appointed, next morning temple, and there, before the whole congregation her with what he saw o'er-night, and send her again without a husband.

1 *Watch*. We charge you in the prince's name.

2 *Watch*. Call up the right master constable: here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch*. And one Deformed is one of them him, a wears a lock.

*Con*. Masters, masters.

2 *Watch*. You 'll be made bring Deformed warrant you.

*Con*. Masters,—

1 *Watch*. Never speak; we charge you, let you to go with us.

*Bora*. We are like to prove a goodly coin being taken up of these men's bills.<sup>c</sup>

*Con*. A commodity in question, I warrant you we 'll obey you.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

*Hero*. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice desire her to rise.

*Urs*. I will, lady.

*Hero*. And bid her come hither.

*Urs*. Well.

[*Exit Ursula.*]

*Marg*. Troth, I think your other rabato were

<sup>a</sup> *Reechy*—begrimed, smoky.

<sup>b</sup> *Smirched*—smutched, smudged.

<sup>c</sup> Shakspeare has here repeated the conceit which he uses in the Second Part of Henry VI.:—"My lord, when I go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

*Mary.* By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

*Mary.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner;\* and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.

*Mary.* By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls down sleeves, side-sleeves,<sup>b</sup> and skirts, and underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth an o' t.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is crossing heavy!

*Mary.* 'T will be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

*Mary.* Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord measurable without marriage? I think, you would have us say, saving your reverence,—“a husband:” an bad talking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in, “the heavier for a husband”?<sup>c</sup> Now, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.

*Hero.* Why, how now! do you speak in the sick time?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Mary.* Clap us into—“Light o' love;”<sup>c</sup> that goes without a hearten; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Ye light o' love, with your heels;—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no harness.

*Mary.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

*Beat.* 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin; 't is time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

*Mary.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.<sup>d</sup>

*Mary.* Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?<sup>e</sup>

*Mary.* Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

*Mary.* A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

*Mary.* Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

\* The false hair.

<sup>b</sup> Side-sleeves—long sleeves, or full sleeves; from the Anglo-Saxon, *sid-ample*, long.

<sup>c</sup> The name of an old song tune.

<sup>d</sup> An epigram by Heywood, 1566, explains this jest; and gives the old pronunciation of *ache*, to which John Kemble adhered & couple of “the groomings.”—

<sup>e</sup> It is amongst word letters in the cross-row;

For if thou find him either in thine elbow;

In thine arm, or leg, in any degree;

In thine head, or tooth, or toe, or knee;

Into what place soever *it* may pike him,

Wherever thou find *ache* thou shalt not like him.”

<sup>f</sup> Trow—I trow.

*Mary.* Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

*Beat.* Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

*Mary.* Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

*Mary.* Not a false gallop.

*Re-enter URSULA.*

*Urs.* Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.*

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbour?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

*Dogb.* Marry, this it is, sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends?

*Dogb.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

*Dogb.* Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.

*Dogb.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me! ha!

*Dogb.* Yea, and 't were a thousand times more than 't is: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man I am glad to hear it.

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

*Dogb.* A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipp'd: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

*Dogb.* Gifts, that God gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

*Dogb.* One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

*Dogb.* It shall be suffigance.

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

*Leon.* I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt LEONATO and Messeng*

*Dogb.* Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis S coal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the ga we are now to examination these men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you here 's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some them to a *non com*: only get the learned writer to down our excommunication, and meet me at the ga

[*Exeun*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of a Church.*

*Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE, &c.*

*Leon.* Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Friar.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be married to her; friar, you come to marry her.

*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

*Hero.* I do.

*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*Friar.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer, none.

*Claud.* O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! [not knowing what they do!]

*Hero.* How now! Interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

*Claud.* Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave; Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*D. Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She 's but the sign and semblance of her honour:

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord?

*Claud.* Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity,—

*Claud.* I know what you would say; if I have known her,

You 'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the forehead sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

*Claud.* Out on the seeming! I will write against

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamp'rd animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

*Leon.* Sweet prince, why speak not you?

*D. Pedro.* What should I speak

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

*Leon.* Are these things spoken? or do I but dream

*D. John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are

true.

*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.

*Hero.* True! O God

*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

*Leon.* All this is so: But what of this, my lord?

*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

*Leon.* I charge thee do, as thou art my child.

*Hero.* O God defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechising call you this?

*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.

*Hero.* Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato

I am sorry you must hear: Upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count,

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal<sup>a</sup> villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

*D. John.* Fie, fie! they are

Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoken of;

There is not chastity enough in language,

Without offence to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

*Claud.* O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd

About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!

<sup>a</sup> Liberal—licentiously free.

these well, most foul, most fair! farewell,  
 ere impiety, and impious purity!  
 I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
 my eyelids shall conjecture hang,  
 all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
 or shall it more be gracious.

Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[HERO SINGS.]  
 Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you

down. Come, let us go: these things, come thus  
 to light,  
 her spirits up.

[Exeunt D. PEDRO, D. JOHN, and CLAUD.]

How doth the lady?

Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—  
 why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—  
 friar!

O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!  
 the fairest cover for her shame  
 may be wish'd for.

How now, cousin Hero?  
 Have comfort, lady.

Dost thou look up?

Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing  
 me upon her? Could she here deny

that is printed in her blood?

Yes, Hero; do not open thine eyes:

I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

(I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

would, on the rearward of reproaches,

thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?

Is that at frogal nature's frame?\*

so much by thee! Why had I one?

Or wast thou lovely in my eyes?

And I not, with charitable hand,

as a beggar's issue at my gates;

circled thus, and mir'd with infamy,

have said, "No part of it is mine,

me derives itself from unknown loins"

and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

and that I was proud on; mine so much,

myself was to myself not mine,

and of her; why, she—O, she is fallen

it of ink! that the wide sea

is too few to wash her clean again;

and too little, which may season give

her soul tainted flesh!

Sir, sir, be patient!

For part I am so attir'd in wonder,

and not what to say.

O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

No, truly not; although until last night

his twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,

was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!

Are the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?

And she so, that, speaking of her foulness,

is with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long.

And in my way into this course of fortune,

and of the lady; I have mark'd

and blushing apparitions start

in her face; a thousand innocent shames

and whiteness bear away those blushes;

and her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

and the errors that these princes hold

of her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;

and my reading, nor my observations,

and my experimental seal doth warrant

\* *Frage*—ordinance, arrangement.

The tenour of my book; trust not my age,  
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,  
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
 Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left

is, that she will not add to her damnation

A sin of perjury; she not denies it:

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:

If I know more of any man alive

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,

Prove you that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,

The practice of it lives in John the bastard,

Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not: If they speak but truth of her,

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,

Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,

Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,

But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,

Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,

Ability in means, and choice of friends,

To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.

Your daughter here the princes left for dead;

Let her a while be secretly kept in,

And publish it that she is dead indeed:

Maintain a mourning ostentation;

And on your family's old monument

Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites

That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:

But not for that dream I on this strange course,

But on this travail look for greater birth.

She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,

Upon the instant that she was accus'd,

Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,

Of every hearer: For it so falls out,

That what we have we prize not to the worth

Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,

Why then we rack\* the value, then we find

The virtue that possession would not show us

Whiles it was ours: So will it fare with Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon his words,

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep

Into his study of imagination;

And every lovely organ of her life

Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,

More moving-delicate, and full of life,

Into the eye and prospect of his soul,

Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,

(If ever love had interest in his liver,)

And wish he had not so accus'd her;

No, though he thought his accusation true.

Let this be so, and doubt not but success

Will fashion the event in better shape

Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

But if all aim but this be levell'd false,

\* *Rack*—strain, stretch, exaggerate: hence *rack-rent*.

The supposition of the lady's death  
Will quench the wonder of her infamy ;  
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her  
(As best befits her wounded reputation)  
In some reclusive and religious life,  
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you ;  
And though, you know, my inwardness and love  
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,  
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this  
As secretly and justly as your soul  
Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,  
The smallest twine may lead me.

*Friar.* 'T is well consented ; presently away ;  
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—

Come, lady, die to live : this wedding-day,  
Perhaps, is but prolong'd ; have patience, and  
endure. [*Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leon.*]

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason, I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve of me  
that would right her !

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such friendship ?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it ?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as you :  
Is not that strange ?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not : It were  
as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as  
you : but believe me not ; and yet I lie not ; I confess  
nothing, nor I deny nothing :—I am sorry for my  
cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it that you love me ; and I  
will make him eat it that says I love not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word ?

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to it : I  
protest I love thee.

*Beat.* Why, then God forgive me !

*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice ?

*Beat.* You have stay'd me in a happy hour ; I was  
about to protest I loved you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart, that  
none is left to protest.

*Bene.* Come, bid me do anything for thee.

*Beat.* Kill Claudio.

*Bene.* Ha ! not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to deny : Farewell.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

*Beat.* I am gone, though I am here :—There is no  
love in you :—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

*Bene.* Beatrice,—

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

*Bene.* We 'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me than fight  
with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy ?

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height a villain, that  
hath slandered, scorned, dishonour'd my kinswoman ?—  
O, that I were a man !—What ! bear her in hand until  
they come to take hands ; and then with public accusa-  
tion, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God,  
that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the mar-  
ket-place.

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice :—

*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window ?—a proper  
saying.

*Bene.* Nay, but, Beatrice :—

*Beat.* Sweet Hero !—she is wronged, she is  
she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat—

*Beat.* Princes, and counties ! Surely, a pro-  
timony, a goodly count-confect ; a sweet gall  
O that I were a man for his sake ! or that I  
friend would be a man for my sake ! But n  
melted into courtesies, valour into compli  
men are only turned into tongue, and trim  
he is now as valiant as Hercules that only  
and swears it :—I cannot be a man with wish  
fore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice : By this hand, I

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way th  
ing by it.

*Bene.* Think you in your soul the coun  
hath wronged Hero ?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or

*Bene.* Enough, I am engaged, I will chall  
I will kiss your hand, and so leave you : By  
Claudio shall render me a dear account : A  
of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your  
must say she is dead ; and so, farewell.

#### SCENE II.—A Prison.

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in  
and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORA.*

*Dogb.* Is our whole dissembly appeared ?

*Verg.* O, a stool and a cushion for the sext

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors ?

*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that 's certain ; we have the e  
to examine.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that  
examined ? let them come before master const

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me  
is your name, friend ?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dogb.* Pray, write down, Borachio.—You

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my nam  
rade.

*Dogb.* Write down, master gentleman C  
Masters, do you serve God ?

[*Con., Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

*Dogb.* Write down that they hope they ser  
and write God first ; for God defend but G  
go before such villains !—] Masters, it is prove  
that you are little better than false knaves ; a  
go near to be thought so shortly. How answe  
yourselves ?

*Con.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*Dogb.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure  
I will go about with him.—Come you hither,  
word in your ear, sir ; I say to you, it is th  
are false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*Dogb.* Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they  
in a tale : Have you writ down, that they are

*Sexton.* Master constable, you go not the w  
amine ; you must call forth the watch that  
accusers.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, that 's the efest \* way :  
watch come forth :—Masters, I charge you  
prince's name, accuse these men.

*1 Watch.* This man said, sir, that don  
prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dogb.* Write down, prince John a villain  
this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother v

*Bora.* Master constable,—

*Dogb.* Pray thee, fellow, peace ; I do not  
look, I promise thee.

\* *Efest*—quickest.

u. What heard you him say else?  
*Ant.* Marry, that he had received a thousand  
of don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrong-

Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Yes, by the mass, that it is.

u. What else, fellow?

*Ant.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon  
a, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly,  
marry her.

O villain! thou wilt be condemned into ever-  
esumption for this.

u. What else?

*Ant.* This is all.

u. And this is more, masters, than you can  
Prince John is this morning secretly stolen  
Hero was in this manner accused, in this very  
refusal, and upon the grief of this suddenly  
Master constable, let these men be bound, and  
to Leonato; I will go before, and show him  
mination. [Exit.]

*Dogb.* Come, let them be opinioned.

*Verg.* Let them be in the hands—

*Con.* Off, coxcomb!

*Dogb.* God's my life! where's the sexton? let him  
write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind  
them:—Thou naughty varlet!

*Con.* Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou  
not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write  
me down, an ass! but, masters, remember that I am  
an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not  
that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of  
piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I  
am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and,  
which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as  
pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one  
that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough,  
go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that  
hath two gowns and everything handsome about him:  
—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down, an  
ass! [Exit.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before Leonato's House.*

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;  
not wisdom thus to second grief  
yourself.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
alls into mine ears as profitless  
in a sieve: give not me counsel;  
so comforter delight mine ear,  
e a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.  
e a father, that so lov'd his child,  
y of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
him speak of patience;  
his woe the length and breadth of mine,  
it answer every strain for strain;  
br thus, and such a grief for such,  
lineament, branch, shape, and form:  
e one will smile, and stroke his beard;  
know wag " cry; hem, when he should groan;  
of with provects; make misfortune drunk  
ulle-wasters; \* bring him yet to me,  
him will gather patience.

is no such man: For, brother, men  
uel, and speak comfort to that grief  
ey themselves not feel; but tasting it  
usel turns to passion, which before  
ve preceptual medicine to rage,  
ung madness in a silken thread,  
ch with air, and agony with words:  
t is all men's office to speak patience  
that wring under the load of sorrow;  
uch's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
moral, when he shall endure  
himself: therefore give me no counsel;  
e cry louder than advertisement.  
Therein do men from children nothing differ.  
I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;  
e was never yet philosopher  
ld endure the tooth-ach patiently;  
they have writ the style of gods,  
e a push<sup>b</sup> at chance and sufferance.  
Let bend not all the harm upon yourself;  
ee that do offend you suffer too.

*Leon* calls a bookworm a *candle waster*; and we  
this is the meaning here.  
<sup>a</sup> explained to be a thrust—a defiance.

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so  
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;  
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,  
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

*Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

*Ant.* Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well,  
my lord:

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarrelling,  
Some of us would lie low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him?

*Leon.* Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler,  
thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,  
I fear thee not.

*Claud.* Marry, beshrew my hand,  
If it should give your age such cause of fear:  
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

*Leon.* Tush, tush, man, never flear and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;  
As, under privilege of age, to brag  
What I have done being young, or what would do  
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,  
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,  
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;  
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,  
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;  
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,  
And she lies buried with her ancestors:  
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,  
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

*Claud.* My villainy!

*Leon.* Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;  
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,  
His May of youth, and bloom of lusthood.

*Claud.* Away, I will not have .o do with you.

*Leon.* Canst thou so daff me?<sup>a</sup> Thou hast kill'd my child;  
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.  
*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;  
But that 's no matter; let him kill one first;—  
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—  
Come follow me, boy; come sir boy, come follow me:  
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining<sup>b</sup> fence;  
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

*Leon.* Brother,—  
*Ant.* Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece;  
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;  
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,  
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;  
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

*Leon.* Brother Antony,—  
*Ant.* Hold you content: What, man! I know them,  
yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:  
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,  
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,  
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,  
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,  
And this is all.

*Leon.* But, brother Antony,—  
*Ant.* Come, 't is no matter;  
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake your  
patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;  
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing  
But what was true, and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,—  
*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.

*Leon.* No?  
Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—  
*Ant.* And shall,  
Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt LEON. and ANT.*]

*Enter BENEDICK.*

*D. Pedro.* See, see; here comes the man we went to  
seek.

*Claud.* Now, signior! what news?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior: You are almost come  
to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses  
snapped off with two old men without teeth.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother: What think'st  
thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been  
too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I  
came to seek you both.

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee; for  
we are high proof melancholy, and would fain have it  
beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have  
been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do  
the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—  
Art thou sick, or angry?

*Claud.* What! courage, man! What though care  
killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill  
care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, and  
you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another  
subject.

*Claud.* Nay, then give him another staff; this last  
's broke cross.

<sup>a</sup> *Daff me*—put me aside.

<sup>b</sup> *Foining*—thrusting.

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more  
I think he be angry indeed.

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his;

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain;—I jest not—I  
it good how you dare, with what you dare,  
you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest;  
ardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and  
shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may  
cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What, a feast? a feast?

*Claud.* I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid  
calf's head and a capon, the which if I do  
most curiously, say my knife 's naught.—Sh  
find a woodcock too?

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes e

*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais  
the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit;  
says she, "a fine little one:" "No," said I,  
wit;" "Right," says she, "a great gross one!"  
said I, "a good wit;" "Just," said she, "it  
body:" "Nay," said I, "the gentleman"  
"Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman:"  
said I, "he hath the tongues;" "That I belie  
she, "for he swore a thing to me on Mond  
which he forswore on Tuesday morning;  
double tongue; there's two tongues." Thu  
an hour together, trans-shape thy particular  
yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou  
properest man in Italy.

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily, and  
cared not.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but yet, for al  
if she did not hate him deadly, she would  
dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

*Claud.* All, all; and moreover, "God saw  
he was hid in the garden."

*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the save  
horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, "He  
Benedick the married man"?

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy! you know my  
will leave you now to your gossip-like hum  
break jests as braggarts do their blades, which  
thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many  
I thank you: I must discontinue your compa  
brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: ;  
among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady  
lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet;  
then peace be with him. [E

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; and I'll  
you for the love of Beatrice.

*D. Pedro.* And hath challenged thee?

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is, whe  
in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape: but t  
ape a doctor to such a man.

*D. Pedro.* But, soft you, let me be; plus  
heart, and be sad! Did he not say my br  
fled?

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Waiter  
CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

*Dogb.* Come, you, sir; if justice cannot t  
she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balan  
an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you  
looked to.

<sup>a</sup> In wrestling, to turn the girle was a challenge  
tion for the struggle. Large belts were worn with t  
before; but in wrestling the buckle was turned behi

How now, two of my brother's men bound!  
e!

Learnken after their offence, my lord!

Officers, what offence have these men done?  
arry, sir, they have committed false report;  
ey have spoken untruths; secondarily, they  
; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady;  
have verified unjust things; and, to con-  
are lying knaves.

First, I ask thee what they have done;  
ask thee what's their offence; sixth and  
they are committed; and, to conclude, what  
their charge?

ightly reasoned, and in his own division;  
troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Whom have you offended, masters, that you  
nd to your answer? this learned constable  
ng to be understood: What's your offence?  
reet prince, let me go no further to mine  
you hear me, and let this count kill me.  
ived even your very eyes: what your wis-  
not discover these shallow fools have brought

so, in the night, overheard me confessing to  
ow don John your brother incensed me to  
dady Hero; how you were brought into the  
d saw me court Margaret in Hero's gar-  
you disgraced her when you should marry  
lainy they have upon record; which I had  
with my death, than repeat over to my  
lady is dead upon mine and my master's  
tion; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the  
villain.

Runs not this speech like iron through  
our blood?

I have drunk poison while he utter'd it.

But did my brother set thee on to this?  
ea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.  
He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—  
t is upon this villainy.

sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear  
semblance that I lov'd it first.

ome, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time  
hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter:  
ra, do not forget to specify, when time and  
serve, that I am an ass.

ere, here comes master signior Leonato, and  
too.

LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;

I note another man like him

and him: Which of these is he?

If you would know your wronger, look on me.  
rt thee—thou—the slave that with thy  
death hast kill'd  
sent child?

Yea, even I alone.

o, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;

a pair of honourable men,

led, that had a hand in it:

a, princes, for my daughter's death;

with your high and worthy deeds;

rely done, if you bethink you of it.

I know not how to pray your patience,

Speak: Choose your revenge yourself;

to what penance your invention

see my sin: yet sinn'd I not,

taking.

By my soul, nor I;

and satisfy this good old man,

and under any heavy weight

enjoin me to.

cannot bid you bid my daughter live,

impossible; but I pray you both,

Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent she died: and, if your love

Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—

To-morrow morning come you to my house;

And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,

And she alone is heir to both of us;

Give her the right you should have given her cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir,

Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!

I do embrace your offer; and dispose

For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;

To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,

Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,

Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;

Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;

But always hath been just and virtuous,

In anything that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under  
white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did  
call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his  
punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of  
one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and  
a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's  
name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid,  
that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing  
for God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and  
reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I  
thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship;  
which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for  
the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish  
your worship well; God restore you to health: I hum-  
bly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting  
may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGB., VERG., and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt D. PEDRO and CLAUD.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with  
Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Ex.*]

#### SCENE II.—Leonato's Garden.

*Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well  
at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of  
my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man liv-  
ing shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou  
deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I  
always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth,  
it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which  
hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt



a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

*Marg.* Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit MARGARET.]

*Bene.* And therefore will come.

The god of love,  
That sits above,  
And knows me, and knows me,  
How pitiful I deserve.— [Singing.]

I mean in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to "lady" but "baby," an innocent rhyme; for "scorn" "horn," a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool," a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O, stay but till then!

*Beat.* Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

*Bene.* Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes<sup>a</sup> my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene.* "Suffer love;" a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

*Bene.* Question?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise (if don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy,) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

<sup>a</sup> Undergoes—passes under.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend: they leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle's old coil<sup>a</sup> at home: it is proved, my lady hath been falsely accused; the prince and mightily abused; and don John is the author who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, signior?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendant  
music and tapers.

*Claud.* Is this the monument of Leonato?

*Atten.* It is, my lord.

*Claud.* [Reads from a scroll.]

"Done to death by slanderous tongues  
Was the Hero that here lies:  
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,  
Gives her fame which never dies:  
So the life that died with shame  
Lives in death with glorious fame.  
Hang thou there upon the tomb,  
Praising her when I am dumb."

Now, music sound, and sing your solemn hymn

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,  
Those that slew thy virgin knight;  
For the which, with songs of woe,  
Round about her tomb they go,  
Midnight, assist our moan;  
Help us to sigh and groan,  
Heavily, heavily:  
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,  
Till death be uttered,  
Heavenly, heavenly.<sup>b</sup>

*Claud.* Now unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, masters; put your  
out:

The wolves have prey'd: and look, the grey  
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.  
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

*Claud.* Good morrow, masters; each his sever

*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put our  
weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

*Claud.* And, Hymen, now with luckier issue  
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [Exit]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato's House

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE,  
URSULA, FRIAR, and HERO.

*Friar.* Did I not tell you she was innocent?

*Leon.* So are the prince and Claudio, who accused  
Upon the error that you heard debated:  
But Margaret was in some fault for this;  
Although against her will, as it appears  
In the true course of all the question.

*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so.

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforced  
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen  
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;  
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:  
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

<sup>a</sup> Old coil—great bustle.

<sup>b</sup> To utter is here to put out—to expel. Death is  
heavenly—by the power of Heaven.

—you know your office, brother ;  
 be father to your brother's daughter,  
 be to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]  
 Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.  
 Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.  
 To do what, signior?  
 To bind me, or undo me, one of them.  
 I would, truth it is, good signior,  
 you regards me with an eye of favour.  
 That eye my daughter lent her: 'T is most  
 true.  
 And I do with an eye of love requite her.  
 The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,  
 when she and the prince. But what's your will?  
 Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:  
 My will, my will is, your good will  
 I wish with ours, this day to be conjoin'd  
 in a most honourable marriage;  
 if you, good friar, I shall desire your help.  
 My heart is with your liking.

And my help  
 shall be the prince, and Claudio.]

Enter PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.  
 Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;  
 attend you. Are you yet determin'd  
 to marry with my brother's daughter?  
 I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop  
 I'll hold her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

[*Exit ANTONIO.*]  
 Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's  
 the matter,  
 you have such a February face,  
 frost, of storm, and cloudiness?  
 I think he thinks upon the savage bull:—  
 'Tis not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,  
 if you shall rejoice at thee;  
 if you did at lusty Jove,  
 he would play the noble beast in love.  
 Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;  
 such a strange bull leap'd your father's cow,  
 and calf in that same noble feat,  
 as to you, for you have just his bleat.

Enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

For this I owe you: here come other reckon-  
 ings.

Is the lady I must seize upon?  
 Is she the same, and I do give you her.  
 Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see  
 your face.

No, that you shall not, till you take her hand  
 of the friar, and swear to marry her.

Give me your hand before this holy friar;  
 or husband, if you like of me.

And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:  
 [*Unmasking.*]

Was you lov'd, you were my other husband.  
 Another Hero?

Nothing certainer:  
 she is dead [deff'd] but I do live,  
 as she is I live, I am a maid.

She's the former Hero! Hero that is dead!  
 She's dead, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

All this amazement can I qualify;  
 for that the holy rites are ended,  
 you largely of fair Hero's death:

Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,  
 And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?  
 Beat. I answer to that name; [*unmasking*] what is  
 your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?  
 Beat. Why no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and  
 Claudio,

Have been deceiv'd; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?  
 Bene. Troth no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,  
 Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.  
 Beat. They swore that you were well nigh dead for  
 me.

Bene. 'T is no such matter:—Then you do not love  
 me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.  
 Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentle-  
 man.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her;  
 For here 's a paper, written in his hand,  
 A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
 Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here 's another,  
 Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,  
 Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle; here 's our own hands against our  
 hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I  
 take thee for pity!

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day,  
 I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save  
 your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*]  
 D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-  
 crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou  
 think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a  
 man will be beaten with brains, a shall wear nothing  
 handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to  
 marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the  
 world can say against it; and therefore never flout at  
 me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy  
 thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Clau-  
 dio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that\* thou  
 art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my  
 cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied  
 Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy  
 single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out  
 of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look ex-  
 ceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a  
 dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own  
 hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.  
 Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play music.—  
 Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife;  
 there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,  
 And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise  
 thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt*]

\* In that—because.





## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE first edition of this play was published in 1602. The comedy as it now stands first appeared in the folio of 1623; and the play in that edition contains very nearly twice the number of lines that the original edition contains. The succession of scenes is the same in both copies, except in one instance; but the speeches of the several characters are greatly elaborated in the amended copy, and several of the characters not only heightened, but new distinctive features given to them.

Rightly to appreciate this comedy, it is, we conceive, absolutely necessary to dissociate it from the historical plays of 'Henry IV.' and 'Henry V.' Whether Shakspeare produced the original sketch of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' before those plays, and remodelled it after their appearance,—or whether he produced both the original sketch and the finished performance when his audiences were perfectly familiar with the Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, and Mistress Quickly of 'Henry IV.' and 'Henry V.'—it is perfectly certain that he did not intend 'The Merry Wives' as a continuation. It is impossible, however, not to associate the period of the comedy with the period of the histories. But at the same time we must suffer our minds to slide into the belief that the manners of the times of Henry IV. had sufficient points in common with those of the times of Elizabeth to justify the poet in taking no great pains to distinguish between them. The characters speak in the language of truth and nature, which belongs to all time; and we must forget that they sometimes use the expressions of a particular time to which they do not in strict propriety belong.

The critics have been singularly laudatory of this comedy. Warton calls it "the most complete specimen of Shakspeare's comic powers." Johnson says, "This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated than perhaps can be found in any other play." We agree with much of this; but we certainly cannot agree with Warton that it is "the most complete specimen of Shakspeare's comic powers." We cannot forget 'As You Like It,' and 'Twelfth Night,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing.' Of those qualities which put Shakspeare above all other men that ever existed, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' exhibits few traces. Some of the touches, however, which no other hand could give, are to be found in Slender, and we think in Quickly.

The principal action of this comedy—the adventures of Falstaff with the Merry Wives—sweeps on with a rapidity of movement which hurries us forward to the dénouement as irresistibly as if the actors were under the influence of that destiny which belongs to the empire of tragedy. No reverses, no disgraces, can save

Falstaff from his final humiliation. The net is around him, but he does not see the meshes;—he fancies himself the deceiver, but he is the deceived. The real jealousy of Ford most skilfully helps on the merry devices of his wife; and with equal skill does the poet make him throw away his jealousy, and assist in the last plot against the "unclean knight."

The movement of the principal action is beautifully contrasted with the occasional repose of the other scenes. The Windsor of the time of Elizabeth is presented to us, as the quiet country town, sleeping under the shadow of its neighbour the castle. Amidst its gabled houses, separated by pretty gardens, from which the elm and the chestnut and the lime throw their branches across the unpaved road, we find a goodly company, with little to do but gossip and laugh, and make sport out of each other's cholers and weaknesses. We see Master Page training his "fallow greyhound;" and we go with Master Ford "a-birding." We listen to the "pribbles and prabbles" of Sir Hugh Evans and Justice Shallow with a quiet satisfaction; for they talk as unartificial men ordinarily talk, without much wisdom but with good temper and sincerity. We find ourselves in the days of ancient hospitality, when men could make their fellows welcome without ostentatious display, and half a dozen neighbours "could drink down all unkindness" over "a hot venison pasty." The more busy inhabitants of the town have time to tattle, and to laugh, and be laughed at. Mine Host of the Garter is the prince of hosts; he is the very soul of fun and good temper. His contrivances to manage the fray between the furious French doctor and the honest Welsh parson are productive of the happiest situations. Caius waiting for his adversary—"De herring is no dead so as I will kill him"—is capital. But Sir Hugh, with his—

"There will we make our peds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry,—is inimitable.

With regard to the under-plot of Fenton and Anne Page—the scheme of Page to marry her to Slender—the counterplot of her mother, "firm for Dr. Caius"—and the management of the lovers to obtain a triumph out of the devices against them—it may be sufficient to point out how skilfully it is interwoven with the Hero's Oak adventure of Falstaff. Over all the misadventures of that night, when "all sorts of deer were chased," Shakspeare throws his own tolerant spirit of forgiveness and content:—

"Good husband, let us every one go home,  
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;  
Sir John and all."



# THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.**  
Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5.  
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

**FRETON.**  
Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 5.

**SHALLOW, a country justice.**  
Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;  
sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.

**SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.**  
Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.  
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

**FORD, a gentleman dwelling at Windsor.**  
Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.  
Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

**PAGE, a gentleman dwelling at Windsor.**  
Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2;  
sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

**WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Mr. Page.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

**SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.**  
Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5.

**DR. CAIUS, a French physician.**  
Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

**Host of the Garter Inn.**  
Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.  
Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6.

**BARDOLPH, a follower of Falstaff.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 5.  
Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 5.

**NYM, a follower of Falstaff.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1.

**PISTOL, a follower of Falstaff.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1

**ROBIN, page to Falstaff.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3

**SIMPLE, servant to Slender.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.  
Act IV. sc. 5.

**RUGBY, servant to Dr. Caius.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2

**MRS. FORD.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

**MRS. PAGE.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

**MRS. ANNE PAGE, daughter to Mrs. Page.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 5.

**MRS. QUICKLY, servant to Dr. Caius.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4; sc. 2.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

Servants to Page, Ford. &c.

SCENE.—WINDSOR.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. *Garden Front of Page's House.*

Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Sir Hugh,\* persuade me not; I will make a matter of it: if he were twenty sir John, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and

my cousin Slender, and *Cust-alarum*.<sup>b</sup>

Ay, and *rotolorum* too; and a gentleman horn, passant; who writes himself *armigero*; in any grant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.<sup>c</sup>

Ay, that I do; and have done<sup>d</sup> any time these twelve years.

All his successors, gone before him, have done 't; his ancestors, that come after him, may never give the dozen white luses in their coat.

It is an old coat.

The dozen white luses do become an old coat to express well, passant: it is a familiar beast to signify love.

Had several instances in Shakspeare of a priest being called *Sir Hugh* in this comedy; *Sir Oliver* in 'As You Like It'; *Sir Topas* in 'Twelfth Night'; and *Sir Nathaniel* in 'Labour's Lost.'

*alorum* is meant for an abridgment of *Castes Rotolorum*. Not understanding the abbreviation, adds, "and rotate."

Justice signed his attestations, "jural" coram me. Shallow, *armigero*.<sup>c</sup> <sup>d</sup> done—see his *to done*.

Shal. The luse is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.<sup>a</sup>

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marrying, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: if sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments<sup>b</sup> in that.

Shal. Hal' o' my life, if I were young again the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is pretty clear that "the dozen white luses" apply to the arms of the Lucy family. In Ferne's 'Blazon of Gentry,' 1586, we have, "signs of the coat should something agree with the name. It is the coat of Geoffrey Lord Lucy. He did bear gules, three luses bariant argent." The luse is a *pike*,—"the fresh fish;" not the "familiar beast to man." So far is clear; but why "the salt fish is an old coat" is not so intelligible.

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<sup>b</sup> *Vizament*—advisements.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

*Eva.* It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

*Shal.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

*Eva.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

*Shal.* I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

*Eva.* Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

*Eva.* Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

*Page.* Who's there?

*Eva.* Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

*Page.* I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better: it was ill killed:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

*Page.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

*Page.* I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

*Slen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

*Page.* It could not be judged, sir.

*Slen.* You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not:—'t is your fault, 't is your fault:—'T is a good dog.

*Page.* A cur, sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Eva.* It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

*Shal.* He hath wronged me, master Page.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal.* If it be confessed it is not redressed; is not that so, master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed, he hath;—at a word he hath;—believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

*Page.* Here comes sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

*Fal.* Now, master Shallow; you 'll complain of me to the king?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

*Fal.* But not kissed your keeper's daughter.

*Shal.* Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight;—I have done all this: is now answered.

The council shall know this.

*Fal.* 'T were better for you if it were known in counsel; you 'll be laughed at.

*Eva.* *Pauca verba*, sir John, goot worts.

*Fal.* Good worts! good cabbage.<sup>a</sup>—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

*Slen.* Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching<sup>b</sup> rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. [They carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.]

*Bard.* You Banbury cheese!

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, Mephistophilus?

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

*Slen.* Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

*Eva.* Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand, that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

*Page.* We three, to hear it and end it between them.

*Eva.* Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* Pistol—

*Pist.* He hears with ears.

*Eva.* The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear"? Why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shew-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

*Fal.* Is this true, Pistol?

*Eva.* No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:<sup>c</sup>

Word of denial in thy labras<sup>d</sup> here;

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

*Slen.* By these gloves, then 't was he.

*Nym.* Be advised, sir, and pass good humours; I will say, "marry trap," with you, if you run the nuthook's humour<sup>e</sup> on me: that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

*Fal.* What say you, Scarlet and John?

*Bard.* Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

*Eva.* It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

*Bard.* And being fap,<sup>f</sup> sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careers.<sup>g</sup>

*Slen.* Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter: I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but an honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

<sup>a</sup> *Worts* was the generic name of cabbages; we have still *cole-wort*.

<sup>b</sup> *Coney-catcher* was synonymous with *sharp*.

<sup>c</sup> *Bilbo* is a sword; a *latten bilbo*—a sword made of a latten plate.

<sup>d</sup> *Labras*—lips; "word of denial in thy labras" is equivalent to "the lie in thy teeth."

<sup>e</sup> *The nuthook* was used by the thief to hook portable commodities out of a window,—and thus Nym, in his queer fashion, means, "if you say I'm a thief."

<sup>f</sup> *Fap*—a cant word for *drunk*.

<sup>g</sup> *Careers*. In the *manège* to run a career was to gallop horse violently backwards and forwards.

Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.  
I hear all these matters denied, gentlemen;

MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS  
SLENDER and MISTRESS PAGE following.

My daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink  
[Exit ANNE PAGE.]  
Heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

How now, mistress Ford?  
Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well  
or leave, good mistress. [Kissing her.]

Life, bid these gentlemen welcome: Come,  
hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentle-  
men, we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but SHAL., SLEN., and EVANS.]  
I had my rather than forty shillings, I had my  
and Sonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

Simple! Where have you been? I must  
elf, must I? You have not the 'Book of  
out you, have you?  
Book of Riddles'? why, did you not lend it  
to cake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight  
elmas?

Yes, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A  
now, coz; marry, this, coz; There is, as 't  
her, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir  
—Do you understand me?

Yes, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be  
that that is reason.

Yes, but understand me.  
I do, sir.

I am ear to his motions, master Slender: I will  
be matter to you, if you be capacity of it.  
Yes, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I  
ardon me; he's a justice of peace in his  
ple though I stand here.

That is not the question; the question is  
your marriage.

There's the point, sir.  
Yes, is it; the very point of it; to mistress

Yes, if it be so I will marry her, upon any  
conditions.

Can you affection the woman? Let us  
know that of your mouth or of your lips;  
the lawyers hold that the lips is parcel of the  
sentence, precisely, can you carry your good  
and?

Yes, sir, I will do as it shall become one  
of reason.

Yes, God's lords and his ladies, you must  
abide, if you can carry her your desires

at you must: Will you, upon good dowry,

Will do a greater thing than that, upon your  
side, in any reason.

Yes, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz;  
to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the

Will marry her, sir, at your request; but if  
great love in the beginning, yet Heaven  
is it upon better acquaintance, when we are  
have more occasion to know one another:  
familiarity will grow more contempt; \*  
ay, "marry her," I will marry her, that I  
swayed, and dissolutely.

The *follo reads content*—the word which Slender  
But the poor soul was thinking of his copy-book  
such familiarity breeds contempt.\*

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the fault is  
in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our  
meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I  
were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires  
your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the  
grace. [Exeunt SHAL. and SIR H. EVANS.]

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very  
well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go,  
sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin  
Shallow: [Exit SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime  
may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but  
three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But  
what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they  
will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much  
as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I bruised  
my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger  
with a master of fence, three veneyes for a dish of stewed  
prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of  
hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there  
bears i' the town.

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport we'll; but I shall as soon quar-  
rel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid if  
you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have  
seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him  
by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so  
cried and shrieked at it, that it passed:—but women,  
indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured  
rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we wait  
for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir:  
come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will  
not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome;  
you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of <sup>b</sup> Doctor Caius'  
house,—which is the way: and there dwells one mis-  
tress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or  
his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry,<sup>c</sup> his washer,  
and his wringer.

\* *It passed*—it surpassed; or, it passed expression—a common  
mode of referring to something extraordinary.

<sup>b</sup> *Of Dr. Caius' house*—ask for Dr. Caius' house—ask which  
is the way.

<sup>c</sup> *Laundry*. Sir Hugh means to say *laender*, or *laandress*.



*Sim.* Well, sir.

*Eva.* Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, begone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.*

*Fal.* Mine host of the Garter,—

*Host.* What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

*Fal.* Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

*Host.* Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a week.

*Host.* Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

*Fal.* Do so, good mine host.

*Host.* I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and live; I am at a word; follow. *[Exit Host.]*

*Fal.* Bardolph, follow him: a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

*Bard.* It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive. *[Exit BARD.]*

*Pist.* O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

*Nym.* He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? *[His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.]*

*Fal.* I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskillful singer,—he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

*Pist.* Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase.

*Fal.* Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

*Pist.* Why, then let kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

*Pist.* Young ravens must have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know Ford of this town?

*Pist.* I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

*Fal.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now, Pistol: Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Brievely, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, I am sir John Falstaff's.

*Pist.* He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

*Nym.* The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

*Pist.* As many devils entertain; and, "To her, boy," say I.

*Nym.* The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too; examined my parts with most judicious eyelids; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

*Pist.* Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

*Nym.* I thank thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too: she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequer to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

*Nym.* I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold, sirrah, *[to ROB.]* bear you these letters tightly;<sup>b</sup>

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.—

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;

Trudge, plod away i' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the honour of the age,

French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page

*[Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.]*

*Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gound and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor;<sup>c</sup>

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

*Nym.* I have operations, which be humours of revenge

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Nym.* By welkin, and her star!

*Pist.* With wit, or steel?

*Nym.* With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.

*Pist.* And I to Page shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

*Nym.* My humour shall not cool: I will increase

Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,

for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Pist.* Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I would

thee; troop on. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Dr. Caius's House.*

*Enter MRS. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.*

*Quick.* What: John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

*Rug.* I'll go watch. *[Exit RUGBY.]*

*Quick.* Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:<sup>d</sup> his worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple

you say your name is?

*Sim.* Ay, for fault of a better.

*Quick.* And master Slender's your master?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth.

*Quick.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

<sup>a</sup> The *eschetors*, officers of the *exchequer*, were popularly called *cheaters*.

<sup>b</sup> *Tightly*—briskly, cleverly.

<sup>c</sup> *Gound, fullam, high, and low*, were cant terms for *false dice*. Pistol will have his tester in pouch by cheating at play.

<sup>d</sup> *Bate* is strife. It is "debate."

No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face,  
the yellow beard; a cane-coloured beard.

A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his  
age as any is between this and his head; he hath  
the stature of a warrener.

How say you?—O, I should remember him:  
did he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in  
the court?

Yes, indeed, does he.

Well, Heaven send Anne Page no worse for-  
tell master parson Evans I will do what I can  
for my master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

*Re-enter RUGBY.*

Out, alas! here comes my master.

We shall all be shent: \* Ran in here, good  
man; go into this closet. [*Shuts SIMPLE in the*

He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby!  
What John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for thy  
master: I doubt he be not well, that he comes not  
—*And down, down, adown-a, &c.* [*Sings.*

*Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.*

Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys;  
go, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*;  
green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a

Ay, forsooth, I 'll fetch it you. I am glad he  
is in himself: if he had found the young man,  
I have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

*Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je*  
*vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.*

Is it this, sir?

Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; *Depêche,*  
—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

What, John Rugby! John!

Here, sir.

You are John Rugby, and you are Jack  
Fenton; Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my  
master to the court.

'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

By my trot, I tarry too long;—Od's me!  
'T is doubtful? here is some simples in my closet dat  
I brought for the varid I shall leave behind.

Ah me! he 'll find the young man there, and  
I shall be shent.

O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—  
I 'll larron! [*Pulling SIMPLE out.*] Rugby,  
ere.

Good master, be content.

Verefore shall I be content-a?

The young man is an honest man.

Vat shall de honest man do in my closet?  
No honest man dat shall come in my closet.

I beseech you, be not so flegmatick; hear the  
parson: He came of an errand to me from parson

Well.

Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Peace, I pray you.

Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid,  
to give a good word to Mrs. Anne Page for my master,  
to say a good word for marriage.

This is all, indeed, la; but I 'll ne'er put my  
finger in the fire, and need not.

Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *bailliez* me  
your rapier: Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been tho-  
roughly you should have heard him so loud and

\* Shent—roughly handled.

so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I 'll do  
your master what good I can: and the very yea and  
the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call  
him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I  
wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink,  
make the beds, and do all myself:—

*Sim.* 'T is a great charge to come under one body's  
hand.

*Quick.* Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a  
great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but  
notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would  
have no words of it,) my master himself is in love with  
mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know  
Anne's mind,—that 's neither here nor there.

*Caius.* You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to sir Hugh;  
by gar, it is a challenge: I vill cut his throat in de park;  
and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle  
or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry  
here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he  
shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit SIM.*

*Quick.* Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a  
me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar,  
I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine  
host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I  
vill myself have Anne Page.

*Quick.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be  
well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the  
good-ger!

*Caius.* Rugby, come to the court vid me:—By gar,  
if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of  
my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*

*Quick.* You shall have An fool's-head of your own.  
No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in  
Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do: nor  
can do more than I do with her, I thank Heaven.

*Fent.* [*Within.*] Who 's within there? ho!

*Quick.* Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house,  
I pray you.

*Enter FENTON.*

*Fent.* How now, good woman; how dost thou?

*Quick.* The better that it pleases your good worship  
to ask.

*Fent.* What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

*Quick.* In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest,  
and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you  
that by the way; I praise Heaven for it.

*Fent.* Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I  
not lose my suit?

*Quick.* Troth, sir, all is in His hands above: but not-  
withstanding, master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book,  
she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above  
your eye?

*Fent.* Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

*Quick.* Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is  
such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as  
ever broke bread;—We had an hour's talk of that wart:  
—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!  
But, indeed, she is given too much to allieholly and  
musing: But for you—Well, go to.

*Fent.* Well, I shall see her to-day; Hold, there 's  
money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf:  
if thou seest her before me, commend me.

*Quick.* Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell  
your worship more of the wart, the next time we have  
confidence; and of other woers.

*Fent.* Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

*Quick.* Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest  
gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's  
mind as well as another does:—Out upon 't! what have  
I forgot? [*Exit*

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—Before Page's House.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a Letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holyday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [Reads.]

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor:<sup>a</sup> You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there 's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Hal! hal! then there 's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might,  
For thee to fight,

John Falstaff."

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard<sup>b</sup> picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me! Why, I 'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house!

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What 's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack;<sup>c</sup> and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:<sup>d</sup>—here, read, read:—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness,—that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more

<sup>a</sup> A precisian, we apprehend, is here used for one who puts thoughts into words—an inditer—a scribe. The French *précis* gives us the meaning. A counsellor is one who confidentially advises;—counsel being often used in the sense of *secrecy*.

<sup>b</sup> The English of the days of Elizabeth accused the people of the Low Countries with having taught them to drink to excess.

<sup>c</sup> *Will hack*. James I. would make fifty knights before breakfast; and therefore "these knights will hack"—will become common.

<sup>d</sup> *'Tis burn daylight*—we waste our time like those who use by day.

adhere and keep place together than the hundredth psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.'<sup>e</sup> What tempest I throw, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust has melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sur more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I 'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain<sup>b</sup> in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I 'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatchet I 'll never to sea again. Let 's be revenged on him: let 's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too; he 's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [They retire.]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NIM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall<sup>e</sup> dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor. Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves the gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou. Like sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night. Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.

<sup>e</sup> This appears to have been a very popular song in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>f</sup> *Strain*—turn, humour, disposition.

<sup>g</sup> *Curtall dog*. The "curtal dog" is, like the "curtal" here, an expression of contempt.

corporal Nym.—

Page; he speaks sense.\* [Exit PISTOL.]  
will be patient; I will find out this.  
and this is true; [to PAGE.] I like not the  
lying. He hath wronged me in some hundred  
ould have borne the humoured letter to her;  
a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity.  
your wife; there's the short and the long.  
is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch.  
—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your  
en! I love not the humour of bread and  
dieu.

[Exit NYM.]  
The humour of it," quoth 'a! here's a fel-  
lunmour out of his wits.  
will seek out Falstaff.  
never heard such a drawing, affecting rogue.  
I do find it, well!  
will not believe such a Catalan,<sup>b</sup> though the  
town commended him for a true man.  
'twas a good sensible fellow: Well!

How now, Meg?  
ge. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.  
rd. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou  
? melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get  
go.  
rd. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy  
—Will you go, mistress Page?  
ge. Have with you.—You'll come to din-  
? Look, who comes yonder: she shall be  
per to this paltry knight.

[Aside to Mrs. Ford.]

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

rd. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.  
ge. You are come to see my daughter Anne?  
Ay, fo' sooth. And I pray, how does good  
me?  
ge. Go in with us and see; we have an  
with you.

[Exit Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Mrs. QUICK.]

How now, master Ford?  
ou heard what this knave told me; did you  
es. And you heard what the other told me?  
o you think there is truth in them?  
lang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight  
it: but these that accuse him in his intent  
r wives are a yoke of his discarded men:  
now they be out of service.  
ere they his men?  
arry were they.

like it never the better for that.—Does he lie  
er?  
y, marry, does he. If he should intend this  
and my wife, I would turn her loose to him;  
e gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie  
ll.

do not misloubt my wife; but I would be  
in them together: A man may be too confi-  
duld have nothing lie on my head: I cannot  
sied.

ock, where my ranting host of the Garter  
re is either liquor in his pate, or money in  
when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman:  
stice, I say!

addresses what Nym has been saying, aside, to Page.  
most a liar, it is said, because the old travellers in  
e as Marco Polo and Mandeville told incredible  
a country.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and  
twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go  
with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice: tell him, bully-rook.  
Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir  
Hugh the Welsh priest and Cains the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.  
Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

[They go aside.]  
Shal. Will you [to PAGE] go with us to behold it?  
My merry host hath had the measuring of their wea-  
pons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary  
places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester.  
Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my  
guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of  
burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my  
name is Brook: only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and  
regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook:  
It is a merry knight. Will you go on, heers?<sup>a</sup>

Shal. Have with you, mine host.  
Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill  
in his rapier.<sup>b</sup>

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In  
these times you stand on distance, your passes, stocca-  
does, and I know not what: 't is the heart, master Page;  
't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time with my  
long sword I would have made you four tall fellows  
skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?  
Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them  
scold than fight. [Exit Host, SHAL., and PAGE.]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so  
firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my  
opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's  
house; and what they made there I know not. Well,  
I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to  
sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my  
labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed.  
[Exit.]

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.  
Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you  
should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated  
upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and  
your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked  
through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am  
damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends  
you were good soldiers and tall fellows: and when  
mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't  
upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen  
pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I'll  
endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more  
about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife  
and a throng;—to your manor of Picket-hatch,<sup>d</sup> go.—

<sup>a</sup> Heers. We think that the Host, who is fond of using foreign  
words which he has picked up from his guests, such as cavalero,  
Francisco, and varletto, employs the Dutch Heer, or the German  
Heer.—Sir, Master. Both words are pronounced nearly alike.  
He says, "Will you go on, heers!" as he would say, if he had  
picked up a French word, "Will you go on, monsieurs!"  
<sup>b</sup> Shallow ridicules the formalities that belong to the use of  
the rapier, which those of the old school thought a cowardly  
weapon.

<sup>c</sup> A short knife, &c. A knife to cut purses, and a mou to  
find them amongst.

<sup>d</sup> Picket-hatch is mentioned in one of Ben Jonson's Epigrams,  
in company with "Marsh Lambeth and White Fryers."

You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—You stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases,<sup>a</sup> and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

*Pist.* I do relent. What would thou more of man?

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Rob.* Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Enter MRS. QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* Give your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Good morrow, good wife.

*Quick.* Not so, an't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid, then.

*Quick.* I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

*Fal.* I do believe the swearer: What with me?

*Quick.* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

*Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Quick.* There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

*Fal.* Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

*Quick.* Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

*Quick.* Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

*Fal.* Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

*Quick.* Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wauton: Well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

*Quick.* Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 't is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach,<sup>b</sup> letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk), and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;<sup>c</sup> but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

*Quick.* Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives

<sup>a</sup> Red-lattice phrases—alehouse terms.

<sup>b</sup> A bill was introduced during the session of 1601 to restrain the excessive use of coaches.

<sup>c</sup> Pensioners might have been put higher than earls by Mistress Quickly, on account of their splendid dress. Shakespeare alludes to this in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream":—

"The cowslips tall her pensioners be,  
In their gold coats spots you see,"

you to notify, that her husband will be abs his house between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and then you may see the picture, she says, that you wot of; ma her husband, will be from home. Alas! woman leads an ill life with him; he's a ve man: she leads a very frampold<sup>a</sup> life with heart.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven: Woman, commend I will not fail her.

*Quick.* Why, you say well: But I have an senger to your worship: Mistress Page hath commendations to you too;—and let me te your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wif (I tell you) that will not miss you morning n prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the she bade me tell your worship that her husb dom from home; but, she hopes, there wil time. I never knew a woman so dote upo surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee; setting the att my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

*Quick.* Blessing on your heart for 't!

*Fal.* But, I pray thee, tell me this: has I and Page's wife acquainted each other how me?

*Quick.* That were a jest, indeed!—they li little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, ind mistress Page would desire you to send her; page, of all loves:<sup>b</sup> her husband has a mary fection to the little page; and, truly, master honest man. Never a wife in Windsor lead life than she does; do what she will, say wh take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, ris list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deseri if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is must send her your page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Quick.* Nay, but do so then: and, look yo come and go between you both; and, in any a nay-word, that you may know one anothe and the boy never need to understand anythin not good that children should know any w old folks, you know, have discretion, as the know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well: commend me to th there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Bo with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exit QUICKLY*]

*Pist.* This punk is one of Cupid's carriers Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fil Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm t

[*Ex*]

*Fal.* Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy w make more of thy old body than I have do they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after t of so much money, be now a gainer? Get thank thee: Let them say, 't is grossly don fairly done, no matter.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir John, there's one master Br would fain speak with you, and be acquai you; and hath sent your worship a mornin of sack.<sup>d</sup>

*Fal.* Brook is his name?

*Bard.* Ay, sir.

<sup>a</sup> Frampold—fretful, uneasy.

<sup>b</sup> Of all loves. This pretty antique phrase is 200

<sup>c</sup> Fights were short sails—fighting sails.

<sup>d</sup> Presents of wine were often sent from one goss to another,—sometimes by way of a friendly me sometimes as an introduction to acquaintance.

all him in; [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks  
 me to me that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha!  
 lord and mistress Page, have I encompassed  
 as; *viva!*

*Enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.*

Bless you, sir.

And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

I make bold to press with so little preparation

you're welcome. What's your will? Give  
 drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much;  
 is Brook.

Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance

Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge  
 I must let you understand I think myself in  
 debt for a lender than you are: the which hath  
 emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion:  
 if money go before all ways do lie open.

Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Truth, and I have a bag of money here troubles  
 a will help to bear it, sir John, take all, or  
 bring me of the carriage.

But, I know not how I may deserve to be your

I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the

speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to  
 await.

Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief  
 —and you have been a man long known to  
 me I had never so good means, as desire, to  
 self acquainted with you. I shall discover a  
 you, wherein I must very much lay open mine  
 affection: but, good sir John, as you have one  
 my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn  
 to the register of your own; that I may pass  
 proof the easier, sith you yourself know how  
 to be such an offender.

Very well, sir; proceed.

There is a gentlewoman in this town, her hus-  
 band is Ford.

Tell, sir.

I have long loved her, and, I protest to you,  
 much on her; followed her with a dotting ob-  
 servance opportunities to meet her; fee'd  
 at occasion that could but niggardly give me  
 her; not only bought many presents to give  
 her, but given largely to many, to know what she  
 would give; briefly, I have pursued her as love  
 and me, which hath been on the wing of all.

But whatsoever I have merited, either in  
 or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have re-  
 ceiv'd; unless experience be a jewel; that I have  
 at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me

like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;

so that that flies, and flying what pursues."

Have you received no promise of satisfaction  
 she?

Never.

Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Never.

What quality was your love then?

Like a fair house built on another man's  
 so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking  
 where I erected it.

What purpose have you unfolded this to me?

When I have told you that I have told you  
 I say, that, though she appear honest to me,  
 in places, she enlargeth her mirth so far that  
 would construction made of her. Now, sir

John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentle-  
 man of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of  
 great admittance, authentic in your place and person,  
 generally allowed for your many warlike, courtlike, and  
 learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money;  
 spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only  
 give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to  
 lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife:  
 use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if  
 any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your  
 affection, that I should win what you would enjoy?  
 Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely  
 on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my  
 soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be  
 looked against. Now, could I come to her with any  
 detection in my hand, my desires had instance and  
 argument to commend themselves: I could drive her  
 then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her  
 marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which  
 now are too too strongly embattled against me: What  
 say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your  
 money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a  
 gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall  
 want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by  
 her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her  
 assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall  
 be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time  
 the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth.  
 Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blessed in your acquaintance. Do you  
 know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him  
 not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the  
 jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the  
 which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use  
 her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's  
 my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might  
 avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will  
 stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my  
 cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's  
 horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predo-  
 minate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his  
 wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave,  
 and I will aggravate his style; thou, master Brook,  
 shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me  
 soon at night.

[*Exit.*]

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—  
 My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who  
 says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent  
 to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would  
 any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a  
 false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ran-  
 sacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only  
 receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adop-  
 tion of abominable terms, and by him that does me this  
 wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well;  
 Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils'  
 additions, the names of fiends! but cuckold! witol-  
 cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page  
 is an ass, a secure ass! he will trust his wife, he will not  
 be jealous; I will rather trust a Fleming with my  
 butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an  
 Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk

my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour.—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[Exit.]

## SCENE III.—Field near Windsor.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clock, Jack?

Rug. 'T is past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here 's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian,<sup>a</sup> king Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions; is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yours great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I no and of the peace, if I see a sword out my fin to make one: though we are justices, and do churchmen, master Page, we have some youth in us; we are the sons of women, mast

Page. 'T is true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise; and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise at churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—ah, monsie water.<sup>a</sup>

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, b

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clappe me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let I

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, mas and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender through the town to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is; will bring the doctor about by the fields: will I

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master

[Exeunt PAGE, SHAL., &amp; SLEN.]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatient cold water on thy choler: go about the fields through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Anne Page is, at a farm-house, a feasting: shalt woo her: Cried game?<sup>b</sup> said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by g you; and I shall procure-a you de good gues de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patient

Host. For the which I will be thy adversar Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward,<sup>b</sup> the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.<sup>a</sup> Castilian. The Host ridicules the Doctor through his ignorance of English. He is a "heart of elder," the elder being filled with soft pith; he is a Castilian, that name being an obvious designation for the Spaniards.<sup>b</sup> Pittie-ward is of the same import as petty-ward. A part of Castle is still called the *lancet* ward, and in the same way our part might have been known as the *cock*-ward.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he ceived me:—how melancholies I am! I will urinals about his knave's costard, when I opportunities for the 'ork—pless my soul!

To shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals;  
There will we make our beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow—

<sup>a</sup> Mock-water, or much-water, was some allusion to the profession of Caius.<sup>b</sup> Cried game. The meaning would be perfectly obvious if we to read *Cried I game*.

me! I have a great dispositions to cry.  
 Lebedious birds sing madrigals:  
 Then as I sat in Babylon,—  
 And a thousand vagrant postes,  
 To shallow—  
 Whether he is coming, this way, sir Hugh,  
 's a welcome:  
 's shallow rivers, to whose falls,—  
 's per the right!—What weapons is he?  
 's weapons, sir: There comes my master,  
 low, and another gentleman from Frogmore,  
 e, this way.  
 y you, give me my gown; or else keep it  
 s.  
 PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.  
 s now, master parson? Good morrow,  
 gh. Keep a gamster from the dice, and a  
 from his book, and it is wonderful.  
 's sweet Anne Page!  
 re you, good sir Hugh!  
 s you from his mercy sake, all of you!  
 at! the sword and the word; do you study  
 aster parson?  
 d youthful still, in your doublet and hose,  
 matic day?  
 re is reasons and causes for it.  
 e are come to you to do a good office,  
 n.  
 r well: What is it?  
 oder is a most reverend gentleman, who  
 ng received wrong by some person, is at  
 th his own gravity and patience, that ever  
 ve lived fourscore years and upward; I  
 s a man of his place, gravity, and learning,  
 s own respect.  
 at is he?  
 ink you know him; master doctor Caius,  
 a French physician.  
 s will, and his passion of my heart! I had  
 ould tell me of a mess of porridge.  
 y?  
 less no more knowledge in Hibocrates and  
 he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave,  
 I desires to be acquainted withal.  
 warrant you, he 's the man should fight

weet Anne Page!  
 appears us, by his weapons:—Keep them  
 ere comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

ay, good master parson, keep in your  
 do you, good master doctor.  
 earn them, and let them question; let  
 sir limbs whole, and hack our English.  
 pray you let-a me speak a word vit your  
 e vill you not meet-a me?  
 y you, use your patience: in good time.  
 y gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog,  
 y you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other  
 us; I desire you in friendship, and I will  
 ther make you amends:—I will knog your  
 your knave's cogscumb for missing your  
 appointments.  
 ible!—Jack Rugby,—mine *host de Jar-*  
 not stay for him, to kill him? have I not,  
 did appoint?

This little poem whence this couplet is quoted is  
 found in Shakespeare's Sonnets printed by Jaggard  
 in 1619, and is also to be found in 'England's Helicon,' 1600.

Eva. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this  
 is the place appointed; I 'll be judgment by mine  
 host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul; French and  
 Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter.  
 Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall  
 I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the  
 motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir  
 Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-  
 verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me  
 thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have de-  
 ceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places;  
 your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let  
 burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to  
 pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow,  
 follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen,  
 follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHAL., SLEN., PAGE, and Host.]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a  
 de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vouting-  
 stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us  
 knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same  
 scall,<sup>a</sup> scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the  
 Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to  
 bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me  
 too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you,  
 follow. [*Exeunt*.]

#### SCENE II.—*The Street in Windsor.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you  
 were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader:  
 Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your  
 master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man,  
 than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see  
 you 'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; Is she at  
 home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together,  
 for want of company. I think if your husbands were  
 dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name  
 is my husband had him of: What do you call your  
 knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name.—  
 There is such a league between my good man and he!  
 —Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir:—I am sick, till I  
 see her. [*Exeunt* MRS. PAGE and ROBIN.]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes?  
 hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no  
 use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty  
 miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve  
 score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives  
 her folly motion and advantage: and now she 's going  
 to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may



hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; There I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.*

*Shal., Page, &c.* Well met, master Ford.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse myself, master Ford.

*Slen.* And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

*Slen.* I hope I have your good will, father Page.

*Page.* You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nurb-a Quickly tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons;<sup>a</sup> he will carry 't.

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the mild prince and Poin; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's. [*Exeunt SHAL. and SLEN.*]

*Caius.* Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit RUGBY.*]

*Host.* Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit Host.*]

*Ford.* [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine<sup>b</sup> first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

*All.* Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Room in Ford's House.

*Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.*

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! What, Robert!

*Mrs. Page.* Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—

*Mrs. Ford.* I warrant:—What, Robin, I say!

*Enter Servants, with a basket.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mrs. Ford.* Here, set it down.

<sup>a</sup> A very similar phrase is common in the midland counties: "It does not lie in your breeches"—meaning it is not within your compass:—" 't is in his buttons " therefore means,—he 's the man to do it—his buttons hold the man.

<sup>b</sup> *Pipe wine.* Ford will pipe while Falstaff dances.

*Mrs. Page.* Give your men the charge; w brief.

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-ho when I suddenly call you, come forth, and any pause or staggering) take this basket, shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all carry it among the whitsters<sup>c</sup> in Datchet n there empty it in the muddy ditch, close Thames side.

*Mrs. Page.* You will do it?

*Mrs. Ford.* I have told them over and over lack no direction: Be gone, and come when called. [*Exeunt*]

*Mrs. Page.* Here comes little Robin.

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, my eyas-musket news with you?

*Rob.* My master, sir John, is come in at y door, mistress Ford; and requests your comma

*Mrs. Page.* You little Jack-a-lent,<sup>d</sup> have true to us?

*Rob.* Ay, I'll be sworn: My master know your being here; and hath threatened to put everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for, he 'll turn me away.

*Mrs. Page.* Thou'rt a good boy; this se thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall ma new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do so:—Go tell thy master I s Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exi*]

*Mrs. Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not ac me. [*Exit M*]

*Mrs. Ford.* Go to then; we'll use this un humidity, this gross watery pumpon. We him to know turtles from jays.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Have I caught thee, my heavenly Why, now let me die, for I have lived long this is the period of my ambition. O this bles

*Mrs. Ford.* O sweet sir John!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before lord, I would make thee my lady.

*Mrs. Ford.* I your lady, sir John! alas, I s a pitiful lady.

*Fal.* Let the court of France show me such I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of admittance.

*Mrs. Ford.* A plain kerchief, sir John: s become nothing else; nor that well neither.

*Fal.* Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou would an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of would give an excellent motion to thy gait, b circled farthingale. I see what thou wert,<sup>e</sup> i thy foe were not, Nature thy friend: Come, t not hide it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Believe me, there's no such me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee? let that

<sup>c</sup> *Whitsters.* A launder is still called a whitster.

<sup>d</sup> *Eyas musket.* The musket is the small sparrow-eyes is a general name for a very young hawk.

<sup>e</sup> *Jack-a-lent*—a puppet thrown at in Lent.

<sup>f</sup> "Have I caught my heavenly jewel" is the first song in Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella.'

<sup>g</sup> "Fortune, my foe," was the beginning of an s We do not think that a perfect sense can be made of it as it stands. The meaning, no doubt, is, if Fortune dued by Nature, thou wouldst be unparalleled.

something extraordinary in thee. Come, I and say thou art this and that, like a manying law-thorn-buds, that come like women in red, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-must: but I love thee; none but thee; and set it.

*Id.* Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love me.

*Id.* You might as well say I love to walk by the sea; which is as hateful to me as the reek of

*Id.* Well, Heaven knows how I love you; all one day find it.

*Id.* In that mind; I'll deserve it.

*Id.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or I'll not be in that mind.

*Id.* [This.] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here 's ge at the door, sweating, and blowing, and dily, and would needs speak with you pre-

*Id.* I shall not see me; I will ensconce me be-

*Id.* Pray you, do so: she 's a very tattling  
[FALSTAFF hides himself.]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

*Id.* What 's the matter? how now?

*Id.* O mistress Ford, what have you done? I'm told, you 're overthrow, you 're undone for

*Id.* What 's the matter, good mistress Page?  
*Id.* O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an to your husband, to give him such cause of

*Id.* What cause of suspicion?

*Id.* What cause of suspicion?—Out upon an I mistook in you!

*Id.* Why, alas! what 's the matter?

*Id.* Your husband 's coming hither, woman, officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman says, is here now in the house, by your take an ill advantage of his absence: You

*Id.* 'T is not so, I hope.

*Id.* Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have here; but 't is most certain your husband 's a half Windsor at his heels, to search for

*Id.* I come before to tell you. If you know ar, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; it senses to you; defend your reputation, or I'll to your good life for ever.

*Id.* What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, and I fear not mine own shame so a peril: I had rather than a thousand pound of the house.

*Id.* For shame, never stand "you had rather," had rather;" your husband 's here at hand; a of some conveyance: in the house you 'd him.—O, how have you deceived me!— is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stay creep in here; and throw foul linen upon it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting- him by your two men to Datchet mead.

*Id.* He 's too big to go in there: What shall

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

*Id.* I see 't, let me see 't! O let me see 't! in; follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.  
*Id.* What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these knight?

*Id.* I'm sorry, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabitants, who then did the office of the herbalist.

*Fal.* I love thee. Help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

*Mrs. Page.* Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

*Mrs. Ford.* What John, Robert, John! [Exit ROBIN. Re-enter Servants.] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where 's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why, then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

*Serv.* To the laundress, forsooth.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exit Servants with the basket.] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—so, now uncape.

*Page.* Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

*Ford.* True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [Exit.]

*Eva.* This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.  
*Caius.* By gar, 't is no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

*Page.* Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [Exit EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.]

*Mrs. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mrs. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

*Mrs. Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

*Mrs. Ford.* I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

*Mrs. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

*Mrs. Page.* We will do it; let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

*Mrs. Page.* Heard you that?

*Mrs. Ford.* You use me well, master Ford, do you?

*Ford.* Ay, I do so.

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

*Ford.* Amen.

*Mrs. Page.* You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

*Ford.* Ay, ay; I must bear it.

*Eva.* If there be any pody in the house, and in the

<sup>a</sup> A cowl-staff is explained to be a staff used for carrying a basket with two handles.

chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

*Caius.* By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

*Page.* Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

*Ford.* 'T is my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

*Eva.* You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Caius.* By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

*Page.* Let 's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we 'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we 'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

*Ford.* Anything.

*Eva.* If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

*Caius.* If there be one or two, I shall make-a de tird.

*Ford.* Pray you go, master Page.

*Eva.* I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

*Caius.* Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

*Eva.* A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Page's House.*

*Enter FENTON and MISTRESS ANNE PAGE.*

*Fent.* I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

*Anne.* Alas! how then?

*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth: Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me, 't is a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property.

*Anne.* May be, he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come! Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 't is the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

*Anne.* Gentle master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MRS. QUICKLY.*

*Shal.* Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

*Slen.* I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: slid, 't is but venturing.

*Shal.* Be not dismayed.

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

*Quick.* Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

*Anne.* I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

[*Aside.*]

*Quick.* And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

*Slen.* I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

*Shal.* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

*Slen.* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

*Slen.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,<sup>a</sup> under the degree of a 'squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

*Anne.* Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I 'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now, master Slender.

*Slen.* Now, good mistress Anne.

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

*Anne.* I mean, master Slender, what would you wish me?

*Slen.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little do nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy may be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

*Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Page.* Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

*Fent.* Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

*Mrs. Page.* Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

*Page.* She is no match for you.

*Fent.* Sir, will you hear me?

*Page.* No, good master Fenton.—Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender, in:—Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHAL., and SLEN.*]

*Quick.* Speak to mistress Page.

*Fent.* Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire: Let me have your good will.

*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

*Mrs. Page.* I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

*Quick.* That's my master, master doctor.

*Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth, And bowl'd to death with turnips.<sup>b</sup>

*Mrs. Page.* Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected;

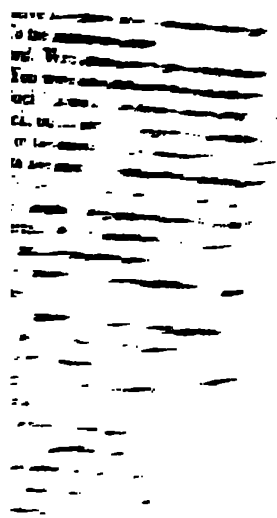
Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;

Her father will be angry. [*Ex. MRS. PAGE and ANNE.*]

*Fent.* Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.

<sup>a</sup> Come cut and long-tail appears to mean, come people's degrees—long-tail as opposed to bob-tail, a member of the shipful firm of Tag, Rag, and Co.

<sup>b</sup> The refined cruelties of Oriental despotism suggested punishment of burying an offender in this manner.



... busy, comes me in the instant of our encounter,  
... had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were,  
... the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a  
... of his companions, thither provoked and insti-  
... by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house  
... his wife's love.  
*Ford.* What, while you were there?  
*Fal.* While I was there.  
*Ford.* And did he search for you and could not find  
...?  
*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it  
... ones in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's  
... approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's dis-  
... tion, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.  
*Ford.* A buck-basket?  
*Fal.* Yes, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul  
... rts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins;  
... t, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of  
... inous smell that ever offended nostril.  
*Ford.* And how long lay you there?  
*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have  
... ned to bring this woman to evil for your good.  
... g thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's  
... es, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to  
... me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane:  
... took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave  
... master in the door; who asked them once or twice  
... they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest  
... tatic knave would have searched it; but fate,  
... g he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well:  
... he for a search, and away went I for foul  
... But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered  
... of three several deaths: first, an intolerable  
... be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether:  
... compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circum-  
... a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then,  
... d in, like a strong distillation, with stinking  
... fretted in their own grease: think of that,  
... ny kidney,—think of that; that am as sub-  
... s butter; a man of continual dissolution  
... was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And  
... of this buck-basket, I was more than half



ment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

*Ford.* Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 't is to be married! this 't is to have linen and

buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself: I will now take the lecher; he is at hand; he cannot scape me; 't is impossible he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a box; but, lest the devil that guides him should find him, I will search impossible places. Thou art I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not make me tame: If I have horns to make me so, let the proverb go with me; I 'll be horned.



## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

*Mrs. Page.* Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

*Quick.* Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

*Mrs. Page.* I 'll be with her by-and-by; I 'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

*Eva.* No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

*Quick.* Blessing of his heart!

*Mrs. Page.* Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accident.

*Eva.* Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

*Mrs. Page.* Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

*Eva.* William, how many numbers is in nouns?

*Will.* Two.

*Quick.* Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

*Eva.* Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

*Will.* *Pulcher*.

*Quick.* Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

*Eva.* You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

*Will.* A stone.

*Eva.* And what is a stone, William?

*Will.* A pebble.

*Eva.* No, it is *lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

*Will.* *Lapis*.

*Eva.* That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

*Eva.* *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *accusative case*?

*Will.* *Accusativo, hinc*.

*Eva.* I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog*.

*Quick.* Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

*Eva.* Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *locative case*, William?

*Will.* *O—vocativo, O*.

*Eva.* Remember, William, *locative is, caret*.

*Quick.* And that 's a good root.

*Eva.* 'Oman, forbear.

*Mrs. Page.* Peace.

*Eva.* What is your *genitive case plural*, V

*Will.* *Genitive case?*

*Eva.* Ay.

*Will.* *Genitive,—horum, harum, horum*.

*Quick.* Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie never name her, child, if she be a whore.

*Eva.* For shame, 'oman.

*Quick.* You do ill to teach the child such teaches him to hick and to hack, which they are enough of themselves, and to call *horum*:—fie

*Eva.* 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou standings for thy cases, and the numbers of ders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures as desires.

*Mrs. Page.* Prithee, hold thy peace.

*Eva.* Show me now, William, some decl your pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Eva.* It is *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget y your *quæ*, and your *quods*, you must be pre your ways, and play, go.

*Mrs. Page.* He is a better scholar than I was.

*Eva.* He is a good sprag<sup>a</sup> memory. Fare tress Page.

*Mrs. Page.* Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long.

## SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. FORD.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eate sufferance: I see you are obsequious in your I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not tress Ford, in the simple office of love, but i accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of are you sure of your husband now?

*Mrs. Ford.* He 's a birding, sweet sir John

*Mrs. Page.* [*Within.*] What ho, gossip F

ho!

*Mrs. Ford.* Step into the chamber, sir John

[*Exit Falstaff*]

Enter MRS. PAGE.

*Mrs. Page.* How now, sweetheart? who 's beside yourself?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, none but mine own peop

*Mrs. Page.* Indeed?

*Mrs. Ford.* No, certainly;—Speak louder.

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have not

*Mrs. Ford.* Why?

*Mrs. Page.* Why, woman, your husband old lines<sup>b</sup> again: he so takes on yonder with

<sup>a</sup> Sprag—quick.

<sup>b</sup> Old lines appears to us the same as old courses, or old veins.

against all married mankind; so curses lighters, of what complexion soever; and self on the forehead, crying "Peer-out, at any madness I ever yet beheld seemed civility, and patience, to this his distemper; I am glad the fat knight is not here. Why, does he talk of him?"

Of none but him; and swears he was the last time he searched for him, in a street to my husband he is now here; and him and the rest of their company from make another experiment of his suspicion: glad the knight is not here: now he will search for him.

How near is he, mistress Page?  
Hard by; at street end; he will be here

I am undone!—the knight is here.  
Why, then you are utterly shamed, and mad man. What a woman are you!—I am, away with him; better shame than

Which way should he go? how should I  
Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

'll come no more! the basket: May I  
he come?

Alas, three of master Ford's brothers  
with pistols, that none shall issue out;  
might slip away ere he came. But what  
shall I do?—I'll creep up into the

There they always use to discharge their  
Creep into the kiln-hole.  
Is it?

He will seek there, on my word. Nei-  
er, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an  
remembrance of such places, and goes to  
there: There is no hiding you in the house.  
out then.

If you go out in your own semblance,  
him. Unless you go out disguised,—  
How might we disguise him?

Alas the day, I know not. There is no  
big enough for him; otherwise he might  
muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.  
hearts, devise something; any extremity,  
mischiefs.

My maid's aunt, the fat woman of  
a gown above.

On my word, it will serve him; she's  
is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and  
Run up, sir John.

Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page  
some linen for your head.

Quick, quick; we'll come dress you  
in the gown the while. [Exit FAL.]

I would my husband would meet him in  
cannot abide the old woman of Brent-  
she's a witch; forbade her my house,  
tried to beat her.

Heaven guide him to thy husband's  
be the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

But is my husband coming?  
Ay, in good sadness is he; and talks of  
howsoever he hath had intelligence.

We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men  
basket again, to meet him at the door with  
last time.

Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's  
like the witch of Brentford.

I'll first direct my men what they shall

do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him  
straight. [Exit.]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot  
misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'T is old but true, Still swine eat all the draft. [Exit.]

Re-enter Mrs. Ford, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your  
shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you  
set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch. [Exit.]

1 Serv. Come, come, take it up.

2 Serv. Pray Heaven it be not full of knight again.\*

1 Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR  
HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have  
you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the  
basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in  
a basket!<sup>b</sup>—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot  
a ging,<sup>c</sup> a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall  
the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say!—Come,  
come forth. Behold what honest clothes you send forth  
to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not  
to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!  
Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford;  
mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the  
virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her hus-  
band!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you  
suspect me of any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come  
forth, sirrah. [Pulls the clothes out of the basket.]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes  
alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'T is unreasonable! Will you take up your  
wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one  
conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket:  
Why may not he be there again? In my house I am  
sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is  
reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a  
flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford;  
this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow  
the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: If I  
find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity,  
let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me,  
As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for  
his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more  
search with me.

\* Fall of knight. The servant uses *haight* as he would say  
*lead*.

<sup>b</sup> We print the speech as in the folio,—and, if properly read,  
it most vividly presents the incoherent and straggling mode in  
which a mind overwrought by passion expresses its thoughts.

<sup>c</sup> Ging—gang.

*Mrs. Ford.* What ha, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman! What old woman's that?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

*Ford.* A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

*Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by Mrs. PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

*Ford.* I'll prat her;—Out of my door, you witch, [beats him] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit FALSTAFF.]

*Mrs. Page.* Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, he will do it;—'T is a goodly credit for you.

*Ford.* Hang her, witch!

*Eva.* By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed; I like not when a 'oman has a great beard; I spy a great beard under her muffler.<sup>a</sup>

*Ford.* Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [Exit PAGE, FORD, SHAL., and EVA.]

*Mrs. Page.* Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

*Mrs. Ford.* What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

*Mrs. Page.* The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.<sup>b</sup>

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

*Mrs. Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest,<sup>c</sup> should he not be publicly shamed.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exit.]

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter Host and BARDOLPH.*

*Host.* Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What duke should that be comes so secretly?

<sup>a</sup> covered a portion of the face—sometimes the times the upper.  
means that the devil had Falstaff as an entire over of barring entail—of disposing of him as he desires.

<sup>b</sup> he jest—we should have to keep on the jest in see his public shame concluded it. There is the jest.

I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

*Bard.* Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

*Host.* They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come. [Exit.]

### SCENE IV.—A Room in Ford's House.

*Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Eva.* 'T is one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

*Page.* And did he send you both these letters at a instant?

*Mrs. Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

*Ford.* Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand, In him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

*Page.* 'T is well, 't is well; no more:

Be not as extreme in submission As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport,

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,

Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they speak of.

*Page.* How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie; he'll never come.

*Eva.* You say, he has been thrown in the river; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

*Page.* So think I too.

*Mrs. Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

*Mrs. Page.* There is an old tale goes, that Herne

the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,

Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,

Walk round about an oak, with great rag'd horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner:

You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,

The superstitious idle-headed old

Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

*Page.* Why, yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:

But what of this?

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device;

That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,

[Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.]

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.

And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

*Mrs. Page.* That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,

And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes,<sup>d</sup> and fairies, green and white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,

And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,

<sup>d</sup> Takes—seizes with disease. <sup>e</sup> Ouphes—goblins.

[she, and I, are newly met,  
som forth a sawpit rush at once  
diffused \* song; upon their sight,  
great amazement will fly:  
sem all encircle him about,  
like, to-pinch<sup>b</sup> the unclean knight;  
an, why, that hour of fairy revel,  
sacred paths he dares to tread,  
ofane.

And till he tell the truth,  
gowned fairies pinch him sound,  
him with their tapers.

The truth being known,  
present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,  
him home to Windsor.

The children must  
I well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.  
will teach the children their behaviours; and  
like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight  
her.

That will be excellent. I 'll go buy them

My Nan shall be the queen of all the  
ladies,  
red in a robe of white.

That silk will I go buy!—and in that time  
or Slender steal my Nan away, [Aside.  
her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

I 'll to him again, in name of Brook;  
me all his purpose: Sure, he 'll come.

Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,  
ag for our fairies.

It is admirable pleasures, and  
knaveries. [Exit PAGE, FORD, and EVA.  
Go, mistress Ford,

Go, to sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit MRS. FORD  
doctor; he hath my good will,  
but he, to marry with Nan Page.  
her, though well landed, is an idiot;  
her husband best of all affects:  
he will money'd, and his friends  
court; he, none but he, shall have her,  
enty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-  
k, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.  
arry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Fal-  
staff Slender.

Here 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his  
ed, and truckle-bed; 't is painted about  
tory of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go,  
call; he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian.  
Knock, I say.

Here 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up  
umber: I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she  
I: I come to speak with her, indeed.

A fat woman! the knight may be robbed:  
Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from  
military: Art thou there? it is thine host,  
man, call.

How now, mine host?

Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming  
y fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let  
; my chambers are honourable: Fie! pri-

—old.

It is as a prefix to a verb is frequent in Spenser,  
siding bed was for the master, the truckle-bed for

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even  
now with me; but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman<sup>a</sup> of  
Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: What would  
you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her,  
seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether  
one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the  
chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that  
beguiled master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman  
herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too,  
from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress  
Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to  
have her, or no.

Fal. 'T is, 't is his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told  
me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master  
glad with these tidings. [Exit SIM.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John:  
Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath  
taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my  
life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for  
my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage.

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them,  
varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I  
came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one  
of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away,  
like three German devils, three doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain:  
do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a  
friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three  
couzin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Read-  
ings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money.  
I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and  
full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 't is not convenient  
you should be cozened: Fare you well. [Exit.

Enter DR. CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarterre?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubt-  
ful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me,  
dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jar-  
many: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is  
know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [Exit.

\* Wise woman. Scot. in his 'Discovery of Witchcraft,' says  
—'At this day it is indifferent to say in the English tongue,  
She is a witch, or She is a wise woman.'



*[Faint, illegible text]*

*[Faint, illegible text]*

*[Faint, illegible text]*

*[Faint, illegible text]*

*[Faint, illegible text]*

*[Faint, illegible text]*

*[Faint, illegible text]*

*[Faint, illegible text]*

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

*[Faint, illegible text]*

*[Faint, illegible text]*

*[Faint, illegible text]*

the light of our fairies.—Remember, son  
y slaughter.

y, falsehood; I have spoke with her, and we  
-ward, how to know one another. I come to  
e, and cry *swain*; she cries *budget*; and by  
we one another.

That's good too: but what needs either your  
or *budget*? the white will decipher her well  
It hath struck ten o'clock.

The night is dark; light and spirits will  
well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man  
but the devil, and we shall know him by  
Let's away; follow me. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Street in Windsor.*

MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and DR. CAIUS.

DR. CAIUS. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: I  
see your time, take her by the hand, away  
to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go  
to the park; we two must go together.

[I know what I have to do: Adieu.

MRS. PAGE. Fare you well, sir. [Exit CAIUS.] My  
ill not rejoice so much at the abuse of Fal-  
staff; will chafe at the doctor's marrying my  
but 't is no matter; better a little chiding  
than a deal of heartbreak.

MRS. FORD. Where is Nan now, and her troop of  
the Welsh devil, Hugh?

MRS. PAGE. They are all couched in a pit hard by  
the, with obscured lights; which, at the very  
Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once  
the night.

MRS. FORD. That cannot choose but amaze him.

MRS. PAGE. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked;  
sawd, he will every way be mocked.

MRS. FORD. We 'll betray him finely.

MRS. PAGE. Against such lewdsters, and their le-  
chery,

betray them do no treachery.

MRS. FORD. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the  
[Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and Fairies.

SIR HUGH EVANS. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your  
pact, I pray you; follow me into the pit;  
I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you;  
as; trib, trib. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Park.*

ALSTAFF, disguised with a buck's head on.

The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the  
news on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist  
me, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy  
love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that,  
specta, makes a beast a man; in some other,  
beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for  
Leda.—O, omnipotent love! how near the  
is the complexion of a goose!—A fault done  
(form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault!  
another fault in the semblance of a fowl;  
I Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot  
it shall poor men do? For me, I am here a  
stag; and the fattest, I think, in the forest:  
I could not-time, Jove, or who can blame me to  
follow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

MRS. FORD. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my  
doe?

MRS. PAGE. I do with the black scut?—Let the sky rain  
let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves';

hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come  
a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[Embracing her.  
MRS. FORD. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-  
heart.

FALSTAFF. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I  
will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fel-  
low of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your hus-  
bands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne  
the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience;  
he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[Noise within.

MRS. PAGE. Alas! what noise!

MRS. FORD. Heaven forgive our sins!

FALSTAFF. What should this be?

MRS. FORD. [Away, away! [They run off.

MRS. PAGE. [Away, away!

FALSTAFF. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest  
the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would  
never else cross me thus.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; MRS. QUICKLY  
and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen,  
attended by her brother and others, dressed like  
fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

ANNE PAGE. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,  
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,  
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,  
Attend your office and your quality.

CRICKET. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.<sup>a</sup>

PISTOL. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

CRICKET. To Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:

Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

FALSTAFF. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall  
die:

I 'll wink and cough: no man their works must eye.

[Lies down upon his face.

EVA. Where's Peda?—Go you, and where you find  
a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy,<sup>d</sup>

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

But those as sleep and think not on their sins,

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins

ANNE PAGE. About, about;

Search Windsor-castle, elves, within and out:

Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,

In state as wholesome, as in state 't is fit;

Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm, and every precious flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,

With loyal blazon, evermore be bless'd!

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,

Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:

The expressure that it bears, green let it be,

More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*,<sup>e</sup> write,

In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white:

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,

Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knees:

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

<sup>a</sup> Do I understand woodman's craft—the hunter's art.

<sup>b</sup> These poetical speeches belong to Anne as the Fairy Queen.  
In all modern editions they are very inappropriately given to  
Quickly. We have traced the origin of this mistake, which is  
perfectly evident. (See Pictorial and Library editions.)

<sup>c</sup> The *o-yes*, the *eyes*, of the crier of a proclamation, was  
clearly a monosyllable, rhyming to *eyes*.

<sup>d</sup> Elevate her fancy.

<sup>e</sup> *Pense* is a dissyllable—a proof that Shakspeare knew the  
distinction between French verse and prose.

Away; disperse; But till 't is one o'clock,  
Our dance of custom, round about the oak  
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

*Eva.* Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in  
order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,  
To guide our measure round about the tree.  
But, stay: I smell a man of middle earth.

*Fal.* Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy!  
Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

*Pist.* Vild worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy  
birth.

*Anne.* With trial-fire touch me his finger-end.  
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,  
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,  
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

*Pist.* A trial, come.

*Eva.* Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh!

*Anne.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!  
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;  
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!  
Fie on lust and luxury!  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart: whose flames aspire,  
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.  
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;  
Pinch him for his villainy;

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about.  
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.

[*During this song the fairies pinch FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; SLENDER another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and FENTON comes, and steals away Mrs. ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*]

Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, and MRS. FORD.  
*They lay hold on him.*

*Page.* Nay, do not fly; I think, we have watch'd you  
now:

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

*Mrs. Page.* I pray you, come; hold up the jest no  
higher:

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?  
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes  
Become the forest better than the town?

*Ford.* Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master  
Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are  
his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath  
enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his  
cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be  
paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it,  
master Brook.

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could  
never meet. I will never take you for my love again,  
but I will always count you my deer.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

*Ford.* Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

*Fal.* And these are not fairies? I was three or four  
times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the  
guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my  
powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received  
belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason,  
that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made  
a Jack-a-lent, when 't is upon ill employment.

*Eva.* Sir John Falstaff, serve God, and leave your  
and fairies will not pinse you.

Well said, fairy Hugh.

And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou  
art able to woo her in good English.

*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it,  
that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as  
this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I  
have a coxcomb of frize? 'T is time I were choked  
with a piece of toasted cheese.

*Eva.* Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is  
all putter.

*Fal.* Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the  
taunts of one that makes fritters of English? This is  
enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through  
the realm.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, sir John, do you think, though we  
would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head  
and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple  
to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our  
delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

*Mrs. Page.* A puffed man?

*Page.* Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poor as Job?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Eva.* And given to fornications, and to taverns, and  
sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and  
swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

*Fal.* Well, I am your theme: you have the start of  
me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh  
flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me  
as you will.

*Ford.* Marry, sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one  
master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom  
you should have been a pander: over and above that  
you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be  
a biting affliction.

*Page.* Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset  
to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh  
at my wife that now laughs at thee: Tell her master  
Slender hath married her daughter.

*Mrs. Page.* Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my  
daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*]

Enter SLENDER.

*Slender.* Who, ho! ho! father Page!

*Page.* Son! how now? how now, son? have you  
despatched?

*Slender.* Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucester-  
shire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

*Page.* Of what, son?

*Slender.* I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne  
Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not  
been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he  
should have swung me. If I did not think it had been  
Anne Page would I might never stir, and 't is a post-  
master's boy.

*Page.* Upon my life then you took the wrong.

*Slender.* What need you tell me that? I think so, when  
I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him,  
for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have  
had him.

*Page.* Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell  
you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

*Slender.* I went to her in white, and cried *miss*, and  
she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and  
yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

*Mrs. Page.* Good George, be not angry; I know  
your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and  
indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and  
there married.

Enter CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am co-  
zened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; un *poisson*.

is, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gas, I am not.

17. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

18. Ay, he gas, and 't is a boy; he gas, I'll all Windsor. [Exit CALIX.

19. This is strange: Who hath got the right 't?

20. My heart misgives me: Here comes master not.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

21. Now, master Fenton?

22. Pardon, good father! good, my mother, pardon!

23. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

24. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

25. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.

26. I would have married her most shamefully,

27. so there was no proportion held in love.

28. 'tush is, she and I, long since contracted,

29. now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

30. 't is holy that she hath committed:

And this doctor takes the name of that.

31. Of cuckoldry, or unchastity.

32. Since then, she hath committed and done.

33. A thousand wrongs, which cannot mend.

34. Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

35. Ford. Should not Anne 't: here is my remedy:

36. In love, the heavens themselves do punish the sinner:

37. Money buys honour, and wives are sold by force.

38. Fal. I am glad, though you have not a special

39. stand to strike at me, that your wives have pleased.

40. Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton. Heaven give

41. thee joy.

42. What cannot be achieved 't must be contented 't.

43. Fal. When eight-days will 't give us of our own

44. time 't.

45. Mrs. Page. Well, I will make no further: master

46. Fenton.

47. Heaven give you early, merry merry days!

48. Good husband, let us every one go home.

49. And laugh this sport over by a country fire;

50. Sir John and all.

51. Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John.

52. To master Brook you yet shall hold your word:

53. For he, to-night, shall be with mistress Ford. [Exeunt

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS comedy was first printed in the folio edition of 1623. The text is divided into acts and scenes; and the order of these has been undisturbed in the modern editions. With the exception of a few manifest typographical errors, the original copy is remarkably correct.

It was formerly supposed that this charming comedy was written by Shakspeare late in life. But there was found in the British Museum, in 1828, a little manuscript diary of a student of the Middle Temple, extending from 1601 to 1603, which leaves no doubt that the play was publicly acted at the Candlemas feast of the Middle Temple in 1602; and it belongs, therefore, to the first year of the seventeenth century, or the last of the sixteenth; for it is not found in the list of Meres, in 1598.

It is scarcely necessary to enter into any analysis of the plot of this delightful comedy, or attempt any dissection of its characters, for the purpose of opening to the reader new sources of enjoyment. It is impossible, we think, for one of ordinary sensibility to read through the first act without yielding himself up to the genial temper in which the entire play is written. "The sunshine of the breast" spreads its rich purple light over the whole champain, and penetrates into every thicket and every dingle. From the first line to the last—from the Duke's

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall,"  
to the Clown's

"With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,"  
there is not a thought, nor a situation, that is not calculated to call forth pleasurable feelings. The love-melancholy of the Duke is a luxurious abandonment to one pervading impression—not a fierce and hopeless contest with one overmastering passion. It delights to lie "canopied with bowers,"—to listen to "old and antique" songs, which dally with its "innocence,"—to be "full of shapes," and "high fantastical." The love of Viola is the sweetest and tenderest emotion that ever informed the heart of the purest and most graceful of beings with a spirit almost divine. Perhaps in the whole range of Shakspeare's poetry there is nothing which comes more unbidden into the mind, and always in connexion with some image of the ethereal beauty of the utterer, than Viola's "She never told her love." The love of Olivia, wilful as it is, is not in the slightest degree repulsive. With the old stories before him, nothing

but the refined delicacy of Shakspeare's conception of the female character could have redeemed Olivia from approaching to the anti-feminine. But as it is, we pity her, and we rejoice with her. These are what may be called the serious characters, because they are the vehicles for what we emphatically call the poetry of the play. But the comic characters are to us equally poetical—that is, they appear to us not mere copies of the representatives of temporary or individual follies, but embodyings of the universal comic, as true and as fresh to-day as they were two centuries and a half ago. Malvolio is to our minds as poetical as Don Quixote; and we are by no means sure that Shakspeare meant the poor cross-gartered steward *only* to be laughed at, any more than Cervantes did the knight of the rueful countenance. He meant us to pity him, as Olivia and the Duke pitied him; for, in truth, the delusion by which Malvolio was wrecked, only passed out of the romance into the comic through the manifestation of the vanity of the character in reference to his situation. But if we laugh at Malvolio we are not to laugh ill-naturedly for the poet has conducted all the mischief against him in a spirit in which there is no real malice at the bottom of the fun. Sir Toby is a most genuine character,—one given to strong potations and boisterous merriment but with a humour about him perfectly irresistible. His *abandon* to the instant opportunity of laughing and with others is something so thoroughly English, that we are not surprised the poet gave him an English name. And like all genuine humorists Sir Toby must have his butt. What a trio is presented in the glorious scene of the second act, where the two Knights and the Clown "make the welkin dance;"—the humorist, the fool, and the philosopher;—for Sir Andrew is the fool, and the Clown is the philosopher! We hold the Clown's epilogue song to be the most philosophical Clown's song upon record; and a treatise might be written upon its wisdom. It is the history of a fall from the condition of "a little tiny boy," through "man's estate," to decaying age—"when I came into my bed;" and the conclusion is, that what is true of the individual is true of the species, and what was of yesterday was of generations long passed away—for

"A great while ago the world began."  
Stevens says this "nonsensical ditty" is utterly unconnected with the subject of the comedy. We think he is mistaken.



# TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**ORRINO, Duke of Illyria.**  
*See*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

**SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.**  
*See*, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

**ANTONIO, a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.**  
*See*, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

**A Sea-Captain, friend to Viola.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2.

**LESTINE, a gentleman attending on the Duke.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4.

**CURIO, a gentleman attending on the Duke.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4.

**SIR TONY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.**  
*See*, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

**SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.**  
*See*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

**FABIAN, servant to Olivia.**  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

**Clown, servant to Olivia.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

**OLIVIA, a rich Countess.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

**VIOLA, in love with the Duke.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

**MARIA, Olivia's woman.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2.

*Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other attendants.*

## SCENE,—A CITY IN ILLYRIA; AND THE SEA-COAST NEAR IT.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.*

*Music.* If music be the food of love, play on,  
 Give way to this excess of joy; that, surfeiting,  
 Appetite may sicken, and so die.  
 Swain again?—it had a dying fall:  
 O'er my ear like the sweet sound,  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odour.—Enough; no more;  
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
 O fit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!  
 'Tis notwithstanding thy capacity  
 Of emptiness, which oft thyself can fill;  
 As the fresh wind, which follows the old form,  
 And still the senses, that have their abatement,  
 Keenly do revivify their former state.  
 O, that my tongue could tell the love I bear,  
 Or that my heart were like a high-arch'd roof,  
 To cover this idol's fall!—O, that my tongue  
 Could tell the love I bear, or that my heart  
 Were like a high-arch'd roof, to cover this idol's fall!

*Enter the sweet sound.* To those who are familiar with the sweet sound.

"O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
 That吻 the world's best wood, which is the reading of all  
 My miseries, will at first appear strange and startling.  
 Shakespeare has nowhere made the south an odour-breathing  
 His other representations are directly contrary. In 'As  
 You Like It,' Hamlet says,  
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her  
 Like foggy swain, puffing with wind and ruts?  
 Answer as Juliet: 'we have the " dew-dropping south;" in  
 William: "The south-f-y rot him."

*Duke.*

*Cur.*

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:  
 O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
 (Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence,  
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart;  
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
 E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted,  
 But from her handmaid do return this answer:  
 The element itself, till seven years heat,  
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,  
 And water once a day her chamber round  
 With eye-offending brine: all this, to season  
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O, she that bath a heart of that fine frame,  
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
 That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,  
 Those sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,  
 (Her sweet perfections,) with one self king!—  
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;  
 Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt*

\* Heat—heated.

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.**Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.**Vio.* What country, friends, is this?*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

*Cap.* It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.*Cap.* True, madam; and to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

When you, and those poor number sav'd with you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,

So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so, there 's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authority,

The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,  
Not three hours' travel from this very place.*Vio.* Who governs here?*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature as in name.*Vio.* What is his name?*Cap.* Orsino.*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him:  
He was a bachelor then.*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late:

For but a month ago I went from hence;

And then 't was fresh in murmur, (as, you know,

What great ones do, the less will prattle of,)

That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

*Vio.* What 's she?*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count  
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her  
In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight  
And company of men.*Vio.* O, that I serv'd that lady:

And might not be deliver'd to the world,

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow

What my estate is.

*Cap.* That were hard to compass,  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the duke's.*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;

And though that nature with a beauteous wall

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee

I will believe thou hast a mind that suits

With this thy fair and outward character.

I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,

Conceal me what I am; and be my aid

For such disguise as, haply, shall become

The form of my intent. I 'll serve this duke;

Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,

It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,

And speak to him in many sorts of music,

That will allow me very worth his service.

What else may hap, to time I will commit;

Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be;

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

*Vio.* I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.**Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.**Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take thedeath of her brother thus? I am sure care 's an enemy  
to life.*Mar.* By my troth, sir Toby, you must come a  
earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great ex-  
ceptions to your ill hours.*Sir To.* Why, let her except before excepted.*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the  
modest limits of order.*Sir To.* Confine? I 'll confine myself no finer than  
I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and  
so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang  
themselves in their own straps.*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I  
heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish  
knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her  
wooer.*Sir To.* Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?*Mar.* Ay, he.*Sir To.* He 's as tall<sup>a</sup> a man as any 's in Illyria.*Mar.* What 's that to the purpose?*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.*Mar.* Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these  
ducats; he 's a very fool, and a prodigal.*Sir To.* Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-  
de-gamboys,<sup>b</sup> and speaks three or four languages wad  
for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of  
nature.*Mar.* He hath, indeed, almost natural: for besides  
that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and but that  
he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in  
quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would  
quickly have the gift of a grave.*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and sub-  
tractors that say so of him. Who are they?*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly  
in your company.*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll  
drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat;  
and drink in Illyria. He 's a coward, and a coxswain,  
that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o'  
the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castilian-  
vulgo; for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.**Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby  
Belch!*Sir To.* Sweet sir Andrew!*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew*Mar.* And you too, sir.*Sir To.* Accost, sir Andrew, accost.*Sir And.* What 's that?*Sir To.* My niece's chambermaid.*Sir And.* Good mistress Accost, I desire better ac-  
quaintance.*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.*Sir And.* Good mistress Mary Accost,—*Sir To.* You mistake, knight; accost is, front her,  
board her,<sup>c</sup> woo her, assail her.*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in  
this company. Is that the meaning of accost?*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.*Sir To.* An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would tis-  
mightst never draw sword again.*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might  
never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you  
have fools in hand?*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have; and here  
my hand.*Mar.* Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you let  
your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.<sup>a</sup> Tall—stout, bold.<sup>b</sup> Viol-de-gamboys—a kind of violoncello.<sup>c</sup> Board her—address her.

Wherefore, sweetheart? want's your meta-  
dry, sir.

Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but  
my hand dry. But what's your jest?

My jest, sir.

Are you full of them?

Sir; I have them at my fingers' ends:

let go your hand I am barren. [Ex. MAR.]

Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary:

see thee so put down?

Never in your life, I think; unless you

put me down: Methinks sometimes I have

more than a christian, or an ordinary man has:

eat eater of beef, and I believe that does

it.

Is that a question.

An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll

tomorrow, sir Toby.

Surquoy, my dear knight?

What is *surquoy*? do or not do? I would

know that time in the tongues that I have in

me, and bear-baiting: O, had I but fol-

low'd

men hadst thou had an excellent head of

hair.

Why, would that have mended my hair?

Is that a question; for thou see'st it will not curl

up.

But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff;

see a housewife take thee between her legs,

and

Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby;

she'll not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to

one against me: the count himself, here hard by,

will

see 'll none o' the count; she'll not match

grave, neither in estate, years, nor wit;

and I her swear it. Tut, there's life in 't,

and

I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow

of no mind i' the world; I delight in masques

and sometimes altogether.

Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be,

green of my betters; and yet I will not com-

pare myself to an old man.

What is thy excellence in a galliard,

and

Faith, I can cut a caper.

And I can cut the mutton to 't.

And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply

any man in Illyria.

Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore

hide a curtain before them? are they like to

be a mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou

hide in a galliard,<sup>a</sup> and come home in a

My very walk should be a jig; I would not

take water but in a sink-a-pace.<sup>b</sup> What

an excellent constitution of thy leg it was

to be the star of a galliard.

Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well

coloured stock.<sup>d</sup> Shall we set about some

of

a lively dance.

quick dance.

—*Allegretto*: a dance whose movement was

rather slow.

coloured stock. Stock is stocking. In the original

worded. Pope changed this to *flame* coloured.

and to read *dun* stock-coloured; for it is evident

that *dun* were written as pronounced rapidly,

and easily be misprinted *dam'd*.

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born  
under Taurus?

*Sir And.* Taurus? that's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see  
thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Duke's Palace*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

*Val.* If the duke continue these favours towards you,  
Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath  
known you but three days, and already you are no  
stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humour, or my negligence,  
that you call in question the continuance of his love:  
Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

*Val.* No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

*Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho?

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord; here.

*Duke.* Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,

Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul:

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;

Be not denied access, stand at her doors,

And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,

Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,

Rather than make unprofitful return.

*Vio.* Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What then?

*Duke.* O, then unfold the passion of my love;

Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:

It shall become thee well to act my woes;

She will attend it better in thy youth,

Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it;

For they shall yet belie thy happy years

That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,

And all is semblative a woman's part.

I know thy constellation is right apt

For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;

All, if you will; for I myself am best

When least in company:—Prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,

To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.* I'll do my best

To woo your lady: yet, [aside] a barful strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

*Mar.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will  
not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way  
of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this

world needs to fear no colours.

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where

that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

*Clo.* Where, good mistress Mary?

*Mar.* In the wars; and that may you be bold to say

in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and

those that are fools let them use their talents.



*Mar.* Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent; or, to be turned away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute, then?

*Clo.* Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

*Mar.* That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break your gaskins fall.

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.*

*Clo.* Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink,—then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself,—if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him: Anything that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexterously, good madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechise you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever unmake the better fool.

*Clo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, with a distempered appetite. To be generous, and of free disposition, is to take those things bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: There's no der in an allowed fool, though he do nothing nor no railing in a known discreet man, tho' nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now Mercury endue thee with less than thou speakest well of fools!

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young man much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the count Orsino, is it?

*Mar.* I know not, madam; 't is a fair young man and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*]

*Malvolio:* if it be a suit from the count, I am not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit VOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, eldest son should be a fool; whose skull is full with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, most weak *pia mater*.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.*

*Oli.* By mine honour, half drunk.—What's the gate, cousin?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman? what gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'T is a gentleman here—A plagues-pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

*Clo.* Good sir Toby,—

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so this lethargy?

*Sir To.* Lechery! I defy lechery: There's the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry; what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil, an he will, I give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drowned man, a fool, and a rascal: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the next mads him; and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the crowner, and let me o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drunkenness: go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna; and I shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears to speak with you. I told him you were sick; on him to understand so much, and therefore speak with you: I told him you were asleep; to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore to speak with you. What is to be said to him, he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* He has been told so; and he says, he'll be at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the knock of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind of man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of mankind.

*Oli.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

<sup>a</sup> *Leasing*—falsehood. The meaning probably is, 'I shall speak the truth of fools (which is not profitable), but I shall give thee the advantageous gift of lying.'

Ol. Of what perchnage, at 3 years, is he?  
 Mad. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young  
 enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod,  
 standing when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him  
 standing water, between boy and man. He is very  
 I favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one  
 did think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.  
 Ol. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.  
 Mad. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.]

Re-enter MARIA.

Ol. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.  
 'Til once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Ol. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?  
 Mad. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?  
 Ol. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable  
 she, I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the  
 house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast  
 my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well  
 said, I have taken great pains to con it. Good  
 she, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,  
 to the least sinister usage.

Ol. Whence came you, sir?  
 Mad. I can say little more than I have studied, and  
 question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give  
 modest assurance if you be the lady of the house,  
 I may proceed in my speech.

Mad. Are you a comedian?  
 Ol. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very  
 gods of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you  
 lady of the house?

Mad. If I do not usurp myself, I am.  
 Ol. Most certain, if you are she you do usurp your-  
 self; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve.  
 'Tis this from my commission: I will on with my  
 speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of  
 my message.

Mad. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you  
 your praise.

Ol. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is  
 trivial.

Mad. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you,  
 quit it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and  
 toward your approach, rather to wonder at you than to  
 receive you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have  
 sense, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to  
 take one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mad. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Ol. No, good swabber: I am to hull here a little  
 longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Mad. Tell me your mind.

Ol. I am a messenger.

Mad. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver,  
 for the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your  
 business.

Ol. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no over-  
 offer of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in  
 my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Mad. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what  
 would you?

Ol. The rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I  
 learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what  
 I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears,  
 honesty; to any other's, profanation.

Mad. Give us the place alone: we will hear this di-  
 versely. [Exit MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Ol. Most sweet lady,—

Mad. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said

on 't. Where lies your text?

Ol. In Orsino's bosom.

Mad. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

\* *Comptible*—accountable, ready to submit.

Ol. To answer by the method, in the first of his  
 heart.

Mad. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no  
 more to say?

Ol. Good madam, let me see your face.

Mad. Have you any commission from your lord to  
 negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text:  
 but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture.

[Unveiling.] Look you, sir, such a one I was this pre-  
 sent: Is 't not well done?

Ol. Excellently done, if God did all.

Mad. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and  
 weather.

Ol. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
 If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
 And leave the world no copy.

Mad. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will  
 give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be  
 inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labelled  
 to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item,  
 two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one  
 chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Ol. I see you what you are: you are too proud;  
 But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you; O, such love  
 Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd  
 The nonpareil of beauty!

Mad. How does he love me?

Ol. With adorations, fertile tears,  
 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Mad. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love  
 him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
 In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,  
 And in dimension, and the shape of nature,  
 A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;  
 He might have took his answer long ago.

Ol. If I did love you in my master's flame,  
 With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
 In your denial I would find no sense,  
 I would not understand it.

Mad. Why, what would you?

Ol. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
 And call upon my soul within the house;  
 Write loyal cantons of contemned love,  
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
 Holla your name to the reverberate hills,  
 And make the babbling gossip of the air  
 Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest  
 Between the elements of air and earth,  
 But you should pity me.

Mad. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Ol. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
 I am a gentleman.

Mad. Get you to your lord;  
 I cannot love him: let him send no more;  
 Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
 To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:  
 I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Ol. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;  
 My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
 Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;  
 And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
 Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.]

Mad. What is your parentage?

Ol. "Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
 I am a gentleman."—I'll be sworn thou art;  
 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
 Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft! soft!  
 Unless the master were the man.—How now?

\* *Cantons*—cantos.

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,  
With an invisible and subtle stealth,  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—  
What, ho, Malvolio!—

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.  
*Ol.* Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,

Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:  
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.  
*Mal.* Madam, I will. [Exit  
*Ol.* I do I know not what: and fear to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
Fate, show thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;<sup>a</sup>  
What is decreed must be; and be this so! [Exit

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—The Sea-coast.

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore, I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

*Seb.* No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is more extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express<sup>a</sup> myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline,<sup>b</sup> whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him, myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the Heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

*Ant.* Alas, the day!

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit.

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!  
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,  
Else would I very shortly see thee there:  
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,  
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

### SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.*

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

*Vio.* Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir; you might

<sup>a</sup> Express—make known.

<sup>b</sup> Messaline. Mitylene (Lesbos) is most probably meant.

have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

*Vio.* She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

*Vio.* I left no ring with her: What means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much

That, methought, her eyes had lost<sup>b</sup> her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man:—If it be so, (as 't is,)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness.

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false<sup>c</sup>

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made, if such we be.

How will this fadge?<sup>d</sup> My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love!

As I am woman, now alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [Exit.

### SCENE III.—A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and diluculo surgas, thou know'st,—

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilial can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed there, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

<sup>a</sup> We do not own, possess, ourselves.

<sup>b</sup> Lost—caused her tongue to be lost.

<sup>c</sup> Proper-false. Proper is here *handsome*. This adjective compounded with *false*, in the same way that we subsequently have *beauteous-evil*.

<sup>d</sup> Fadge—to suit, to agree; from the Anglo-Saxon *fagan* join.

*Sir And.* Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

*Enter Clown.*

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i' faith.

*Cl.* How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of us three?<sup>a</sup>

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent least.<sup>b</sup> I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogramitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: Hadst it?

*Cl.* I did impetuous thy gratillity;<sup>c</sup> for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril of me too; if one knight give a—

*Cl.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

*Cl.* O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O, stay and hear: your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low:  
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i' faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Cl.* What is love? 't is not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we raise the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three comb out of one weaver? shall we do that?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

*Cl.* By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain: let our catch be, "Thou knave."<sup>d</sup>

*Cl.* "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

*Sir And.* 'T is not the first time I have constrained thee to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, "Hold thy peace."

*Cl.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If

<sup>a</sup> "The picture of us three" was a picture, or sign, of *Two Fools*, upon which was an inscription, *we be three*, so that the drunken wight who was tempted to read it supplied "argument first with laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever."

<sup>b</sup> *Excellent least*—excellent notes.

<sup>c</sup> *Impetuous thy gratillity*. This is evidently a touch of the *housen language* which the Clown continually uses.

<sup>d</sup> The music of this catch is given in the 'Pictorial' Edition; and also of the old air of 'Peg-a-Ramsay.'

my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley! lady! "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

[*Singing.*]

*Cl.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* "O, the twelfth day of December,"—

[*Singing.*]

*Mar.* For the love o' God, peace.

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches<sup>a</sup> without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!<sup>b</sup>

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."<sup>c</sup>

*Mar.* Nay, good sir Toby.

*Cl.* "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

*Mal.* Is 't even so?

*Sir To.* "But I will never die."

*Cl.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* "Shall I bid him go?"

*Cl.* "What an if you do?"

*Sir To.* "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

*Cl.* "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

*Sir To.* Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Cl.* Yes, by saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou 'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:<sup>d</sup>—A stoop of wine, Maria!

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule;<sup>e</sup> she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Erit.*]

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's hungry, to challenge him the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do 't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

<sup>a</sup> *Coziers' catches*. A cozier is a butcher—whether a tailor or a cobbler is not material.

<sup>b</sup> *Sneek up*—hang yourself.

<sup>c</sup> The old ballad, from which this, and subsequent lines, are quoted, is found in Percy's 'Reliques.'

<sup>d</sup> The steward's office of authority was denoted by a chain.

<sup>e</sup> *Rule*—conduct, method of life.



at to sea, that their business might be every-  
d their intent everywhere; for that 's it that  
takes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*]

Once more, Cesario,

to you' same sovereign cruelty:  
my love, more noble than the world,  
quantity of dirty lands;  
that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,  
I hold as giddily as fortune;  
but miracle, and queen of gems,  
she pranks her in, attracts my soul,  
at if she cannot love you, sir?  
I cannot be so answer'd.

"Sooth, but you must  
some lady, as, perhaps, there is,  
your love as great a pang of heart  
as for Olivia: you cannot love her;  
or so: Must she not then be answer'd?

There is no woman's sides  
but beating of so strong a passion  
shall give my heart: no woman's heart  
hold so much; they lack retention.  
Love may be call'd appetite,—  
of the liver, but the palate,—  
of surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;  
is all as hungry as the sea,  
biggest as much: make no compare  
but love a woman can bear me,  
I love Olivia.

Ay, but I know,—

What dost thou know?  
but well what love women to men may owe:  
they are as true of heart as we.  
I had a daughter lov'd a man,  
that he, perhaps, were I a woman,  
your lordship.

And what 's her history?

A blank, my lord: She never told her love,  
concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
her damaask cheek: she pin'd in thought;  
in a green and yellow melancholy,  
like patience on a monument,  
at grief. Was not this love, indeed?  
I may say more, swear more: but, indeed,  
as are more than will; for still we prove  
our vows, but little in our love.

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?  
I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
and brothers too;—and yet I know not.—  
I I to this lady?

Ay, that 's the theme.

As haste; give her this jewel; say,  
I can give no place, bide no deny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,  
and FABIAN.

TOBY. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.  
Nay, I 'll come; if I lose a scruple of this  
I may be holled to death with melancholy.  
FAB. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the  
by rascally sheep-biter come by some notable

I would exult, man: you know, he brought  
of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting

TOBY. To anger him, we 'll have the bear again;  
will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not,  
we?

FAB. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

SIR TOBY. Here comes the little villain:—How now,  
my metal of India?<sup>a</sup>

MAR. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio 's  
coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the  
sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half-  
hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I  
know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of  
him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide  
themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter*]  
for here comes the trout that must be caught with  
tickling. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once  
told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself  
come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one  
of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more  
exalted respect than any one else that follows her.  
What should I think on 't?

SIR TOBY. Here 's an overweening rogue!

FAB. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-  
cock of him! how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR ANDREW. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

SIR TOBY. Peace, I say.

MAL. To be count Malvolio:—

SIR TOBY. Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY. Peace, peace!

MAL. There is example for 't; the lady of the  
Strachy<sup>b</sup> married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW. Fie on him, Jezebel!

FAB. O, peace! now he 's deeply in; look, how  
imagination blows him.

MAL. Having been three months married to her  
sitting in my state,<sup>c</sup>—

SIR TOBY. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MAL. Calling my officers about me, in my branched  
velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I  
have left Olivia sleeping:

SIR TOBY. Fire and brimstone!

FAB. O, peace, peace!

MAL. And then to have the humour of state: and  
after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know  
my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for  
my kinsman Toby:

SIR TOBY. Bolts and shackles!

FAB. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

MAL. Seven of my people, with an obedient start,  
make out for him: I frown the while: and, perchance,  
wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel.<sup>d</sup>  
Toby approaches; courtesies<sup>e</sup> there to me:

SIR TOBY. Shall this fellow live?

FAB. Though our silence be drawn from us with ears,  
yet peace.

MAL. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my  
familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

SIR TOBY. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the  
lips then?

MAL. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having  
cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of  
speech:"—

SIR TOBY. What, what?

MAL. "You must amend your drunkenness."

<sup>a</sup> *My metal of India.* So the original folio—*mettle*. In the  
second folio we have *nettle*. My *metal* of India is, obviously  
enough, my heart of gold, my precious girl.

<sup>b</sup> *The lady of the Strachy.* This has been called a desperate  
passage; and many wild guesses have accordingly been made  
to explain it. The context seems to point to some corruption  
of the name of a place.

<sup>c</sup> *My state*—my canopied chair, my throne.

<sup>d</sup> *My some rich jewel*—some rich jewel of my own.

<sup>e</sup> *Courtesies*—makes his courtesy.

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;"

*Sir And.* That 's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* "One sir Andrew:"

*Sir And.* I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

*Mal.* What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

*Sir To.* O peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

*Mal.* [*reads.*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady: To whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* [*reads.*] "Jove knows, I love:

But who?

Lips do not move;

No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows?—the number 's altered!<sup>a</sup>—"No man must know:"—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock!<sup>b</sup>

*Mal.* "I may command, where I adore:  
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,  
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;  
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

*Fab.* A fustian riddle!

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

*Fab.* What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the stannyl<sup>c</sup> checks at it!

*Mal.* "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.<sup>d</sup> There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

*Sir To.* O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

*Mal.* *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say that he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

*Mal.* *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

*Fab.* And *O* shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

*Mal.* And then *I* comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might

<sup>a</sup> The number 's altered—the number of the metrical feet is altered.

<sup>b</sup> Brock—badger.

<sup>c</sup> Stannyl—the common hawk.

<sup>d</sup> Formal—reasonable. A formal man is a man in his senses.

see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes below you.

*Mal.* *M, O, A, I*;—This simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—

"If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with<sup>a</sup> a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.

THE FORTUNATE USHAPPY."

Daylight and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars, be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithe." Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device:

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o' mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,<sup>b</sup> and become thy bond-slave?

*Sir And.* I' faith, or I either?

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

*Mar.* Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the spot, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I 'll make one too.

[*Ex*]

<sup>a</sup> Be opposite with—be of a different opinion—do not hold him.

<sup>b</sup> Tray-trip—supposed to be draughts.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Olivia's Garden.*

VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

See, friend, and thy music: Dost thou  
or?

I live by the church.

Is a churchman?

No matter, sir; I do live by the church;  
my house, and my house doth stand by

It mayst say, the king lies<sup>a</sup> by a beggar,  
well near him; or the church stands by  
the tabor stand by the church.

As he said, sir.—To see this age!—A sen-  
schereveril glove<sup>b</sup> to a good wit: How  
each side may be turned outward!  
That's certain; they that dally nicely  
quickly make them wanton.

Therefore, my sister had had no name,

MAN?

Her name's a word; and to dally  
might make my sister wanton: But,  
we very rascals, since bonds disgraced

WOMAN, MAN?

Her, I can yield you none without words;  
grown so false, I am loth to prove reason

But thou art a merry fellow, and carest

For nothing, sir, I do care for something; but in my  
I do not care for you; if that be to  
go, sir, I would it would make you in-

terest thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly:  
she is a fool, sir, till she be married; and fools  
as much as pulchards are to herrings, the hus-  
band; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her  
husband.

Why dost thou come late at the count Orsino's.

Why, sir, does walk about the orb, like the  
everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but  
be as oft with your master, as with my  
self; I saw your wisdom there.

When thou pass upon me, I'll no more with  
my own expenses for thee.

Therefore, in his next commodity of hair, send

me some truth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick  
of it; I would not have it grow on my chin.

MAN?

Why, not a pair of these have bred, sir?  
They are long kept together, and put to use.  
I play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to  
bring you to this Troilus.

Stand you, sir; 't is well begged.

Therefore, I hope, is not great, sir, begging  
Cressida was a beggar. My lady is  
will conster to them whence you come;  
and what you would, are out of my  
heart say, element; but the word is over-  
[*Erit.*]

How is wise enough to play the fool;  
well craves a kind of wit:  
I see their mood on whom he jests,

<sup>a</sup> Lies—sojourns, dwells.

<sup>b</sup> Glove—a kid glove, an easy-fitting glove.

The quality of persons, and the time;  
And, like the haggard, check at every feather  
That comes before his eye. This is a practice  
As full of labour as a wise man's art:  
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;  
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW  
AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is  
desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is  
the list<sup>a</sup> of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; <sup>b</sup> put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I  
understand what you mean by bidding me taste my  
legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But  
we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain  
odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! "Rain  
odours!" well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own  
most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. "Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:"—  
I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oliv. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my  
bearing. [*Exit SIR TO., SIR AND., and MAR.*]

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oliv. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oliv. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world,  
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:  
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;  
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oliv. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,  
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts  
On his behalf:—

Oliv. O, by your leave, I pray you;

I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oliv. Give me leave, beseech you: I did send

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts

<sup>a</sup> List—limit, bound.

<sup>b</sup> Taste was used by the Elizabethan poets for try;—the use  
of the word was not limited to touch by the palate.

<sup>c</sup> Prevented—anticipated, gone before.





would not stay behind you; my desire,  
than filed steel, did spur me forth;  
love to see you, (though so much  
were drawn one to a longer voyage,  
& what might befall your travel,  
as in these parts; which, to a stranger,  
and unfriended, often prove  
unhospitable: My willing love,  
by these arguments of fear,  
your pursuit.

My kind Antonio,  
your answer make, but, thanks,  
and ever oft good turns  
off with such uncurrent pay;  
if worth,\* as is my conscience, firm,  
find better dealing. What 's to do?  
see the reliques of this town?  
morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging,  
's not weary, and 't is long to night;  
let us satisfy our eyes  
memorials, and the things of fame,  
own this city.

'Would you 'd parlon me;  
about danger walk these streets:  
sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys,  
service; of such note, indeed,  
't a'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.  
he, you slew great number of his people?  
offence is not of such a bloody nature;  
quality of the time, and quarrel,  
have given us bloody argument.  
we since been answer'd in repaying  
ask from them; which, for traffic's sake,  
city did; only myself stood out:  
if I be lapsed in this place,  
dear.

Do not then walk too open.  
ish not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse;  
a suburbs, at the Elephant,  
edge; I will bespeak our diet,  
beguile the time, and feed your knowledge  
ng of the town; there shall you have me.  
y I your purse?  
ply, your eye shall light upon some toy  
lesure to purchase; and your store,  
not for idle markets, sir.  
I be your purse-bearer, and leave you  
f.

To the Elephant.—

I do remember. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

we sent after him. He says he 'll come;  
I feast him? what bestow of him?  
is laugh't more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.  
e load.—

Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,<sup>b</sup>  
well for a servant with my fortunes;—  
Malvolio?

he 's coming, madam; but in very strange  
He is sure possess'd, madam.  
hy, what 's the matter? does he rave?  
So, madam, he does nothing but smile: your  
eyes best have some guard about you, if he  
t, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.  
o call him hither.—I am as mad as he,  
f merry madness equal be.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Malvolio?  
sweet lady, ho, ho! [Smiles fantastically  
Folk-fetters, wealth. <sup>b</sup> Civil-grave.

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make  
some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering. But  
what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me  
as the very true sonnet is: "Please one, and please  
all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter  
with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my  
legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be  
executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I 'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so,  
and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer  
daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness  
before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'t was well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow  
stockings;"—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be  
so;"—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Or-  
sino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back:  
he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I 'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good  
Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where 's my  
cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special  
care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the  
half of my dowry. [Exit OLI. and MAR.]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse  
man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs di-  
rectly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I  
may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that  
in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;—  
"be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let  
thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself  
into the trick of singularity;"—and, consequently,  
sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend  
carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note,  
and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing,  
and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went  
away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" Fellow!  
not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.<sup>a</sup> Why,  
everything adheres together; that no dram of a scruple,  
no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or  
unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing,  
that can be, can come between me and the full prospect  
of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and  
he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?

<sup>a</sup> Fellow. Malvolio accepts the word in the old sense of  
convivial.

If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is:—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress?

*Mar.* O lord!

*Sir To.* Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir?

*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx?

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. *[Exit.*

*Sir To.* Is 't possible?

*Fab.* If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark-room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning.

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

*Fab.* Is 't so saucy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. *[Reads.]* "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

*Fab.* Good, and valiant.

*Sir To.* "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't."

*Fab.* A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir To.* "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in

my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

*Fab.* Very brief, and exceeding good senseless.

*Sir To.* "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

*Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

*Sir To.* "Fare thee well; And God have merry upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself, Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK."

*Sir To.* If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give 't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for 't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing. *[Exit.*

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed as terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.*

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

*[Exit SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.]*

*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too uncharly on 't: There's something in me that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

*Vio.* With the same 'haviour that your passion bears, Go on my master's griefs.

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture; Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you: And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny; That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

*Vio.* Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well; A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dis-

ack, be yare in thy preparation, for thy as-  
 tek, skilful, and deadly.

mistake, sir, I am sure; no man hath any  
 e; my remembrance is very free and clear  
 age of offence done to any man.

you'll find it otherwise, I assure you:  
 ou hold your life at any price, betake you  
 d; for your opposite hath in him what  
 th, skill, and wrath, can furnish man

y you, sir, what is he?

e is knight, dubbed with unbated rapier,  
 t consideration; but he is a devil in pri-  
 sents and bodies hath he divorced three;  
 eement at this moment is so implacable,  
 on can be none but by pangs of death and  
 sh, nob," is his word; give 't, or take 't.

I return again into the house, and desire  
 of the lady. I am no fighter. I have  
 kind of men that put quarrels purposely  
 aate their valour: belike, this is a man of

t, no; his indignation derives itself out of  
 esent injury; therefore, get you on, and  
 desire. Back you shall not to the house,  
 dertake that with me which with as much  
 ight answer him: therefore, on, or strip  
 ark naked; for meddle you must, that's  
 swear to wear iron about you.

is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do  
 eous office, as to know of the knight what  
 him is; it is something of my negligence,  
 purpose.

will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by  
 a till my return. [Exit SIR TOBY.

you, sir, do you know of this matter?  
 ow the knight is incensed against you,  
 tal arbitrement; but nothing of the cir-  
 are.

eech you, what manner of man is he?  
 ing of that wonderful promise, to read  
 firm, as you are like to find him in the  
 alour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful,  
 fatal opposite that you could possibly have  
 part of Illyria: Will you walk towards  
 make your peace with him, if I can.  
 ll be much bound to you for 't: I am one  
 ether go with sir priest than sir knight: I  
 knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.

der SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not  
 vuzago. I had a pass with him, rapier,  
 d all, and he gives me the stuck in, with  
 l motion, that it is inevitable; and on the  
 ya you as surely as your feet bit the ground.

They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.  
 Pax on 't, I'll not meddle with him.  
 r, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian  
 did him yonder.

Plague on 't; an I thought he had been  
 so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him  
 'd have challenged him. Let him let the  
 and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.  
 'll make the motion: Stand here, make a  
 't; this shall end without the perdition of  
 t, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride  
 [Aside.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

use [to FAB.] to take up the quarrel; I  
 ed him the youth's a devil.

Ed, sub-a. random, come what will.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants,  
 and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with  
 you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought  
 him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be  
 worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of  
 his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would  
 make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [Aside.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the  
 gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout  
 with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has  
 promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will  
 not hurt you. Come on: to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath. [Draws.

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you 't is against my will. [Draws.

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gen-  
 tleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing.

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,\* I am for you.

[Draws.

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To ANT.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

[To SIR AND.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I pro-  
 mised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear  
 you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit

Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.

Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;

But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is 't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

\* Undertaker—one who undertakes another's quarrel.

*Ant.* O Heavens themselves!  
*2 Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.  
*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,  
 I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;  
 Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—  
 And to his image, which methought did promise  
 Most venerable worth, did I devotion.  
*1 Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.  
*Ant.* But, O, how vild an idol proves this god!—  
 Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—  
 In nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
 None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.  
 Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil  
 Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.  
*1 Off.* The man grows mad; away with him. Come,  
 come, sir.  
*Ant.* Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with ANT.*]  
*Vio.* Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,  
 That he believes himself; so do not I.  
 Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,  
 That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight; come hither,  
 we'll whisper o'er a couple or two of most sag  
*Vio.* He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother kn  
 Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,  
 In favour was my brother, and he went  
 Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,  
 For him I imitate: O, if it prove,  
 Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love  
*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and  
 coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in  
 his friend here in necessity, and denying him  
 his cowardship ask Fabian.  
*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward,  
 in it.  
*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again,  
 him.  
*Sir To.* Do, cuff him soundly, but never  
 sword.  
*Sir And.* An I do not,—  
*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.  
*Sir To.* I dare lay any money't will be not

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.*

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am not sent  
 or you?  
*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;  
 Let me be clear of thee.  
*Clo.* Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know  
 you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you  
 come speak with her; nor your name is not master  
 Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that  
 is so, is so.  
*Seb.* I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else:  
 Thou know'st not me.  
*Clo.* Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some  
 great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly!  
 I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a  
 cockney.\*—I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and  
 tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to  
 her that thou art coming?  
*Seb.* I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me;  
 There's money for thee; if you tarry longer  
 I shall give worse payment.  
*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These  
 wise men that give fools money get themselves a good  
 report after fourteen years' purchase.<sup>b</sup>

*Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.*

*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you again? there's  
 for you. [*Striking SEB.*]  
*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:  
 Are all the people mad? [*Beating SIR AND.*]  
*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the  
 house.  
*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight: I would not  
 be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit.*]  
*Sir To.* Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding SEB.*]  
*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way  
 to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against

\* May it not be, spoken aside, "I am afraid the world will  
 prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney?"—a foolish fel-  
 low? Such an inversion is not uncommon. We point the  
 passage as in the original.

<sup>b</sup> The meaning obviously is—after the rate of fourteen years'  
 purchase. This was a high rate; and any money given to fools  
 for a good report was buying the commodity of reputation at a  
 high rate.

him, if there be any law in Illyria: though  
 him first, yet it's no matter for that.  
*Seb.* Let go thy hand.  
*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go. C  
 young soldier, put up your iron: you are wel  
 come on.  
*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What wouldst t  
 If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.  
*Sir To.* What, what? Nay, then I must  
 ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

*Enter OLIVIA.*

*Oli.* Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee  
*Sir To.* Madam?  
*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wre  
 Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,  
 Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my  
 Be not offended, dear Cesario!—  
 Rudesby, be gone!—I prithee, gentle friend,  
 [*Exeunt SIR TO., SIR AND., &*  
 Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
 In this uncivil and unjust extent<sup>a</sup>  
 Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;  
 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks  
 This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby  
 Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but  
 Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,  
 He started one poor heart of mine in thee.  
*Seb.* What relish is in this? how runs the st  
 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:  
 Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;  
 If it be thus to dream still let me sleep!  
*Oli.* Nay, come, I prithee: 'Would thou'd det  
 by me!  
*Seb.* Madam, I will.  
*Oli.* O, say so, and so be!

SCENE II.—*A Room in Olivia's House*

*Enter MARIA and CLOWN.*

*Mar.* Nay, I prithee put on this gown,  
 beard; make him believe thou art sir Topas the  
 do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst. [*E*

<sup>a</sup> Extent. Johnson supposes that the word is her  
 with reference to the legal process of extent. But it  
 may be used in the sense of stretch; as we say a  
 power—of violence.

well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble\* my-  
and I would I were the first that ever dissem-  
-ch a gown. I am not tall enough to become  
-ch well; nor lean enough to be thought a good  
-out to be said, an honest man, and a good  
-er, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man,  
-at scholar. The competitors<sup>b</sup> enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

JOVE bless thee, master parson.

JOHN says, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of  
-at never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to  
-of king Goboduc, "That that is, is:" so I,  
-sir parson, am master parson: For what is  
-that? and is, but is?

To him, sir Topas.

That, lass, I say,—Peace in this prison!

The knave counterfeiteth well; a good knave.

in an inner chamber.] Who calls there?

It is Topas the curate, who comes to visit Mal-  
-omatic.

Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my

out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this

best thou nothing but of ladies?

Well said, master parson.

Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good

do not think I am mad; they have laid me

deous darkness.

See, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the

best terms; for I am one of those gentle ones

whose the devil himself with courtesy; Say'st

the house is dark?

As hell, sir Topas.

Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as bar-

-and the clear-stories<sup>c</sup> towards the south-north

cross as ebony; and yet complainest thou of

dark?

I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this

is dark.

Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no dark-

ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled

Egyptians in their fog.

I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though

it were as dark as hell; and I say, there was

in thus abused: I am no more mad than you

are the trial of it in any constant question.

What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning

dark?

That the soul of our grandam might haply

beard.

What thinkest thou of his opinion?

I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve

of it.

Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness:

if I hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will

kill thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest

it may be the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

My most exquisite sir Topas!

Yay, I am for all waters.

These mightst have done this without thy beard

if he sees thee not.

To him in thine own voice, and bring me

to thee; findest him: I would we were well rid

of merry. If he may be conveniently delivered,

he were; for I am now so far in offence with

thee that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport

of wit. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exit Sir To. and Mar.]

*soliloquy*—*divest of likeness*.

*clear-stories*—*under-arches*.

*cross*. A *clear-story*, or *clear-story*, is that part of the  
-of a church which rises above the aisles, in  
-upper tier of windows is usually introduced.

Clo. "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does." [Singing]

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at  
my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and  
paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful  
to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously  
abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you  
be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in  
darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they  
can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here  
—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the Heavens restore.  
endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain babble  
babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—

Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.

—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am

shent<sup>a</sup> for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some  
paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man  
in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink,  
paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to  
my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the  
bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you  
not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his  
brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I  
prithee, be gone.

Clo.

I am gone, sir,  
And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,  
In a trice,  
Like to the old vice,  
Your need to sustain;  
Who with dagger of lath,  
In his rage and his wrath,  
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:  
Like a mad lad,  
Fare thy nails, dad,  
Adieu, Goodman devil.

[Exit.]

### SCENE III.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun:

This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't:

And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio then?

I could not find him at the Elephant:

Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,<sup>b</sup>

That he did range the town to seek me out.

His counsel now might do me golden service.

For though my soul disputes well with my sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness,

<sup>a</sup> Shent—reproved.

<sup>b</sup> This credit—this belief, this thing believed.

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me  
To any other trust, but that I am mad,  
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 't were so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,  
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in 't  
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,  
Into the chantry by: there, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;  
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,  
What time we will our celebration keep  
According to my birth.—What do you say?  
*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you;  
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.  
*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father:—And heaven  
so shine,  
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

*Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.*

*Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.  
*Clo.* Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Anything.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*,\* sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Beunet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think

\* *Triplex*. Triple time in music; a measure in which each bar divides into three equal parts, and is counted one, two,

that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*]

*Enter ANTONIO and Officers.*

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well; Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeared As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A bawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable; With which such scathful\* grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet. That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

*Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from Candy; And this is he that did the Tiger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, In private babble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side; But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me, I know not what 't was, but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir, Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate, Though, I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea's eurag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was: His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention or restraint, All his in dedication: for his sake, Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him when he was beset; Where being apprehended, his false cunning, (Not meaning to partake with me in danger,) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty-years-removed thing, While one would wink; denied me mine own purse, Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be?

\* *Scathful*—harmful, destructive.

When came he to this town?  
To-day, my lord; and for three months before,  
him, not a minute's vacancy,  
and night did we keep company.

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.*

Here comes the countess; now Heaven walks  
on earth.—

See, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:  
With this youth hath tended upon me;  
of that anon.—Take him aside.  
What would my lord, but that he may not  
have,  
Olivia may seem serviceable?—  
You do not keep promise with me.  
Madam?

Gracious Olivia,—  
What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—  
My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.  
It be ought to the old time, my lord,  
and fulsome to mine ear  
after music.

Still so cruel?

Will so constant, lord.  
What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,  
ingrate and un auspicious altars  
The faithfulst offerings hath breath'd out,  
devotion tender'd! What shall I do?  
I know what it please my lord, that shall become  
him.

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
An Egyptian thief, at point of death,  
I love;\* a savage jealousy,  
The savours nobly?—But hear me this:  
To non-regardance cast my faith,  
I partly know the instrument  
Which drives me from my true place in your favour,  
The marble-breasted tyrant, still;  
Your minion, whom I know you love,  
And, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,  
I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Which sits crowned in his master's spite.  
Fare you, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

Behold the lamb that I do love,  
Which even's heart within a dove. [*Going.*]  
And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To see a thousand deaths would die. [*Following.*]  
Where goes Cesario?

After him I love,  
I love these eyes, more than my life,  
All mores, than e'er I shall love wife:  
I give you witnesses above,  
My life, for tainting of my love!  
I hate me, detested! how am I beguil'd!  
Who does beguile you? who does do you  
wrong?  
Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—  
The holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Come, away. [*To VIOLA.*]  
Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.  
Husband?

Ay, husband, can he that deny?  
Her husband, sirrah?

No, my lord, not I.  
The baseness of thy fear  
Has thus strangle thy propriety:  
Cesario, take thy fortunes up;  
And, as that thou art, and then thou art  
As that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

*Re-enter Attendant and Priest.*  
Charge thee, by thy reverence,  
\* Thyamis, in Heliodorus.

Here to unfold (though lately we intended  
To keep in darkness what occasion now  
Reveals before 't is ripe) what thou dost know.  
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;  
And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my  
grave  
I have travell'd but two hours.

*Duke.* O, thou dissembling cub! 'what wilt thou  
be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest,—  
*Oliv.* O, do not swear;  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head  
broke.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon; send one  
presently to sir Toby.

*Oliv.* What 's the matter?  
*Sir And.* He has broke my head across, and has  
given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of  
God, your help: I had rather than forty pound I were  
at home.

*Oliv.* Who has done this, sir Andrew?  
*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we  
took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incar-  
dinate.

*Duke.* My gentleman, Cesario?  
*Sir And.* Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my  
head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to  
do 't by sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:  
You drew your sword upon me without cause;  
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have  
hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.*

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but  
if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you  
othergates than he did.

*Duke.* How now, gentleman? how is 't with you?  
*Sir To.* That 's all one; he has hurt me, and there 's  
the end on 't.—Sot, dost see Dick surgeon, sot?

*Clow.* O, he 's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his  
eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he 's a rogue and a passy-measures  
pavin; I hate a drunken rogue.

*Oliv.* Away with him: Who hath made this havoc  
with them?

*Sir And.* I 'll help you, sir Toby, because we 'll be  
dressed together.

*Sir To.* Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb,  
and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

*Oliv.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.  
[*Exit Clown, SIR TO., and SIR AND.*]

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kin-  
sman;

But had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

\* *Cine—skiu.*



I do perceive it hath offended you ;  
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons ;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

*Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio !

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,  
Since I have lost thee !

*Ant.* Sebastian are you ?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself ?—

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

*Oli.* Most wonderful !

*Seb.* Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd :—

Of charity, what kin are you to me ? [ *To VIOLA.* ]

What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

*Vio.* Of Messaline : Sebastian was my father ;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too ;

So went he suited to his watery tomb :

If spirits can assume both form and suit

You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am, indeed :

But am in that dimension grossly clad,

Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola !

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

*Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul !

He finished, indeed, his mortal act,

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both,

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me, till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,

That I am Viola : which to confirm,

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle help

I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count :

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

*Seb.* So comes it, lady, you have been mistook :

[ *To OLIVIA.* ]

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid ;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Duke.* Be not amaz'd ; right noble is his blood.—

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wrack :

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [ *To Vio.* ]

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear ;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul,

As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand ;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vio.* The captain, that did bring me first on shore,

Hath my maid's garments : he, upon some action,

Is now in durance ; at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him :—Fetch Malvolio hither :—

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

*Re-enter Clown, with a letter.*

A most extracting<sup>a</sup> frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd  
How does he, sirrah ?

*Clow.* Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub,  
as well as a man in his case may  
write a letter to you ; I should have given  
you this morning, but as a madman's epistles  
it skills not much when they are delivered.

*Oli.* Open it, and read it.

*Clow.* Look then to be well edified, and  
livers the madman :—“ By the Lord, madam,

*Oli.* How now ! art thou mad ?

*Clow.* No, madam, I do but read my  
ladyship will have it as it ought to be,  
<sup>002.</sup>

*Oli.* Prithee, read it thy right wits.

*Clow.* So I do, madonna ; but to read  
is to read thus : therefore perpend, madam,  
I give ear.

*Oli.* Read it you, sirrah.

*Fab.* [ *Reads.* ]

“ By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, as  
I know it : though you have put me into  
your drunken cousin's rule over me, yet have  
my senses as well as your ladyship. I have  
that induced me to the semblance I put on ;  
doubt not but to do myself much right, or  
think of me as you please. I leave my duty  
of, and speak out of my injury.”

THE MADLY-T

*Oli.* Did he write this ?

*Clow.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savours not much of distemper.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, Fabian ; bring  
him to me.

My lord, so please you, these things  
are  
To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliance of  
you,  
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to  
offer.

Your master quits you ; [ *To VIOLA* ] a  
vice done him,

So much against the mettle<sup>c</sup> of your sex  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding  
And since you call'd me master for so long  
Here is my hand ; you shall from this  
Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister ?—You

*Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.*

*Duke.* Is this the madman ?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord.

How now, Malvolio ?

*Mal.* Madam, you have  
Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio ?

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you  
letter :

You must not now deny it is your hand  
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or print  
Or say, 't is not your seal, not your inventory  
You can say none of this : Well, grant,  
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,  
Why you have given me such clear light  
Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered

<sup>a</sup> Extracting—absorbing.

<sup>b</sup> When the Clown begins to read, he reads  
upon which Olivia says, “ Art thou mad ?  
clear enough : you must allow me—you must  
voice—if I am to read madness as it ought to  
be.”

<sup>c</sup> Mettle—temper, disposition.

yellow stockings, and to frown  
 Toby and the lighter people :  
 g this in an obedient hope,  
 you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
 dark-house, visited by the priest,  
 the most notorious geck<sup>a</sup> and gull  
 attention play'd on ? tell me why.  
 as, Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
 confess, much like the character :  
 question, 't is Maria's hand.  
 I do bethink me, it was she  
 me thou wast mad ; thou cam'st in smiling,  
 in forms which here were presuppos'd  
 in the letter. Prithee, be content :  
 ce hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee :  
 we know the grounds and authors of it,  
 be both the plaintiff and the judge  
 in cause.

Good madam, hear me speak ;  
 quarrel, nor no brawl to come,  
 condition of this present hour,  
 are wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,  
 I confess, myself, and Toby,  
 vice against Malvolio here,  
 stubborn and uncourteous parts  
 receiv'd against him : Maria writ  
 at sir Toby's great importance ;<sup>b</sup>  
 case whereof he hath married her.  
 a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
 r pluck on laughter than revenge ;  
 injuries be justly weigh'd  
 as both sides pass'd  
 as, poor fool ! how have they baffled thee !  
 Why, "some are born great, some achieve  
 and some have greatness thrown upon them."

To geck is to deride, and hence a geck is one  
 case—impertinacy.

I was one, sir, in this interlude ; one sir Topas, sir ; but  
 that 's all one :—"By the Lord, fool, I am not mad ;"  
 —But do you remember ? "Madam, why laugh you at  
 such a barren rascal ? an you smile not, he 's gagged :"  
 And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I 'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace :

He hath not told us of the captain yet ;

When that is known, and golden time convents,<sup>a</sup>

A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,

We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come ;

For so you shall be while you are a man ;

But, when in other habits you are seen,

Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exeunt.

## SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to wife,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

By swaggering could I never thrive,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

With toss-pots still had drunken head,

For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

But that 's all one, our play is done,

And we 'll strive to please you every day.

[Exit.

<sup>a</sup> Convents—serves, agrees, is convenient.





AS YOU LIKE IT



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

'As You Like It' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. There appears to have been an intention to publish it separately, for we find it entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company, together with 'Henry V.' and 'Much Ado about Nothing.' There is no exact date to this entry, but it is conjectured to have been made in 1600. The text of the original folio is, upon the whole, a very correct one.

Of all Shakspeare's comedies we are inclined to think that 'As You Like It' is the most *read*. It possesses not the deep tragic interest of 'The Merchant of Venice,' nor the brilliant wit and diverting humour of 'Much Ado about Nothing,' nor the prodigal luxuriance of fancy which belongs to 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,' nor the wild legendary romance which imparts its charm to 'A Winter's Tale,' nor the grandeur of the poetical creation of 'The Tempest.' The peculiar attraction of 'As You Like It' lies, perhaps, in the circumstance that "in no other play do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakspeare's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age." This is the character which Mr. Hallam gives of this comedy, and it appears to us a very just one. But in another place Mr. Hallam says, "There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world or his own conscience. The memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worse nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by chance or circumstances, peculiarly associates;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of 'Lear' and 'Timon,' but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. *This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play.*" Mr. Hallam then notices the like type in 'Measure for Measure' and the altered 'Hamlet,' as well as in 'Lear' and 'Timon;' and adds, "In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in 'Macbeth' and 'The Tempest,' much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages." Without entering into a general examination of Mr. Hallam's theory, which evidently includes a very wide range of discussion, we must venture to think that the type of character *first seen in Jaques, and presenting a graver cast in the exiled Duke, is so modified by the whole conduct of the action of this comedy, by its opposite characterisation, and by its prevailing tone of reflection, that it offers not the slightest evidence of having been produced at a period of the poet's life "when his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world or his own conscience."* The charm which this play appears to us to possess in a most remarkable degree, even when compared with other works of Shakspeare, is that, while we behold "the philosophic eye, turned inward on the mysteries of human nature"—(we use Mr. Hallam's own forcible expression)—we also see the serene brow and the playful smile, which tell us that "the philosophic eye" belongs to one who, however above us, is still

akin to us—who tolerates our follies, who compassionates even our faults, who mingles in our gaiety, who rejoices in our happiness; who leads us to scenes of surpassing loveliness, where we may forget the painful lessons of the world, and introduces us to characters whose generosity, and faithfulness, and affection, and simplicity may obliterate the sorrows of our "experience of man's worse nature." It is not in Jaques alone, but in the entire dramatic group, that we must seek the tone of the poet's mind, and to that have our own minds attuned. Mr. Campbell, speaking of the characters of this comedy, says, "Our hearts are as stricken by these *benevolent* beings that we easily forgive the other more culpable but at last repentant characters." This is not the effect which could have been produced if the dark shades of a painful commerce with the world had crossed that "sunshine of the breast" which lights up the "inaccessible" thickets, and sparkles amidst the "melancholy boughs" of the forest of Arden. Jaques may be Shakspeare's first type "of the censurer of mankind;" but Jaques is precisely the reverse of the character which the poet would have chosen, had he intended the censure to have more than a dramatic force—to be universally true and not individually characteristic.

"Ay, now am I in Arden!" Touchstone thought that when he was at home he was in a better place. But *here* is the home of every true lover of poetry. What a world of exquisite images do Shakspeare's pictures of this forest call up! He gives us no positive set descriptions, of trees, and flowers, and rivulets, and fountains,—such as we may cut out and paste into an album. But a touch here and there carries us into the heart of his living scenery. And so, whenever it is our happy lot to be wandering

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs,"  
we think of the oak beneath which Jaques lay along,—

"whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;"  
and of the dingle where Touchstone was with Audrey and her goats; and of the

"Sheepcote fence'd about with olive-trees,"  
where dwelt Rosalind and Celia; and of the hawthorns and brambles upon which Orlando hung odes and elegies. In this delicious pastoral the real is blended with the poetical in such intimate union, that the highest poetry appears to be as essentially natural as the most familiar gossip; and the loftiest philosophy is interwoven with the occurrences of every-day life, so as to teach us that there is a philosophical aspect of the commonest things. It is this spirit which infuses Shakspeare's forest of Arden with such life, and truth, and beauty, as belongs to no other representation of pastoral scenes; which takes us into the depths of solitude, and shows us how the feelings of social life alone can give us

"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything;"  
which builds a throne for intellect "under the green wood tree," and there, by *characteristic* satire, gently indicates to us the vanity of the things which bind us to the world; whilst he teaches us that *life* has its happiness in the cultivation of the affections,—in content and independence of spirit.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, *living in exile.*  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.*

FREDERICK, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.*

AMIEUS, *a lord attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.*

JACQUES, *a lord attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 4.*

LE BRAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2.*

CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

OLIVER, *son of Sir Rowland de Bois.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

JACQUES, *son of Sir Rowland de Bois.*  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 4.*

ORLANDO, *son of Sir Rowland de Bois.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

ADAM, *servant to Oliver.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.*

DENNIS, *servant to Oliver.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.*

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.*  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 3.*

CORIN, *a shepherd.*  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.*

SILVIUS, *a shepherd.*  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 5; sc. 4.*

WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 1.*

*A person representing Hymen.*  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 4.*

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4.*

PHOEBE, *a shepherdess.*  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

AUDREY, *a country wench.*  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.*

SCENE.—FIRST, NEAR OLIVER'S HOUSE; AFTERWARDS, PARTLY IN THE USURPER'S COURT, AND PARTLY IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jacques he keeps at school, and report speaks positively of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays<sup>a</sup> me here at home unskipt. For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stallion of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for he which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance<sup>b</sup> seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines<sup>c</sup> my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begets to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to mend it.

<sup>a</sup> Stays—detains.

<sup>b</sup> His countenance—his behaviour, his bearing.

<sup>c</sup> Mines—undermines, seeks to destroy.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.  
 Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.  
 Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?  
 Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.  
 Oli. What mar you then, sir?  
 Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.  
 Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.<sup>a</sup>  
 Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?  
 Oli. Know you where you are, sir?  
 Orl. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.  
 Oli. Know you before whom, sir?  
 Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

<sup>a</sup> Be naught or be nought was a petty malediction; and thus Oliver says no more than—be better employed, and be naught to you.

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain: <sup>a</sup> I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exit ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*—T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good morning to your worship.

*Oli.* Good monsieur Charles!—what 's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There 's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

<sup>a</sup> *Villain.* We have here the two meanings of the word. Oiver uses it in the sense of worthless fellow; Orlando in that of one of mean birth,—the original sense.

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for you love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I 'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow I 'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again I 'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: <sup>a</sup> I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he 's gentle; never schooled and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; <sup>b</sup> and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle <sup>c</sup> the boy thither, which now I 'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father, perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour I will; and when I break that oath let me

<sup>a</sup> *Gamester*—adventurer at this game.

<sup>b</sup> *Enchantingly beloved*—beloved, of all ranks, to a degree that looks like enchantment.

<sup>c</sup> *Kindle*—instigate.

master: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, y.

From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: see;—what think you of falling in love?

Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal; but man in good earnest; nor no further in sport than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in come off again.

What shall be our sport then?  
Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Form her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be d equally.

I would we could do so; for her benefits are y misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman et mistake in her gifts to women.

'T is true: for those that she makes fair she sakes honest; and those that she makes honest s very ill favouredly.

Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to n- fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the s of nature.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE.*

No? When nature hath made a fair creature, not by fortune fall into the fire? Though n- a given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fo- t in this fool to cut off the argument?

Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; t- time makes nature's natural the cutter off of wit.

Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, ure's; who, perceiving our natural wits too reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is estone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither you?

A. Mistress, you must come away to your father. Were you made the messenger?

A. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come

Where learned you that oath, fool?

A. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour e good pancakes, and swore by his honour the I was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pan- e naught, and the mustard was good; and not the knight forsworn.

How prove you that, in the great heap of your sge?

Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

A. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, or by your beards that I am a knave.

By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

A. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but wear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: e was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he ad any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away e he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Prithee, who is 't that thou mean'st?

A. One that old Frederick, your father, loves. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: e more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation,<sup>a</sup> these days.

A. The more pity, that fools may not speak what wise men do foolishly.

By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the is that fools have was silenced, the little foolery e men have makes a great show. Here comes e le Beau.

*Enter LE BEAU.*

With his mouth full of news. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their

<sup>a</sup> Taxation—satire.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more market- able. *Bon jour*, monsieur le Beau: What 's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I an- swer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.\*

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze<sup>b</sup> me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—“Be it known unto all men by these presents,”—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib- breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be en- treated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man.<sup>c</sup> In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur le Beau.

\* Laid on with a trowel—coarsely. A gross flatterer is still said to lay it on with a trowel.

<sup>b</sup> Amaze—confuse.

<sup>c</sup> Odds in the man. The meaning would appear to be, the challenger is unequal.



*Duke F.* Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*  
*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

*Orl.* I attend them, with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein<sup>a</sup> I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you.

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entertain him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.*

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*CHARLES is thrown. Shout.*

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. [*CHARLES is borne out.*  
What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:  
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed  
Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exit DUKE FRED., TRAIN, and LE BEAU.*

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,  
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,<sup>b</sup>  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

<sup>a</sup> Wherein is used in the sense of in that.

<sup>b</sup> Calling—name.

*Ros.* My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul  
And all the world was of my father's mind:  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd;  
If you do keep your promises in love  
But justly<sup>a</sup> as you have exceeded all promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*  
Wear this for me,—one out of suits with fortune,  
That could give more but that her hand lacks means  
Shall we go, coz?

*Cel.* Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

*Ros.* He calls us back: My pride fell with my  
tunes:

I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—  
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exit ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon my  
tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

*Re-enter LE BEAU.*

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;  
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause, and love;  
Yet such is now the duke's condition,<sup>b</sup>  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The duke is humorous;<sup>c</sup> what he is, indeed,  
More suits you to conceive, than I to speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this  
Which of the two was daughter of the duke  
That here was at the wrestling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by man-  
ners;

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company; whose loves  
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;

Grounded upon no other argument

But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;

Hereafter, in a better world than this,

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

[*Exit LE BEAU.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—

But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid has  
mercy!—not a word?

<sup>a</sup> But justly—but as justly.

<sup>b</sup> Condition—temper. <sup>c</sup> Humorous—capricious.

at one to throw at a dog.  
thy words are too precious to be cast away  
throw some of them at me: come, lame me

on there were two cousins laid up; when the  
be lamed with reasons, and the other mad

is all this for your father?  
some of it is for my father's child: O, how  
is this working-day world!

are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in  
lery; if we walk not in the trodden paths,  
sticcots will catch them.

ould shake them off my coat; these burs are  
n them away.

ould try; if I could cry hem, and have

come, wrestle with thy affections.  
they take the part of a better wrestler than

a good wish upon you! you will try in time,  
of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of  
us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on  
den, you should fall into so strong a liking

Rowland's youngest son?  
duke my father loved his father dearly.

is it therefore ensue that you should love his  
I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

er hated his father dearly; yet I hate not  
faith, hate him not, for my sake.

ould I not? doth he not deserve well?  
me love him for that; and do you love  
I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

th his eyes full of anger.

ter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.  
Mistress, despatch you with your safest  
ste,

u from our court.  
Me, uncle? You, cousin:  
we ten days if that thou be'st found  
public court as twenty miles,  
for it.

I do beseech your grace,  
knowledge of my fault bear with me:  
self I hold intelligence,

quaintance with mine own desires;  
(not dream, or be not frantic,  
not I am not,) then, dear uncle,

such as in a thought unborn,  
d your highness.

Thus do all traitors;  
igation did consist in words,  
innocent as grace itself:

be thee, that I trust thee not.  
t your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:  
hereon the likelihood depends.

Thou art thy father's daughter, there's  
enough.  
was I when your highness took his duke-

ness;  
hen your highness banish'd him:  
ness inherited, my lord;

id derive it from our friends,  
it to me? my father was no traitor:  
my liege, mistake me not so much

ty poverty is treacherous.  
a sovereign, hear me speak.  
Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake.

with her father rang'd along.  
\* Dearly—extremely.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,  
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;<sup>a</sup>  
I was too young that time to value her,

But now I know her: if she be a traitor,  
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smooth-  
ness,  
Her very silence, and her patience,  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;  
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more  
virtuous,

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my  
liege;  
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide your-  
self;  
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[Exit DUKE FRED. and Lords.  
Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.  
Ros. I have more cause.  
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not the duke  
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.  
Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
No; let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:  
And do not seek to take your change<sup>b</sup> upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.  
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.  
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face,  
The like do you; so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtise-axe upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)

We'll have a swashing<sup>c</sup> and a martial outside;  
As many other mannish cowards have,  
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a  
man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own  
page,  
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?  
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

<sup>a</sup> Remorse—compassion.

<sup>b</sup> Change—reverse.

<sup>c</sup> Swashing. To swash is to make a noise of swords against  
targets.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;  
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,

And get our jewels and our wealth together;  
Devise the fittest time, and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight: Now go in we content,  
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the  
dress of Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.  
The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say  
This is no flattery,—these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.<sup>a</sup>  
Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me<sup>b</sup> the poor dappled fools,—  
Being native burghers of this desert city,—  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads<sup>c</sup>  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.

<sup>a</sup> We print this passage according to the old reading—  
"Here feel we not the penalty of Adam;"

and we have pointed the passage very differently from the usual mode: for, what is "the penalty of Adam"? All the commentators say, "the seasons' difference." On the contrary, it was, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." "The seasons' difference," it must be remembered, was ordained before the fall, and was in no respect a penalty. The exiled courtiers led a life without toil—a life in which they were contented with a little—and they were thus exempt from "the penalty of Adam."

<sup>b</sup> *Irks me*. This active use of the verb *irk* has become obsolete. The meaning is obvious from the adjective, which we still use—*irksomely*.

<sup>c</sup> *Forked heads*—the heads of barbed arrows.

First, for his weeping into the needless<sup>a</sup> stream;  
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much." Then being therealone,  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend;<sup>b</sup>  
"T is right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part  
The flux of company:" Anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,  
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'T is just the fashion: Wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"  
Thus most invecively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,<sup>c</sup>  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;  
I love to cope<sup>d</sup> him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them  
It cannot be: some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,  
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish<sup>e</sup> clown, at whom you  
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard  
Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant  
hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me,  
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;  
And let not search and inquisition quail<sup>f</sup>  
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.—Before Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

<sup>a</sup> *Needless*—needing not.

<sup>b</sup> *Friend*. The singular is often used for the plural in sense more abstracted, and therefore in many instances poetical.

<sup>c</sup> *Kill them up*. In the same way Shakspeare has "kill up," "stifle up," "poison up."

<sup>d</sup> *Cope*—encounter.

<sup>e</sup> *Roynish*—literally, mangy; the French *rognon*.

<sup>f</sup> *Quail*—slacken.

What! my young master!—O, my gentle  
 master,  
 et master, O you memory  
 Rowland! why, what make you here?  
 so virtuous? Why do people love you?  
 fore are you gentle, strong and valiant?  
 d you be so fond to overcome  
 miser of the humorous duke?  
 e is come too swiftly home before you.  
 not, master, to some kind of men  
 es serve them but as enemies?  
 e years; your virtues, gentle master,  
 ed and holy traitors to you.  
 world is this, when what is comely  
 him that bears it!  
 ry, what 's the matter?

O unhappy youth,  
 within these doors; within this roof  
 of all your graces lives:  
 —(no, no brother; yet the son—  
 son; I will not call him son—  
 as about to call his father)—  
 your praises; and this night he means  
 s lodging where you use to lie,  
 thin it: if he fail of that,  
 ve other means to cut you off:  
 him and his practices.  
 place,\* this house is but a butchery;  
 ar it, do not enter it.  
 y, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me  
 go?  
 No matter whither, so you come not here.  
 hat, wouldst thou have me go and beg my  
 food?

base and boisterous sword, enforce  
 living on the common road?  
 et do, or know not what to do;  
 will not do, do how I can;  
 ll subject me to the malice  
 ed blood,<sup>b</sup> and bloody brother.  
 But do not so: I have five hundred crowns  
 hire I sav'd under your father,  
 al store, to be my foster-nurse,  
 ee should in my old limbs lie lame,  
 and age in corners thrown;  
 and He that doth the ravens feed,  
 lently caters for the sparrow,  
 so my age! Here is the gold;  
 give you: Let me be your servant;  
 eek old, yet I am strong and lusty:  
 youth I never did apply  
 eddious liquors in my blood;  
 t with untashful forehead woo  
 of weakness and debility;  
 y age is as a lusty winter,  
 kindly: let me go with you;  
 service of a younger man  
 business and necessities,  
 good old man; how well in thee appears  
 at service of the antique world,  
 ee sweat for duty, not for need!  
 at for the fashion of these times,  
 e will sweat, but for promotion;  
 g that, do choke their service up  
 the having: it is not so with thee.  
 ld man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
 e so much as a blossom yield,  
 ll thy pains and husbandry:  
 by ways, we'll go along together:  
 have thy youthful wages spent,  
 t upon some settled low content.

\* *Place*—this is no abiding-place.  
 † *Wood*—affections alienated and turned out of their  
 way, as a stream of water is said to be diverted.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,  
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—  
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week:<sup>a</sup>  
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,  
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a  
 Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how merry<sup>b</sup> are my spirits!  
 Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not  
 weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's  
 apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort  
 the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show  
 itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good  
 Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no fur-  
 ther.<sup>c</sup>

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you,  
 than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,<sup>d</sup> if I did bear  
 you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.  
 Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I;  
 when I was at home I was in a better place; but trav-  
 ellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who  
 comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.  
 Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.  
 Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:  
 But if thy love were ever like to mine,  
 (As sure I think did never man love so),  
 How many actions most ridiculous  
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.  
 Sil. O, thou didst then never love so heartily:

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
 That ever love did make thee run into,  
 Thou hast not lov'd:  
 Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
 Wearing<sup>e</sup> thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
 Thou hast not lov'd:  
 Or if thou hast not broke from company  
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
 Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [Ex. SIL.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,  
 I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in  
 love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take  
 that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember  
 the kissing of her batler,<sup>f</sup> and the cow's dugs that her  
 pretty chopped hands had milked: and I remember  
 the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I  
 took two cods, and, giving her them again, said, with  
 weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that  
 are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is

<sup>a</sup> *Too late a week*—an indefinite period, but still a short  
 period; somewhat too late.

<sup>b</sup> *Merry*. Rosalind's merriment was assured as well as her  
 dress.

<sup>c</sup> The double negative was not considered a violation of  
 grammar in Shakspeare's time.

<sup>d</sup> *Cross*—a piece of money stamped with a cross.

<sup>e</sup> *Wearing*. To *weary* and to *wear* are the same, in the sense  
 of the text.

<sup>f</sup> *Batler*—the vat used in washing linen in a stream.

mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.\*

*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man,  
If he for gold will give us any food;  
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla; you clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say:—Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I prithee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed;  
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her,  
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:  
But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little recks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,  
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,  
By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,  
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but  
erewhile,

That little cares for buying anything.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:  
Go with me; if you like, upon report,  
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be,  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE V.—The same.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

#### SONG.

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn<sup>b</sup> his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs:  
More, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged;<sup>c</sup> I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me, I do desire

<sup>a</sup> Mortal in folly—extremely foolish.

<sup>b</sup> Turn—modulate. <sup>c</sup> Ragged—broken, discordant.

you to sing: Come, more; another stanza;  
em stanzas?

*Ami.* What you will, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names; be nothing: Will you sing?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please me.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man for you: but that they call compliment is like the ter of two dog-apes; and when a man th heartily, methinks I have given him a penny renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; that will not hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song.—Sir, while; the duke will drink under this tree: been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid is too disputable<sup>a</sup> for my company: I think matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and boast of them. Come, warble, come.

#### SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All sing]  
And loves to live 't the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What 's that ducdame?

*Jaq.* 'T is a Greek invocation, to call for circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, against all the first-born of Egypt.<sup>b</sup>

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke; his horse prepared. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further: for food! Here lie I down, and measure out Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer little: If this uncouth forest yield anything will either be food for it, or bring it for food. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. sake, be comfortable,<sup>c</sup> hold death awhile at end: I will here be with thee presently; and thee not something to eat I will give thee less but if thou diest before I come thou art a my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly; be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the! Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

#### SCENE VII.—The same.

A table set out. Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and others.

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a bear. For I can nowhere find him like a man.

<sup>a</sup> Disputable—disputatious.

<sup>b</sup> The first-born of Egypt—a proverbial expression for born persons.

<sup>c</sup> Be comfortable—become susceptible of comfort.

My lord, he is but even now gone hence ;  
 merry, bearing of a song.

If he, compact<sup>a</sup> of jars, grow musical,  
 we shortly discord in the spheres :—  
 m ; tell him I would speak with him.

*Enter JAQUES.*

He saves my labour by his own approach.  
 Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,  
 our friends must woo your company ?  
 look merrily.

ool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,  
 ol ; a miserable world :  
 by food, I met a fool ;  
 us down and bask'd him in the sun,  
 as lady Fortune in good terms,  
 terms,—and yet a motley fool.  
 row, fool," quoth I : " No, sir," quoth he,  
 ot fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune :"  
 e shrew a dial from his poke ;  
 g on it with lack-lustre eye,  
 risely, " It is ten o'clock :  
 y see," quoth he, " how the world wags :  
 hour ago, since it was nine ;  
 ne hour more, 't will be eleven ;  
 n hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
 rom hour to hour, we rot and rot,  
 y hangs a tale." When I did hear  
 fool thus moral on the time,  
 egan to crow like chanticleer,  
 ould be so deep-contemplative ;  
 laugh, sans intermission,  
 r his dial.—O noble fool !  
 ol ! Motley's the only wear.

What fool is this ?  
 worthy fool !—One that hath been a courtier ;  
 if ladies be but young, and fair,  
 the gift to know it : and in his brain,—  
 as dry as the remainder biscuit  
 page,—he hath strange places cramm'd  
 vation, the which he vents  
 d terms :—O, that I were a fool !  
 times for a motley coat.

Then shalt have one.  
 It is my only suit :<sup>b</sup>  
 that you weed your better judgments  
 less that grows rank in them,  
 wise. I must have liberty  
 large a charter as the wind,  
 whom I please ; for so fools have :  
 hat are must galled with my folly,  
 must laugh : And why, sir, must they so ?  
 plain as way to parish church :  
 feel doth very wisely hit  
 foolishly, although he smart,  
 am senseless of the bob :<sup>c</sup> if not,  
 an's folly is anatomiz'd  
 e spaniel ring glances of the fool.  
 e my motley ; give me leave  
 y raiment, and I will through and through  
 fool body of the infected world,  
 patiently receive my medicine.  
 lie on there ! I can tell what thou wouldst do.  
 at, for a counter, would I do but good ?  
 Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :  
 yself hast been a libertine,  
 as the Turkish sting itself :  
 embossed sores, and beaded evils,  
 with licence of free foot hast caught,  
 as discharge into the general world.  
 y, who cries out on pride,  
 green tax any private party ?

<sup>a</sup> Compact—composed—made up of.  
<sup>b</sup> Request. <sup>c</sup> Bob—tap.

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
 Till that the weary<sup>a</sup> very means do ebb ?  
 What woman in the city do I name  
 When that I say, The city-woman bears  
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?  
 Who can come in, and say that I mean her,  
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour ?  
 Or what is he of basest function,  
 That says, his bravery<sup>b</sup> is not on my cost,  
 (Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits  
 His folly to the mettle of my speech ?  
 There then ; How then ? what then ? Let me see wher'in  
 My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,  
 Then he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free,  
 Why, then my taxing<sup>c</sup> like a wild goose flies,  
 Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here ?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of ?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,  
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first ; the thorny point  
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
 Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred,  
 And know some nurture.<sup>d</sup> But, forbear, I say ;  
 He dies that touches any of this fruit  
 Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answered with reason, I  
 must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have ? Your gentleness  
 shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for fool, and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to  
 table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I pray you  
 I thought that all things had been savage here ;  
 And therefore put I on the countenance  
 Of stern commandment : But whate'er you are,  
 That in this desert inaccessible,  
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;  
 If ever you have look'd on better days ;  
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;  
 If ever sat at any good man's feast ;  
 If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,  
 And know what 't is to pity and be pitied ;  
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :  
 In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days ;  
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;  
 And sat at good men's feasts ; and wip'd our eyes  
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :  
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
 And take upon command<sup>e</sup> what help we have.  
 That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then, but forbear your food a little while,  
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
 Who after me hath many a weary step  
 Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,  
 Oppress'd with two weak evils,<sup>f</sup> age and hunger,  
 I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go, find him out,  
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye : and be bless'd for your good com-  
 fort ! [Exit]

<sup>a</sup> Weary—exhausted.

<sup>b</sup> Taxing—censure, reproach.

<sup>c</sup> Upon command—at your pleasure.

<sup>d</sup> Weak evils—causes of weakness.

<sup>e</sup> Bravery—finery.

<sup>f</sup> Nurture—education

*Duke S.* Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

*Jag.* All the world 's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players :  
They have their exits, and their entrances ;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :  
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school : and then, the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow : Then, a soldier ;  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth : and then, the justice ;  
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

*Duke S.* Welcome : Set down your venerable burthen,  
And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need ;  
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble you  
As yet, to question you about your fortunes :—  
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIRNS SINGS.

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind<sup>a</sup>  
As man's ingratitude ;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude,  
Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly !  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly !  
Then, heigh ho ! the holly !  
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot :  
Though thou the waters warp,<sup>b</sup>  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.  
Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! &c.

*Duke S.* If that you were the good sir Rowland's  
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were ;  
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke  
That lov'd your father : The residue of your fortune  
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is ;  
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exit]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be :  
But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument<sup>a</sup>  
Of my revenge, thou present : But look to it ;  
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;  
Seek him with candle ;<sup>b</sup> bring him dead or living  
Wi'hin this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,  
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands ;  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,  
Of what we think against thee.

*Oliv.* O, that your highness knew my heart in this !  
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou.—Well, push him out of  
doors ;

And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and lands ;  
Do this expediently,<sup>c</sup> and turn him going. [Exit]

SCENE II.—The Forest.

*Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :  
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey  
With thy chaste eye from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy hutchess' name, that my full life doth sway.

<sup>a</sup> Argument—subject-matter.

<sup>b</sup> Metaphorically, seek him in every corner.

<sup>c</sup> Expediently—promptly.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;  
That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.  
Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive<sup>e</sup> she.

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, my  
Touchstone ?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it  
is good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life  
it is naught. In respect that it is solitary I like it  
well ; but in respect that it is private it is a very  
life. Now, in respect it is in the fields it pleases  
well ; but in respect it is not in the court it is tedious.  
As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour ;  
but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against  
my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know, the more one  
is the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants means,  
and content, is without three good friends : the  
property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn ; the  
good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great part  
of the night is lack of the sun : That he that  
learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of  
breeding,<sup>d</sup> or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher. What  
ever in court, shepherd ?

<sup>a</sup> Unkind—unnatural.

<sup>b</sup> Warp. There was an old Saxon proverb, *Wise men warp water.*

<sup>c</sup> Unexpressive—inexpressible.

<sup>d</sup> May complain of the want of good breeding.

ily.  
 n thou art damned.  
 I hope,—  
 ly, thou art damned; like an ill-roasted  
 side.  
 t being at court? Your reason.  
 y, if thou never wast at court thou never  
 manners; \* if thou never saw'st good man-  
 ners must be wicked; and wicked-  
 ain is damnation: Thou art in a parlous<sup>b</sup>

whit, Touchstone: those that are good  
 court are as ridiculous in the country,  
 of the country is most mockable at the  
 did me, you salute not at the court, but  
 hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly,  
 re shepherds.  
 ance, briefly; come, instance.  
 we are still handling our ewes; and their  
 s are greasy.  
 y, do not your courtier's hands sweat?  
 grease of a mutton as wholesome as the  
 y Shallow, shallow: A better instance,

s, our hands are hard.  
 f signs will feel them the sooner. Shallow,  
 e sounder instance, come.  
 sey are often tarred over with the surgery  
 And would you have us kiss tar? The  
 s are perfumed with civet.  
 t shallow man! Thou worms'-meat, in  
 ad piece of flesh: Indeed! Learn of the  
 pend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar;  
 only flux of a cat. Mend the instance,

ave too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.  
 t thou art damned? God help thee,  
 God make incision in thee! thou art raw.  
 am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get  
 we no man hate, envy no man's happi-  
 er men's good, content with my harm: c  
 t of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and  
 k.  
 it is another simple sin in you; to bring  
 he rams together, and to offer to get your  
 population of cattle: to be hawd to a  
 ad to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth,  
 aged, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all rea-  
 . If thou be'st not damned for this, the  
 will have no shepherds; I cannot see else  
 list 'scape.  
 comes young master Ganymede, my new  
 er.

\* ROSALIND, reading a paper.

on the east to western Ind,  
 Jewel is like Rosalind.  
 t worth, being mounted on the wind,  
 ough all the world bears Rosalind.  
 the pictures, fairest lin'd,<sup>d</sup>  
 t but black to Rosalind.  
 her face be kept in mind,  
 the fair<sup>e</sup> of Rosalind."

I rhyme you so, eight years together; din-  
 ners, and sleeping hours excepted: it is  
 e-woman's rank to market.<sup>f</sup>  
 hol!  
 in taste:

chart do lack a hind,  
 chide seek out Rosalind.

ere used in this sense of morals.  
 films. \* Resigned to any evil.  
 eated. \* Fair—beauty.  
 probably, had in mind the pack-horse roads,  
 the must follow another in single rank.

If the cat will after kind.  
 So, be sure, will Rosalind.  
 Winted-garments must be lin'd  
 So must slender Rosalind.  
 They that reap must sheaf and bind;  
 Then to cart with Rosalind.  
 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
 Such a nut is Rosalind.  
 He that sweetest rose will find,  
 Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you  
 infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.  
 Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it  
 with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the  
 country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and  
 that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let  
 the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!  
 Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. "Why should this desert be?<sup>a</sup>  
 For it is unpeopled? No;  
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
 That shall civil sayings show.  
 Some, how brief the life of man  
 Runs his erring<sup>b</sup> pilgrimage;  
 That the stretching of a span  
 Buckles in his sum of age.  
 Some, of violated vows  
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:  
 But upon the fairest boughs,  
 Or at every sentence's end,  
 Will I Rosalinda write;  
 Teaching all that read, to know  
 The quintessence of every sprite  
 Heaven would in little<sup>c</sup> show.  
 Therefore Heaven nature charg'd  
 That one body should be fill'd  
 With all graces wide enlarg'd:  
 Nature presently distill'd  
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart;  
 Cleopatra's majesty;  
 Atalanta's better part;  
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
 Thus Rosalind of many parts  
 By heavenly synd was devis'd;  
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
 To have the touches<sup>d</sup> dearest priz'd.  
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
 And I to live and die her slave."

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily of  
 love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and  
 never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! back, friends;—Shepherd, go off a  
 little: go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable  
 retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with  
 scrip and scrippage. [Exeunt Cor. and Touch.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for  
 some of them had in them more feet than the verses  
 would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the  
 verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear  
 themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely  
 in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy  
 name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder  
 before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-  
 tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time,  
 that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

<sup>a</sup> Desert is here an adjective opposed to civil.  
<sup>b</sup> Erring—wandering. <sup>c</sup> In little—in miniature.  
<sup>d</sup> Touches—traits.



Ros. Is it a man?  
 Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?  
 Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?  
 Cel. Is it possible?  
 Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.<sup>a</sup>

Ros. Good my complexion!<sup>b</sup> dost thou think, though I am comparis'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.<sup>c</sup> I prithee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.  
 Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.  
 Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.<sup>d</sup>

Cel. I' faith, coz, 't is he.  
 Ros. Orlando?  
 Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth<sup>e</sup> first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to the tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my hart!

<sup>a</sup> There is an old proverbial phrase, *out of cry*, meaning, beyond all measure.

<sup>b</sup> A little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty, in the nature of a small oath.

<sup>c</sup> My curiosity can endure no longer. If you perplex me any farther I have a space for conjecture as wide as the South-sea.

<sup>d</sup> Speak with a serious countenance, and as a true maid.

<sup>e</sup> *Gargantua's mouth*—the mouth of the giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims in a salad.

Cel. I would sing my song without a lute, but I'll bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? who I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he?  
 Ros. 'T is he; slink by, and note him.

[CEL. and ROS. exit.]  
 Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, if I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my veins reading them ill-favour'dly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and have you sold them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right plainly from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it will out of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me, we two will rail against our mistress the world, and our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for any other virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a clown.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur Melancholy.

[Exit JAQ.—CEL. and ROS. come.]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, under that habit play the knave with him.—hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't a clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, he detects the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers persons: I'll tell you who Time trots withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day that she is solemnized: if the interim be but a sear-night, the pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

<sup>a</sup> Bring me out—put me out.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burthen save tedious penury: These Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows: for though he go softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon to die.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how the minutes creep.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in the bow of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the coney, that you see dwell where she is bred.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could have in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship well, for there he fell in love. I have heard read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy humours as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal; they were all like another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming steeper, till its fellow fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I prithee recount some of them.

*Ros.* No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest sometimes over young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on hollies; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: might me how to know a man in love; in which case of madness, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue and smoken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not: (but I pardon you for that; for, truly, your having in beard is a younger brother's excuse;) Then your hose should be ungartered, your shirt unbuttoned, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless dissipation. But you are no such man; you are rather a joint-stevie<sup>a</sup> in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe

*Ros.* Me believe it? you may as soon make her that loves believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the law which women still give the lie to their consciences. But,

<sup>a</sup> *Joint-stevie*—joint-stiver.

<sup>b</sup> *Unquestionable*—not to be questioned, not to be conversed with.

<sup>c</sup> *Having in beard*—your possession in beard; *having* is a substitution.

<sup>d</sup> *Joint-stevie*—jointly exact.

in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark-house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living<sup>a</sup> humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES at a distance, observing them.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq.* O knowledge ill-inhabited! <sup>b</sup> worse than Jove in a thatched house! [Aside.]

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

<sup>a</sup> *Living*—actual, positive.

<sup>b</sup> *Ill-inhabited*—ill-lodged.

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* A material fool! <sup>a</sup> [*Aside.*

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.<sup>b</sup>

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttiness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns? Even so: Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.<sup>c</sup> Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence<sup>d</sup> is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter Sir OLIVER MARTEXT.*

Here comes sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good master "What ye call 't:" How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you<sup>e</sup> for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray be covered.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

*Touch.* I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

[*Aside.*

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good master Oliver!

<sup>a</sup> A fool with matter in a.s.s.

<sup>b</sup> *Foul* is here used in the sense of *homely*—opposed to *fair*.

<sup>c</sup> *Rascal* is the hunter's term given to deer lean and out of season.

<sup>d</sup> Any means of defence is better than the lack of science; in proportion as something is to nothing.

<sup>e</sup> God yield you—give you recompense.

Not O sweet Oliver,  
O brave Oliver,  
Leave me not behind thee:  
But wind away,  
Begone I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt JAQ., TOUCH., &*

*Sir Oli.* 'T is no matter; ne'er a fantastic of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before a Cottage.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me, I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to order that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's: his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chesnut was only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctified touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of I know not what nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religious than the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come to-morrow, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Cel.* Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think as concave as a covered goblet,<sup>a</sup> or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright?

*Cel.* Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is stronger than the word of a tapster; they are confirmers of false reckonings: He attends his father's forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday, and had much to do with him: He asked me, of what party you were; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd at me. But what talk we of fathers, when we have such a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave words, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and does them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Where is he?

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired after the shepherd that complain'd of love; Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly played, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove;

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:

<sup>a</sup> The goblet is covered when it is empty; when drunk out of, the cover is removed.

<sup>b</sup> Question—discourse.

his sight, and you shall say  
a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

O Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:  
Do love me not; but say not so  
as: The common executioner,  
at the accustomed sight of death makes  
and,

as axe upon the humbled neck,  
as pardon; Will you sterner be  
as dies and lives by bloody drops?

ALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

ould not be thy executioner;  
or I would not injure thee.  
me, there is murder in mine eye;  
sure, and very probable,  
hat are the frailst and softest things,  
hair coward gates on atomies,  
all'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!  
town on thee with all my heart;  
as eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;  
erfist to swoon; why, now fall down;  
canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
say mine eyes are murderers.

he wound mine eye hath made in thee:  
e but with a pin, and there remains  
of it; lean upon a rush,  
te and capable \* impressure,  
some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,  
are darted at thee, hurt thee not;  
sure, there is no force in eyes  
to hurt.

O dear Phebe,  
that ever may be near)  
in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
you know the wounds invisible  
that keen arrows make.

But, till that time,  
how near me; and, when that time comes,  
with thy mocks, pity me not;  
at time, I shall not pity thee.  
d why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who  
right be your mother?

ault, exult, and all at once,  
wretched? What though you have no  
santy,

faith, I see no more in you  
at candle may go dark to bed,  
e therefore proud and pitiless?  
means this? Why do you look on me?  
e in you than in the ordinary  
saw-work:—O'd's my little life!  
means to tangle my eyes too:—  
proud mistress, hope not after it;  
as inky brows, your black silk hair,  
eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
stame my spirits to your worship.  
shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
south, puffing with wind and rain?  
leasant times a properer man,  
woman; 'T is such fools as you  
the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
e glass, but you, that flatters her;  
you she sees herself more proper  
of her lineaments can show her.

as know yourself; down on your knees,  
Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
tell you friendly in your ear,  
you can; you are not for all markets:

\* Capable—able to receive.

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So, take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;  
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with your foulness, and  
she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast  
as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her  
with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am false than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,  
'T is at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—  
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard;  
Come, sister: Shepherdess, look on him better,  
And be not proud: though all the world could see,  
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Ros., CELIA, and COR.*]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;  
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—

*Phe.* Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief  
Were both exterrin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love; Is not that neigh-  
bourly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:  
But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me  
erewhile?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,  
That the old carlot \* once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;  
'T is but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well:—  
But what care I for words? yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—  
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes  
him:

He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:  
His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well:  
There was a pretty redness in his lip;  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the differ-  
ence

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet  
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:

\* Carlot—churl or peasant.

For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;  
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me;  
I marvel why I answer'd not again:  
But that 's all one: omittance is no quittance.  
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius  
*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.  
*Phe.* I 'll write it  
The matter 's in my head, and in my heart  
I will be bitter with him, and passing short  
Go with me, Silvius.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.*

*Jaq.* I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why, then, 't is good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;<sup>a</sup> nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

*Orl.* Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*Jaq.* Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

*Ros.* Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look you lip and wear strange suits; disable<sup>b</sup> all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid bath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I 'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What 's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

<sup>a</sup> *Nice*—affected.

<sup>b</sup> *Disable*—detract from.

*Orl.* Virtue is no norm-maker; and my virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; but Rosalind of a better leer<sup>a</sup> than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now holiday humour, and like enough to consent would you say to me now, an I were your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first; as were gravelled for lack of matter, you might sion to kiss. Very good orators, when they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were tress; or I should think my honesty ran wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say—I will not.

*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The almost six thousand years old, and in all that was not any man died in his own person, nor love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed Grecian club: yet he did what he could; and he is one of the patterns of love.

He would have lived many a fair year, though he had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot night: for, good youth, he went but forth in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the drowned; and the foolish chroniclers<sup>b</sup> of that it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all have died from time to time, and worms eat them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly now I will be your Rosalind in a more convenient position; and ask me what you will, I will answer.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What say'st thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why, then, can one desire too much of a thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—Wilt you be my sister?

<sup>a</sup> *Leer*—feature.

<sup>b</sup> We must accept *chroniclers* in the sense of

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—“Will you, Orlando,”—

Cel. Go to:—“Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?”

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—“I take thee, Rosalind, to wife.”

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl you before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: to wear the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“Wit, whither wilt?”

Ros. Nay, you might keep that cheek for it, till you see your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never see her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me,—'t is but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my truth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most unconstant break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be shown out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all offenders, and let Time try: Adieu! [Exit ORL.]  
Orl. You have simply misused our sex in your love: we must have your doublet and hose plucked

\* Take the doors—the language of the midland counties for they fit the doors.

over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE II.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES and LORDS, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

#### SONG.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

1. Thy father's father wore it;

2. And thy father bore it;

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Exeunt.]

#### SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:

[Giving a letter]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess, By the stern brow, and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it, It bears an angry tenor: pardon me, I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter, And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all: She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners; She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me Were man as rare as phoenix; Od's my will! Her love is not the hare that I do hunt. Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well, This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents; Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool, And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand, A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands; She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:

\* Much Orlando—ironically, a great deal of Orlando.

*I say, she never did invent this letter—  
This is a man's invention, and his hand.*

*Sil. Sure, it is his.*

*Ros. Why, 't is a deliberate and a cruel style,  
A style for challenges; why, she defies me,  
Like Death to Christian: woman's gentle hand  
Could not drop forth such giant made invention,  
Such Rithony words, blinder in their effect  
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?*

*Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;  
Yet heard too much of Phoebe's cruelty.*

*Ros. She Phoebe me: Mark how the rhymer writes.*

*" Art thou got to shepherd's work? "  
That a snail's heart hath turn'd? "*—

*Can a woman kill time?*

*Sil. Call you this railing?*

*Ros. " Why, thy goddess laid apart,  
Wear'st thou with a woman's heart? "*

*Did you ever hear such railing?*

*" Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance " to me. "*

*Meaning me a heart—*

*" If the stars of your bright eye  
Have power to mine such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange offer  
Would they work in mild aspect?  
Whiles you did me, I did love;  
How then might your purple move?  
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me;  
And by him seal up thy mind;  
Whether that thy youth and kind  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die. "*

*Sil. Call you this chiding?*

*Col. Alas, poor shepherd!*

*Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—  
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee  
an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to  
be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love  
hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her;—  
That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she  
will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for  
her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word;  
for here comes more company.* [Exit SILVIUS.

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Ol. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know  
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands  
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?*

*Col. West of this place, down in the neighbour  
bottom,*

*The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,  
Left on your right hand,<sup>a</sup> brings you to the place:  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,  
There's none within.*

*Ol. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description;  
Such garments, and such years: " The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,  
And browner than her brother. " Are not you  
The owner of the house I did inquire for?*

*Col. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.*

*Ol. Orlando doth commend him to you both;  
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,  
He sends this bloody napkin; Are you he?*

*Ros. I am; what must we understand by this?*

*Ol. Some of my shame; if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkercher was stain'd.*

<sup>a</sup> Purlieus—mischiefs.

<sup>b</sup> Kind—kindly affections.

<sup>c</sup> Make—make up.

<sup>d</sup> Left on your right hand—being, as you pass, left.

*Col.*

*I pray you, tell it.*

*Ol. When last the young Orlando parted his  
you,*

*He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,  
And mark, what object did present itself!  
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with  
age,*

*And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,  
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
And with indented glides did slip away  
Into a bush: under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with cubs all drawn dry,  
Lay crouching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is  
The royal disposition of that beast,  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead;  
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.*

*Col. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother  
And he did render " him the most unnatural  
That liv'd 'mongst men.*

*Ol. And well he might so do,  
For well I know he was unnatural.*

*Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?*

*Ol. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd to:  
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,<sup>b</sup>  
Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling  
From miserable slumber I awak'd.*

*Col. Are you his brother?*

*Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?*

*Col. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill  
him?*

*Ol. 'T was I; but 't is not I: I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.*

*Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—*

*Ol. By and by.*

*When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
As, how I came into that desert place;—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he fain'd,  
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind  
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,  
Dyed in this blood, unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.*

*Col. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede!*

*Ol. Many will swoon when they do look at  
blood.* [ROSALIND faints.]

*Col. There is more in it;—Cousin—Ganymede!*

<sup>e</sup> Render—represent.

<sup>f</sup> Just occasion—such reasonable ground as might be amply justified, or given just occasion for, abandoning him.

ask, he recovers.

I would I were at home.  
 We'll lead you thither:—  
 Will you take him by the arm?  
 He of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—  
 A man's heart.  
 I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirra, a body would  
 as was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your  
 or well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!  
 This was not counterfeited; there is too great ten-  
 your complexion, that it was a passion of

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.  
 Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit  
 to be a man.  
 Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a  
 woman by right.  
 Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you,  
 draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.  
 Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back  
 How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.  
 Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you,  
 commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?  
 [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

We shall find a time, Audrey; patience,  
 Audrey.  
 Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the  
 eman's saying.  
 A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most  
 text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in  
 lays claim to you.  
 Ay, I know who 't is; he hath no interest in  
 the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

It is meat and drink to me to see a clown:  
 troth, we that have good wits have much to  
 or; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.  
 Good even, Audrey.  
 God ye good even, William.  
 And good even to you, sir.  
 Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head,  
 y head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old  
 friend?  
 Five-and-twenty, sir.  
 A ripe age: Is thy name William?  
 William, sir.  
 A fair name: Was't born i' the forest here?  
 Ay, sir, I thank God.  
 Thank God!—a good answer: Art rich?  
 Faith, sir, so so.  
 So so is good, very good, very excellent  
 and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou

Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.  
 Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember  
 y; "The fool doth think he is wise, but the  
 as knows himself to be a fool." The heathen  
 der, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would  
 lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning  
 that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open.  
 kers this maid?  
 I do, sir.  
 Give me your hand: Art thou learned?  
 No, sir.  
 Then learn this of me; To have, is to have:  
 a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured  
 con into a glass, by filling the one doth empty  
 it. For all your writers do consent,<sup>a</sup> that *ipse* is  
 as you are not *ipse*, for I am he.  
 Which he, sir?  
 He, sir, that must marry this woman: There-  
 as, clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave,  
 sey, which in the boorish is, company, of this  
 which in the common is, woman, which toge-  
 abandon the society of this female; or, clown,

<sup>a</sup> *Conveni—concur.*

thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest:  
 or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life  
 into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in  
 poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will  
 bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with  
 policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways;  
 therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[Exit.]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come,  
 away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I  
 attend.  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Ori. Is 't possible, that on so little acquaintance you  
 should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her?  
 and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and  
 will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the  
 poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden  
 wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me,  
 I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; con-  
 sent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall  
 be to your good; for my father's house, and all the  
 revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate<sup>a</sup> upon  
 you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ori. You have my consent. Let your wedding be  
 to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his  
 contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for,  
 look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see  
 thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Ori. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with  
 the claws of a lion.

Ori. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited  
 to sound,<sup>b</sup> when he showed me your handkercher?

Ori. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 't is true:  
 there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two  
 rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw,  
 and overcame:" For your brother and my sister no  
 sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they  
 loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner  
 sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no

<sup>a</sup> *Estates—settle.*

<sup>b</sup> *Sound—swoon.*



sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy : and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,\* or else be incontinent before marriage : they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together ; clubs cannot part them.

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow ; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes ! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you no longer than with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit : I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are ; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things : I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her : I know into what straits of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings ?

*Ros.* By my life I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician : Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not if I have : it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you : You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ; Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;— And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service ;— And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;  
All adoration, duty and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance ;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

[To ROS.]

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

[To PHE.]

Why is he so, why blame you me to love you ?  
do you speak to, " why blame you me to love you ?"

\* Incontinent—immediately

*Orl.* To her, that is not here, nor doth not need

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this ; 't is like the  
ing of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help  
[to SILVIUS] if I can :—I would love you, [to P  
if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—  
marry you, [to PHEBE] if ever I marry woman  
I 'll be married to-morrow :—I will satisfy yo  
ORLANDO] if ever I satisfied man, and you sh  
married to-morrow :—I will content you, [to Su  
if what pleases you contents you, and you shall b  
ried to-morrow.—As you [to ORLANDO] love Ros  
meet ;—as you [to SILVIUS] love Phebe, meet ;  
I love no woman, I 'll meet.—So, fare you well ;  
left you commands.

*Sil.* I 'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I. [E

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audre  
morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart : and I  
is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman  
world.\* Here comes two of the banished duke's

*Enter two Pages.*

*1 Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met : Come, sit, sit  
a song.

*2 Page.* We are for you : sit i' the middle.

*1 Page.* Shall we clap into 't roundly, w  
hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse ;  
are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

*2 Page.* I' faith, i' faith ; and both in a tune  
two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time, &c.

III.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time, &c.

IV.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring time, &c.

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there  
no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was ver  
tuneable.

*1 Page.* You are deceived, sir ; we kept time,  
not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes ; I count it but tim  
to hear such a foolish song. God be with you ; and  
mend your voices ! Come, Audrey. [E

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,  
OLIVER, and CELIA.*

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the  
Can do all this that he hath promised ?

\* To be married.

sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; at fear,—they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—

[I bring in your Rosalind, [To the DUKE. Bestow her on Orlando here?]

That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

[To ORLANDO. At would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

And you say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

[To PHEBE. What will I, should I die the hour after.

But, if you do refuse to marry me, I'll bestow myself to this most faithful shepherd.

And you say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

[To SILVIUS. Enough to have her and death were both one thing.

I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—

Your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;—

Your word, to wed this shepherd:—

Your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, and me:—and from hence I go, and these doubts all even. [Ex. ROS. and CELIA.

I do remember in this shepherd-boy touches of my daughter's favour.

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, he was a brother to your daughter:

My lord, this boy is forest-born;

My lord, I have seen tutor'd in the rudiments of desperate studies by his uncle, reports to be a great magician, and to be the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

There is, sure, another flood toward, and these coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of beasts, which in all tongues are called

salutation and greeting to you all!

My lord, bid him welcome. This is the best gentleman that I have so often met in the forest; he hath been a courtier, he swears.

If any man doubt that, let him put me to the proof. I have trod a measure; I have flattered; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with my enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have married, and like to have fought one.

How was that ta'en up?\*

Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was the seventh cause?—

Good my lord, like this I like him very well.

God bid you, sir; I desire you of the like.

Here, sir, amongst the rest of the country, to swear, and to forswear; according as the wind, and blood breaks: A poor virgin, sir, red thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich she like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as in your fool oyster.

By my faith, he is very swift and sensible.

According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such such.

\* Ta'en up—made up.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming,\* Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the "Retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the "Quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled<sup>b</sup> my judgment: This is called the "Reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the "Reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the "Countercheck quarrelsome:" and so to the "Lie circumstantial," and the "Lie direct."

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the "Lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "Lie direct;" and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.<sup>c</sup>  
Good duke, receive thy daughter,  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither;  
That thou mightst join her hand with his,  
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To DUKE S. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [To ORLANDO.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why, then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:— [To DUKE S.

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [To ORL.

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [To PHEBE.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:  
'T is I must make conclusion  
Of these most strange events:  
Here 's eight that must take hands,  
To join in Hymen's bands,  
If truth holds true contents.

\* Seeming—seemly.

<sup>b</sup> Disabled—impeached.

<sup>c</sup> Atone together—unite.

You and you no cross shall part :

[To ORL. and Ros.]

You and you are heart in heart :

[To OLI. and CRI.]

You [to PHE.] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord :—

You and you are sure together,

[To TOUCH. and AUD.]

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning ;<sup>a</sup>

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown ;  
O blessed bond of board and bed !  
'T is Hymen peoples every town,  
High wedlock then be honoured :  
Honour, high honour and renown,  
To Hymen, god of every town !

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me ;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word ; now thou art mine,  
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [To SIL.]

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two ;  
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly :  
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd<sup>b</sup> a mighty power ; which were on foot,  
In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here, and put him to the sword :  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;  
Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprise, and from the world :  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restor'd to them again  
That were with him exil'd : This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :  
To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun, and well begot :  
And after, every of this happy number,  
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,

<sup>a</sup> Questioning—discoursing.    <sup>b</sup> Address'd—prepared.

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,

And fall into our rustic revelry :—

Play, music ;—and you brides and bridegroom

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measure

Jaq. Sir, by your patience ; If I heard you

The duke hath put on a religious life,

And thrown into neglect the pompous court

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convert

There is much matter to be heard and learn

You to your former honour I bequeath ; [

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve

You [to ORLANDO] to a love that your true

merit :—

You [to OLIVER] to your land, and love, as

lies :—

You [to SILVIUS] to a long and well-deserv'd

And you [to TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling ;

ing voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd :—So to you

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I :—what you would

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin

And we do trust they'll end in true delight

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady first  
but it is no more unhandsome, than to see  
prologue. If it be true, that "good wine  
bush," 't is true, that a good play needs  
Yet to good wine they do use good bushes  
plays prove the better for the help of good  
What a case am I in then, that am neither  
logue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the  
good play ! I am not furnished like a beggar  
to beg will not become me : my way is  
you ; and I'll begin with the women. I  
O women, for the love you bear to men, to  
of this play as please you : and I charge you  
for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive  
simpering, none of you hates them,) that  
and the women, the play may please  
woman, I would kiss as many of you as  
that pleased me, complexions that liked me  
that I defied not : and, I am sure, as many  
good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths,  
kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

F. W. QUARTLEY SCULPT.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The original edition is divided into acts and scenes. It also gives the enumeration of characters as we have printed them, such a list of "the names of the actors" being rarely presented in the early copies. It has been recently ascertained that 'Measure for Measure' was presented at Court by the King's players (the company to which Shakspeare belonged) in 1601.

The general outline of the story upon which 'Measure for Measure' is founded is presented to us in such different forms, and with reference to such distinct times and persons, that, whether historically true or not, we can have no doubt of its universal interest. It is told of an officer of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; of Oliver *le Diable*, the wicked favourite of Louis XI.; of Colonel Kirke, in our own country; of a captain of the Duke of Ferrara. In all these cases an unhappy woman sacrifices her own honour for the promised safety of one she loves; and in all, with the exception of the case of Colonel Kirke, the abuser of authority is punished with death. Whatever interest may attach to the narrative of such an event, it is manifest that the dramatic conduct of such a story is full of difficulty, especially in a scrupulous age. But the public opinion, which, in this particular, would operate upon a dramatist in our own day, would not affect a writer for the stage in the times of Elizabeth and James; and, in point of fact, plots far more offensive became the subject of very popular dramas long after the times of Shakspeare. It appears to us that, adopting such a subject in its general bearings, he has managed it with uncommon adroitness by his deviations from the accustomed story. By introducing a contrivance by which the heroine is not sacrificed, he preserves our respect for her, which would be involuntarily lost if she fell, even though against her own will; and by this management he is also enabled to spare the great offender without an unbearable violation of our sense of justice.

The leading idea of the character of Isabella is that of one who abides the direst temptation which can be presented to a youthful, innocent, unsuspecting, and affectionate woman—the temptation of saving the life of one most dear, by submitting to a shame which the sophistry of self-love might represent as scarcely criminal. All other writers who have treated the subject have conceived that the temptation could not be resisted. Shakspeare alone has confidence enough in female virtue to make Isabella never for a moment even doubt of her proper course. But he has based this virtue, most un-

questionably, upon the very highest principle upon which any virtue can be built. The foundation of Isabella's character is religion. The character of Angelo is the antagonist to that of Isabella. In a city of licentiousness he is

"A man of stricture and firm abstinence."

He is

"Precise;

Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses  
That his blood flows."

He is one who

"Doth rebate and blunt his natural edge  
With profits of the mind, study and fast."

But he wanted the one sustaining principle by which Isabella was upheld. After Shakspeare had conceived the character of Isabella, and in that conception had made it certain that her virtue must pass unscathed through the fire, he had to contrive a series of incidents by which the catastrophe should proceed onward through all the stages of Angelo's guilt of intention, and terminate in his final exposure. Mr. Hallam says, "There is great skill in the invention of Mariana, and without this the story could not have anything like a satisfactory termination." But there is great skill also in the management of the incident in the Duke's hands, as well as in the invention; and this is produced by the wonderful propriety with which the character of the Duke is drawn. He is described by Hazlitt as a very imposing and mysterious stage character, absorbed in his own plots and gravity. This is said depreciatingly. But it is precisely this sort of character that Shakspeare meant to put in action.

And here, then, as it appears to us, we have a key to the purpose of the poet in the introduction of what constitutes the most unpleasant portion of this play,—the exhibition of a very gross general profligacy. There is an atmosphere of impurity hanging like a dense fog over the city of the poet. The philosophical ruler, the saintly votaress, and the sanctimonious deputy, appear to belong to another region to that in which they move. This, possibly, was not necessary for the higher dramatic effects of the comedy; but it was necessary for those lessons of political philosophy which we think Shakspeare here meant to inculcate, and which he appears to us on many occasions to have kept in view in his later plays. In this play he manifests, as we apprehend, his philosophical view of a corrupt state of manners fostered by weak government: but the subject is scarcely dramatic, and it struggles with his own proper passions.



# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**VINCENIO, the Duke.**  
*Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.*

**ANGELO, the deputy [in the Duke's absence].**  
*Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.*

**ALONSO, an ancient lord [joined with Angelo in the deputation].**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.*

**CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.*

**LUCIO, a fantastic.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.*

**Two other like Gentlemen.**  
*Appear, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**PROVOST.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.*

**THOMAS, a friar.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 4.*

**PETER, a friar.**  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.*

**A Justice.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1.*

**ELBOW, a simple constable.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.*

**FROTH, a foolish gentleman.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1.*

**Clown.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**ABHORSON, an executioner.**  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.**  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.*

**ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.*

**MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.**  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.*

**JULIET, beloved of Claudio.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.*

**FRANCISCA, a nun.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 5.*

**MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.*

*Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.*

## SCENE,—VIENNA.

## ACT I.

**SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.**

*Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Enter Escalus,—*

*My lord.*

*Of government the properties to unfold, I seem in me to affect speech and discourse; I am not to know,\* that your own science is, in that, the lists<sup>b</sup> of all advice which can give you: Then, no more remains: sit, to your sufficiency as your worth, is able; let them work.<sup>c</sup> The nature of our people, thy's institutions, and the terms<sup>d</sup> of common justice, you are as pregnant in, and practice hath enriched any of us to remember: There is our commission, which we would not have you warp.—Call hither, bid come before us Angelo.—[Exit an Attendant.] Figure of us think you he will bear? We must know, we have with special soul bid him our absence to supply; bid him our terror, dress'd him with our love; from his deputation all the organs of our own power: What think you of it?*

*As to know—equivalent to I cannot avoid knowing.*

*As to unfold.*  
 \*Remember at the onset one of the obscure passages for this play is remarkable. We believe it may be read thus, it much difficulty: Then, no more remains: (to say on mind) Not that, (your science) to your sufficiency, (joined with authority) as your worth (as well as your virtue) is able; (to the duty) and let them work (call them into action).  
<sup>b</sup>Lists. Blackstone explains this to mean the technical acts of the courts.

*Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth To undergo such ample grace and honour, It is lord Angelo.*

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Duke. Look, where he comes. Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will, I come to know your pleasure.*

*Duke. Angelo, There is a kind of character<sup>a</sup> in thy life, That, to the observer, doth thy history Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings Are not thine own so proper, as to waste Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee. Heaven doth with us as we with torches do; Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends The smallest scruple of her excellence, But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines Herself the glory of a creditor, Both thanks and use.<sup>b</sup> But I do bend my speech To one that can my part in him advertise;<sup>c</sup> Hold,<sup>d</sup> therefore, Angelo:*

<sup>a</sup>Character has here the original meaning of something engraved or inscribed; *thy life* is thy habits.

<sup>b</sup>Use—interest of money.

<sup>c</sup>My part in him is, my part deputed to him, which he can advertise—direct his attention to—without my speech.

<sup>d</sup>Hold. The word *hold* is, we believe, addressed to Angelo; and used technically in the sense of *to have and to hold*. Hold therefore, our power, Angelo.

In our remove, be thou at full yourself:  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,  
Though first in question, is thy secondary:  
Take thy commission.

*Ang.* Now, good my lord,  
Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
Before so noble and so great a figure  
Be stamp'd upon it.

*Duke.* No more evasion:  
We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice  
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.  
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,  
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd  
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,  
As time and our concernings shall importune,  
How it goes with us; and do look to know  
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:  
To the hopeful execution do I leave you  
Of your commissions.

*Ang.* Yet, give leave, my lord,  
That we may bring you something on the way.

*Duke.* My haste may not admit it;  
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do  
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own:  
So to enforce or qualify the laws  
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;  
I'll privily away: I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement:  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

*Ang.* The Heavens give safety to your purposes!

*Escal.* Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

*Duke.* I thank you: Fare you well. *[Exit.]*

*Escal.* I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me  
To look into the bottom of my place:  
A power I have; but of what strength and nature  
I am not yet instructed.

*Ang.* 'T is so with me:—Let us withdraw together,  
And we may soon our satisfaction have  
Touching that point.

*Escal.* I'll wait upon your honour. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to  
composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all  
the dukes fall upon the king.

*1 Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king  
of Hungary's!

*2 Gent.* Amen.

*Lucio.* Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pi-  
rate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but  
scraped one out of the table.

*2 Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

*Lucio.* Ay, that he razed.

*1 Gent.* Why, 't was a commandment to command  
the captain and all the rest from their functions; they  
put forth to steal: There 's not a soldier of us all, that,  
in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition  
well that prays for peace.

*2 Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*Lucio.* I believe thee; for I think thou never wast  
where grace was said.

*2 Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

*1 Gent.* What? in metre?

*Lucio.* In any proportion, or in any language.

*1 Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*2o.* Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all

controversy: As for example: Thou thyself art  
villain, despite of all grace.

*1 Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears  
on.

*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the  
the velvet: Thou art the list.

*1 Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good  
thou 'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee:  
Lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled  
art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak  
now?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, 's  
painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of 't  
confession, learn to begin thy health; but whi  
forget to drink after thee.

*1 Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong  
not?

*2 Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether  
tainted or free.

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where madam M  
comes! I have purchased as many diseases  
roof as come to—

*2 Gent.* To what, I pray?

*Lucio.* Judge.

*2 Gent.* To three thousand dollars\* a-year.

*1 Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

*1 Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in  
thou art full of error; I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy  
sound as things that are hollow: thy bones an  
impiety has made a feast of thee.

*Enter Bawd.*

*1 Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has  
profound sciatica?

*Bawd.* Well, well; there 's one yonder arm  
carried to prison, was worth five thousand of y

*1 Gent.* Who 's that, I pray thee?

*Bawd.* Marry, sir, that 's Claudio, signior C

*1 Gent.* Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

*Bawd.* Nay, but I know 't is so: I saw him  
saw him carried away; and, which is more, wi  
three days his head 's to be chopped off.

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would n  
so: Art thou sure of this?

*Bawd.* I am too sure of it; and it is for ge  
dam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be: he promises  
me two hours since; and he was ever precise in  
keeping.

*2 Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws someth  
to the speech we had to such a purpose.

*1 Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the p  
tion.

*Lucio.* Away; Let 's go learn the truth of i

*[Exeunt Lucio and Ge]*

*Bawd.* Thus, what with the war, what with th  
what with the gallows, and what with pove  
custom-shrunk. How now? what 's the news?

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

*Bawd.* Well; what has he done?

*Clo.* A woman.

*Bawd.* But what 's his offence?

*Clo.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

*Bawd.* What, is there a maid with child?

*Clo.* No; but there 's a woman with maid.  
You have not heard of the proclamation, have?

*Bawd.* What proclamation, man?

*Clo.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna  
plucked down.

\* Dollars—a quibble upon dollars.

And what shall become of those in the city? They shall stand for seed: they had gone down but a wise burgher put in for them.

But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

To the ground, mistress.

Why, here's a change, indeed, in the countenance! What shall become of me?

Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no though you change your place, you need not our trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; I'll be pity taken on you: you that have worn almost out in the service, you will be con-

What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's

Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost; and there's madam Juliet. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers; LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

To prison, where I am committed.

Do it not in evil disposition,

Lead Angelo by special charge.

Thus can the demi-god, Authority,

Pay down for our offence by weight,<sup>a</sup>—

Of Heaven—on whom it will, it will;

It will not, so; yet still 't is just.

Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

It is the father of much fast,

Scope, by the immoderate use,

Restraint: Our natures do pursue

That ravish<sup>b</sup> down their proper bane<sup>c</sup>

Evil, and when we drink we die.

If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I

Should for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say

I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as

Liberty of imprisonment.—What's thy offence,

What but to speak of would offend again.

What! is't murder?

No.

Lechery?

Call it so.

Away, sir; you must go.

One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.

[Takes him aside.

A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—

So look'd after?

Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true con-

tract,

Seizure of Julietta's bed;

Of the lady; she is fast my wife,

And we do the denunciation lack

Of order: this we came not to,

Propagation of a dowry

Of in the coffer of her friends;

And we thought it meet to hide our love,

Which had made them for us. But it chanced,

That of our most mutual entertainment,

Whose character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

With child, perhaps?

Unhappily, even so.

Send deputy now for the duke,—

That it be the fault and glimpse of newness;

Or that the body public be

Shewn by weight is to pay the full price or penalty.

<sup>a</sup> *Rasas*—devour greedily.

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,  
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in:—But this new governor

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the

wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

Freshly on me:—'t is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service;

This day my sister should the cloister enter,

And there receive her approbation;<sup>a</sup>

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;

I have great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone<sup>b</sup> and speechless dialect,

Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Monastery.*

Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose

More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends

Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you

How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;

And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,

Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.<sup>c</sup>

I have deliver'd to lord Angelo

(A man of stricture<sup>d</sup> and firm abstinence)

My absolute power and place here in Vienna,

And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;

For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,

And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,

You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,

(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,<sup>e</sup>)

Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;<sup>f</sup>

Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,

That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers

Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight,

For terror, not to use, in time the rod

<sup>a</sup> *Approbation*—probation.

<sup>b</sup> *Prone*. It appears to us that the word is here used in the sense of *humble*.

<sup>c</sup> *Keeps*—dwells.

<sup>d</sup> *Stricture*—strictness.

<sup>e</sup> *Slip*. The Duke compares himself with the animal "who goes not out to prey." He has let the laws slip.



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## ACT II.

*L.—A Hall in Angelo's House.*

*ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost,\* Officers, and other Attendants.*

Must not make a scarecrow of the law,  
Fear<sup>b</sup> the birds of prey,  
One shape, till custom make it  
And not their terror.

Ay, but yet  
And rather cut a little,  
Bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,  
I save, had a most noble father.  
I honour know,

And to be most straight in virtue,  
Seeking of your own affections,  
I'd with place, or place with wishing,  
I hate acting of our blood<sup>d</sup>  
And sin'd the effect of your own purpose,  
And not sometime in your life  
Sent which now you censure him,<sup>e</sup>  
Law upon you.

One thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
To fall. I not deny,  
Lying on the prisoner's life,  
Orn twelve, have a thief or two  
Whom they try: What's open made to  
You,

What know the laws,  
That pass on<sup>f</sup> thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,  
We find we stoop and take it,  
But what we do not see  
And never think of it.  
To extenuate his offence,  
And such faults; but rather tell me  
To ensure him, do so offend,  
Judgment pattern out my death,  
Come in partial. Sir, he must die.  
As your wisdom will.

Where is the provost?  
If it like your honour.

See that Claudio  
Be nine to-morrow morning:  
Confessor, let him be prepar'd;  
Atmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Prov.*]  
Heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!  
In, and some by virtue fall:  
Breaks of ice, and answer none;  
Punished for a fault alone.

Now, *FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.*

Bring them away: if these be good  
Humane that do nothing but use their  
Man houses, I know no law; bring them  
Away, sir! What's your name? and what's

your name? and what's your name?

My name is Elbow; I do lean upon  
Your name is Elbow; I do lean upon  
Your name is Elbow; I do lean upon  
Your name is Elbow; I do lean upon

My name is Elbow; I do lean upon  
Your name is Elbow; I do lean upon

My name is Elbow; I do lean upon  
Your name is Elbow; I do lean upon

My name is Elbow; I do lean upon  
Your name is Elbow; I do lean upon

My name is Elbow; I do lean upon  
Your name is Elbow; I do lean upon

My name is Elbow; I do lean upon  
Your name is Elbow; I do lean upon

they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure  
of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good  
Christians ought to have.

*Escal.* This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

*Ang.* Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is  
your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

*Clo.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

*Ang.* What are you, sir?

*Elb.* He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that  
serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say,  
plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a  
hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

*Escal.* How know you that?

*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and  
your honour,—

*Escal.* How! thy wife?

*Elb.* Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest  
woman,—

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as  
she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity  
of her life, for it is a naughty house.

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a  
woman cardinally given, might have been accused in  
fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means?

*Elb.* Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as  
she spit in his face, so she defied him.

*Clo.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honour-  
able man, prove it.

*Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To Ang.*]

*Clo.* Sir, she came in great with child; and longing  
(saving your honour's reverence) for stewed prunes: sir,  
we had but two in the house, which at that very distant  
time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some  
three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they  
are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

*Escal.* Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein  
in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress  
Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great  
bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having  
but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this  
very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I  
say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know,  
master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Clo.* Very well: you being then, if you be remem-  
bered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

*Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed.

*Clo.* Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be  
remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past  
cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good  
diet, as I told you.

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Clo.* Why, very well then.

*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.  
—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause  
to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

*Clo.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Clo.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's  
leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here,  
sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; whose father died  
at Hallowmas:—Was 't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

*Froth.* All-hallownd eve.

*Clo.* Why, very well; I hope here be trutis: He,

*is here a kind of sheriff—a keeper of prisoners.*  
*affright.*  
*erth is here used actively. We still say to fall*  
*ably Shallopere had this image in his mind.*  
*by mean, one nature—the nature of man.*  
*herstand for after censure him.*  
*demn, adjulluste. † For—because.*

sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'t was in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

*Froth.* I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

*Clo.* Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the bearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

*Escal.* I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit ANGELO.*]

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

*Clo.* Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Clo.* I beseech your honour, ask me.

*Escal.* Well, sir: What did this gentleman to her?

*Clo.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Clo.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Clo.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Clo.* I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

*Escal.* He's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

*Elb.* First, as it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Clo.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that she was ever respected, with man, woman, or child.

*Clo.* Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?—Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is 't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

*Escal.* Where were you born, friend? [To *FROTH.*]

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

*Froth.* Yes, an 't please you, sir.

*Elb.* So.—What trade are you of, sir? [To the *Clo.*]

A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Your mistress's name?

Mistress Overdone.

Hath she had any more than one husband?

Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

*Escal.* Nine!—Come hither to me, ma Master Froth, I would not have you acquit tapsters: they will draw you, master Froth will hang them: Get you gone, and let us be more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship: For mine I never come into any room in a taphouse, drawn in.

*Escal.* Well; no more of it, master Froth [Exit *FROTH.*].—Come you hither to me, master; what's your name, master tapster?

*Clo.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else?

*Clo.* Bum, sir.

*Escal.* 'Troth, and your bum is the great about you; so that, in the beastliest sense Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be for you.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that w

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? hawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? it a lawful trade?

*Clo.* If the law would allow it, sir.

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

*Clo.* Does your worship mean to geld and the youth of the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they then: If your worship will take order for the the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning you: It is but heading and hanging.

*Clo.* If you head and hang all that offend but for ten year together, you'll be glad to commission for more heads. If this law hold ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it a pence a bay: If you live to see this come to Pompey told you so.

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey: and, in your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me see you before me again upon any complaint; no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, shall beat you to your tent, and prove a sin to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall whipped: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Clo.* I thank your worship for your good but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his horse. The valiant heart's not whipped out of his breast.

*Escal.* Come hither to me, master Elbow, hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the had continued in it some time: You say, seven year together?

*Elb.* And a half, sir.

*Escal.* Alas! it hath been great pains to you do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: Are there men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such a ward as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me, I do it for some piece of money, and go through.

*Escal.* Look you bring me in the names of the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

*Escal.* To my house: Fare you well. [Exit *ELBOW.*]

What's o'clock, think you?

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

I humbly thank you.  
It grieves me for the death of Claudio;  
There's no remedy.  
Lord Angelo is severe.  
It is but needful:  
Not itself, that oft looks so;  
Is still the nurse of second woe:  
—Poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Provost and a Servant.*

He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight  
To him of you.  
Pray you do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know  
The sure; may be, he will relent: Alas,  
But as offended in a dream!  
As all ages, smack of this vice; and he  
For't—

*Enter ANGELO.*

Now, what's the matter, provost?  
Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?  
Did not I tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order'd  
That thou ask again?

Lest I might be too rash:  
Your good correction, I have seen,  
After execution, judgment hath  
D'o'er his doom.

Go to; let that be mine:  
Your office, or give up your place,  
I shall well be spar'd.

I crave your honour's pardon.—  
All be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?  
Try near her hour.

Dispose of her  
In more fitter place; and that with speed.

*Re-enter Servant.*

Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,  
Access to you.

Hath he a sister?  
Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,  
As shortly of a sisterhood,  
Ready.

Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]  
The fornicatress be remov'd;  
Have needful, but not lavish, means;  
All be order for it.

*Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.*

Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*]  
Stay a little while.—[*To ISAB.*] You are  
Welcome: What's your will?  
I am a woeful suitor to your honour,  
And your honour hear me.

Well; what's your suit?  
There is a vice that most I do abhor,  
Whose desire should meet the blow of justice;  
Which I would not plead, but that I must;  
Which I must not plead, but that I am  
Twixt will, and will not.

Well; the matter?  
I have a brother is condemn'd to die:  
Each you, let it be his fault,  
Not my brother.

Heaven give thee these moving graces!  
Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?  
Every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:  
Not the very cipher of a function,  
Whose faults, whose fine stands in record,  
Go by the actor.

\* To *fine* is to sentence—to bring to an end.

*Isab.* O just, but severe law!  
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!  
[*Retiring.*]  
*Lucio.* [*To ISAB.*] Give't not o'er so: to him again,  
Entreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;  
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,  
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:  
To him, I say.

*Isab.* Must he needs die?  
*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.  
*Isab.* Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,  
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.  
*Ang.* I will not do't.  
*Isab.* But can you, if you would?  
*Ang.* Look, what I will not that I cannot do.  
*Isab.* But might you do't, and do the world no  
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse  
As mine is to him?

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd; 't is too late.  
*Lucio.* You are too cold. [*To ISAB.*]

*Isab.* Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,  
May call it back again: Well believe this,<sup>a</sup>  
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,  
You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,  
Would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you, begone.  
*Isab.* I would to Heaven I had your potency,  
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?  
No; I would tell what't were to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

*Lucio.* Ay, touch him; there's the vein. [*Aside.*]  
*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas! alas!  
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;  
And He that might the vantage best have took  
Found out the remedy: How would you be,  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made.<sup>b</sup>

*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid;  
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:  
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

*Isab.* To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him,  
Spare him:

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens  
We kill the fowl of season;<sup>c</sup> shall we serve Heaven  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:  
Who is it that hath died for this offence?  
There's many have committed it.

*Lucio.* Ay, well said.  
*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though it hath  
slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,  
If the first that did the edict infringe  
Had answer'd for his deed; now, 't is awake;  
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils  
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,

<sup>a</sup> Well believe this—be well assured of this.

<sup>b</sup> This has, we think, reference to the fine allusion to the redemption which has gone before: Think on that, and you will then be as merciful as a man regenerate.

<sup>c</sup> The fowl of season—when in season.

And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)  
Are now to have no successive degrees,  
But where they live, to end.

*Isab.* Yet show some pity.

*Ang.* I show it most of all, when I show justice;  
For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;  
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;  
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

*Isab.* So you must be the first that gives this sentence;  
And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* That 's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,  
For every pelting, petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder.  
Merciful Heaven!  
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,  
Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man!  
Dress'd in a little brief authority;  
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,  
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.\*

*Lucio.* O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent,  
He 's coming, I perceive 't.

*Prov.* Pray Heaven, she win him!

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:  
Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them;  
But, in the less, foul profanation.

*Lucio.* Thou 'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

*Isab.* That in the captain 's but a choleric word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Lucio.* Art avis'd o' that? more on 't.

*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;  
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know  
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess  
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

*Ang.* She speaks, and 't is  
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well.

*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

*Isab.* Hark, how I 'll bribe you: Good my lord,  
turn back.

*Ang.* How! bribe me?

*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall share  
with you.

*Lucio.* You had marr'd all else.

*Isab.* Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,  
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor  
As fancy values them; but with true prayers  
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,  
Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,  
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

*Ang.* Well: come to me to-morrow.

*Lucio.* Go to: 't is well; away. [*Aside to ISABEL.*]

*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe!

*Ang.* Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*]  
Where prayers cross.

*Isab.* At what hour to-morrow

\* We understand this passage,—as they are angels, they sleep  
at folly: if they had our spleens, they would laugh, as mortals.

Shall I attend your lordship?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore

*Isab.* Save your honour!

[*Exeunt LUCIO, ISAB., &c.*]

*Ang.* From thee; even from thy vi-

What 's this? what 's this? Is this her fault,

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? I

Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,

That, lying by the violet, in the sun,

Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,

That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste

enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully, for those things

That make her good? O, let her brother live:

Thieves for their robbery have authority,

When judges steal themselves. What? do I lo

That I desire to bear her speak again,

And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,

With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous

Is that temptation, that doth goad us on

To sin in loving virtue: never could the strump

With all her double vigour, art, and nature,

Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid

Subdues me quite:—Ever till now,

When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how

### SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

*Enter DUKE, habited like a Friar, and Provost.*

*Duke.* Hail to you, provost! so I think you

*Prov.* I am the provost: What 's your will

frail?

*Duke.* Bound by my charity, and my bless'd  
I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison: do me the common right

To let me see them; and to make me know

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister

To them accordingly.

*Prov.* I would do more than that if more were

*Enter JULIET.*

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,

Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,

Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;

And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man

More fit to do another such offence,

Than die for this.

*Duke.* When must he die?

*Prov.* As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you; stay a while,

And you shall be conducted. [*To*]

*Duke.* Repent you, fair one, of the sin you c

*Juliet.* I do; and bear the shame most patie

*Duke.* I 'll teach you how you shall arrai

conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,

Or hollowly put on.

*Juliet.* I 'll gladly learn.

*Duke.* Love you the man that wrong'd you?

*Juliet.* Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd

*Duke.* So then, it seems, your most offence

Was mutually committed?

*Juliet.* Mutually.

*Duke.* Then was your sin of heavier kind than

*Juliet.* I do confess it, and repent it, father.

*Duke.* 'T is meet so, daughter: but lest you do

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not I

we would not spare Heaven, as we love it,  
stand in fear,—

I do repent me, as it is an evil;  
the shame with joy.

There rest.

ner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,

going with instruction to him.—

with you! *Benedicite!*

[*Exit.*]

Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,  
ites me a life, whose very comfort  
dying horror!

'T is pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

*Enter ANGELO.*

When I would pray and think, I think and pray

subjects: Heaven hath my empty words;

y invention,<sup>a</sup> bearing not my tongue,

in Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,

d but only chew his name;

y heart, the strong and swelling evil

ception: The state whereon I studied

good thing, being often read,

se'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,

(let no man hear me) I take pride,

with boot,<sup>b</sup> change for an idle plume,

e air beats for vain. O place! O form!

idest thou with thy case,<sup>c</sup> thy habit,

we from fools, and tie the wiser souls

be seeming! Blood, thou art blood:

te good angel on the devil's horn,

the devil's crest.

*Enter Servant.*

Who's there?

One Isabel, a sister,

ness to you.

Teach her the way. O Heavens! [*Exit Serv.*]

my blood thus muster to my heart,

eth it unable for itself,

assessing all my other parts

ary fitness?

se foolish throngs with one that swoons;

to help him, and so stop the air

he should revive: and even so

al,<sup>d</sup> subject to a well-wish'd king,

rown part, and in obsequious fondness

his presence, where their untaught love

is appear offence.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

Fair maid?

I am come to know your pleasure.

That you might know it would much better

please me,

demanded what 't is. Your brother cannot live.

Even so.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*]

Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,

as you, or I: yet he must die.

Under your sentence?

Yes.

When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,

if shorter, he may be so fitted,

soul sicken not.

Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good

to him that lath from nature stolen

humbly made, as to remit

any sweetness, that do coin Heaven's image

that are forbid: 't is all as easy

to take away a life true made,

as to mangle in restrained means.

A false one.

<sup>a</sup> Vice—imagination.

<sup>b</sup> Boot—advantage

<sup>c</sup>—mistake

<sup>d</sup> The crew—the people.

*Isab.* 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

*Ang.* Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.

Which had you rather, That the most just law

Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,

As she that he hath stain'd?

*Isab.* Sir, believe this,

I had rather give my body than my soul.

*Ang.* I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins

Stand more for number than for accompt.

*Isab.*

How say you?

*Ang.* Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—

I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:

Might there not be a charity in sin,

To save this brother's life?

*Isab.*

Please you to do 't,

I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do 't, at peril of your soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,

If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer

To have it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your answer.<sup>e</sup>

*Ang.*

Nay, but hear me:

Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,

When it doth tax itself: as these black masks

Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder

Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me;

To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:

Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears

Accountant to the law upon that pain.

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,

(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,

But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,

Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles

Of the all-binding law; and that there were

No earthly mean to save him, but that either

You must lay down the treasures of your body

To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;

What would you do?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother as myself:

That is, Were I under the terms of death,

The impression of keen whips I 'd wear as rubies,

And strip myself to death, as to a bed

That longing had been sick for, ere I 'd yield

My body up to shame.

*Ang.*

Then must your brother die.

*Isab.* And 't were the cheaper way:

Better it were a brother died at once,

Than that a sister, by redeeming him,

Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you then as cruel as the sentence

That you have slander'd so?

*Isab.* Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,

Are of two houses: lawful mercy

Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,

And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother

A merriment, than a vice.

*Isab.*

O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,

<sup>e</sup> Your answer—for you to answer.

To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love.

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.* Else let my brother die,  
If not a feodary, but only he  
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;  
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar  
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;  
For we are soft as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false prints.

*Ang.* I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,  
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger  
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—  
I do arrest your words: Be that you are,  
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;  
If you be one, (as you are well express'd  
By all external warrants,) show it now,  
By putting on the destin'd livery.

*Isab.* I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,  
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you.

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me  
That he shall die for it.

*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

*Isab.* I know, your virtue hath a licence in 't,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others.

*Ang.* Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.

*Isab.* Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:

Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world  
aloud,  
What man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place in the state,  
Will so your accusation outweigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report,  
And smell of calumny. I have begun;  
And now I give my sensual race the rein:  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;  
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,  
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will;  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,  
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [Exit

*Isab.* To whom should I complain? Did I tell thee,  
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,  
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approval!  
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;  
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,  
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fallen by prompture<sup>a</sup> of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhor'd pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:

More than our brother is our chastity.

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,

And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

*Duke.* So, then you hope of pardon from lord  
Angelo?

*Claud.* The miserable have no other medicine,  
But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death; either death, or life,  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,  
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet runn'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st  
Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st  
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains  
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:

For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get;  
And what thou hast, forgett'st: Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;  
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,  
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
Do curse the gout, serpigio, and the rheum,  
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth, nor age,  
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied old;<sup>b</sup> and when thou art old, and rich,  
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,  
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.  
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;  
And seeking death find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

*Isab.* What, ho! Peace here; grace and good  
company!

*Prov.* Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a  
welcome.

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. Look, signior, be  
your sister.

<sup>a</sup> Prompture—suggestion. <sup>b</sup> Eld—old age, or old people

Provost, a word with you.

As many as you please.

Bring me to hear them speak, where I may  
be conceal'd. [Exit DUKE and Prov.]

Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

Why, as all comforts are; most good, most  
good indeed:

Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

you for his swift ambassador,

you shall be an everlasting leiger:

your best appointment make with speed;  
or you set on.

Is there no remedy?

None, but such remedy as, to save a head,  
is a heart in twain.

But is there any?

Yes, brother, you may live;

but a devilish mercy in the judge,

will implore it, that will free your life,

or you till death.

Perpetual durance?

Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,  
of all the world's vastidity you had,  
within'd scope.

But in what nature?

In such a one as (you consenting to 't)

steal your honour from that trunk you bear,  
and are you naked.

Let me know the point.

O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,

to see a feverous life shouldst entertain,

and at seven winters more respect

a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?

For such a death is most in apprehension;

like poor beetle, that we tread upon,

its mortal sufferance finds a pang as great  
as when a giant dies.

Why give you me this shame?

For you I can a resolution fetch

of every tenderness? If I must die,

let me encounter darkness as a bride,

and my grave in mine arms.

There spake my brother; there my father's  
grave

gave forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:

but 't is too noble to conserve a life

of appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—

with settled visage and deliberate word

with f' the head, and follies doth emmew

his face, as doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;

and within being cast, he would appear

as deep as hell.

The precise Angelo?

O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,

and 't is the body to invest and cover

the guards! Darest thou think, Claudio,

that I should yield him my virginity,

that might be freed?

O, Heavens! it cannot be.

Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank

offence.

Send him still: This night 's the time

should do what I abhor to name,

thou diest to-morrow.

Thou shalt not do 't.

O, were it but my life,

or it down for your deliverance

as a pin.

Thanks, dear Isabel.

Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Yes.—Has he affections in him,

that can make him bite the law by the nose,

or would force it? Sure it is no sin;

and deathly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,

Why would he for the momentary trick

Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;

This sensible warm motion to become

A kneaded clod; and the delighted<sup>a</sup> spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,

And blown with restless violence round about

The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts

Imagine howling!—'t is too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,

That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment

Can lay on nature, is a paradise

To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far,

That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!

O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life

From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?

Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness<sup>b</sup>

Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance

Die; perish! might but my bending down

Relieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed;

I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,

No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade:

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:

'T is best that thou diest quickly. [Going.]

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would

by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction

I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be

stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [To CLAUDIO, aside.] Son, I have overheard

what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo

had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath

made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment

with the disposition of natures; she, having the truth of

honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial

which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to

Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare

yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution with

hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to

your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of

love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [Exit CLAUD.]

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

<sup>a</sup> Delighted. Does not the word (*de-lighted*) mean removed from the regions of light, which is a strictly classic use of the prepositive particle *de*, and very frequent in Shakspeare?

<sup>b</sup> Wilderness—wildness



*Prov.* What's your will, father?

*Duke.* That now you are come you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

*Prov.* In good time.<sup>a</sup> *[Exit Prov.]*

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good. A remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have a hearing of this business.

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.* She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wracked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate<sup>b</sup> husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

*Isab.* Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good father.

*Duke.* This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to this point: only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, your stay with him may not be long; that the time

<sup>a</sup> In good time—very well, à la bonne heure.

<sup>b</sup> Combinate—betrothed.

may have all shadow and silence in it; and answer to convenience: this being granted now follows all. We shall advise this wrong to stand up your appointment, go in your pleasure encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may be to him to her recompense: and here, by this, is she saved, your honour untainted, the poor advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. I will I frame, and make fit for his attempt think well to carry this as you may, the dot the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. V you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous port.

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up: speedily to Angelo; if for this night he ent his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I sently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated sides this dejected Mariana: At that place me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort: Fare good father. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE II.—The Street before the Priory

Enter DUKE, as a Friar; to him ELBOW, and Officers.

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but we shall have all the world drink brown bastard.

*Duke.* O, Heavens! what stuff is here?

*Clo.* 'T was never merry world, since, of the merriest was put down, and the worse order of law a furred gown to keep him w furred with fox and lambskins too, to signify, being richer than innocency, stands for the friar.

*Elb.* Come your way, sir:—Bless you, g friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father: Wh hath this man made you, sir?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, he hath offended the law we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we lay upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we to the deputy.

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked base The evil that thou causet to be done, That is thy means to live: Do thou but thin What 't is to cram a maw, or clothe a back, From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,— From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.

Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go, mend; go,

*Clo.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir, I would prove—

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee gn Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, of Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, sir; he him warning: the deputy cannot abide a wh if he be a whoremonger, and comes before hi as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would sa From our faults, as faults from seeming, free

Enter LUCIO.

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist, a *Clo.* I spy comfort; I cry, hail: Here 's man, and a friend of mine.

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey? Wh wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph is there none of Pygmalion's images. new

be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket acting it clutched? What reply? Ha? What was to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not 't the last rain? Ha? What sayest thou, trot? wild as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Still thus, and thus! still worse!  
How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? she still? Ha?

Truth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and self in the tub.

Why, 't is good; it is the right of it: it must see your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd: unmet consequence; it must be so: Art going, Pompey?

Yes, faith, sir.

Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey: Farewell; Go; at these thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how? For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be of a bawd, why, 't is his right: Bawd is he, and of antiquity too: bawd-born. Farewell, my: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: I turn good husband now, Pompey; you will loose.

I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.  
No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: like it not patiently, why, your mettle is the hills, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

And you.

Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha? Come your ways, sir; come.

You will not bail me men, sir?

Then, Pompey,—not now.—What news friar? What news?

Come your ways, sir; come.

Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exit* ESCALUS, Clown, and Officers.

Enter friar, of the duke?

I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Some say he is with the emperor of Russia; and he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish it.

It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal a state, and usurp the beggary he was never born of: Angela dukes it well in his absence; he puts down to 't.

He does well in 't.

A little more lenity to lechery would do no him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

It is too general a vice, and severity must

Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kind: is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp friar, till eating and drinking be put down.

Yes, this Angelo was not made by man and woe: this downright way of creation: Is it true, or not?

How should he be made, then?

Some report, a sea-maid spawned him:—that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But I think, that when he makes water his urine is conscience: that I know to be true: and he is a motion: that 's infallible.

You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for him of a colpiece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? would he have hanged a man for the getting a hundred, he would have paid for the nursing a hundred: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew it: and that instructed him to mercy.

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Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward<sup>a</sup> of his: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'t is a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject<sup>b</sup> held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,<sup>c</sup> must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name.

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too un hurtful an opposite.<sup>d</sup> But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue! But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

<sup>a</sup> Inward—intimate. <sup>b</sup> The greater number of the people. <sup>c</sup> Helmed—steered through. <sup>d</sup> Opposite—adversary.

*[Faint, mostly illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

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ACT IV.

*Scene 1. A Room in Mariana's House.*  
*Mariana distressed sitting, a Boy wailing.*  
*[Faint text of dialogue and stage directions.]*

I pray you tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here today? upon this time have I promised here to meet.  
*Maria.* You have not been inquired after: I have not been here all day.  
*Enter ISABELLA.*  
*Duke.* I do constantly believe you:—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.  
*Maria.* I am always bound to you. *[Exit.]*  
*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome. What is the news from this good deputy?  
*Isab.* He hath a garden circummur'd<sup>a</sup> with brick, Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd; And to that vineyard is a planched<sup>b</sup> gate, That makes his opening with this bigger key: This other doth command a little door, Which from the vineyard to the garden leads; There have I made my promise upon the Heavy middle of the night to call upon him.  
<sup>a</sup> Go. The to which precedes stand must be understood here.  
<sup>b</sup> Likeness—comeliness.      \* Circummur'd—walled round.  
<sup>c</sup> Planch'd—planked, made of boards.

*[Faint text at the bottom of the page, possibly bleed-through.]*

But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't; sparing and most guilty diligence, all of precept, he did show me twice o'er.

Are there no other tokens you 'grees, concerning her observance? No, name, but only a repair i' the dark; I have passess'd<sup>a</sup> him, my most stay at brief: for I have made him know, servant comes with me along, as upon me; whose persuasion is, about my brother.

'T is well borne up. It yet made known to Mariana of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

*Re-enter MARIANA.*

Be acquainted with this maid; as to do you good.

I do desire the like.

Do you persuade yourself that I respect you? Good friar, I know you do; and have found it. Take then this your companion by the hand, in a story ready for your ear: attend your leisure; but make haste; serious night approaches.

Will 't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt MARI. and ISAB.*]

O place and greatness, millions of false eyes look upon thee! volumes of report in these false and most contrarious quests<sup>b</sup> thy doings! thousand escapes of wit we the father of their idle dream, seek thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How agreed?

*Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

She'll take the enterprise upon her, father, advise it.

It is not my consent, contrary too.

Little have you to say, as depart from him, but, soft and low, deliver now my brother.

Fear me not.

Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all: as husband on a pre-contract: you thus together, 't is no sin; the justice of your title to him wish<sup>c</sup> the deceit. Come, let us go; 's to reap, for yet our tithe 's<sup>d</sup> to sow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter Provost and Clown.*

Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's

head if the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can cut off a woman's head.

Come, sir, leave me your matches, and yield me an answer. To-morrow morning are to die and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a comitioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem your gyles; if not, you shall have your full

red—burned.

<sup>b</sup> *Quests*—inquisitions.

<sup>c</sup> *Wish*—proprietor and ornament, like rich work on ground.

<sup>d</sup> *Our own 's to reap*, and therefore we must go to sow our seed which is to produce tenfold.

time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

*Clo.* Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Prov.* What ho, Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson, there?

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

*Abhor.* A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

*Prov.* Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit*]

*Clo.* Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

*Abhor.* Ay, sir; a mystery.

*Clo.* Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Clo.* Proof?

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief—  
*Clo.* If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

*Clo.* Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

*Abhor.* Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

*Clo.* I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare:<sup>a</sup> for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Clown and ABHOR.*]

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnardine?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour When it lies starkly<sup>b</sup> in the traveller's bones: He will not wake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Knocking within.*]

[*Exit CLAUD.*]

By and by:—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve, For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

<sup>a</sup> *Yare*—ready, nimble.

<sup>b</sup> *Starkly*—stiffly.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night  
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel!

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There 's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;  
He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself, which he spurs on his power  
To qualify<sup>a</sup> in others: were he meal'd<sup>b</sup>  
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;  
But this being so, he 's just.—Now are they come.—

[Knocking within.—Provost goes out.]  
This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when  
The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.  
How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd with  
haste,  
That wounds the unsoftening<sup>c</sup> postern with these strokes.

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer  
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,  
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,  
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily  
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes  
No countermand; no such example have we:  
Besides, upon the very siege<sup>d</sup> of justice,  
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear  
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me  
this further charge, that you swerve not from the small-  
est article of it, neither in time, matter, nor other cir-  
cumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost  
day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.]

Duke. This is his pardon purchas'd by such sin,  
[Aside.]

For which the pardoner himself is in:  
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,  
When it is borne in high authority:  
When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended,  
That for the fault's love is the offender friend.—  
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me  
remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted  
putting on:<sup>e</sup> methinks, strangely; for he hath not used  
it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [Reads.] "Whatsoever you may hear to the con-  
trary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the  
afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have  
Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed;  
with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet  
deliver. Thus fall not to do your office, as you will answer it  
at your peril."

What say you to this, sir?

<sup>a</sup> Qualify—moderate.

<sup>b</sup> Meal'd—compounded; from *mesler*.

<sup>c</sup> Softening. This is one of Shakspeare's Latinisms, by which  
never at rest, from *sisto*, to stand still.

—sent

<sup>d</sup> Putting on—incitement

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be exe-  
cuted in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and  
bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.<sup>f</sup>

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not  
either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I  
have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him:  
And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord  
Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison?  
How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dread-  
fully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and  
fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; insensible  
of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the  
liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence,  
he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many  
days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him,  
as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seem-  
ing warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your  
brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not  
truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the bold-  
ness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Clau-  
dio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no  
greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sen-  
tenced him: To make you understand this in a mani-  
fested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the  
which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous  
courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour li-  
mited; and an express command, under penalty, to  
deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make  
my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if  
my instructions may be your guide. Let this Bar-  
nardine be this morning executed, and his head borne  
to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover  
the favour.

Duke. O, death 's a great disguiser: and you may  
add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say,  
it was the desire of the penitent to be so bare before his  
death: You know the course is common. If anything  
fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fel-  
lows, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against  
it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father, it is against my wish.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the de-  
puty?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if  
the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet once  
I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor  
persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go fur-  
ther than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look  
you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You  
know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not  
strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the debt  
you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where  
you shall find, within these two days he will be here. It  
is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day

<sup>f</sup> Nine years old—during nine years.

letters of strange tenor : perchance, of the duke's  
perchance, entering into some monastery ; but,  
no, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfold-  
calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into  
out, how these things should be : all difficulties  
may when they are known. Call your execu-  
al off with Barnardine's head : I will give him  
: shift, and advise him for a better place. Yet  
: amazed : but this shall absolutely resolve you.  
: say ; it is almost clear dawn. [Exit.

ENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Clown.

I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our  
profession : one would think it were mistress  
e's own house, for here be many of her old cus-  
First, here 's young master Rash ; he 's in for  
slity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore  
steven pounds ; of which he made five marks,  
stay : marry, then, ginger was not much in  
for the old women were all dead. Then is  
s one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-  
mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured  
beh now peaches him a beggar. Then have  
young Dixy, and young master Deep-vow, and  
Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the  
d dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed  
dding, and master Forthright the tilter, and  
aster Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild  
that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more ;  
doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's

Enter ABHORSON.

Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.  
Barnardine ! you must rise and be  
master Barnardine !  
What ho, Barnardine !  
e. [Within.] A pox o' your throats ! Who  
at noise there ! What are you ?  
four friends, sir ; the hangman : You must be  
sir, to rise and be put to death.  
e. [Within.] Away, you rogue, away ! I am  
Tell him he must awake, and that quickly

Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are  
, and sleep afterwards.  
Go in to him, and fetch him out.  
He is coming, sir, he is coming ; I hear his  
ble.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Is the axe upon the block, sirrah ?  
ery ready, sir.  
e. How now, Abhorson ? what 's the news with  
Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into  
ers ; for, look you, the warrant 's come.  
e. You rogue, I have been drinking all night,  
feted for 't.  
A, the better, sir ; for he that drinks all night,  
aged testimes in the morning, may sleep the  
all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father.  
e now, think you ?  
Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how  
as one to depart, I am come to advise you,  
you, and pray with you.  
e. Friar, not I ; I have been drinking hard all  
I will have more time to prepare me, or they

shall beat out my brains with billets : I will not con-  
sent to die this day, that 's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must ; and therefore, I beseech you,  
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's  
persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word ; if you have anything to say  
to me, come to my ward ; for thence will not I to-day.  
[Exit.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die : O, gravel heart !—  
After him, fellows ; bring him to the block.

[Exit ABHORSON and Clown.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner ?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death ;  
And to transport him in the mind he is  
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years ; his beard, and head,  
Just of his colour : What if we do omit  
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd ;  
And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio ?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that Heaven provides  
Despatch it presently ; the hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo : See this be done,  
And sent according to command ; whiles I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.  
But Barnardine must die this afternoon ;  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might come,  
If he were known alive ?

Duke. Let this be done :—  
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio :  
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting  
To yonder generation, you shall find  
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,  
And send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.  
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—  
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents  
Shall witness to him I am near at home ;  
And that by great injunctions I am bound  
To enter publicly : him I 'll desire  
To meet me at the consecrated fount,  
A league below the city ; and from thence,  
By cold gradation and weal-balan'd form,  
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head ; I 'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it : Make a swift return ;  
For I would commune with you of such things  
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I 'll make all speed. [Exit.

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here !

Duke. The tongue of Isabel :—She 's come to know,  
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither :  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair  
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious  
daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.  
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world; His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other: Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

*Isab.* O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

*Duke.* This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot; Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven. Mark what I say; which you shall find, By every syllable, a faithful verity: The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;

One of our convent, and his confessor, Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried Notice to Escalus and Angelo;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go; And you shall have your bosom<sup>a</sup> on this wretch, Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart, And general honour.

*Isab.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter then to friar Peter give; 'T is that he sent me of the duke's return: Say, by this token, I desire his company At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours, I 'll perfect him withal: and he shall bring you Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self, I am combin'd<sup>b</sup> by a sacred vow, And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter: Command these fretting waters from your eyes With a light heart; trust not my holy order, If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

*Enter Lucio.*

*Lucio.* Good even! Friar, where is the provost?

*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit ISAB.*]

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he 's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

*Duke.* Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

*Duke.* Did you such a thing?

*Lucio.* Yea, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> Bosom—wish, heart's desire.

<sup>b</sup> Combin'd—bound.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Angelo's House.*

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.*

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gate, and re-deliver our authorities there?

*Escal.* I guess not.

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devils hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn I 'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit, As are to meet him.

*Escal.* I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*Ang.* Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant, And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid! And by an eminent body, that enforce'd The law against it!—But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her No<sup>a</sup> For my authority bears<sup>b</sup> of a credent bulk, That no particular scandal once can touch, But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd, Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge, By so receiving a dishonour'd life, With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd! Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Fields without the Town.*

*Enter DUKE in his own habit, and Friar PETER.*

*Duke.* These letters at fit time deliver me. [*Giving letters.*]

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift; Though sometimes you do blench from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house, And tell him where I stay: give the like notice To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate; But send me Flavius first.

*F. Peter.* It shall be speeded well. [*Exit Friar.*]

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste: Come, we will walk: There 's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Street near the City Gate.*

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly I am loth; I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it; He says, to veil full purpose.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Reason, which is here personified, dares her with that which forbids her to speak.

<sup>b</sup> Bears is used in the sense of figures,—is seen.

<sup>c</sup> To veil full purpose—to conceal the whole extent of purpose.

Be rul'd by him.  
Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure  
against me on the adverse side,  
not think it strange; for 't is a physic  
letter to sweet end.  
I would, friar Peter—  
O, peace; the friar is come

Enter Friar PETER.  
F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,  
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,  
He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets sounded;  
The generous<sup>a</sup> and gravest citizens  
Have hent the gates, and very near upon  
The duke is ent'ring; therefore, hence, away. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

E. L.—A public Place near the City Gate.

(*veiled*), ISABELLA, and PETER, at a distance  
Enter at opposite sides, DUKE, VARRIUS,  
ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers,  
THIEFS.

My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—  
and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.  
and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!  
Many and hearty thankings to you both.  
made inquiry of you; and we hear  
dness of your justice, that our soul  
at yield you forth to public thanks,  
ing more requital.

You make my bonds still greater.  
O, your desert speaks loud; and I should  
wrong it,  
it in the wards of covert bosom,  
deserves with characters of brass  
residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,  
se of oblivion. Give me your hand,  
he subject see, to make them know  
ward courtesies would fain proclaim  
but keep within.—Come, Escalus;  
t walk by us on our other hand;  
l supporters are you.

PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

er. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel  
before him.  
justice, O royal duke! Vail<sup>a</sup> your regard  
rong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!  
[prince, dishonour not your eye  
ing it on any other object,  
have heard me in my true complaint,  
n me justice, justice, justice, justice!  
Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom?  
Be brief:  
and Angelo shall give you justice!  
myself to him.

O, worthy duke,  
we seek redemption of the devil:  
yourself; for that which I must speak  
er punish me, not being believ'd,  
redness from you: hear me, O, hear me, here.  
ly lured, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:  
been a suitor to me for her brother,  
r course of justice!

By course of justice!  
and she will speak most bitterly and strange.  
Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:  
who 's forsworn; is it not strange?  
who 's a murderer; is 't not strange?  
who is an adulterous thief,  
rite, a virgin-violator;  
strange, and strange?

Nay, it is ten times strange.  
It is not truer he is Angelo,  
tis all as true as it is strange;  
t ten times true; for truth is truth  
d of reckoning.

<sup>a</sup> Vail—lower.

Duke. Away with her;—Poor soul,  
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.  
Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st  
There is another comfort than this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madness; make not impossible  
That which but seems unlike: 't is not impossible  
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,  
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characts,<sup>b</sup> titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince,  
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,  
If she be mad, as I believe no other,  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
(Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in madness.)

Isab. O, gracious duke,  
Harp not on that: nor do not banish reason  
For inequality; but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid;  
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,  
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication  
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio  
As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your grace  
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her  
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,  
For her poor brother's parlon.

Isab. That 's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.  
Lucio. No, my good lord  
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;  
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have  
A business for yourself, pray Heaven, you then  
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong  
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter:—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,

How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,

How he refell'd<sup>c</sup> me, and how I replied;

<sup>a</sup> Generous is here used in its Latin sense.

<sup>b</sup> Characts—inscriptions, official designations.

<sup>c</sup> Refell'd—refuted.



(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion  
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body  
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,  
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,  
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,  
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,  
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant  
For my poor brother's head.

*Duke.* This is most likely!

*Isab.* O, that it were as like<sup>a</sup> as it is true!

*Duke.* By Heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not  
what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,  
In hateful practice: <sup>b</sup> First, his integrity  
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,  
That with such vehemency he should pursue  
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,  
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,  
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;  
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice  
Thou cam'st here to complain.

*Isab.* And is this all?  
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,  
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up  
In countenance!<sup>c</sup>—Heaven shield your grace from  
woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

*Duke.* I know you 'd fain be gone:—An officer!  
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.  
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

*Isab.* One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike: Who knows that  
Lodowick?

*Lucio.* My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling  
friar.

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,  
For certain words he spake against your grace  
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

*Duke.* Words against me? This is a good friar,  
belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar  
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,  
A very scurvy fellow.

*F. Peter.* Bless'd be your royal grace!  
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard  
Your royal ear abus'd: First, bath this woman  
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,  
As she from one ungot.

*Duke.* We did believe no less.  
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

*F. Peter.* I know him for a man divine and hol';  
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,  
As he 's reported by this gentleman;  
And, on my trust, a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

*Lucio.* My lord, most villainously; believe it.

*F. Peter.* Well, he in time may come to clear him-  
self;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,  
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere<sup>d</sup> request,  
'Being come to knowledge that there was complaint  
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,  
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know

<sup>a</sup> Like is here used in the sense of probable.

<sup>b</sup> Practice—craft, subornation.

<sup>c</sup> Countenance—false appearance.

<sup>d</sup> Mere—sole, unmixed, absolute.

Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,  
And all probation, will make up full clear,  
Whosoever he 's convented. First, for this wo  
(To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly<sup>a</sup> and personally accus'd,)  
Her shall you hear disprov'd to her eyes,  
Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.* Good friar, let 's hear

[ISABELLA is carried off, guarded  
MARIANA comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—  
O Heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!  
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;  
In this I'll be impartial; <sup>b</sup> be you judge  
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?  
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

*Mari.* Pardon, my lord; I will not show my  
Until my husband bid me.

*Duke.* What, are you man

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* Are you a maid?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* A widow then?

*Mari.* Neither, my lord.

*Duke.* W  
Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor

*Lucio.* My lord, she may be a punk; for  
them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

*Duke.* Silence that fellow: I would he ha  
cause

To prattle for himself.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Mari.* My lord, I do confess I ne'er was mar  
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:  
I have known my husband; yet my husband kn  
That ever he knew me.

*Lucio.* He was drunk then, my lord; it can  
better.

*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, would thou  
too!

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Duke.* This is no witness for lord Angelo.

*Mari.* Now I come to 't, my lord:  
She, that accuses him of fornication,  
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;  
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,  
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,  
With all the effect of love.

*Ang.* Charges she more th

*Mari.* Not that I know.

*Duke.* No? you say, your h

*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is Angel  
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my bo  
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse:—Let 's see thy

*Mari.* My husband bids me; now I will use  
[Un

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking  
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,  
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body  
That took away the match from Isabel,  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,  
In her imagin'd person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman

*Lucio.* Carnally, she says.

*Duke.* Sirrah, no more.

*Lucio.* Enough, my lord.

*Ang.* My lord, I must confess I know this w  
And, five years since, there was some speech of  
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,

<sup>a</sup> Vulgarly—publicly.

<sup>b</sup> Impartial. *Im* was frequently used as an adverb  
particle; and the meaning therefore is very partial.

for that her promised proportions  
 out of composition; but, in chief,  
 her reputation was disvalued  
 since which time of five years,  
 I make with her, saw her, nor heard from her,  
 of faith and honour.

Noble prince,  
 comes light from heaven, and words from  
 breath,  
 is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,  
 and this man's wife, as strongly  
 could make up vows: and, my good lord,  
 may night last gone, in his garden-house,  
 take me as a wife: As this is true  
 in safety raise me from my knees;  
 or ever be confix'd here,  
 to monument!

I did but smile till now;  
 and my lord, give me the scope of justice;  
 since here is touch'd: I do perceive,  
 or informal women are no more  
 moments of some more-mightier member,  
 to them on: Let me have way, my lord,  
 this practice out.

Ay, with my heart;  
 dash them unto your height of pleasure.—  
 dish friar; and thou pernicious woman,  
 with her that 's gone! think't thou, thy oaths,  
 they would swear down each particular saint,  
 simonies against his worth and credit,  
 call'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,  
 my cousin; lend him your kind pains  
 out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd:  
 another friar that set them on;  
 be sent for.

er. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,  
 the women on to this complaint:  
 great knows the place where he abides,  
 may fetch him.

Go, do it instantly.— [Exit Provost.  
 a, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
 it concerns to hear this matter forth,  
 your injuries as seems you best,  
 chastisement: I for a while

see you; but stir not you, till you have  
 remain'd upon these slanderers.

My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.— [Exit  
 Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that  
 sleek to be a dishonest person?  
 Cucullus non facit monachum: honest in  
 but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke  
 lascivious speeches of the duke.

We shall entreat you to abide here till he  
 enforce them against him: we shall find this  
 stable fellow.

As any in Vienna, on my word.

Call that same Isabel here once again; [to an  
 at] I would speak with her: Pray you, my  
 me leave in question; you shall see how I'll  
 be.

Not better than he, by her own report.

Say you?

Marry, sir, I think if you handled her pri-  
 ce would sooner confess: perchance, publicly  
 be abashed.

Officers, with ISABELLA; the DUKE, in the  
 Friar's habit, and Provost.

I will go darkly to work with her.  
 That 's the way; for women are light at

Come on, mistress: [to ISABELLA] here 's a  
 man denies all that you have said.

misunderstand. \* Informal—without sense.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of;  
 here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him,  
 till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these women on to  
 slander lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'T is false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil  
 Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—  
 Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke 's in us; and we will hear you  
 speak:

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least: But, O, poor souls,  
 Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The duke 's unjust

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,

And put your trial in the villain's mouth,

Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!

Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,

To accuse this worthy man? but, in foul mouth,

And in the witness of his proper ear,

To call him villain? and then to glance from him

To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?

Take him hence; to the rack with him:—We'll touze

you  
 Joint by joint,—but we will know his purpose:

What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he

Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,

Nor here provincial: My business in this state

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,

Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,

Till it o'erran the stew: laws, for all faults;

But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,

As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to  
 prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior

Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, Goodman

baldepate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your  
 voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the

duke.

Lucio. O did you so? And do you remember what  
 you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-  
 monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him

to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere  
 you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him;

and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck  
 thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after  
 his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:—  
 Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—

Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him;  
 let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots<sup>a</sup> too,

and with the other confederate companion.

[The Provost lays hands on the DUKE.

<sup>a</sup> Giglots—wantons.

*Duke.* Stay, sir; stay awhile.

*Ang.* What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you baldpated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheepbiting face, and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off? [*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three;— Sneak not away, sir; [*to Lucio*] for the friar and you must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.

*Duke.* What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.— [*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him—Sir, by your leave: [*To Ang.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my passes.\* Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession: Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana:— Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was, my lord.

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her, instantly.— Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt ANG., MARI., PETER, and PROV.*]

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour, Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.* Come hither, Isabel: Your friar is now your prince: As I was then Advertising, and holy to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney'd at your service.

*Isab.* O give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty.

*Duke.* You are pardon'd, Isabel: And now, dear maid, be you as free to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart; And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself, Labouring to save his life; and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power, Than let him so be lost: O most kind maid, It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose: But peace be with him! That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort, So happy is your brother.

*Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and PROVOST*

*Isab.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* For this new-married man, approaching here, Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honour, you must pardon For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother, Being criminal, in double violation 't sacred chastity, and of promise-breach hereon dependent, for your brother's life,) he very mercy of the law cries out

\* *Passes* is used, we believe, in the same sense as the somewhat obsolete word *passages*.

Most audible, even from his proper tongue, An Angelo for Claudio, death for death. Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*. Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested: Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee sanctity. We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste Away with him.

*Mari.* O, my most gracious lord, I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choke your good to come: for his possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.* O, my dear lord, I crave no other, nor no better man.

*Duke.* Never crave him; we are definitive.

*Mari.* Gentle my liege,— [*Kneels*]

*Duke.* You do but lose your labour. Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*to Lucio*] to you.

*Mari.* O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part. Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense you do importune her: Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.* Isabel, Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me; Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all. They say, best men are moulded out of faults; And, for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad: so may my husband. O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isab.* Most bounteous sir, [*Kneels*] Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd, As if my brother liv'd: I partly think, A due sincerity govern'd his deeds, Till he did look on me; since it is so, Let him not die: My brother had but justice In that he did the thing for which he died: For Angelo,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent; And must be buried but as an intent That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects, Intents but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit 's unprofitable; stand up, I see. I have bethought me of another fault:— Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded At an unusual hour?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?

*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private means.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office. Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord: I thought it was a fault, but knew it not; Yet did repent me, after more advice: For testimony whereof, one in the prison, That should by private order else have died, I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* What 's he?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou hadst done so by Claudio. Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost*]

I am sorry, one so learned and so wise  
 Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,  
 slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,  
 and of temper'd judgment afterward.

I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:  
 deep sticks it in my penitent heart,  
 crave death more willingly than mercy;  
 I'm deserving, and I do entreat it.

PROVOST, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIET.

Which is that Barnardine?

This, my lord.

There was a friar told me of this man:—  
 thou art said to have a stubborn soul,  
 apprehends no further than this world,  
 and art thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;  
 for these earthly faults, I quit them all;  
 say thee, take this mercy to provide  
 for times to come:—Friar, advise him;  
 send him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's  
 that?

This is another prisoner that I sav'd,  
 would have died when Claudio lost his head,  
 almost to Claudio as himself.

[Unmuffles CLAUDIO.

If he be like your brother, [to ISABELLA] for  
 his sake

send'd: And, for your lovely sake,  
 send your hand, and say you will be mine;  
 say leather too: But fitter time for that.

Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;  
 O, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—  
 Angelo, your evil quits<sup>a</sup> you well:  
 that you love your wife; her worth, worth  
 your life.—

As apt remission in myself:  
 if there's one in place I cannot pardon:—  
 Lucio, [to LUCIO] that knew me for a fool, a  
 coward,  
 and of luxury, an ass, a madman;

<sup>a</sup> Quite—requires.

Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,  
 That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to  
 the trick:<sup>a</sup> If you will hang me for it, you may, but I  
 had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.  
 Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;  
 If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,  
 (As I have heard him swear himself there's one  
 Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,  
 And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,  
 Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to  
 a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a  
 duke; good my lord, do not recompense me in making  
 me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.  
 Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal  
 Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison;  
 And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to  
 death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—  
 She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.  
 Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;  
 I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.  
 Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:  
 There's more behind that is more grateful.<sup>b</sup>  
 Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;  
 We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—  
 Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
 The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;  
 The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,  
 I have a motion much imports your good;  
 Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
 What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine:  
 So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show  
 What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> According to the trick—after the fashion of banter or  
 exaggeration.

<sup>b</sup> More grateful—more to be rejoiced in.





## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

WE have no edition of the 'Winter's Tale' prior to that of the folio of 1623; nor was it entered upon the registers of the Stationers' Company previous to the entry by the proprietors of the folio. The original text, which is divided into acts and scenes, is remarkably correct.

The novel of Robert Greene, called 'Pandosto,' and 'The History of Dorastus and Fawnia,' which Shakspeare undoubtedly followed, with very few important deviations, in the construction of the plot of his 'Winter's Tale,' was a work of extraordinary popularity, there being fourteen editions known to exist.

"In the country of Bohemia," says the novel, "there reigned a king called Pandosto." The Leontes of Shakspeare is the Pandosto of Greene. The Polixenes of the play is Egistus in the novel:—"It so happened that Egistus, King of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tract of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navy of ships and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion." Here, then, we have the scene of the action reversed. The jealous king is of Bohemia,—his injured friend of Sicilia. But the visiter *sails* into Bohemia. The most accomplished scholars of Shakspeare's period purposely committed such apparent violations of propriety, when dealing with the legendary and romantic. The wife of Pandosto is Bellaria; and they have a young son called Garinter. Pandosto becomes jealous, slowly, and by degrees; and there is at least some want of caution in the queen to justify it. The great author of 'Othello' would not deal with jealousy after this fashion. He had already produced that immortal portrait

"Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme."

He had now to exhibit the distractions of a mind to which jealousy was native; to depict the terrible access of passion, uprooting in a moment all deliberation, all reason, all gentleness. The instant the idea enters the mind of Leontes the passion is at its height.

The action of the novel and that of the drama continue in a pretty equal course. Pandosto tampers with his cupbearer, Fraion, to poison Egistus; and the cupbearer, terrified at the fearful commission, reveals the design to the object of his master's hatred. Eventually they escape together. Bellaria is committed to prison, where she gives birth to a daughter. The guard "carried the child to the king, who, quite devoid of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint." The queen appeals to the oracle of Apollo: and certain lords are sent to Delphos, where they receive this decree:—"Suspicion is no proof: jealousy is an unequal judge: Bellaria is chaste; Egistus blameless: Fraion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous: his babe inno-

cent; and the king shall live without an heir, which is lost be not found." On their return, on the appointed day, the queen was "brought in to judgment-seat." Shakspeare has followed a poetical and tragical ending of this scene; but he preserved Hermione, to be re-united to her daughter after years of solitude and suffering.

The story of the preservation of the deserted child is prettily told in the novel. The infant is taken to a shepherd's home, and is brought up by his mother, himself under the name of Fawnia. In a narrow lapse of sixteen years may occur without any violation of propriety. The changes are gradual. But in whose action depends upon a manifest lapse there must be a sudden transition. Shakspeare is perfectly aware of the difficulty; and he diminishes the introduction of Time as a Chorus:—

"Impute it not a crime  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried  
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom."

Shakspeare has exhibited his consummate art in bringing the fourth act with Polixenes and Camillo. Here we have lost sight since the end of the first. Had he otherwise,—had he brought Autolycus, and Perdita, at once upon the scene,—the construction of the action would have been destroyed; and the commencement of the fourth act would have appeared as the commencement of a new play. Shakspeare's difficulties of his plot bend to his art; instead of being art, as Ben Jonson says. Autolycus and Perdita prepare us for Perdita; and when the third scene opens what a beautiful vision lights upon this earth! perhaps never was such a union of perfect simplicity and perfect grace as in the character of Perdita. An exquisite idea of her mere personal appearance is presented in Florizel's rapturous exclamation,—

"When you do dance, I wish you  
*A wave of the sea*, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that!"

In the novel we have no trace of the intermission. The father of the princely lover is in the disguise of a shepherd at the shepherd's cottage. Dorastus and Fawnia come from the country without the knowledge of Egistus. The ship in which they embark is thrown by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia. Messengers are dispatched in search of the lovers; and they arrive in Bohemia with the request of Egistus that the companions of the flight of Dorastus shall be put to death. The discovery of Fawnia's birth is discovered by the shepherd; the father recognises her. But the previous circumstances exhibit as much grossness of conception on the part of the novelist, as the different management of the drama shows the matchless skill and taste of the poet. We forgive Leontes for his early folly and wildness; but during sixteen years has his remorse been his affection constant.



# A WINTER'S TALE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, <i>King of Sicilia.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i>	Gaoler. <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2.</i>
MAMILLIUS, <i>son to Leontes.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1.</i>	An old Shepherd, <i>reputed father of Perdita.</i> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.</i>
CAMILLO, <i>a Sicilian lord.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.</i>	Clown, <i>son to the old Shepherd.</i> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.</i>
ANTIGONUS, <i>a Sicilian lord.</i> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3.</i>	AUTOLYCUS, <i>a rogue.</i> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.</i>
CLEOMENES, <i>a Sicilian lord.</i> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.</i>	Time, <i>as Chorus.</i> <i>Appears, Act IV.</i>
DION, <i>a Sicilian lord.</i> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.</i>	HERMIONE, <i>Queen to Leontes.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.</i>
A Sicilian Lord. <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.</i>	PERDITA, <i>daughter to Leontes and Hermione.</i> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i>
ROGERO, <i>a Sicilian gentleman.</i> <i>Appears, Act V. sc. 1.</i>	PAULINA, <i>wife to Antigonus.</i> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.</i>
Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius. <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 3.</i>	EMILIA, <i>a lady attending on the Queen.</i> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2.</i>
Officers of a Court of Judicature. <i>Appear, Act III. sc. 2.</i>	Two Ladies attending on the Queen. <i>Appear, Act II. sc. 1.</i>
POLIXENES, <i>King of Bohemia.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.</i>	MOPSA, <i>a shepherdess.</i> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.</i>
FLORENCE, <i>son to Polixenes.</i> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i>	DORCAS, <i>a shepherdess.</i> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.</i>
ARCHIDAMUS, <i>a Bohemian lord.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1.</i>	<i>Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherd, Shepherdesses, Guards, &amp;c.</i>
A Mariner. <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 3.</i>	

SCENE,—SOMETIMES IN SICILIA; SOMETIMES IN BOHEMIA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia like occasion whereon my services are now engaged, shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia will pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly

desires. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we shall be satisfied in our loves: for, indeed,—

Blessed you,—

Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—what to say.—We will give you sleep at your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, though they cannot praise us, as little

you pay a great deal too dear for what's given

Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Arch. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia were trained together in their childhoods; and, if separated betwixt them then such an affection as they bear each other is not so easily lost. Since their more necessities, and royal necessities, made separation

of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast sea, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been since the shepherd's note, since we have left our throne

\* *Fast* probably has the meaning of great space.



Without a burthen : time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cipher  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,  
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more  
That go before it.

*Leon.* Stay your thanks awhile ;  
And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that 's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,  
Or breed upon our absence : That may blow  
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,  
"This is put forth too truly!"<sup>a</sup> Besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to 't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leon.* We 'll part the time between 's then : and in that  
I 'll no gainsaying.

*Pol.* Press me not, 'beseech you, so ;  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,  
So soon as yours, could win me : so it should now,  
Were there necessity in your request, although  
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder  
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,  
To you a charge and trouble : to save both,  
Farewell, our brother.

*Leon.* Tongue-tied, our queen ? speak you.

*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until  
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,  
Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure  
All in Bohemia 's well : this satisfaction  
The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,  
He 's 'beat from his best ward.

*Leon.* Well said, Hermione.

*Her.* To tell he longs to see his son, were strong ;  
But let him say so then, and let him go ;  
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—  
Yet of your royal presence [*to POLIX.*] I 'll adventure  
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission,  
To let<sup>b</sup> him there a month, behind the guest<sup>c</sup>  
Prefix'd for 's parting : yet, good deed,<sup>d</sup> Leontes,  
I love thee not a jar o' the clock<sup>e</sup> behind  
What lady she her lord.—You 'll stay ?

*Pol.* No, madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will ?

*Pol.* I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily !

You put me off with limber vows : But I,  
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,  
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,  
You shall not go ; a lady's verily is  
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?  
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,  
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you ?  
My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread verily,  
One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your guest then, madam :  
To be your prisoner should import offending ;

<sup>a</sup> The construction of this passage is somewhat involved : but the meaning is, O that no sneaping (ruffling) winds at home may blow, to make us say my presages were too true.

<sup>b</sup> To let is to hinder ; and it is probably here used as a reflexive verb—to stay himself.

<sup>c</sup> Guest is literally a lodging ; and the houses or towns where a prince had assigned to stop in his progress, and of which a list was prepared with dates, were so called.

<sup>d</sup> Good deed—indeed.

<sup>e</sup> Jar o' the clock—the ticking of the pendulum.

Which is for me less easy to commit,  
Than you to punish.

*Her.* Not your gaoler then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys ;  
You were pretty lordings then.

*Pol.* We were, fair queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two ?

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the  
sun,

And bleat the one at the other : What we chang'd  
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
That any did : Had we pursued that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven  
Boldly, "Not guilty ;" the imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours.

*Her.* By this we gather,  
You have tripp'd since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to us : for  
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl ;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young playfellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot !  
Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say  
Your queen and I are devils : Yet, go on ;  
The offences we have made you do we 'll answer ;  
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not  
With any but with us.

*Leon.* Is he won yet ?

*Her.* He 'll stay, my lord.

*Leon.* At my request, he would  
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
To better purpose.

*Her.* Never ?

*Leon.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What ? have I twice said well ? when was  
before ?

I prithee, tell me : Cram us with praise, and make us  
As fat as tame things : One good deed dying tongueless  
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages : You may ride us,  
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere  
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal ;—  
My last good deed was to entreat his stay ;  
What was my first ? it has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you : O, would her name were Grace !  
But once before I spoke to the purpose : When ?  
Nay, let me have 't ; I long.

*Leon.* Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And clap thyself my love ; then didst thou utter,  
"I am yours for ever."

*Her.* It is Grace, indeed.—  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice :  
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;  
The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to Pol.*]  
*Leon.* Too hot, too hot : [*Asks*

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
I have tremor cordis on me :—my heart dances ;  
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment  
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
And well become the agent : it may, I grant ;  
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,  
As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles.

looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 't were  
t o' the deer;<sup>a</sup> O, that is entertainment  
n likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,  
my boy?

Ay, my good lord.

I' fecks?

at 's my hawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy  
nose?—

it 's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
t be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
all'd neat.—Still virginalling<sup>b</sup>

[Observing POL. and HER.]

palm?—How now, you wanton calf?  
my calf?

Yes, if you will, my lord.

Thou want'st a rough pash,<sup>c</sup> and the shoots  
that I have,

I like me:<sup>d</sup>—yet, they say we are

like as eggs; women say so,

I say anything: But were they false

died blacks,<sup>e</sup> as wind, as waters; false

are to be wish'd, by one that fixes

a 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true

his boy were like me.—Come, sir page,

me with your welkin eye:<sup>f</sup> Sweet villain!

er'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may 't be?

of thy intention<sup>g</sup> stabs the centre:

at make possible things not so held,

dicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)—

at 's unreal thou coactive art,

er'st nothing: Then, 't is very credent,<sup>h</sup>

er'st co-join with something; and thou dost;

at beyond commission; and I find it,

t to the infection of my brains,

dining of my brows.

What means Sicilia?

He something seems unsettled.

How! my lord!

What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?

You look

held a brow of much distraction:

now'd, my lord?

No, in good earnest.—

sometimes nature will betray its folly,

coma, and make itself a pastime

er lemons! Looking on the lines

oy's face, my thoughts I did recoil

three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,

even velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

would bite its master, and so prove,

er'st off th, too dangerous.

er'st, methought, I then was to this kernel,

er'st, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,

er'st take eggs for money?<sup>i</sup>

No, my lord, I 'll fight.

You will? why, happy man be his dole!<sup>k</sup>—

my brother,

er'st of the deer—the prolonged note of the hunter's

er'st of the deer.

er'st of the deer—playing with the fingers, as on a virginal—a

er'st of the deer.

er'st of the deer—the tuft of hair between the

er'st of the deer. The correct application of

er'st of the deer. It is far gone,

er'st of the deer. When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo?

er'st of the deer. That he did stay?

er'st of the deer. At the good queen's entreaty.

er'st of the deer. At the queen's, be 't: good, should be pertinent:

er'st of the deer. But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

er'st of the deer. By any understanding pate but thine?

er'st of the deer. For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

er'st of the deer. Apparent to my heart—next to my heart.

er'st of the deer. Rounding—telling secretly.

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

POL.

If at home, sir,

He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:

He makes a July's day short as December;

And, with his varying childness, cures in me

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEON.

So stands this squire

Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,

How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he 's

Apparent to my heart.<sup>a</sup>

HER.

If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden: Shall 's attend you there?

LEON.

To your own beata dispose you: you 'll be

found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to! [Aside. Observing POL. and HERM.]

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband! Gone already;

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one.

[Exit POL., HERM., and Attendants.]

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have

been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't,

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will: Should all despair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there 's none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly; know it;

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage: many thousand of us

Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy?

MAM. I am like you, they say.

LEON.

Why, that 's some comfort.—

What! Camillo, there?

CAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.—

[Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

LEON.

Didst note it?

CAM. He would not stay at your petitions; made

His business more material.

LEON.

Didst perceive it?—

They 're here with me already; whispering, rounding,<sup>b</sup>

“Sicilia is a—so-forth:” ‘T is far gone,

When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo?

That he did stay?

CAM.

At the good queen's entreaty.

LEON. At the queen's, be 't: good, should be pertinent:

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

<sup>a</sup> Apparent to my heart—next to my heart.

<sup>b</sup> Rounding—telling secretly.

More than the common blocks :—Not noted, is 't,  
But of the finer natures? by some severals  
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes  
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord? I think most understand  
Bohemia stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ah!  
*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ay, but why?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leon.* Satisfy  
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
In that which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leon.* To bide upon 't;—Thou art not honest: or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;  
Which hoxes<sup>a</sup> honesty behind, restraining  
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted  
A servant grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent: or else a fool,  
That sees a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
And tak'st it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Among the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometimes puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass  
By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
'T is none of mine.

*Leon.* Have not you seen, Camillo,  
(But that 's past doubt—you have; or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard  
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour  
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think,)  
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
(Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say  
My wife 's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
Before her troth-pledge: say it, and justify it.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken: 'Strew my heart  
You never spoke what did become you less  
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note in fallible  
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes

<sup>a</sup> *Hoxes.* To *hox* is to hamstring—to *hough*.

Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
Why, then the world, and all that 's in 't, is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;  
For 't is most dangerous.

*Leon.* Say, it be; 't is 'true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leon.* It is; you lie, you lie:  
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who does infect her?

*Leon.* Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging  
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that  
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,  
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form  
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who may'st see  
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,  
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my lord,  
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,  
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work  
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.  
I have lov'd thee,——

*Leon.* Make that thy question, and go not?  
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted,  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?  
Give scandal to the blood of the prince my son,  
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine;  
Without ripe moving to 't?—Would I do this?  
Could man so blench?

*Cam.* I must believe you, sir;  
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't:  
Provided, that when he 's remov'd, your highness  
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;  
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing  
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms  
Known and allied to yours.

*Leon.* Thou dost advise me,  
Even so as I mine own course have set down;  
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Cam.* My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,  
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.* This is all:  
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

*Cam.* I 'll do 't, my lord.

*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[Exit]

<sup>a</sup> Disregarding Camillo's "I have lov'd thee," *Leon* is enraged at his making a question of the alleged dishonour of his "dread mistress."

"miserable lady!—But, for me, stand I in? I must be the poisoner Polixenes: and my ground to do 't hence to a master; one, rebellion with himself, will have his so too.—To do this deed, follows: If I could find example sds that had struck anointed kings sh'd after, I 'd not do 't: but since ner stone, nor parchment, bears not one, ty itself forswear 't. I must e court: to do 't, or no, is certain eak-neck. Happy star, reign now! s Bohemia.

*Enter POLIXENES.*

This is strange! methinks, here begins to warp. Not speak?— Camillo.

Hail, most royal sir! What is the news i' the court?

None rare, my lord. The king hath on him such a countenance lost some province, and a region he loves himself: even now I met him ordinary compliment; when he, his eyes to the contrary, and falling such contempt, speeds from me; and me, to consider what is breeding goes thus his manners.

I dare not know, my lord. How! dare not? do not? Do you know, and dare not vent to me. 'T is thereabouts; myself, what you do know you must; at say, you dare not. Good Camillo, g'd complexions are to me a mirror, swas me mine chang'd too: for I must be this alteration, finding as alter'd with it.

There is a sickness in some of us in distemper; but same the disease; and it is caught it yet are well.

How caught of me? Not sighted like the basilisk: I'd see thousands who have sped the better and, but kill'd none so. Camillo— certainly a gentleman; thereto experienc'd, which no less adorns t, than our parents' noble names, success\* we are gentle,—I beseech you, we ought which does behove my knowledge be inform'd, imprison it not t concealment.

I may not answer. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well! answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo? See, by all the parts of man ear does acknowledge,—whereof the least suit of mine,—that thou declare deny thou dost guess of harm toward me; how far off, how near; y to be prevented, if to be; t best to bear it.

Sir, I will tell you; e charg'd in honour, and by him at honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;

\* Success—succession.

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me Cry "lost," and so good night.

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

*Cam.* I am appointed him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo?

*Cam.* By the king.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence, he swears, As he had seen 't or been an instrument To vice you to 't,—that you have touch'd his queen Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* O, then my best blood turn To an infected jelly; and my name Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best! Turn then my freshest reputation to A savour that may strike the dullest nostril Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd, Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection That e'er was heard, or read!

*Cam.* Swear his thought over!

By each particular star in heaven, and By all their influences, you may as well Forbid the sea for to obey the moon, As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake The fabric of his folly; whose foundation Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow?

*Cam.* I know not: but, I am sure, 't is safer to Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born. If therefore you dare trust my honesty,— That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night. Your followers I will whisper to the business: And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns, Clear them o' the city: For myself, I 'll put My fortunes to your service, which are here By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain; For, by the honour of my parents, I Have utter'd truth: which, if you seek to prove, I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon His execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee; I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand; Be pilot to me, and thy places<sup>a</sup> shall Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and My people did expect my hence departure Two days ago.—This jealousy Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare, Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty, Must it be violent: and as he does conceive He is dishonour'd by a man which ever Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me: Good expedition be my friend, and comfort The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo; I will respect thee as a father, if Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority to command The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> We print *Best* with a capital as in the folio. The allusion is to Judas. The sentence against excommunicated persons contains a clause that they should have part with that betrayer.

<sup>b</sup> Over-swear his thought.

<sup>c</sup> Places—honours.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. The Palace.*

*Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

*Her.* Take the boy to you : he so troubles me  
'T is past enduring.

*1 Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your playfellow ?

*Mam.* No, I 'll none of you.

*1 Lady.* Why, my sweet lord ?

*Mam.* You 'll kiss me hard ; and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

*2 Lady.* And why so, my lord ?

*Mam.* Not for because  
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best ; so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

*2 Lady.* Who taught you this ?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of women's faces : pray now  
What colour are your eyebrows ?

*1 Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that 's a mock : I have seen a lady's  
nose  
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

*2 Lady.* Hark ye :

The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince,  
One of these days ; and then you 'd wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

*1 Lady.* She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk ; Good time encounter her !

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come, sir,  
now

I am for you again : Pray you, sit by us,  
And tell 's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shall 't be ?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale 's best for winter :  
I have one of sprites and goblins.

*Her.* Let 's have that, good sir.  
Come on, sit down :—Come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites : you 're powerful at it.

*Mam.* There was a man,—

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a churchyard ;—I will tell it softly ;  
You crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on then,  
And give 't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.*

*Leon.* Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo with  
him ?

*1 Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them ; never  
Saw I men scour so on their way : I ey'd them  
Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How bless'd am I  
In my just censure !—in my true opinion !—  
Alack, for lesser knowledge !—How accurs'd  
In being so bless'd !—There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd,<sup>a</sup> and one may drink ; depart,  
And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge  
Is not infected : but if one present  
The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
With violent hefts :<sup>b</sup>—I have drunk, and seen the  
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander :—

<sup>a</sup> There was a popular notion that spiders were poisonous.

<sup>b</sup> Hefts—heavings.

There is a plot against my life, my crown ;  
All 's true that is mistrusted :—that false villain,  
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :  
He has discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a pinch'd thing ;<sup>a</sup> yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will :—How came the postern  
So easily open ?

*1 Lord.* By his great authority ;  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
On your command.

*Leon.* I know 't too well.—  
Give me the boy ; I am glad you did not nurse him  
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this ? sport ?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about  
Away with him :—and let her sport herself  
With that she 's big with ; for 't is Polixenes  
Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I 'd say, he had not  
And, I 'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,  
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*Leon.* You, my lords,  
Look on her, mark her well ; he but about  
To say "she is a goodly lady," and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add,  
" 'T is pity she 's not honest, honourable :"

Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and strain

The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands  
That calumny doth use :—O, I am out,

That mercy does ; for calumny will rear  
Virtue itself : these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,

When you have said she 's goodly, come between,  
Ere you can say she 's honest : But be 't known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be  
She 's an adultress.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

*Leon.* You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,

Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,

Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out

Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,  
She 's an adultress ; I have said, with whom :

More, she 's a traitor ; and Camillo is  
A federary<sup>b</sup> with her ; and one that knows

What she should shame to know herself,  
But with her most vile principal, that she 's

A bed-swerger, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold 'st titles ; ay, and privy

To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this : How will this grieve you

When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me ! Gentle my lord,

You scarce can right me throughly then, to say  
You did mistake.

*Leon.* No ; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre is not big enough to bear

<sup>a</sup> Pinch'd may convey the meaning of one made pett  
contemptible, shrunk up, pinched, as we say, by poverty  
hunger.

<sup>b</sup> Federary—confederate ; the same as feodary.

boy's top.—Away with her to prison :  
I shall speak for her is afar off<sup>a</sup> guilty,  
I'th' speak.

There 's some ill planet reigns :  
Be patient, till the heavens look  
An aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,  
I'm prone to weeping, as our sex  
Naturally are; the want of which vain dew,  
I, like you, shall dry your pities: but I have  
A mournful grief lodg'd here, which burns  
Like tears shewn: Beseech you all, my lords,  
Be so qualified as your charities  
To instruct you, measure me;—and so  
My griefs will be perform'd!

Shall I be heard? [*To the Guards.*]  
Who is 't that goes with me?—Beseech your  
Highness,  
I may be with me; for, you see,  
The cause requires it. Do not weep, good fools;  
The cause: when you shall know your mistress  
Shall be in prison, then abound in tears,  
And weep out: this action I now go on  
In your better grace.—Adieu, my lord;  
I wish'd to see you sorry; now,  
I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.  
Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]  
Beseech your highness, call the queen again.  
Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice  
Be in the which three great ones suffer,  
Your queen, your son.

For her, my lord,  
My life lay down, and will do 't, sir,  
You 't accept it, that the queen is spotless  
In the eyes of Heaven, and to you; I mean,  
Which you accuse her.

If it prove  
Otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
My wife; I'll go in couples with her;  
When I feel and see her, no further trust her;  
No inch of woman in the world,  
No dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
I.

Hail your peaces.

Good my lord,—  
It is for you we speak, not for ourselves;  
I shall be damn'd for 't; 'would I knew the villain,  
I would I knew the villain: Be she honour-flaw'd—  
Three daughters; the eldest is eleven;  
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;<sup>c</sup>  
If they prove true, they'll pay for 't: by mine honour,  
I'll be damn'd if I do not see 'em all: fourteen they shall not see,  
If they prove false generations: they are co-heirs;  
I had rather glib myself than they  
Should produce fair issue.

Cease; no more.  
I'll do all this business with a sense as cold  
As a dead man's nose: but I do see 't, and feel 't,  
I feel doing thus; and see withal  
The arguments that feel.<sup>d</sup>

If it be so,  
I'll be damn'd to bury honesty;  
I'll put a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
The whole duny earth.

What! lack I credit?  
I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,

[*Exit.*—*Re-enter a Gentleman.*]

We are unable to explain this. Farmer's  
note that it must be *hardness* him—poison him with  
it—*is*, we suppose, intended for a joke.

*is* and *see* refers to the second, and *some five* to the  
first. The scene must accompany this passage, as that of  
Antigonus.

Upon this ground: and more it would content me  
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;  
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we  
Commune with you of this? but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness  
Imparts this: which—if you (or stupified,  
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,  
Relish a truth like us; inform yourselves,  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all  
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,<sup>a</sup>  
But only seeing,<sup>b</sup> all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed), doth push on this proceeding  
Yet, for a greater confirmation  
(For, in an act of this importance, 't were  
Most piteous to be wild), I have despatch'd in post,  
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had  
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,  
From our free person she should be confin'd;  
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in public; for this business  
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;  
[*Exit an Attendant.*]  
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!  
No court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?  
Keep. For a worthy lady,  
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary  
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here 's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
The access of gentle visitors!—Is 't lawful, pray you,  
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam,  
To put apart these your attendants, I  
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.  
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Keep. And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

<sup>a</sup> Approbation—proof. <sup>b</sup> Seeing—used as a noun.

*Paul.* Well, be it so, prithee. [Exit Keeper.  
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman,  
How fares our gracious lady?  
*Emil.* As well as one so great, and so forlorn,  
May hold together: on her frights, and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*Paul.* A boy?  
*Emil.* A daughter; and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in 't: says, "My poor prisoner,  
I am innocent as you."

*Paul.* I dare be sworn:—  
These dangerous unsafe lures i' the king! beshrew them!  
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office  
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me;  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen;  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Emil.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue; there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;  
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be denied.

*Paul.* Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,  
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you bless'd for it!  
I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.  
*Keep.* Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,  
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir:  
This child was prisoner to the womb; and is  
By law and process of great nature, thence  
Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to  
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Keep.* I do believe it.  
*Paul.* Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I  
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.*

*Leon.* Nor night nor day, no rest: It is but weakness  
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if  
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,  
She, the adulteress; for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she  
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again.—Who 's there?

*I Attend.* My lord! [Advancing.  
*Leon.* How does the boy?

*I Attend.* He took good rest to-night  
'T is hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

*Leon.* To see his nobleness!  
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—  
See how he fares. [Exit Attend.]—Fie, fie! no time  
of him;

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty:  
And in his parties, his alliance.—Let him be,  
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:  
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor  
Shall she, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

*I Lord.* You must not enter.  
*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to  
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;  
More free than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That 's enough.  
*I Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night;  
manded  
None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot, good sir;  
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,—  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings,—such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I  
Do come with words as medicinal as true;  
Honest as either; to purge him of that humour  
That presses him from sleep.

*Leon.* What noise there, ho!  
*Paul.* No noise, my lord; but needful conference  
About some gossips for your highness.

*Leon.* How?—  
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,  
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me;  
I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leon.* What, canst not rule her?  
*Paul.* From all dishonesty he can: in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* La<sup>a</sup> you now; you hear!  
When she will take the rein, I let her run;  
But she 'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege, I come,—  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares  
Less appear so, in comforting<sup>b</sup> your evils,  
Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*Leon.* Good queen!  
*Paul.* Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say,  
queen;

And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.

*Leon.* Force her hence.  
*Paul.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First hand me: on mine own accord, I 'll off;  
But, first, I 'll do my errand.—The good queen,

<sup>a</sup> *La.* This is commonly printed *lo*. The words such  
look you; but *lo* is used affectually, or ironically, as in this  
<sup>b</sup> *Comforting*—encouraging.

good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;  
and commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the Child.

Out !

id \* witch ! Hence with her, out o' door :  
delligencing lawd !

Not so :

curant in that, as you  
ding me : and no less honest  
are mad ; which is enough, I 'll warrant,  
old goes, to pass for honest.

Traitors !

not push her out ? Give her the bastard—  
rid, [to ANTIGONUS] thou art woman-tired,<sup>b</sup>  
unroasted

one Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;  
I say ; give 't to thy crone.

For ever

de be thy hands, if thou  
the princess, by that forced baseness  
has put upon 't !

He dreads his wife.

o I would you did ; then 't were past all doubt  
l your children yours.

A nest of traitors !

am none, by this good light.

Nor I ; nor any,

hat 's here ; and that 's himself : for he  
l honour of himself, his queen's,  
d son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
eg is sharper than the sword's ; and will not  
e case now stands, it is a curse  
be compell'd to 't) once remove  
his opinion, which is rotten,  
t, or stone, was sound.

A callat,

ee tongue ; who late hath beat her husband,  
bait me !—This brat is none of mine ;  
one of Polixenes :  
k it ; and, together with the dam,  
em to the fire.

It is yours ;

t we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
a, 't is the worse.—Behold, my lords,  
the print be little, the whole matter  
of the father : eye, nose, lip,  
of his frown, his forehead ; nay, the valley,  
y dimples of his chin and cheek ; his  
yilles ;  
ould and frame of hand, nail, finger :—  
good goddess Nature, which hath made it  
ain that got it, if thou hast  
eg of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
in 't ; lest she suspect, as he does,  
en not her husband's !

A gross hag !

f thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
not stay her tongue.

Hang all the husbands

d do that feat, you 'll leave yourself  
e subject.

Once more, take her hence.

most unworthy and unnatural lord  
more.

I 'll have thee burn'd.

I care not :

etic that makes the fire,  
ich burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant ;  
out cruel usage of your queen

<sup>b</sup>—*maculinea*.

word. This is equivalent to our *hen-pecked*. To fire

Verdugan explains this as "one that hath lost  
e most of his own good and welfare, and so is  
and careless of credit and honesty."

(Not able to produce more accusation

Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours  
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon.

On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me ; I 'll be gone.

Look to your babe, my lord ; 't is yours : Jove send  
her

A better guiding spirit !—What need these hands ?—  
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so :—Farewell ; we are gone. [Exit.

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—  
My child ! away with 't !—even thou, that hast

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire ;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight  
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,

(And by good testimony,) or I 'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine : If thou refuse,

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;

For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant.

I did not, sir :

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in 't.

I Lord.

We can, my royal liege,

He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

I Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit ;

We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech

So to esteem of us : And on our knees we beg,

(As recompense of our dear services,

Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose ;

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must

Lead on to some foul issue : We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows :—

Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel

And call me father ? Better burn it now,

Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :

It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither ; [to Ant.

You, that have been so tenderly officious

With lady Margery, your midwife, there,

To save this bastard's life : for 't is a bastard,

So sure as this beard's grey,<sup>a</sup>—what will you adventure

To save this brat's life ?

Ant.

Anything, my lord,

That my ability may undergo,

And nobleness impose : at least, thus much,—

I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left

To save the innocent : anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible : Swear by this sword,

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant.

I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it ; (seest thou ?) for the  
fail

Of any point in 't shall not only be

Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife ;

Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry

This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it

To some remote and desert place, quite out

Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,

Without more mercy, to its own protection,

And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—

On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—

That thou commend it strangely to some place

Where chance may nurse, or end it : Take it up.

<sup>a</sup> Leontes here probably points to the beard of Antigonus.



*Ant.* I swear to do this, though a present death  
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe :  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!<sup>a</sup> [*Exit, with the Child.*]

*Leon.* No, I'll not rear  
Another's issue.

*I Attend.* Please your highness, posts,  
From those you sent to the oracle, are come  
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,

Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to the court.

*I Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

*Leon.* Twenty-three days  
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells  
The great Apollo suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath  
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives,  
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me;  
And think upon my bidding. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Street.*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Cleo.* The climate 's delicate: the air most sweet;  
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the reverence  
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i' the offering!

*Cleo.* But, of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,  
That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If the event o' the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!—  
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on 't.

*Cleo.* Great Apollo,  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle  
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare  
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—  
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

*Leon.* This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,  
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one  
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,  
Even <sup>b</sup> to the guilt, or the purgation.  
Produce the prisoner.

*Offi.* It is his highness' pleasure that the queen  
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and  
Ladies attending.

*Leon.* Read the indictment.

*Offi.* "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king  
of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high  
treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king

<sup>a</sup> Loss does not here mean destruction—a final calamity. It  
probably means *exposure*.

<sup>b</sup> Even—equal, indifferent.

of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take  
the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal  
band: the pretence<sup>a</sup> thereof being by circumstance  
partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the  
and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and  
them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."

*Her.* Since what I am to say must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation, and  
The testimony on my part no other  
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me  
To say, "Not guilty;" mine integrity,  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine  
Behold our human actions, as they do,  
I doubt not then but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,  
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,  
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,  
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it,  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,  
'T is a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal

To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurrent I  
Have strain'd, <sup>b</sup> to appear thus: if one jot beyond  
The bound of honour; or, in act or will,  
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry *Fie!* upon my grave!

*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet,  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That 's true enough;  
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leon.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mist  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must be  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,

<sup>a</sup> Pretence—design.

<sup>b</sup> The metaphor appears to be taken from an  
chivalry, in which one swerving from the accustomed  
would be *uncurrent*.

themselves I am accus'd,) I do confess,  
 as in honour he requir'd,  
 as a kind of love as might become  
 like me; with a love, even such,  
 as either, as yourself commanded:  
 as to have done, I think, had been in me  
 obedience and ingratitude,  
 and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,  
 as it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
 as yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
 as how it tastes; though it be dish'd  
 as to try how: all I know of it  
 as Camillo was an honest man;  
 as he left your court, the gods themselves,  
 as no more than I, are ignorant.

You knew of his departure, as you know  
 as to have underta'en to do in his absence.

Sir,  
 as a language that I understand not:  
 as words in the level of your dreams,<sup>a</sup>  
 'll lay down.

Your actions are my dreams;  
 as a bastard by Polixenes,  
 as a dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,  
 as (your fact are so,) so past all truth:  
 as deny, concerns more than avails: For as  
 as hath been cast out, like to itself,  
 as poisoning it, (which is, indeed,  
 as animal in thee, than it,) so thou  
 as our justice; in whose easiest passage,  
 as no less than death.

Sir, spare your threats;  
 as which you would fright me with I seek.  
 as a life be no commodity:  
 as and comfort of my life, your favour,  
 as lost; for I do feel it gone,  
 as not how it went: My second joy,  
 as fruits of my body, from his presence  
 as 'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,  
 as sent unduckily, is from my breast,  
 as sent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
 as it to murder: Myself on every post  
 as 'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,  
 as that privilege denied, which longs  
 as of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried  
 as his place, 't the open air, before  
 as a strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
 as what blessings I have here alive,  
 as would fear to die? Therefore, proceed.  
 as fear this; mistake me not;—No life,  
 as not a straw:—but for mine honour,  
 as I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd  
 as misis; all proofs sleeping else,  
 as (your jealousies awake; I tell you  
 as not, and not law.—Your honours all,  
 as me to the oracle;  
 as my judge.

This your request  
 as for just: therefore, bring forth,  
 as Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Ex. certain Officers.*  
 as the emperor of Russia was my father:  
 as were alive, and here beholding  
 as her's trial! that he did but see  
 as me of my misery; yet with eyes  
 as not revenge!

*Enter Officers, with CLOMENS and DION.*  
 as (we here shall swear upon this sword of justice,  
 as Clomenes and Dion, have  
 as out Delphus; and from thence have brought  
 as the-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd

as seems a kind the level, the aim, of this accusation;  
 as therefore stands within the range of the attack you  
 as at it.

Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,  
 as You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
 as Nor read the secrets in 't.

*Cleo., Dion.* All this we swear.  
*Leon.* Break up the seals, and read.

*Offi.* [*Reads.*] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless,  
 as Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant,  
 as his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall  
 as live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo!

*Her.* Prais'd!

*Leon.* Hast thou read truth?

*Offi.* Ay, my lord; even so  
 as As it is here set down.

*Leon.* There is no truth at all i' the oracle:  
 as The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

*Enter a Servant, hastily.*

*Serv.* My lord the king, the king!

*Leon.* What is the business?

*Serv.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it:  
 as The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
 as Of the queen's speed,<sup>a</sup> is gone.

*Leon.* How! gone?

*Serv.* Is dead.

*Leon.* Apollo's angry; and the Heavens themselves  
 as Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*] How  
 as now there?

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,  
 as And see what death is doing.

*Leon.* Take her hence:

as Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—  
 as I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—  
 as 'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
 as Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERM.*

as My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

as I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

as New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,

as Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

as For, being transported by my jealousies

as To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

as Camillo for the minister, to poison

as My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

as But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

as My swift command, though I with death, and with

as Reward, did threaten and encourage him,

as Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,

as And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

as Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,

as Which you knew great; and to the hazard

as Of all incertainties himself commended,

as No richer than his honour:—How he glisters

as Thorough my rust! and how his piety

as Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*Paul.* Woe the while!

as O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,

as Break too!

as *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

as *Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?

as What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,

as In leads, or oils? what old or newer torture

as Must I receive; whose every word deserves

as To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny

as Together working with thy jealousies,—

as Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle

as For girls of nine!—O, think what they have done,

as And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all

as Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.

as That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;

as That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,

as <sup>a</sup> Of how the queen may speed—of the issue of this charge.

And damnable ingrateful : nor was 't much,  
 Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,  
 To have him kill a king ; poor trespasses,  
 More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon  
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,  
 To be or none, or little ; though a devil  
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't :  
 Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death  
 Of the young prince ; whose honourable thoughts  
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart  
 That could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
 Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,  
 Laid to thy answer : But the last,—O, lords,  
 When I have said, cry Woe !—the queen, the queen,  
 The sweetest, dearest creature 's dead ; and vengeance  
 for 't

Not dropp'd down yet.

*Lord.* The higher powers forbid !

*Paul.* I say, she 's dead : I 'll swear 't : if word, nor  
 oath,

Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring  
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,  
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I 'll serve you  
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !  
 Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier  
 Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee  
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,  
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
 To look that way thou wert.

*Leon.* Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd  
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*Lord.* Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
 I the boldness of your speech.

*Paul.* I am sorry for 't ;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
 I do repent : Alas, I have show'd too much  
 The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd  
 To the noble heart.—What 's gone, and what 's past  
 help,

Should be past grief : Do not receive affliction  
 At my petition, I beseech you ; rather  
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
 Sir, royal sir, forgiv' a foolish woman :  
 The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool, again !—  
 I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;  
 I 'll not remember you of my own lord,  
 Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,  
 And I 'll say nothing.

*Leon.* Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth ; which I receive much better  
 Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me  
 To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :  
 One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall  
 The causes of their death appear, unto  
 Our shame perpetual : Once a day I 'll visit  
 The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,  
 Shall be my recreation : So long as Nature  
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
 I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me  
 To these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Bohemia. A desert Country near  
 the Sea.

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child ; and a Mariner.

*Ant.* Thou art perfect<sup>a</sup> then, our ship hath touch'd  
 upon

The deserts of Bohemia ?

<sup>a</sup> Perfect—assured.

*Mar.*

Ay, my lord ; and fear  
 We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,  
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
 The Heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
 And frown upon us.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done !—Go, get aboard  
 Look to thy bark ; I 'll not be long before  
 I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste ; and go not  
 Too far i' the land : 't is like to be loud weather ;  
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
 Of prey, that keep upon 't.

*Ant.* Go thou away :  
 I 'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart  
 To be so rid o' the business.

[*Exit.*]

*Ant.*

Come, poor babe !—  
 I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead  
 May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother  
 Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream  
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;  
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
 So fill'd, and so becoming : in pure white robes,  
 Like very sanctity she did approach  
 My cabin where I lay : thrice bow'd before me ;  
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
 Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon  
 Did this break from her : " Good Antigonus,  
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,  
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
 There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe  
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
 I prithee, call 't : for this ungentle business,  
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
 Thy wife Paulina more : "—and so, with shrieks,  
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
 I did in time collect myself ; and thought  
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys ;  
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe  
 Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that  
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth  
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well !

[*Laying down the Child.*]  
 There lie ; and there thy character :<sup>a</sup> there these ;

[*Laying down a bundle.*]  
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee prey  
 And still rest thine.—The storm begins :—  
 wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd  
 To loss, and what may follow !—Weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds : and most accur'd am I,  
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell !  
 The day frowns more and more—thou 'rt like to be  
 A lullaby too rough : I never saw  
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour !—  
 Well may I get aboard !—This is the chace ;  
 I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a Storm.]

Enter an old Shepherd.

*Shep.* I would there was no age between me  
 three-and-twenty ; or that youth would sleep out there  
 for there is nothing in the between but getting wench  
 with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, lying,  
 —Hark you now !—Would any but these boiled heads  
 of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather  
 They have scared away two of my best sheep ; what  
 I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master ;

<sup>a</sup> Character—description, the writing which describes the

have them, 't is by the sea-side, broozing  
 and lack, an 't be thy will! what have we  
 up up the Child.] Mercy on 's, a barme;<sup>a</sup>  
 barme! A boy, or a child,<sup>b</sup> I wonder!  
 a; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape:  
 not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gen-  
 the scape. This has been some stair-work,  
 work, some behind-door-work: they were  
 got this than the poor thing is here. I'll  
 e pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come;  
 at even now. Whoa, ho ho!

Enter Clown.

Ho, ho!  
 hat, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to  
 a thou art dead and rotten, come hither,  
 thou, man?

we seen two such sights, by sea, and by  
 I am not to gay, it is a sea, for it is now the  
 t the firmament and it you cannot thrust a  
 st.

ay, boy, how is it?  
 add you did but see how it chafes, how it  
 takes up the shore! but that 's not to the  
 the most piteous cry of the poor souls!  
 see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship  
 soon with her main-mast; and anon swal-  
 lent and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into

And then for the land-service,—To see  
 ture out his shoulder-bone; how he cried  
 sly, and said his name was Antigonus, a  
 —But to make an end of the ship:—to see  
 flap-dragoned it:<sup>c</sup>—but, first, how the poor  
 and the sea mocked them;—and how the  
 an marel, and the bear mocked him, both  
 er than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these  
 sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the  
 bear half dined on the gentleman; he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old  
 man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have  
 helped her; there your charity would have lacked  
 footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee  
 here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mett'at with things  
 dying, I with things new born. Here 's a sight for  
 thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth<sup>a</sup> for a squire's child!  
 look thee here! take up, take up, boy; open 't. So,  
 let 's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the  
 fairies; this is some changeling:<sup>b</sup>—open 't: What 's  
 within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made old man; if the sins of your  
 youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold!  
 all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so:  
 up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way.  
 We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing  
 but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the  
 next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I 'll  
 go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how  
 much he hath eaten: they are never curst,<sup>c</sup> but when  
 they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good deed: If thou mayst discern,  
 by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the  
 sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him  
 i' the ground.

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy; and we 'll do good  
 deeds on 't. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

hat please some, try all,—both joy and terror  
 had,—that make, and unfold error,—  
 am me, in the name of Time,  
 sings. Impute it not a crime  
 y swift passage, that I slide  
 years, and leave the growth untried  
 gap; since it is in my power  
 law, and in one self-born hour  
 o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass  
 em, ere ancient'st order was,  
 ew receiv'd: I witness to  
 at brought them in: so shall I do  
 at things now reigning; and make stale  
 of this present, as my tale  
 it. Your patience this allowing,  
 am; and give my scene such growing  
 kept between. Leontes leaving  
 his find jealousies; so grieving,  
 up himself; imagine me,  
 dies, that I now may be  
 his; and remember well,  
 a son o' the king's, which Florizel  
 to you; and with speed so pace  
 Perdita, now grown in grace

<sup>a</sup> Scratch hairs; a child bares, or born.  
<sup>b</sup> Some say that he is told "that, in some of  
 times, a female infant, in contradistinction to a  
 male, is termed among the peasantry a child." This  
 was clearly the meaning of Shakespeare.  
<sup>c</sup> And it. In "Love's Labour's Lost" we have—  
 "swallow'd than a flap-dragon."

Equal with wondering: What of her ensues

I list not prophesy; but let Time's news

Be known when 't is brought forth:—a shepherd's  
 daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,

Is the argument of time: Of this allow,<sup>d</sup>

If ever you have spent time worse ere now;

If never yet, that Time himself doth say,

He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of  
 Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more impor-  
 tunate: 't is a sickness denying thee anything; a death  
 to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country.  
 Though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I  
 desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent  
 king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling  
 sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think  
 so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the  
 rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I  
 have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not

<sup>a</sup> Bearing-cloth. Percy explains this as "the fine mantle or  
 cloth with which a child is usually covered when it is carried  
 to the church to be baptized."

<sup>b</sup> Changeling—a child changed.

<sup>c</sup> Curst—mischievous.

<sup>d</sup> Allow—approve.

to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered. (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown: but I have, missingly,<sup>a</sup> noted he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

*Pol.* I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

*Cam.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my intelligence. But I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd: from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.<sup>b</sup>

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!  
Both set my pugging<sup>c</sup> tooth on edge;  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,  
With heigh! with hey! the thrush and the jay  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;<sup>d</sup> but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourne for that, my dear?  
The pale moon shines by night;  
And when I wander here and there,  
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,  
And bear the sow-skin bowget;  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks avouch it.

<sup>a</sup> *Missingly.* Steevens explains this,—“I have observed him at intervals.” But is it not rather—missing him, I have noted he is of late much retired from court?

<sup>b</sup> *The winter's pale.* The spring which Autolycus describes as the early spring, when winter still holds a partial reign, and the pale—boundary—which divides it from spring is not yet broken up.

<sup>c</sup> *Pugging.* This appears a flash word. A *puggard* is a thief.

<sup>d</sup> *Three-pile*—rich velvet.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, linen.<sup>a</sup> My father named me Autolycus as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and chased this caparison; and my revenue cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too pow highway: beating, and hanging, are terror the life to come, I sleep out the thought of a prize!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clow.* Let me see:—Every eleven wether-tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fift shorn,—What comes the wool to?<sup>b</sup>

*Aut.* If the springe hold, the cock's min

*Clow.* I cannot do't without counters.—what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing fe pound of sugar; five pound of currants: What will this sister of mine do with rice father bath made her mistress of the feast, it on. She hath made me four-and-twef for the shearers: three-man song-men all good ones; but they are most of them mean but one Puritan amongst them, and he sin hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour pies;<sup>c</sup> mace,—dates,—none; that's out o nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger may beg; four pound of prunes, and as sins o' the sun.

*Aut.* O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling o*]

*Clow.* I' the name of me,—

*Aut.* O, help me, help me! pluck but o and then, death, death!

*Clow.* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need o to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* O, sir, the loathsomeness of them more than the stripes I have received; whic ones, and millions.

*Clow.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my apparel ta'en from me, and these detestabl upon me.

*Clow.* What, by a horse-man, or a foot-m

*Aut.* A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man,

*Clow.* Indeed, he should be a foot-man, ments he hath left with thee; if this be a coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend n I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [

*Aut.* O, good sir, tenderly, oh!

*Clow.* Alas, poor soul!

*Aut.* O, good sir, softly, good sir: I f shoulder-blade is out.

*Clow.* How now? canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear sir; [*picks his pocket* softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clow.* Dost lack any money? I have a l for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir, no, I beseech have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a unto whom I was going; I shall there have anything I want: Offer me no money, I p kills my heart.

*Clow.* What manner of fellow was he that

*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have know with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a s

<sup>a</sup> Autolycus has his eye upon the “white sheets” may take the smaller linen for their nests.

<sup>b</sup> The produce of eleven wethers, in Shakespeare's time, yielded a pound and odd shilling of wool. The improved breeds of modern days double that quantity.

<sup>c</sup> Singers of three-part songs.

<sup>d</sup> *Warden pie.* Warden was the name of a pea

I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues  
out he was certainly whipped out of the court.

His vices, you would say; there's no virtue  
out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay  
and yet it will no more but abide.<sup>a</sup>

Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well:  
been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server,  
then he compassed a motion of the prodigal  
and married a tinker's wife within a mile where  
and living lies; and, having flown over many  
professions, he settled only in rogue: some call  
tolycus.

Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he  
rakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that 's the rogue that  
into this apparel.

Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if  
but looked big, and spit at him, he 'd have run.  
I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I  
of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant

How do you now?

Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand,  
k: I will even take my leave of you, and pace  
wards my kinsman's.

Shall I bring thee on the way?

No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Then face thee well; I must go buy spices for  
p-shearing.

Prasper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit* Clown.]—Your  
not hot enough to purchase your spice. I 'll  
you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not  
eat being out another, and the shearers prove  
et me be unrolled, and my name put in the book  
e!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent ' the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day.  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit*.

NE III.—*The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter* FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
e a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,  
g in April's front. This your sheep-shearing  
meeting of the petty gods,  
so the queen on 't.

Sir, my gracious lord,  
sit at your extremes it not becomes me;  
don, that I name them: your high self,  
across mark o' the land, you have obscur'd  
a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,  
poddle-like prank'd up:<sup>d</sup> But that our feasts  
ry mess have folly, and the feeders  
it with a custom, I should blush  
you so attir'd; sworn, I think,  
myself a glass.

I bless the time,  
my good falcon made her flight across  
her's ground.

Now Jove afford you cause!  
e, the difference forges dread; your greatness  
not been used to fear. Even now I tremble  
look, your father, by some accident,  
d pass this way, as you did: O, the fates,  
would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
ly bow'd up? What would he say? Or how  
d I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
cesses of his presence?

Apprehend

<sup>a</sup> *Shale-shears.*

<sup>b</sup> The pepper-shew was anciently called a *motion*.

<sup>c</sup> *Shew*—take hold of.

<sup>d</sup> *Prank'd up*—dressed splendidly, decorated.

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now: Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;  
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires  
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

*Per.* O but, sir,  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is  
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king;  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak; that you must change this pur-  
pose,

Or I my life.

*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita,  
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not  
The mirth o' the feast: Or I 'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's: for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor anything to any, if  
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say No. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these, with anything  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:  
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O lady Fortune,  
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter* Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO dis-  
guised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.

*Flo.* [See, your guests approach:  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let 's be red with mirth.

*Shep.* Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon  
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;  
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all  
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now  
here,

At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;  
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire  
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself  
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: Come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.* Sir, welcome! [To POL.]  
It is my father's will I should take on me  
The hostess-ship o' the day:—You 're welcome, sir!

[To CAM.]  
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,  
For you there 's rosemary, and rue; these keep  
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:  
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing!

*Pol.* Shepherdess,  
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,—  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly'vors,<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Gilly'vors.* We print this word as it is twice printed in the  
original. Some of the old authors write *gillyflower*, some  
*gillifre*. *Gilly'vor* is perhaps a contraction of *gillyflower*.

Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind  
Our rustic garden 's barren ; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them ?

*Per.* For I have heard it said,  
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares  
With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say, there be ;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean : so, over that art,  
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock ;  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race : This 's an art  
Which does mend nature,—change it rather : but  
The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.  
*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gilly'vors,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I 'll not put  
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them :  
No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say, 't were well ; and only therefore  
Desire to breed by me.—Here 's flowers for you ;  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;  
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises weeping ; these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age : You are very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas !  
You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my  
fairest friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might  
Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours ;  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing :—O, Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall  
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and  
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one ! O ! these I lack,  
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er.

*Flo.* What ! like a corse ?

*Per.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;  
Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,  
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers :  
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do,  
In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

*Flo.* What you do  
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
I 'd have you do it ever : when you sing,  
I 'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;  
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,  
And own no other function : Each your doing,  
So singular in each particular,  
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
at all your acts are queens.

*Per.* O Doricles,

Your praises are too large : but that your you  
And the true blood which peeps fairly through  
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd  
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I think, you h  
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose  
To put you to 't.—But, come ; our dance !  
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,  
That never mean to part.

*Per.* I 'll swear for 'em  
*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass that  
Ran on the green sward : nothing she does or  
But snacks of something greater than herself ;  
Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something  
That makes her blood look out : Good sooth,  
The queen of curds and cream.

*Clo.* Come on, str  
*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress : marry,  
To mend her kissing with.

*Mop.* Now, in good tim  
*Clo.* Not a word, a word ; we stand upon  
ners.—

Come, strike up.

*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdes.*

*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain  
Which dances with your daughter ?

*Shep.* They call him Doricles ; and boasts  
To have a worthy feeding :<sup>a</sup> but I have it  
Upon his own report, and I believe it ;  
He looks like sooth :<sup>b</sup> He says, he loves my d  
I think so too : for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,  
As 't were, my daughter's eyes : and, to be pl  
I think there is not half a kiss to choose  
Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances feately.  
*Shep.* So she does anything ; though I rep  
That should be silent : if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O master, if you did but hear the ped  
door, you would never dance again after a  
pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you :  
several tunes faster than you 'll tell money ;  
them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's  
to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better : he shall  
I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be dol  
ter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thin  
and sung lamentably.

*Serv.* He hath songs, for man, or woman, of  
no milliner can so fit his customers with glove  
the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so without  
which is strange ; with such delicate burthens  
and fadings :<sup>c</sup> " jump her and thump her ;"  
some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it w  
mischief, and break a foul gap into the n  
makes the maid to answer, " Whoop, do me  
good man ;"<sup>d</sup> puts him off, slights him, with  
do me no harm, good man."

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an adm  
ceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares ?

*Serv.* He hath ribands of all the colours i  
bow ; points, more than all the lawyers in Boh  
learnedly handle, though they come to him  
gross ; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns ;

<sup>a</sup> Feeding—pasture.

<sup>b</sup> Sooth—truth.  
<sup>c</sup> The fadings was a dance.



ver, as they were gods or goddesses; you  
a smock were a she-angel: he so chants to  
ul, and the work about the square on 't.  
es, bring him in; and let him approach

warm him, that he use no scurrilous words

have of these pedlars, that have more in  
or 'd think, sister.

good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter ANTOXYCUS, singing.*

As white as driven snow;  
As black as e'er was crow;  
As sweet as damask roses;  
As like for loons, and for noses;  
The bracelet, necklace-amber,  
Brim for a lady's chamber;  
Then quiffs, and stomachers,  
My lads to give their dears;  
As, and poking-sticks of steel,  
At maids lack from head to heel:  
Buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;  
Or else your lasses cry: Come, buy.

were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst  
er of me; but being enthralled as I am, it  
the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.  
As promised them against the feast; but  
at too late now.

hath paid you all he promised you: may  
paid you more; which will shame you to  
sin.

here no manners left among maids? will  
bear plackets, where they should bear their  
their not milking-time, when you are going  
in-hole, to whistle of these secrets; but you  
be-tattling before all our guests? 'T is well  
upring: Clamour your tongues,<sup>a</sup> and not

are done. Come, you promised me a taw-  
el a pair of sweet gloves.  
ve I not told thee how I was cozened by the  
at all my money?

d, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad;  
behoves men to be wary.

r not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.  
own six, sir; for I have about me many par-  
tyes.

at hast here? ballads?

ay now, buy some: I love a ballad in print,  
(then we are sure they are true.

er's one to a very doleful tune, How a  
le was brought to bed of twenty money-bags  
in; and how she longed to eat adders' heads,  
carriadoed.

is true, think you?

er true; and but a month old.

ke me from marrying a usurer!

er's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress  
; and five or six honest wives that were pre-  
e should I carry lies abroad?

ay you now, buy it.

er us, lay it by: And let 's first see more  
e 'll buy the other things anon.

er's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared  
man, on Wednesday the fourscore of April,  
and fathom above water, and sung this ballad  
hard hearts of maids: it was thought she  
as, and was turned into a cold fish, for she  
exchange flesh with one that loved her: The  
ry painful, and as true.

<sup>a</sup> your tongue. Nares says the "expression is  
deriving; it is now contracted to clam, and in  
modern usage signifies." <sup>b</sup>

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more  
than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too: Another.

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let 's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to  
the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there 's scarce  
a maid westward, but she sings it; 't is in request, I  
can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it; if thou 'lt bear a part,  
thou shalt bear; 't is in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on 't a month ago.

*Aut.* I can bear my part; you must know, 't is my  
occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

*A.* Get you hence, for I must go;

Where it fits not you to know.

*D.* Whither?

*M.* O, whither?

*D.* Whither?

*M.* It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

*D.* Me too, let me go thither.

*M.* Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

*D.* If to either, thou dost ill.

*A.* Neither.

*D.* What, neither?

*A.* Neither.

*D.* Thou hast sworn my love to be;

*M.* Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

*Clo.* We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves:  
My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll  
not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after  
me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both:—Pedlar, let 's  
have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*]

Will you buy any tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head,  
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?  
Come to the pedlar;  
Money 's a medler,  
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clo., Aut., Dor., and Mop.*]

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds,  
three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made them-  
selves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers:  
and they have a dance which the wenches say is a  
gallimaufry<sup>a</sup> of gambols, because they are not in 't;  
but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too  
rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will  
please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away! we 'll none on 't; here has been too much  
homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let 's  
see these four threes of herdsmen.

*Serv.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath  
danced before the king; and not the worst of the three  
but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.<sup>b</sup>

*Shep.* Leave your prating: since these good men are  
pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

*Serv.* Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics, habited like  
Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

*Pol.* O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.—  
Is it not too far gone?—'T is time to part them.—<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Gallimaufry—a confused heap of things.

<sup>b</sup> Squire—foot-rule.

<sup>c</sup> During the dance Polixenes and the Shepherd have been  
conversing apart, and this is a continuation of their supposed  
dialogue.



He's simple and tells much. [*Aside.*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,  
And handed love as you do, I was wont  
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd  
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance; you have let him go  
And nothing marted with him: If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse, and call this  
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited  
For a reply, at least, if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old sir, I know  
She prizes not such trifles as these are:  
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart; which I have given already,  
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,  
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,  
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

*Pol.* What follows this?—  
How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:—  
But to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to 't.  
*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?  
*Flo.* And he, and more  
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:  
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know-  
ledge,  
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,  
Without her love: for her, employ them all;  
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,  
Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.  
*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.  
*Shep.* But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain;—  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be  
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shep.* Come, your hand;  
And, daughter, yours.  
*Pol.* Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;  
Have you a father?

*Flo.* I have: But what of him?  
*Pol.* Knows he of this?  
*Flo.* He neither does, nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks, a father  
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest  
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?  
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?  
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,  
But what he did being childish?

*Flo.* No, good sir:

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,  
Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial: Reason, my son  
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason  
The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this;  
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know 't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Prithee, let him.

*Flo.* No, he must  
*Shep.* Let him, my son; he shall not need to  
At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must  
Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir  
[*Discovering*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base  
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheephook!—Thou old traitor  
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can  
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh  
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know  
The royal food thou cop'st with;—

*Shep.* O, my heart

*Pol.* I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with his  
made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
That thou no more shalt never see\* this knave  
never

I mean thou shalt,) we 'll bar thee from success  
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
Far than Deucalion off.—Mark thou my words  
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this tin  
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment  
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee  
As thou art tender to 't.

*Per.* Even here undone!  
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,  
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,  
The self-same sun that shines upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?  
I told you what would come of this: 'Beseech you  
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine  
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,  
But milk my ewes, and weep.

*Cam.* Why, how now, &c.  
Speak, ere thou diest.

*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,  
You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones: but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay  
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed was  
[*to Per*]

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst not  
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!

\* The double negative is characteristic of Shakspeare

die within this hour, I have liv'd  
as I desire.

Why look you so upon me?  
Why, not afraid; delay'd,  
I alter'd: What I was, I am:  
I sing on, for plucking back; not following  
unwillingly.

Gracious my lord,  
your father's temper: at this time  
I have no speech,—which, I do guess,  
I purpose to him;—and as hardly  
I dare your sight as yet, I fear:  
The fury of his highness settle,  
before him.

I not purpose it.  
Camillo.

Even he, my lord.  
How often have I told you 't would be thus!  
I said, my dignity would last  
were known!

It cannot fail, but by  
an of my faith: And then  
I crush the sides o' the earth together,  
I he seeds within! Lift up thy looks:  
I succession wipe me, father! I  
I my affection.

Be advis'd.  
I do; and by my fancy: \* if my reason  
to be obedient, I have reason;  
I senses, better pleas'd with madness,  
I welcome.

This is desperate, sir.  
I call it: but it does fulfil my vow;  
I set think it honesty. Camillo,  
I shema, nor the pomp that may  
I gleam'd; for all the sun sees, or  
I earth womb, or the profound seas hide  
I in fathoms, will I break my oath  
I fair below'd: Therefore, I pray you,  
I we ever been my father's honour'd friend,  
I shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not  
I a any more,) cast your good counsels  
I passion: Let myself and fortune  
I a time to come. This you may know,  
I diver,—I am put to sea  
I whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
I t opportunity to her need,<sup>b</sup> I have  
I flies fast by, but not prepar'd  
I design. What course I mean to hold  
I sing benefit your knowledge, nor  
I we the reporting.

O, my lord,  
I our spirit were easier for advice,  
I or for your need.

Hark, Perdita. [*Takes her aside.*  
I you by and by. [*to CAMILLO.*

He 's irremovable,  
I to flight: now were I happy, if  
I I could frame to serve my turn;  
I from danger, do him love and honour;  
I the sight again of dear Sicilia,  
I unhappy king, my master, whom  
I I chide to see.

Now, good Camillo,  
I sought with curious business, that  
I t ceremony.

Sir, I think,  
I heard of my poor services, 't the love  
I or harme your father?

Very nobly  
I deserv'd: it is my father's music,  
I our deeds; not little of his care  
I our recompens'd as thought on.

Per. \* *Her need*—the need we have o' her.

Cam.

Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king,  
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,  
(If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour  
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness; where you may  
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,  
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by,  
As Heavens forbid! your ruin;) marry her;  
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence)  
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,  
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,  
May this, almost a miracle, be done?

That I may call thee something more than man,  
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on  
A place, whereto you 'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:  
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do, so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:  
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,  
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;  
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,  
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;  
She shall be habited as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping  
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,  
As 't were i' the father's person: kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him  
Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one  
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,  
What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,  
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you  
down:

The which shall point you forth at every sitting  
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,  
But that you have your father's bosom there,  
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:  
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores: most cer-  
tain,

To miseries enough: no hope to help you:  
But, as you shake off one, to take another:  
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you 'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,  
Prosperity 's the very bond of love;  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:  
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?  
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven  
years,  
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo.

She is as forward of her breeding, as  
She is i' the rear of our birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say, 't is pity  
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, sir, for this:  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita!—  
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—*Camillo*,—  
Preserver of my father, now of me;  
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?  
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia—

*Cam.* My lord,  
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes  
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if  
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,  
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[*They talk aside.*]

*Enter AUTOLYCUS.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his  
sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold  
all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband,  
glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape,  
glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack  
from fasting; they throng who should buy first, as if  
my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a bene-  
diction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose  
purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good  
use I remembered. My clown (who wants but some-  
thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the  
wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoats till  
he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of  
the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears:  
you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless;  
't was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would  
have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no  
feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing  
of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and  
cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old  
man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and  
the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff,  
I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*CAM., FLO., and PER. come forward.*]

*Cam.* Nay, but my letters by this means being  
there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from king  
Leontes—

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you!  
All that you speak shows fair.

*Cam.* Who have we here?—

[*Seeing AUTOLYCUS.*]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit  
Nothing may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have overheard me now,—why,  
hanging. [*Aside.*]

*Cam.* How now, good fellow? why shakest thou so?  
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal  
that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty we  
must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee in-  
stantly, (thou must think there's a necessity in 't,) and  
change garments with this gentleman: Though the  
pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee,  
there's some boot.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well  
enough. [*Aside.*]

*Cam.* Nay, prithee, despatch: the gentleman is half  
flay'd already

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell  
on 't.—

*Flo.* Despatch, I prithee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have had earnest; but I can  
conscience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLO. and AUT. exchange g*]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy  
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself  
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,  
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face  
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken  
The truth of your own seeming; that you may  
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard  
Get undescried.

*Per.* I see the play so lies  
That I must bear a part.

*Cam.* No remedy.—  
Have you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my  
He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have  
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

*Aut.* Adieu.

*Flo.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot  
Pray you, a word. [*They conce*]

*Cam.* What I do next shall be, to tell the king  
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;  
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail  
To force him after; in whose company  
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us!—  
Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to the sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt FLO., PER., &*]

*Aut.* I understand the business, I hear it:  
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand,  
sary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite  
to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is  
that the unjust man doth thrive. What an  
had this been, without boot! what a boot is  
this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year  
us, and we may do anything *extempore*. Theft  
himself is about a piece of iniquity; steals  
from his father, with his clog at his heels: If  
it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king  
I would not do 't: I hold it the more kn  
conceal it; and therein am I constant to  
fession.

*Enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a  
Every lane's end, every shop, church, session,  
yields a careful man work.

*Clo.* See, see; what a man you are now! the  
other way but to tell the king she's a changel  
none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and bl  
flesh and blood has not offended the king; and  
flesh and blood is not to be punished by him  
those things you found about her; those secrets  
all but what she has with her: This being don  
law go whistle; I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the king all, every word;  
his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no less  
neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to  
the king's brother-in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest  
could have been to him; and then your blood  
the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

very wisely; puppies!  
Well; let us to the king; there is that in this  
I make him scratch his beard.

I know not what impediment this complaint  
is the flight of my master.

Pray heartily he be at palace.  
Though I am not naturally honest, I am so  
by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedlar's  
t.—[Takes off his false beard.] How now,  
whither are you bound?

To the palace, an 't like your worship.  
Four affairs there; what; with whom; the  
of that fardel; the place of your dwelling;  
ses; your ages; of what having, breeding;  
ing that is fitting to be known, discover.

We are but plain fellows, sir.  
I lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me nave  
it becomes none but tradesmen, and they  
us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it  
ped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they  
re us the lie.

Your worship had like to have given us one, if  
not taken yourself with the manner.

Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?  
Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier.

Is not the air of the court in these enfoldings?  
my gait in it the measure of the court? re-  
l thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not  
seness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for  
imate, or toze from thee thy business, I am  
no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pè; and  
will either push on or pluck back thy business  
serapon I command thee to open thy affair.

My business, sir, is to the king.  
What advocate hast thou to him?

I know not, an 't like you.  
Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant; say,  
same.

None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.  
Iow bless'd are we that are not simple men!  
I might have made me as these are,  
I 'll not disdain.

His cannot be but a great courtier.  
His garments are rich, but he wears them not  
by.

It seems to be the more noble in being fantas-  
tist man, I 'll warrant; I know by the pick-  
etch.

Is the fardel there? what 's i' the fardel?  
that box?

It, there lies such secrets in this fardel and  
I scarce must know but the king; and which  
are within this hour, if I may come to the  
time.

Or, thou hast lost thy labour.  
Why, sir?

The king is not at the palace: he is gone  
new ship to purge melancholy, and air him-  
if thou be st capable of things serious, thou  
the king is full of grief.

So 't is said, sir, about his son, that should  
ed a shepherd's daughter.

That shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him  
eyes he shall have, the tortures he shall feel,  
the back of man, the heart of monster.

Think you so, sir?

—estate.  
are paid for lying, they do not give us the lie.  
—measure—in the lan.

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make  
heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are ger-  
mane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come  
under the hangman: which though it be great pity,  
yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a  
ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into  
grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death  
is too soft for him, say I; Draw our throne into a  
sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear,  
an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then,  
'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's  
nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram  
dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some  
other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hot-  
test day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set  
against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward  
eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies  
blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly  
rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences  
being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest  
plain men) what you have to the king: being some-  
thing gently considered, I 'll bring you where he is  
aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him  
in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king,  
to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with  
him, give him gold; and though authority be a stub-  
born bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold;  
show the inside of your nurse to the outside of his hand,  
and no more ado: Remember, stoned and flayed alive!

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business  
for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much  
more; and leave this young man in pawn till I bring  
it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party  
in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a piti-  
ful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son:—  
Hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king,  
and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none  
of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir,  
I will give you as much as this old man does, when  
the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your  
pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-  
side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the  
hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even  
blessed.

Shep. Let 's before, as he bids us: he was provided  
to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune  
would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I  
am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a  
means to do the prince my master good; which, who  
knows how that may turn back to my advancement?  
I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard  
him: it he think it fit to shore them again, and that the  
complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing,  
let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am  
proof against that title, and what shame else belongs  
to 't: To him will I present them; there may be mat-  
ter in it. [Exit.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.*

*Cleo.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence than done trespass: At the last Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

*Leon.* Whilst I remember Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think of The wrong I did myself: which was so much, That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

*Paul.* True, too true, my lord: If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or, from the all that are took something good, To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd, Would be unparallel'd.

*Leon.* I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now, Say so but seldom.

*Cleo.* Not at all, good lady; You might have spoken a thousand things that would Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindness better.

*Paul.* You are one of those Would have him wed again.

*Dion.* If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign name; consider little, What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue, May drop upon his kingdom, and devour Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy Than to rejoice the former queen is well? What holier than,—for royalty's repair, For present comfort and for future good,— To bless the bed of majesty again With a sweet fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy, Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes: For has not the divine Apollo said, Is 't not the tenor of his oracle, That king Leontes shall not have an heir Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our human reason, As my Antigonus to break his grave, And come again to me; who, on my life, Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel My lord should to the Heavens be contrary, Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue; [to LEON.] The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander Left his to the worthiest; so his successor Was like to be the best.

*Leon.* Good Paulina,— Who hast the memory of Hermione, I know, in honour,—O, that ever I Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,

\* In 'Antony and Cleopatra' we have an explanation of the text:—

"We use to say, the dead are well."

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes; Have taken treasure from her lips,—

*Paul.* And left them More rich, for what they yielded.

*Leon.* Thou speak'st truth. No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse, And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit Again possess her corps; and, on this stage, (Where we offenders now,) appear, soul-vex'd, And begin, "Why to me?"

*Paul.* Had she such power, She had just cause.

*Leon.* She had; and would incense me To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so: Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in 't You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd Should be, "Remember mine!"

*Leon.* Stars, stars, And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife, I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you swear Never to marry, but by my free leave?

*Leon.* Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit!

*Paul.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to an oath,—

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

*Paul.* Unless another, As like Hermione as is her picture, Affront his eye;—

*Cleo.* Good madam, I have done.

*Paul.* Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, No remedy but you will; give me the office To choose you a queen; she shall not be so young As was your former; but she shall be such As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy To see her in your arms.

*Leon.* My true Paulina, We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

*Paul.* That Shall be, when your first queen 's again in breath; Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives out himself prince Florizel, Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access To your high presence.

*Leon.* What with him? he comes as Like to his father's greatness: his approach, So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd By need and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few, And those but mean.

*Leon.* His princess, say you, with her?

*Gent.* Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* O Hermione, As every present time doth boast itself Above a better, gone, so must thy grave Give way to what 's seen now. Sir, you your Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now Is colder than that theme,) "She had not been,

\* The vehemence of Paulina overbears the issue (Cleomenes, and he says, "I have done.")

at to be equall'd ;"—thus your verse  
In her beauty once ; 't is shrewdly ebb'd,  
I have seen a better.

Pardon, madam ;  
I have almost forgot ; (your pardon,)  
When she has obtain'd your eye,  
Your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Who begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of others else ; make proselytes  
But bid follow.

How ? not women ?  
Women will love her, that she is a woman,  
More than any man ; men, that she is  
Not of all women.

Go, Cleomenes ;  
Assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Come to our embracement.—Still 't is strange,  
Excellent CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman,  
How could you steal upon us.

Had our prince  
(children) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
With this lord ; there was not full a month  
Between their births.

Prithce, no more ; cease ; thou know'st,  
I come again, when talk'd of : sure,  
I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Give me to consider that which may  
Be of some reason.—They are come.—

CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and  
Attendants.

Her was most true to wedlock, prince ;  
I had print your royal father off,  
I beg you : Were I but twenty-one,  
Your image is so hit in you,  
Sir, that I should call you brother,  
And him ; and speak of something, wildly  
I should reform'd before. Most dearly welcome :  
O fair princess, goddess !—O, alas !  
A couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Have stood, begetting wonder, as  
Such couples, do ! and then I lost  
My own folly) the society,  
And of your brave father ; whom,  
Bearing misery, I desire my life  
To look on him.

By his command  
I have touch'd Sicilia : and from him  
I call greetings, that a king, at friend,  
This brother : and, but infirmity  
(I wait upon worn times) hath something seiz'd  
His ability, he had himself  
In sea and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
To look upon you ; whom he loves  
(I may say so) more than all the sceptres,  
That bear them, living.

O, my brother,  
(Gentleman !) the wrongs I have done thee stir  
Not in me ; and these thy offices,  
So kind, are as interpreters  
Of my blind-hand slackness !—Welcome hither,  
I spring to the earth. And hath he too  
This paragon to the fearful usage  
(So ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,  
A man not worth her pains ; much less  
The nature of her person ?

Good my lord,  
I come from Libya.

Where the warlike Simalus,  
The honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd ?  
Most royal sir, from thence ; from him, whose  
Daughter  
I proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence  
Against south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me,  
For visiting your highness : My best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
Do climate here ! You have a holy father,  
A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin :  
For which the Heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless ; and your father 's bless'd  
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you !

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,  
That which I shall report will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,  
Bohemia greets you from himself by me :  
Desires you to attach his son ; who has  
(His dignity and duty both cast off)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where 's Bohemia ? speak.  
Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from him :  
I speak amazedly ; and it becomes  
My marvel, and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;  
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,  
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge ;  
He 's with the king your father.

Leon. Who ? Camillo ?  
Lord. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now  
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak :  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father !—  
The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married ?  
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be

The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :—  
The odds for high and low 's alike.

Leon. My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king ?

Flo. She is,  
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's  
speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty : and as sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up :  
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot  
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you ow'd no more to time  
Than I do now : with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request.

*Leon.* O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together;  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but  
I could afflict you further.

*Leon.* Do, Paulina;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*Paul.* Good my lord, forbear:  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;<sup>a</sup>

You 'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker-on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you  
For more amazement. If you can behold it,  
I 'll make the statue move indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think,  
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*Leon.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on: what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy  
To make her speak, as move.

*Paul.* It is requir'd  
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still:  
On:<sup>b</sup> Those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leon.* Proceed;  
No foot shall stir.

*Paul.* Music; awake her: strike.—[*Music.*  
'T is time; descend; be stone no more: approach;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;  
I 'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs;

[*HER. comes down from the pedestal.*  
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,  
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again; for then  
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:  
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor!

<sup>a</sup> It is clear from the context, although by *statue* a picture was sometimes meant, that the image of Paulina was a *painted statue*.

<sup>b</sup> *On.* We understand this as, let us go on. The king immediately adds "proceed."

*Leon.* O, she 's warm! [*Embracing her*  
If this be magic, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

*Pol.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his neck;  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

*Pol.* Ay, and make 't manifest where she has liv'd,  
Or, how stol'n from the dead!

*Paul.* That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—  
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;  
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PER., who kneels to him*

*Her.* You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,  
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found?  
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—  
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd  
Myself to see the issue.

*Paul.* There 's time enough for that  
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,  
You precious winners all; your exultation  
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there  
My mate, that 's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.

*Leon.* O peace, Paulina;  
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,  
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast feur  
mine;

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her  
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many  
A prayer upon her grave: I 'll not seek far  
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee  
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,  
Is richly noted; and here justified  
By us, a pair of kings.—Let 's from this place.—  
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your passions  
That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,  
And son unto the king, (whom Heavens directing)  
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,  
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely  
Each one demand, and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt*





## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS comedy stands the first in the folio collection of 1623, in which edition it was originally printed. The original text is printed with singular correctness; and if, with the exception of one or two obvious typographical errors, it had continued to be reprinted without any change, the world would have possessed a copy with the mint-mark of the poet upon it, instead of the clipped and scoured impression that bears the name of Steevens.

So much has been written on 'The Tempest,' and so unnecessary is it for us to analyse the plot or dwell on the charms of the poetry, that we shall here content ourselves with presenting our readers with some of the peculiar and original views of Franz Horn, translated from his 'Shakspere's Schauspiele erläutert.' This very acute and lively critic sets out by observing that nothing was more common in the early romantic literature than the imagination of adventures in a desert island, in a far distant ocean. This consideration alone, we think, is sufficient to make us little solicitous to localize the scene of Prospero's island, or to seek for any particular incidents that may have suggested to Shakspere a story with a storm and a shipwreck. Horn then proceeds thus:—

"The beginning takes our fancy wholly a prisoner. We see a ship nearing the island, driving along in the greatest danger amid storm and tempest, and struggling as with a last effort against the fatal summons. Here, placed in immediate contact, are sovereigns and their heirs with rude boatswains, sailors, and jesters, the reverend old man with the blooming youth, affright with wit, desperation with prayer. Nevertheless, the effect of this scene is not entirely tragic: we are too much occupied with the passing events,—we see how they develop the unannounced characters,—and the lightnings of wit flash so strongly between the lightnings of heaven as to give us no time to bestow on any particular individual a directly tragical melancholy feeling; for no sooner have we had this glance than two noble beings immediately vouchsafe to speak to us, and quiet us as to the fate of the shipwrecked personages who have interested us so much.

"These are the lord of the island and his daughter. In Prospero we have a delineation of peculiar profundity. He was, once, not altogether a just prince, not thoroughly a just man; but he had the disposition to be both. His soul thirsted after knowledge; his mind, sincere in itself, after love; and his fancy, after the secrets of nature: but he forgot, what a prince should least of all forget, that, upon this moving earth, superior acquirements, in order to stand firmly, must be exercised carefully; that the world is full of enemies who can only be subdued by a watchful power and prudence, and that in certain situations the armour ought never to be put off. Thus it became easy for his nearest relation, his brother, with the help of a powerful neighbouring king who could not resist the offered but unjustifiable advantage, to depose him from his dukedom. But as the pure morals of the prince, although they were perhaps but lazily exercised in behalf of his subjects, had nevertheless acquired their love, and the usurper not daring to make an attack on the lives of the fallen, Prospero saved himself, his daughter, and a part of his magical books, upon a desert island. Here he

becomes, what, in its highest sense, he had not as a father and prince. His knowledge extends, he listens to him, perhaps because he learned to know love her more inwardly. Zephyr-like spirits, tender frolicsome humour, and rude earth-born are compelled to serve him. The whole island wonders, but only such as the fancy willingly of sounds and songs, of merry helpers and commentators; and Prospero shows his great humanity particularly in the manner with which he, as a ritual centre, knows how to conduct his intercourse with friends and foes. First, with his daughter. This is his highest, his one, his all; nevertheless, there is visible a certain elevation, a solemnity, in his behaviour towards her,—peculiarities which, even with the love, the severely tried and aged man easily overlooks. Indeed, much as the pure sense of his daughter's love have long cheered him, he deems it good to show her now for the first time the history of his sufferings, when he has mastery over, and the power to punish, his adversaries.

"Towards Ariel, the airy spirit thirsting for freedom, Prospero is strict and friendly, praising and blaming at the proper time; for a moment angry, but on the next he thinks he perceives ingratitude. Towards Caliban he is a most complete Oriental despot; and, although that he has to do with a miscreated being, whose 'stripes may move, not kindness,' he treats him not unkindly.

"Caliban, who, in spite of his imperfect, and half-human nature, as the son of a witch, is a thing marvellously exciting, and as pretending to the sovereignty of the island something ridiculous and sublime, has been considered by every one as an individual of the most powerful poetic fancy; the more the character is investigated, the more is the attention rewarded. With all his brutish propensities our feelings towards him never rise to a thorough hatred. We find him only laughably horrible, and as a villainous though at bottom a feeble monster highly interesting, for we foresee from the first that none of his threats will be fulfilled.

"Opposed to him stands Ariel, by no means an ethereal, featureless angel, but as a real airy and some spirit, agreeable and open, but also capricious and roguish, and, with his other qualities, somewhat chievious. He is thankful to Prospero for his freedom from the most confined of all confined situations; his gratitude is not a natural virtue (we might add not an airy virtue); therefore he must (like Caliban) be sometimes reminded of his debt, and held in check. Only the promise of his freedom in two days restores him again to his amiability, and he then finds himself busy in executing the plans of his master with a devoted activity.

"The pure poetry of nature and genius inspire us, and when we hear Prospero recite his far too long epilogue, after laying down his enchanted wand, we have no wish to turn our minds to any other thoughts, for the magic we have experienced is so charming and too mighty not to be enduring."

The conclusion of Horn's critique will find its way into every reader or spectator of 'The Tempest.'



# THE TEMPEST.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, <i>King of Naples.</i> Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.	TRINCULO, <i>a jester.</i> <i>Appears,</i> Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. ;
SEBASTIAN, <i>his brother.</i> Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.	STEPHANO, <i>a drunken butler.</i> <i>Appears,</i> Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.
PROSPERO, <i>the rightful Duke of Milan.</i> Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.	Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners. <i>Appear,</i> Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.
ANTONIO, <i>the usurping Duke of Milan, brother to Prospero.</i> Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.	MIRANDA, <i>daughter to Prospero.</i> <i>Appears,</i> Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.
FERDINAND, <i>son to the King of Naples.</i> Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.	ARIEL, <i>an airy spirit.</i> <i>Appears,</i> Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.
IRVING, <i>an honest old counsellor of Naples.</i> Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.	IRIS, <i>a spirit.</i> <i>Appears,</i> Act IV. sc. 1.
ADRIAN, <i>a lord.</i> Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.	CERES, <i>a spirit.</i> <i>Appears,</i> Act IV. sc. 1.
FRANCISCO, <i>a lord.</i> Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.	JUNO, <i>a spirit.</i> <i>Appears,</i> Act IV. sc. 1.
ALIBAN, <i>a savage and deformed slave.</i> Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.	Nymphs. <i>Appear,</i> Act IV. sc. 1.
	Reapers. <i>Appear,</i> Act IV. sc. 1.
	<i>Other spirits attending on Prospero.</i>

SCENE.—THE SEA, WITH A SHIP; AFTERWARDS AN ISLAND.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.*

*Boatswain,*—

Here, master: What cheer?

Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to 't  
or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.  
[*Exit.*]

*Enter Mariners.*

Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my  
hearts: Take in the topsail: Tend to the  
whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if  
with strength!

ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND,  
GONZALO, and others.

Good boatswain, have care. Where 's the  
cable?

Play the men.

I pray now, keep below.

Where is the master, boson?<sup>b</sup>

Do you not hear him? You may our labour:

our cabins: You do assist the storm.

Nay, good, be patient.

When the sea is. Hence! What care these

for the name of king? To cabin: silence;

and so.

*Boatswain,* the adverb of pure, quick, ready. Yare is used

by Shakspere as a sea-term (which it was), but

is not in the dictionary.

In the first edition (1623) Antonio here uses the sailor's

term, instead of the more correct "boatswain," which is

the name of the King of Naples.

*Gon.* Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You  
are a counsellor; if you can command these elements  
to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will  
not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you  
cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make  
yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the  
hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our  
way, I say. [*Exit.*]

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: he  
thinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his com-  
plexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to  
his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable,  
for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born  
to be hanged our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Down with the topmast; yare; lower, lower;  
bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.]  
A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the  
weather, or our office.<sup>a</sup>—

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.*

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er and  
drown? Have you a mind to sink?

*Seb.* A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous,  
incharitable dog!

*Boats.* Work you, then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-  
maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

<sup>a</sup> Our office is here used in the sense of our business, which  
was essentially noisy.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him for<sup>a</sup> drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

*Enter Mariners, wet.*

*Mar.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,  
For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I am out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely<sup>b</sup> cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chopp'd rascal;—'Would thou mightst lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

*Gon.* He'll be hang'd yet;  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at wid'st to glut<sup>c</sup> him.

[*A confused noise within.*]—Mercy on us!

We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!  
Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!—<sup>d</sup>

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king.

[*Exit.*]

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him.

[*Exit.*]

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,<sup>e</sup> anything: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mira.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,  
Who had no doubt some noble creature<sup>f</sup> in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.  
Had I been any god of power, I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er<sup>g</sup>  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and  
The traughting<sup>h</sup> souls within her.

*Pro.* Be collected;  
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,  
There's no harm done.

*Mira.* O, woe the day!

*Pro.* No harm.  
I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing  
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better  
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

<sup>a</sup> For *drowning* is on account of drowning.

<sup>b</sup> *Merely*—absolutely.

<sup>c</sup> To *glut*—to swallow.

<sup>d</sup> These various exclamations, which are given to Gonzalo, should be considered to be spoken by no determinate characters. They form part of the "confused noise within."

<sup>e</sup> In Harrison's "Description of Britain," prefixed to *Hollushed*, we find, "Brome, heath, firze, brakes, whinnes, ling."—all characteristics of "barren ground." But "long heath" and "brown furze" are quite intelligible, and are much more natural than an enumeration of many various wild plants.

<sup>f</sup> *Creature*. Miranda means to say that, in addition to those she saw suffer,—the "poor souls" that perished,—the common sailors,—there was no doubt some superior person on board,—some noble creature.

<sup>g</sup> Or *e'er*—before, sooner than.

<sup>h</sup> *Fraughting*—constituting the freight, or freight.

*Mira.* More to know  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pro.* 'T is time  
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;

[*Lays down his mantle.*]

Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair,  
Betid to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

*Mira.* You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd  
And left me to a bootless inquisition;  
Concluding, "Stay, not yet!"—

*Pro.* The hour's now come;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;  
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not

Out three years old.<sup>a</sup>

*Mira.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pro.* By what? by any other house, or person?

Of anything the image tell me that

Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mira.* 'T is far off;

And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants: Had I not

Four or five women once that tended me?

*Pro.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm of time?

If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,

How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

*Mira.* But that I do not.

*Pro.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since  
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and  
A prince of power.

*Mira.* Sir, are not you my father?

*Pro.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father  
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir

And princess no worse issued.

*Mira.* O, the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence!

Or blessed was't we did?

*Pro.* Both, both, my girl;

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;  
But blessedly help hither.

*Mira.* O, my heart bleeds

To think o' the teen<sup>b</sup> that I have turn'd you to,

Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further

*Pro.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—

I pray thee mark me that a brother should

Be so perfidious;—be whom, next thyself,

Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put

The manage of my state, as, at that time,

Through all the signories it was the first,

And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed

In dignity; and for the liberal arts

Without a parallel: those being all my study,

The government I cast upon my brother,

And to my state grew stranger, being transported,

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—

Dost thou attend me?

*Mira.* Sir, most heedfully.

<sup>a</sup> *Quite three years old.*

<sup>b</sup> *Teen*—sorrow.

Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
 to deny them; whom to advance, and whom  
 to keep in check; new created  
 reasons that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,  
 their form'd them; having both the key  
 of office, set all hearts i' th' state  
 at ease pleas'd his ear; that now he was  
 a man which had hid my princely trunk,  
 and my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st not.  
 O good sir, I do.

I pray thee, mark me.  
 neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
 to close attention, and the bettering of my mind  
 that, which, but by being so retir'd,  
 had all popular rate, in my false brother  
 (an evil nature: and my trust,  
 my good parent, did beget of him  
 was, in its contrary as great  
 trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,  
 hence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
 with what my revenue yielded,  
 that my power might else exact,—like one  
 coming unto truth, by telling of it,  
 such a sinner of his memory,  
 that his own lie,—he did believe  
 indeed the duke; out of the substitution,  
 seeming the outward face of royalty,  
 a prerogative:—Hence his ambition growing,—  
 O hear!

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.  
 To have no screen between this part he play'd,  
 to be play'd it for, he needs will be  
 Milan: Me, poor man! my library  
 was almost large enough; of temporal royalties  
 I was now incapable: confederates  
 I was far away) with the king of Naples,  
 his annual tribute, do him homage;  
 his coronet to his crown, and bend  
 my dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)  
 to such a stooping.

O the heavens!  
 Mark his condition, and the event; then tell  
 me,  
 might be a brother.

I should sin  
 but nobly of my grandmother:  
 she have borne bad sons.

Now the condition  
 of Naples, being an enemy  
 to the duke, beakens my brother's suit;  
 so that he, in lieu<sup>b</sup> of the premises  
 I, and I know not how much tribute,  
 presently extirpate me and mine  
 dukedom; and confer fair Milan,  
 with honours, on my brother: Whereon,  
 my army levied, one midnight  
 for purpose, did Antonio open  
 of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,  
 sent for the purpose hurried thence  
 by crying self.

Alack, for pity!  
 something how I criel out then,  
 it o'er again: it is a hint,  
 to give mine eyes to 't.

Hear a little further,  
 I'll bring thee to the present business  
 as 't upon us; without the which, this story  
 is impertinent.

It is a term still in use among hunters, to denote a  
 snare, a trap, or any other weight, fastened round  
 of a dog, when his speed is superior to the rest of the  
 pack, when he overtakes them, when he hunts too quick,  
 without consideration of, in exchange for,  
 the circumstances of homage, &c.—the circumstances of homage

Mira. Wherefore did they not  
 That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;  
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not  
 (So dear the love my people bore me); nor set  
 A mark so bloody on the business; but  
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd  
 A rotten carcass of a butt,<sup>a</sup> not rigg'd,  
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
 Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,  
 To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
 To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
 Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble  
 Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim  
 Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,  
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
 When I have deck'd<sup>b</sup> the sea with drops full salt;  
 Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me  
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
 Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine,  
 Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
 Out of his charity (who being then appointed  
 Master of this design) did give us; with  
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,  
 Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,  
 Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,  
 From mine own library, with volumes that  
 I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might  
 But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—  
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
 Here in this island we arriv'd; and here  
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
 Than other princess can, that have more time  
 For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray  
 you, sir,

(For still 't is beating in my mind,) your reason  
 For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.  
 By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
 Now my dear lady,<sup>c</sup> hath mine enemies  
 Brought to this shore: and by my prescience  
 I find my zenith doth depend upon  
 A most auspicious star; whose influence  
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
 Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;  
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dulness,  
 And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.

[MIRANDA sleeps  
 Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;  
 Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I  
 come

To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,  
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

<sup>a</sup> Butt is the reading of the original copies. Whether the  
 idea of a wine-butt was literally meant to be conveyed may be  
 questionable; but the word, as it stands in the original, gives  
 us the notion of a vessel even more insecure than the most  
 rotten boat.

<sup>b</sup> Deck'd. In the glossary of the Craven dialect we find that  
 to deck is to sprinkle.

<sup>c</sup> Now my dear lady. The antecedent is Fortune, now Prospero's bountiful lady.

On the curl'd clouds ; to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel, and all his quality.

*Pro.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee ?  
*Ari.* To every article.

I boarded the king's ship : now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement : Sometime I 'd divide  
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,  
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet, and join : Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not : The fire, and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pro.* My brave spirit !  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason ?

*Ari.* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation : All but mariners  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all a-fire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)  
Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, " Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here."

*Pro.* Why, that 's my spirit !  
But was not this nigh shore ?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pro.* But are they, Ariel, safe ?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd ;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before : and, as thou bad'st me,  
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle :  
The king's son have I landed by himself ;  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

*Pro.* Of the king's ship,  
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,  
And all the rest o' the fleet.

*Ari.* Safely in harbour  
Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she 's hid :  
The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;  
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,  
I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet,  
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again ;  
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,  
Bound sadly home for Naples ;  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,  
And his great person perish.

*Pro.* Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd ; but there 's more work :  
What is the time o' the day ?

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

*Pro.* At least two glasses : The time 'twixt six and  
now

Must by us both be spent most precious.

*Ari.* Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pro.* How now ? moody ?

What is 't thou canst demand ?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pro.* Before the time be out ? no more.<sup>a</sup>

*Ari.* I prithee  
Remember, I have done thee worthy service ;  
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge, or grumbings : thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year.

<sup>a</sup> No more. We understand this,—say no more.

*Pro.* Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee ?

*Ari.* No.

*Pro.* Thou dost ; and think'st it much to tread  
ooze  
Of the salt deep ;

To run upon the sharp wind of the north ;  
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,  
When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pro.* Thou liest, malignant thing ! Hast thou  
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,  
Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pro.* Thou hast : Where was she born ? speak ; tell

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pro.* O, was she so ? I must,  
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax  
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banish'd ; for one thing she did  
They would not take her life : Is not this true ?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pro.* This blue-eyed hag was hither brought  
child,

And here was left by the sailors : Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant :  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years, within which space she died,  
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans  
As fast as mill-wheels strike : Then was this island  
(Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes ; Caliban her son.

*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in : thy groans  
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever-angry bears : it was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo ; it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gaps  
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will read an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spriting gently.

*Pro.* Do so ; and after two days

I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That 's my noble master !

What shall I do ? say what : what shall I do ?

*Pro.* Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea ;  
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine ; invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,  
And hither come in 't : go, hence, with diligence  
[Exit Ariel]

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;

Awake !

*Mira.* The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

*Pro.* Shake it off : Come on ;

We 'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never

Yields us kind answer.

'T is a villain, sir,  
love to look on.  
But, as 't is,  
not miss him: he does make our fire,  
our wood, and serves in offices  
fit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!  
th, thou! speak.  
*Within.*] There 's wood enough within.  
Come forth, I say; there 's other business for  
thee:  
ou tortoise! when!\*

*Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.*

rition! My quaint Ariel,  
thine ear.  
My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*  
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter CALIBAN.*

is wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
en's feather from unwholesome fen,  
you both! a south-west blow on ye,  
er you all o'er.  
er this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
hes that shall pen thy breath up; urchins  
that vast of night that they may work,  
ise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd  
as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
s that made them.

I must eat my dinner.  
ad 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
ou tak'at from me. When thou camest first,  
sk'dat me, and mad'at much of me; wouldst  
give me  
th berries in 't; and teach me how  
the bigger light, and how the less,  
s by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,  
d' thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;  
s I that did so!—All the charms  
ax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
all the subjects that you have,  
st was mine own king; and here you sty me  
nd rock, whiles you do keep from me  
of the island.

Thou most lying slave,  
ripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,  
hou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee  
own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
ur of my child.  
ho, O ho!—would it had been done!  
at prevent me; I had peopled else  
with Calibans.

Abhorred slave;  
ny print of goodness will not take,  
pable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
as to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
g or other: when thou didst not, savage,  
me own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
eds that made them known: But thy vile race,  
thou didst learn, had that in 't which good na-  
tures  
not able to be with; therefore wast thou  
lly confin'd into this rock,  
didst dream'd more than a prison.  
You taught me language; and my profit on 't  
now how to curse: the red plague rid you,  
arning me your language!

Ha, ha! hence!  
s me in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,  
own other business. Slugg'at thou, malice!

\* *When—at expression of great impatience.*

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps;  
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee!—  
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

*Pro.* So, slave; hence! [*Exit CAL.*  
*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing; FER-*  
*DINAND following him.*

*ARIEL'S Song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd,  
The wild waves whistle,  
Foot it feathly here and there:  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

*Bur.* Hark, hark! Bowgh, wowgh.  
The watch-dogs bark:  
Bowgh, wowgh. [*disperedly.*

*Ari.* Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' the air, or the  
earth?

It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon  
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,  
This music crept by me upon the waters;  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,  
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 't is gone.  
No, it begins again.

*ARIEL sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.

[*Burthen, ding-dong.*  
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

*Pro.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say, what thou seest yond'.

*Mira.* What is 't? a spirit?  
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form:—But 't is a spirit.

*Pro.* No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such  
senses

As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,  
Was in the wrack; and but he 's something stain'd  
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightst call  
him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find them.

*Mira.* I might call him  
A thing divine; for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Pro.* It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*  
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll free  
thee

Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer  
May know if you remain upon this island;  
And that you will some good instruction give,  
How I may bear me here: My prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!  
If you be maid or no?

*Mira.* No wonder, sir;  
But certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language! heavens!—  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 't is spoken.

*Pro.* How! the best?  
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?  
*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;  
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;  
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
The king my father wrack'd.

*Mira.* Alack, for mercy!  
*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,  
And his brave son, being twain.

*Pro.* The duke of Milan,  
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,  
If now 't were fit to do 't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*  
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,  
I 'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

*Mira.* Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way!

*Fer.* O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you  
The queen of Naples.

*Pro.* Soft, sir! one word more.—  
They are both in either's powers; but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*  
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,  
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on 't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.  
*Mira.* There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a  
temple:  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

*Pro.* Follow me.—[*To FERD.*  
Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor.—Come.  
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together:  
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

*Fer.* No;  
I will resist such entertainment, till  
Mine enemy has more power.  
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

*Mira.* O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He 's gentle,<sup>a</sup> and not fearful.

*Pro.* What, I say,  
My foot my tutor! Put thy sword up, traitor;  
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, try  
science  
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mira.* Beseech you, father!  
*Pro.* Hence; hang not on my garments.

*Mira.* Sir, have pit  
I 'll be his surety.

*Pro.* Silence! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!  
An advocate for an impostor! hush!  
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!  
To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

*Mira.* My affections  
Are then most humble; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Pro.* Come on; obey: [*To FERD.*  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are:  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth  
Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

*Pro.* It works:—Come on.—  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—  
[*To FERD. and MIR.*  
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To ARIEL.*  
*Mira.* Be of comfort]  
My father 's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,  
Which now came from him.

*Pro.* Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds: but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.* To the syllable.  
*Pro.* Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exit*

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,  
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause  
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe  
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant,<sup>a</sup> and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Prithce, peace.

<sup>a</sup> Merchant is here used for merchant-vessel—merchantman  
The "masters of some merchant" signifies, therefore, the  
owners of some trading vessel; but in the second instance the  
"merchant" must mean the trader, whose goods are ventured  
in the merchantman.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.  
*Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.  
*Seb.* Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit  
By and by it will strike.  
*Gon.* Sir,—  
*Seb.* One:—Tell.  
*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd  
Comes to the entertainer—  
*Seb.* A dollar.  
*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have speak  
truer than you purpos'd.  
*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant  
should.  
*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—  
*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!  
*Alon.* I prithee spare.  
*Gon.* Well, I have done: But yet—  
<sup>a</sup> Gentle has here the sense of high born, noble; and  
fore courageous.

ill be talking.  
 h, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first  
 ?  
 ld cock.  
 ockrel.  
 the wager?  
 ighter.  
 ich.  
 gh this island seem to be desert,—  
 a, ha!  
 or 're paid.\*  
 habitable, and almost inaccessible,—  
 —  
 old not miss it.  
 at needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate  
 erance was a delicate wench,  
 d a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.  
 ir breathes upon us here most sweetly.  
 t had lungs, and rotten ones.  
 't were perfum'd by a fen.  
 is everything advantageous to life.  
 save means to live.  
 t there 's none, or little.  
 lush<sup>b</sup> and lusty the grass looks! how  
 round, indeed, is tawny.  
 in eye of green in 't.<sup>c</sup>  
 asses not much.  
 e doth but mistake the truth totally.  
 e rarity of it is (which is indeed almost  
 —  
 y vouch'd rarities are.  
 ur garments, being, as they were, drenched  
 d, notwithstanding, their freshness, and  
 rather new dyed than stained with salt  
 one of his pockets could speak, would it  
 ?  
 very falsely pocket up his report.  
 aks, our garments are now as fresh as  
 em on first in Afric, at the marriage of  
 daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.  
 a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in  
 was never graced before with such a pa-  
 cament.  
 nce widow Dido's time.  
 ? a fox o' that! How came that widow  
 Dido!  
 f he had said, widower Aeneas too? good  
 like it!  
 f Dido, said you? you make me study  
 as of Carthage, not of Tunis.  
 onia, sir, was Carthage.  
 ge?  
 e you, Carthage.  
 ed is more than the miraculous harp.  
 h rais'd the wall, and houses too.  
 mpossible matter will he make easy next?  
 he will carry this island home in his  
 w it his son for an apple.  
 ewing the kernels of it in the sea, bring  
 sda.  
 in good time  
 we think, belong to Sebastian. The wager  
 Antonio bets that "the cockrel" will crow  
 young man, does crow; upon which Sebastian  
 claiming, "So you are paid."  
 used by Henley to mean rank; by Malone,  
 still the low word *lushy*, as applied to a  
 —ding, shade.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem  
 now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage  
 of your daughter, who is now queen.  
 Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.  
 Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.  
 Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.  
 Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day  
 I wore it? I mean, in a sort.  
 Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.  
 Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?  
 Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against  
 The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never  
 Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,  
 My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,  
 Who is so far from Italy removed,  
 I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir  
 Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
 Hath made his meal on thee!  
 Fran. Sir, he may live;  
 I saw him beat the surges under him,  
 And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
 The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head  
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
 As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt,  
 He came alive to land.  
 Alon. No, no, he 's gone.  
 Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
 That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
 But rather lose her to an African;  
 Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.  
 Alon. Prithee, peace.  
 Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd other-  
 wise,  
 By all of us; and the fair soul herself  
 Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at  
 Which end o' the beam she 'd bow. We have lost your  
 son,  
 I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have  
 More widows in them of this business' making,  
 Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault 's  
 Your own.  
 Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.  
 Gon. My lord Sebastian,  
 The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,  
 And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,  
 When you should bring the plaster.  
 Seb. Very well.  
 Ant. And most chirurgeonly.  
 Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
 When you are cloudy.  
 Seb. Foul weather?  
 Ant. Very foul.  
 Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—  
 Ant. He 'd sow 't with nettle-seed.  
 Seb. Or docks, or mallows.  
 Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?  
 Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.  
 Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries  
 Execute all things; for no kind of traffic  
 Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
 Letters should not be known: riches, poverty,  
 And use of service, none; contract, succession,  
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none  
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:  
 No occupation; all men idle, all;  
 And women too; but innocent and pure:  
 No sovereignty:—  
 Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.  
 Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the  
 beginning.



*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce  
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,  
Of its own kind, all foison,\* all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

*Ant.* None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
To excel the golden age.

*Seb.* 'Save his majesty!

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir?—

*Alon.* Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to  
me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it to  
minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such  
sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh  
at nothing.

*Ant.* 'T was you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing  
to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing  
still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given!

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would  
lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue  
in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn music.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my  
discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for  
I am very heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

*[All sleep but ALON., SEB., and ANT.]*

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find  
They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:  
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you: wondrous heavy.

*[ALON. sleeps. Exit ARIEL.]*

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why  
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not  
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble.  
They fell together all, as by consent;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—  
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,  
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; and, surely,  
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,  
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep, die rather; wink'st  
While thou art waking.

\* *Foison*—plenty.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly  
There 's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you  
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do  
Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well, I am standing water.

*Ant.* I 'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so: to eld  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run,  
By their own fear, or sloth.

*Seb.* Prithee say on:  
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim  
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this  
(Who shall be of as little memory,  
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded  
(For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only  
Professes to persuade) the king his son 's alive,—  
'T is as impossible that he 's undrown'd,  
As he that sleeps here, swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope  
That he 's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,  
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is  
Another way so high a hope, that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with  
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*Seb.* He 's gone.

*Ant.* Then, tell  
Who 's the next heir of Naples?

*Seb.* Claribel.

*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis: she that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples  
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,  
(The man i' the moon 's too slow,) till new-born clouds  
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom  
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,  
And by that destiny to perform an act,  
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to come,  
In yours and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stuff is this?—How say'st  
'T is true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis:  
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples?"—Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no more  
Than now they are: There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can gratify  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

*Seb.* Methinks I do.

*Ant.* And how does your constant  
Tender your own good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember,  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True:  
And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much feater than before: My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

*Seb.* But, for your conscience—

Y, sir; where lies that? if 't were a kybe,  
 put me to my slipper: But I feel not  
 in my bosom; twenty consciences,  
 d' twist me and Milan, candied be they,  
 ere they molest! Here lies your brother,  
 than the earth he lies upon,  
 that which now he 's like, that 's dead;  
 with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
 a bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,  
 perpetual wink for aye might put  
 out mousel, this sir Prudence, who  
 t upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
 ake suggestion, as a cat laps milk;  
 ell the clock to any business that  
 eds the hour.

Thy case, dear friend,  
 ny precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,  
 by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke  
 thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;  
 king shall love thee.

Draw together:  
 I rear my hand, do you the like,  
 on Gonzalo.

O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*]

*Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.*

My master through his art foresees the danger  
 his friend, are in; and sends me forth,  
 his project dies,) to keep them living.

[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie,  
 Open-eyed Conspiracy  
 His time doth take:  
 If of life you keep a care,  
 Shake off slumber, and beware:  
 Awake! awake!

Then let us both be sudden.

Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[*They awake.*]

Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you  
 drawn?  
 e this ghastly looking?

What 's the matter?

Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
 t, we heard a hollow hurst of bellowing  
 s, or rather lions; did it not wake you?  
 mine ear most terribly.

I heard nothing.

It was a din to fright a monster's ear;  
 an earthquake! sure it was the roar  
 le herd of lions.

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Open mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
 a strange one too, which did awake me:  
 you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,  
 e weapons drawn:—there was a noise,  
 nity: 'T is best we stand upon our guard;  
 e quit this place: let 's draw our weapons.  
 Lead off this ground; and let 's make further  
 search  
 on an.

Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
 sure, 't the island.

Lead away.

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:

go safely on to seek thy son. [*Aside.*  
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, with a burthen of wood.  
 A noise of thunder heard.

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
 in fens, fens, on Prosper fall, and make him  
 ead a disease! His spirits hear me

And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,  
 Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
 Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
 Out of my way, unless he bid them; but  
 For every trifle are they set upon me:  
 Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,  
 And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which  
 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
 Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
 All wound'd with adders, who, with cloven tongues,  
 Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,  
 For bringing wood in slowly: I 'll fall flat;  
 Perchance, he will not mind me.

*Trin.* Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any  
 weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it  
 sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge  
 one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his  
 liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know  
 not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot  
 choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a  
 man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells  
 like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind  
 of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were  
 I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this  
 fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a  
 piece of silver: there would this monster make a man;  
 any strange beast there makes a man: when they will  
 not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay  
 out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man!  
 and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now  
 let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish,  
 but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-  
 bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again:  
 my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is  
 no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man  
 with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the  
 dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

*Ste.* I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
 Here shall I die ashore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:  
 Well, here 's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
 The gunner, and his mate,  
 Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
 But none of us car'd for Kate:  
 For she had a tongue with a tang,  
 Would ery to a sailor, "Go hang!"  
 She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
 Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:  
 Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here 's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*]

*Cal.* Do not torment me: O!

*Ste.* What 's the matter? Have we devils here?  
 Do you put tricks upon us with salvages, and men of  
 Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afraid  
 now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper  
 a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give  
 ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano  
 breathes at nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me: O!

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle, with four legs;  
 who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil  
 should he learn our language? I will give him some  
 relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him and  
 keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he 's a  
 present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, prithee; I 'll bring my  
 wood home faster.

*Wood*—twisted round.

*Ste.* He 's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that lath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly; you cannot tell who 's your friend: open your chaps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice: It should be—But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

*Ste.* Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano,—

*Ste.* Dost thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*Trin.* Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I 'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

*Ste.* Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Cal.* I 'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

*Trin.* Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man; my cellar is in the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How no calf? how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I'man in the moon, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog and

*Ste.* Come, swear to that, kiss the book: I wish it anon with new contents: swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shalster:—I 'sfeard of him! a very weak monster man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* I 'll show thee every fertile inch o' the And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and monster; when his god 's asleep, he 'll rob his

*Cal.* I 'll kiss thy foot: I 'll swear myself thy

*Ste.* Come on then; down and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at th' headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I e in my heart to beat him,—

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.*—but that the poor monster 's in d' abominable monster!

*Cal.* I 'll show thee the best springs; I 'll p berries;

I 'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster! to make of a poor drunkard.

*Cal.* I prithee let me bring thee where crab And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-n Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet; I 'll bring th' To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I 'll get Young scamels\* from the rock: Wilt thou go

*Ste.* I prithee now, lead the way, without talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our com being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and

*Cal.* Farewell, master: farewell, farewell.

[Sings d

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken mon

*Cal.* No more dams I 'll make for fish;

Nor feth in fisting

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban.

Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom!

*Ste.* O brave monster! lead the way.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful; and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious; but

The mistress which I serve quickens what

And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her father 's crab

And he 's compos'd of harshness. I must ren

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them

Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work; and says

Had never like executor. I forget:

\* *Scamels.* This is the word of the original; and

as we find it. The word has been changed into *scam*

the commentators tell us is a species of gull. We b

is no such word as *sea-mell*, or *sea-mall*, although U

*saw*. or *sea-mete*.

sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;  
less when I do it.

MIRANDA, and PROSPERO at a distance.

Alas, now I pray you,  
so hard; I would the lightning had  
bowe logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!  
down, and rest you: when this burns,  
up for having wearied you; My father  
study; pray now rest yourself;  
for these three hours.

O most dear mistress,  
I'll set before I shall discharge  
at strive to do.

If you'll sit down  
our logs the while: Pray give me that;  
it to the pile.

No, precious creature:  
er crack my sinews, break my back,  
should such dishonour undergo,  
lazy by.

It would become me  
it does you: and I should do it  
more ease; for my good will is to it,  
it is against.

Poor worm! thou art infected;  
tion shows it.

You look wearily.  
noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me,  
are by at night. I do beseech you,  
at I might set it in my prayers,)  
our name!

Miranda:—O my father,  
be your best to say so!

Admir'd Miranda!  
top of admiration; worth  
great to the world! Full many a lady  
I with best regard; and many a time  
my of their tongues hath into bondage  
y too diligent ear: for several virtues  
I'd several women; never any  
I soul, but some defect in her  
I with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
'ts the fail: But you, O you,  
and so peerless, are created  
reature's best.

I do not know  
sex; no woman's face remember,  
my glass, mine own; nor have I seen  
I may call men, than you, good friend,  
our father: how features are abroad,  
less of; but, by my modesty,  
(in my dower,) I would not wish  
wisdom in the world but you;  
imagination form a shape,  
myself, to like of: But I prattle  
too wildly, and my father's precepts  
do forget.

I am, in my condition,  
Miranda; I do think, a king;  
let so!) and would no more endure  
in slavery, than to suffer  
y blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak:—  
stant that I saw you, did  
ly to your service; there resides,  
me slave to it; and for your sake  
patient log-man.

Do you love me?  
heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
what I profess with kind event,  
true; if hollowly, invert  
is loosed me, to mischief! I,  
limit of what else 't the world,  
ing, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,  
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give; and much less take  
What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,  
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't: And now  
farewell,

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand!

[*Exeunt FER. and MIR.*  
Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;  
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following  
with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out we will  
drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and  
board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!  
They say there 's but five upon this isle: we are three  
of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state  
totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy  
eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a  
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in  
sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam,  
ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues,  
off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant,  
monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and  
yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest  
a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe:  
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in  
case to justle a constable: why, thou deboshed fish  
thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so  
much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous  
lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my  
lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be  
such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if  
you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor mon-  
ster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd  
To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

*Ste.* Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand,  
and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant;  
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me  
Of the island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;  
I would my valiant master would destroy thee:  
I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his  
tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more.—[*To CALIBAN.*] Pro-  
ceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle;  
From me he got it. If thy greatness will  
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;  
But this thing dare not.

*Ste.* That 's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou  
bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord; I 'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest, thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch!—  
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,  
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,  
He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show him  
Where the quick freshes are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt  
the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll  
turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stockfish of  
thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing; I 'll go  
further off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As  
you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and  
hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack  
and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the  
devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. Prithee stand  
further off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time,  
I 'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand further.—Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him  
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,  
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,  
First to possess his books; for without them  
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,  
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;  
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)  
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.  
And that most deeply to consider, is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman  
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,  
As greatest does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,  
d bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter  
I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) an-  
culo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou  
plot, Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand; I am sorry I be-  
but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy

*Cal.* Within this half-hour will he be asleep;  
Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.*

Ay, on mine hono-

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pl-  
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch  
You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reas-  
reason:

Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

Flout 'em, and cout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout  
Thought is free.

*Cal.* That 's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and*

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played  
picture of Nobody.

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, show thyself in th-  
ness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!

*Ste.* He that dies pays all debts: I defy t-  
Mercy upon us!

*Cal.* Art thou afraid?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voice  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,

Will make me sleep again: and then, in dream  
The clouds, methought, would open and show m-

Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd  
I cried to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me,  
shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember th-

*Trin.* The sound is going away: let 's follow  
after do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we 'll follow.—I would  
see this taborer: he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come? I 'll follow Stephano. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*Another part of the Island*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,  
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;  
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indent  
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your pa-  
I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mock  
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go

*Ant.* I am right glad that he 's so out of hope  
[*Aside*]

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

*Seb.* The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

*Ant.* Let it be to-night;  
For now they are oppress'd with travel, they

cannot, use such vigilance,  
are flesh.

I say, to-night: no more.

*Strange music; and PROSPERO above, in-  
ter several strange Shapes, bringing in  
they dance about it with gentle actions  
on; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat,*

harmony is this? my good friends, hark!  
ellous sweet music!

us kind keepers, heavens! What were  
st?

ing drollery: Now I will believe

unicorns; that in Arabia

see, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix

signing there.

I 'll believe both;

else want credit, come to me,

sum 't is true: Travellers ne'er did lie,

at home condemn them.

If in Naples

at this now, would they believe me?

I saw such islanders,

these are people of the island,)

they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,

they are more gentle, kind, than of

eneration you shall find

most any.

Honest lord,

I well; for some of you there present

are devils.

[*Aside.*]

I cannot too much muse

such gesture, and such sound, expressing

they want the use of tongue) a kind

stumb discourse.

Praise in departing. [*Aside.*]

They vanish'd strangely.

No matter, since

fit their viands behind; for we have

such.

you taste of what is here?

Not I.

Why, sir, you need not fear: When we were

believe that there were mountaineers

like bulls, whose throats had hanging at

the

mouth or that there were such men

stood in their breasts? which now we

see

at of fire for one \* will bring us

of.

I will stand to, and feed,

at last: no matter, since I feel

at — Brother, my lord the duke,

do as we.

*Lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy;*

*sings upon the table, and, with a quaint*

*language vanishes.*

These three men of sin, whom destiny

instrument this lower world,

see

me to be who, being about to encounter the

devil, deposits a sum of money to receive a larger

sum in safety. Five for one appears to have been

by distant voyage. Five for one was, therefore,

the applied to a putter-out. He puts out at the

end.

And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caus'd to belch up you, and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

[*Seeing ALON., SEN., &c., draw their swords*]

And even with such-like valour, men hang and drown

Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows

Are ministers of fate; the elements,

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

One dowl<sup>a</sup> that 's in my plume; my fellow-ministers

Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,

And will not be uplifted: But, remember,

(For that 's my business to you,) that you three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero:

Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,

Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have

Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,

Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,

They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,

Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death

Can be at once) shall step by step attend

You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you

from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,

And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the*

*Shapes again, and dance with mops and moives, and*

*carry out the table.*

*Pro.* Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:

Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,

In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,<sup>b</sup>

And observation strange, my meaner ministers

Their several kinds have done: my high charms work.

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up

In their distractions: they now are in my power;

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit

Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)

And his and my lov'd darling. [*Exit Pros. from above.*]

*Gon.* 'T' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you

In this strange stare?

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous! monstrous!

Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;

The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd

The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.

Therefore my son 't' the ooze is bedded; and

I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,

And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,

I 'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.*

I 'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt SEN. and ANR.*]

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,

Now 'gins to bite the spirits: — I do beseech you,

That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,

And hinder them from what this ecstasy

May now provoke them to.

*Adr.* Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> Dowlc—a feather, a particle of down.

<sup>b</sup> Good life—alacrity, energy, spirit.

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

*Pro.* If I have too austere punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends; for I  
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live; whom once again  
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it,  
Against an oracle.

*Pro.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But  
If thou dost break her virgin knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
No sweet aspersion<sup>a</sup> shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,  
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,  
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
With such love as 't is now, the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
Our worse genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honour into lust; to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration,  
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,  
Or night kept chain'd below.

*Pro.* Fairly spoke:  
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—  
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Pro.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform; and I must use you  
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,  
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:  
Incite them to quick motion; for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently?

*Pro.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say, Come, and Go,  
And breathe twice; and cry, So, so;  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mowe:  
Do you love me, master? no.

*Pro.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well, I conceive. [Exit.]

*Pro.* Look thou be true: do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire of the blood: be more abstemious,  
Or else good night your vow!

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir.  
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.

<sup>a</sup> Aspersion—sprinkling.

*Pro.*

*Well.—*

Now come, my Ariel: bring a corollary,<sup>a</sup>  
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and perty.—  
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [Softly]

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich less  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep  
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,<sup>b</sup>  
Which spongy April at thy best betrimms,  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy  
groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard;  
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky  
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,  
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grass  
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:  
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

*Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen  
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate;  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the bless'd lovers.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot  
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society  
Be not afraid; I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son  
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;  
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with spam  
And be a boy right out.

*Cer.* Highest queen of state,  
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

*Jun.* How does my bounteous sister! Go  
me,  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honour'd in their issue.

<sup>a</sup> Corollary—a surplus number.

<sup>b</sup> Pioned and twilled. What banks does April betrim,  
best of Ceres? pioned banks,—that is, banks dug, then  
A pioneer, or pioner, is a digger. The brims of the bank  
especially pioned. Henley says, "Twilled is derived  
from the participle of the French verb *twiller*, which  
interprets 'illicitly to mix or mingle; confound or shew  
together; bedirt; beguine; besmo'."

## SONG.

Honour, riches, marriage blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you.  
Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
Barne and garner never empty;  
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;  
Plants whose goodly burthen bowing;  
Spring come to you, at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

This is a most majestic vision, and  
thus charmingly: May I be hold  
these spirits?

Spirits, which by mine art  
and their confines call'd to enact  
my fancies.

Lest me live here ever;  
wonder'd father, and a wife,  
in place Paradise.

[Juno and CERES whisper, and send IRIS  
on employment.

Sweet now, silence;  
Ceres whisper seriously;  
something else to do: hush, and be mute,  
or spell is marr'd.  
The nymphs call'd Naiads, of the winking  
brooks,  
The sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,  
The crisp channels, and on this green land  
our summons: Juno does command:  
operate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
it of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

Among sicklemen, of August weary,  
er from the furrow, and be merry,  
day: your rye-straw hats put on,  
fresh nymphs encounter every one  
floating.

tain Reapers, properly habited; they join  
Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the  
roof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks;  
hich, to a strange, hollow, and confused  
by heavily vanish.

aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
at Caliban, and his confederates,  
y life: the minute of their plot  
comes.—[To the Spirits.] Well done;—  
void;—no more,  
is it strange: your father's in some passion  
him strongly.

Never till this day,  
touch'd with anger so distemper'd,  
in the look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
were dimm'd: be cheerful, sir:  
now are ended: these our actors,  
if you, were all spirits, and  
into air, into thin air:  
the baseless fabric of this vision,  
capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
temples, the great globe itself,  
rich it inherit, shall dissolve;  
his insubstantial pageant faded,  
rack'd behind: We are such stuff  
are made on, and our little life  
with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;

g. The epithet, of course, has the meaning of  
like rack in the sense of the smallest feathery cloud  
of modern science.

is used in the sense of encompassed. The "insub-  
stantial" had been presented; its actors had "melted  
" it was an aerially. In the same way, life  
dreams. It is surrounded with the sleep which is  
dreams.

Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:  
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,  
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

*Fer., Mira.* We wish your peace. [Exeunt.

*Pro.* Come with a thought:—I thank thee:—Ariel,  
come.

Enter ARIEL.

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy plea-  
sure?

*Pro.* Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd  
Lest I might anger thee.

*Pro.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drink  
ing:

So full of valour that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,  
At which, like upback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,  
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through  
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,  
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them  
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

*Pro.* This was well done, my bird;  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:  
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,  
For stale to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* I go, I go. [Exit

*Pro.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost:  
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, laden with glistening apparel, &c.  
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALI-  
BAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may  
not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harm-  
less fairy, has done little better than played the Jack  
with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which  
my nose is in great indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should  
take a displeasure against you; look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still:

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly,  
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,  
monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this  
is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears  
for my labour.

*Cal.* Prithee, my king, be quiet: See'st thou here,  
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.  
Do that good mischief which may make this island



Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand : I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

*Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery :—O king Stephano!

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean, To dote thus on such luggage? Let 's alone, And do the murther first : if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do : We steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest : here 's a garment for 't : wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country : Steal by line and level is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment for 't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on 't : we shall lose our heads, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to get away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn out of my kingdom : go to, carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Shapes of hounds, and hunt them about. Prospero and ARIEL setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

*Pro.* Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! ha ha ha! Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make Than pard or cat o' mountain.

*Ari.* Hark, they roar.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly : At this Lie at my mercy all mine enemies : Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air of freedom : for a little, Follow, and do me service.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of Prospero.*

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes; and ARIEL.*

*Pro.* Now does my project gather to a head : My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord, You said our work should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so, When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the king and 's followers?

*Ari.* Confin'd together In the same fashion as you gave in charge; Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir, In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell; They cannot budge till your release. The king, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted; And the remainder mourning over them, Brimfull of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo;" His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops From eaves of reeds : your charm so strongly works them,

That if you now beheld them your affections Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou think so, spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pro.* And mine shall. Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions? and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am strook to the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury Do I take part : the rarer action is In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further : Go, release them, Ariel; My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore, And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir.

*Pro.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him, When he comes back; you demi-puppets that By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make, Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid (Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd the noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak With his own bolt : the strong-bas'd promontory Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd The pine and cedar : graves, at my command, Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them By my so potent art : But this rough magic I here abjure : and, when I have requir'd Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,) To work mine end upon their senses that This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff, Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, And, deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.]

*Re-enter ARIEL : after him, ALONSO, with Sebastian, Gonzalo, ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed. PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There's for you are spell-stopp'd. Holy Gonzalo, honourable man, Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine, Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace,

the morning steals upon the night,  
 the darkness, so their rising senses  
 chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
 their reason.—O good Gonzalo,  
 preserver, and a loyal sir  
 thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces  
 both in word and deed.—Most cruelly  
 thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:  
 there was a furtherer in the act;—  
 I pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,  
 their mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
 remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,  
 (inward pinches therefore are most strong,)  
 here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,  
 and though thou art!—Their understanding  
 to swell; and the approaching tide  
 shortly fill the reasonable shores,  
 as be foul and muddy. Not one of them  
 looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,  
 take the hat and rapier in my cell; [*Exit ARIEL.*]  
 excuse me, and myself present,  
 as sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;  
 halt ere long be free.

*re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie:  
 There I couch when owls do cry,  
 On the bat's back I do fly  
 As the sunsets merrily:  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Why, that 's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss  
 thee;

thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—  
 King's ship, invisible as thou art:  
 halt thou find the mariners asleep  
 at the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,  
 awake, enforce them to this place;  
 merrily, I prithee.

I drink the air before me, and return  
 my pulse twice beat. [*Exit ARIEL.*]  
 All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement  
 hence: Some heavenly power guide us  
 to our fearful country!

Behold, sir king,  
 aged duke of Milan, Prospero:  
 assurance that a living prince  
 speak to thee, I embrace thy body;  
 here, and thy company, I bid  
 welcome.

Who'r thou beest he, or no,  
 enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
 I have been, I not know: thy pulse  
 of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,  
 reason of my mind amends, with which,  
 madness held me: this must crave  
 as be at all) a most strange story.  
 when I resign; and do entreat  
 pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Pros-  
 pero  
 be here?

First, noble friend,  
 embrace thine age; whose honour cannot  
 be sold, or confin'd.

Whether this be,  
 I'll not swear.

You do yet taste  
 the illies o' the isle, that will not let you  
 things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—  
 my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
 I should have pluck'd his highness' frown upon you,  
 as you traitors; at this time  
 no tales.

*Seb.* The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*]  
*Pro.* No:—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother  
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
 Thy rankst fault; all of them; and require  
 My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know  
 Thou must restore.

*Alon.* If thou beest Prospero,  
 Give us particulars of thy preservation:  
 How thou hast met us here, who three hours since  
 Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost  
 (How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)  
 My dear son Ferdinand.

*Pro.* I am woe for 't, sir.  
*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss; and patience  
 Says it is past her cure.

*Pro.* I rather think,  
 You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace  
 For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,  
 And rest myself content.

*Alon.* You the like loss?  
*Pro.* As great to me, as late; and supportable  
 To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
 Than you may call to comfort you; for I  
 Have lost my daughter.

*Alon.* A daughter?  
 O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,  
 The king and queen there! that they were, I wish  
 Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
 Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

*Pro.* In this last tempest. I perceive these lords  
 At this encounter do so much admire,  
 That they devour their reason; and scarce think  
 Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
 Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have  
 Been justled from your senses, know for certain  
 That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
 Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely  
 Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,  
 To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;  
 For 't is a chronicle of day by day,  
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;  
 This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,  
 And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.  
 My dukedom since you have given me again,  
 I will requite you with as good a thing;  
 At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,  
 As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.*

*Mira.* Sweet lord, you play me false.  
*Fer.* No, my dearest love,  
 I would not for the world.

*Mira.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should  
 wrangle,  
 And I would call it fair play.

*Alon.* If this prove  
 A vision of the island, one dear son  
 Shall I twice lose.

*Seb.* A most high miracle!  
*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:  
 I have curs'd them without cause. [*Fer. kneels to ALON.*]

*Alon.* Now all the blessings  
 Of a glad father compass thee about!  
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

*Mira.* O! wonder!  
 How many goodly creatures are there here!  
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,  
 That has such people in 't!

*Pro.* 'T is new to thee.  
*Alon.* What is this maid, with whom thou wast at  
 play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together ?

*Fer.* Sir, she is mortal ;  
But, by immortal providence, she 's mine ;  
I chose her, when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one : she  
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before ; of whom I have  
Receiv'd a second life, and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.* I am hers :  
But O, how oddly will it sound that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness !

*Pro.* There, sir, stop ;  
Let us not burthen our remembrances with  
A heaviness that 's gone.

*Gon.* I have inly wept,  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither !

*Alon.* I say, amen, Gonzalo !  
*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice  
Beyond a common joy ; and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars : In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero, his dukedom,  
In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves,  
When no man was his own.

*Alon.* Give me your hands :  
[*To FER. and MIR.*]  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy !

*Gon.* Be 't so ! Amen !

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain  
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir ; here are more of us !  
I prophesied if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown : now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?  
Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

*Boats.* The best news is that we have safely found  
Our king, and company : the next our ship,—  
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—  
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea

*Ari.* Sir, all this service }  
Have I done since I went. } *Aside.*

*Pro.* My tricky spirit ! }  
*Alon.* These are not natural events ; they strengthen,  
From strange to stranger :—Say, how came you hither ?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I 'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,  
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, ginglyng chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awak'd ; straightway, at liberty :  
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship ; our master  
Capering to eye her : on a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.

*Ari.* Was 't well done ? }  
*Pro.* Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt } *Aside.*  
be free.

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod :  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of ' some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pro.* Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business : at pick'd leisure,  
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you  
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every  
These happen'd accidents : till when, be cheerful,  
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit ;  
[*Aside*]

Set Caliban and his companions free :  
Untie the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*] How fares my gracious  
sir ?

There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,  
and TRINCULO, in their stolen Apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man  
take care for himself ; for all is but fortune :—Corrag  
bully-monster, Corragio !

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in  
head, here 's a goodly sigat.

*Cal.* O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed !  
How fine my master is ! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha !  
What things are these, my lord Antonio ?  
Will money buy them ?

*Ant.* Very like ; one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pro.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true : this mis-shapen knave,—  
His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebb,  
And deal in her command, without her power :  
These three have robb'd me : and this demi-devil  
(For he 's a bastard one) had plotted with them  
To take my life : two of these fellows you  
Must know, and own ; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?

*Seb.* He is drunk now : where had he wine ?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe : Where shall  
they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them ?—  
How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you  
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones :  
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano ?

*Ste.* O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but a  
cramp.

*Pro.* You 'd be king o' the isle, sirrah ?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one then.

*Alon.* This is as strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

*Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners  
As in his shape :—Go, sirrah, to my cell ;  
Take with you your companions ; as you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will ; and I 'll be wise hereafter,  
And seek for grace : What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool !

*Pro.* Go to ; away !

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you  
found it.

*Seb.* 'T stole it, rather.

[*Exit CAL., STE., and TRIN.*]

*Pro.* Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,  
To my poor cell : where you shall take your rest  
For this one night ; which (part of it) I 'll waste  
With such discourse, as, I net doubt, shall make

t away : the story of my life,  
 particular accidents gone by,  
 came to this isle : And in the morn  
 g you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
 have hope to see the nuptial  
 or dear-belov'd solemnized ;  
 ce retire me to my Milan, where  
 rd thought shall be my grave.

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must  
 Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all ;  
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
 And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
 Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel ;—chick,—  
 That is thy charge ; then to the elements  
 Be free, and fare thou well !—*[aside.]* Please you, draw  
 near. *[Exeunt.]*

## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by PROSPERO.*

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
 And what strength I have 's mine own ;  
 Which is most faint : now 't is true,  
 I must be here confin'd by you,  
 Or sent to Naples : Let me not,  
 Since I have my dukedom got,  
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
 In this bare island, by your spell ;  
 But release me from my bands,  
 With the help of your good hands.  
 Gentle breath of yours my sails  
 Must fill, or else my project fails,  
 Which was to please : Now I want  
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;  
 And my ending is despair,  
 Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;  
 Which pierces so, that it assaults  
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
 Let your indulgence set me free.





## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE 'King John' of Shakspeare was first printed in the folio collection of his plays, in 1623. We have followed the text of this edition almost literally. 'King John' is one of the plays of Shakspeare enumerated by Francis Meres, in 1598.

Dr. Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, speaking of the division, by the players, of our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, thus defines what, he says, was the notion of a dramatic history in those times: "History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce and regulate the conclusion." Again, speaking of the unities of the critics, he says of Shakspeare—"His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and, therefore, none is to be sought. In his other works he has well enough preserved the *unity of action*." Taking these observations together, as a general definition of the character of Shakspeare's histories, we are constrained to say that no opinion can be farther removed from the truth. So far from the "unity of action" not being regarded in Shakspeare's histories, and being subservient to the "chronological succession," it rides over that succession whenever the demands of the scene require "a unity of a higher order, which connects the events by reference to the workers, gives a reason for them in the motives, and presents men in their causative character."\*

The great connecting link that binds together all the series of actions in the 'King John' of Shakspeare,—which does not hold any actions, or series of actions, which arise out of other causes,—is *the fate of Arthur*. From the first to the last scene, the hard struggles and the cruel end of the young Duke of Brittany either lead to the action, or form a portion of it, or are the direct causes of an ulterior consequence.

As an historical picture the 'King John' is wonderfully true. What a Gothic grandeur runs through the whole of these scenes! We see the men of six centuries ago, as they played the game of their personal ambition—now swearing hollow friendships, now breathing stern denunciations;—now affecting compassion for the weak and the suffering, now breaking faith with the orphan and the mother;—now

"Gone to be married, gone to swear a peace;"—now keeping the feast "with slaughtered men;"—now trembling at, and now braving, the denunciations of spiritual power;—and agreeing in nothing but to bend "their sharpest deeds of malice" on unoffending and peaceful citizens, unless the citizens have some "commodity" to offer which shall draw them

"To a most base and vile-concluded peace."

\* Coleridge's Literary Remains.

With what skill has Shakspeare, whilst he thus painted the spirit of the chivalrous times,—lofty in words, but sordid in acts,—given us a running commentary which interprets the whole in the sarcasms of the Bastard! But amidst all the clatter of conventional dignity which we find in the speeches of John, and Philip, and Lewis, and Austria, the real dignity of strong natural affection rises over the pomp and circumstance of regal ambition with a force of contrast which is little less than sublime. The maternal terror and anguish of Constance soon become the prominent objects; and the rival kings, the haughty prelate, the fierce knights, the yielding citizens, appear but as puppets moved by destiny to force on the most bitter sorrows of that broken-hearted mother. Matchless as is the art of the poet in these scenes;—matchless as an exhibition of maternal sorrow only, apart from the whirlwind of conflicting passions that are mixed up with that sorrow;—are we to believe that Shakspeare intended that our hearts should sustain the laceration, and that the effects should pass away when Constance quits the stage? Are we to believe that he was satisfied that his "incidents should be various and affecting," but "independent on each other, and without any tendency to produce and regulate the conclusion?" Was there to be no "unity of feeling" to sustain and elevate the action to the end? Was his tragedy to be a mere dance of Fantoccini? No, no. The remembrance of Constance can never be separated from the after-scenes in which Arthur appears; and at the very last, when the poison has done its work upon the gullible king, we can scarcely help believing that the spirit of Constance hovers over him, and that the echo of the mother's cries is even more insupportable than the "burn'd bosom" and the "parched lips," which neither his "kingdom's rivers" nor the "bleak winds" of the north can "comfort with cold." By the magic of the poet, the interval of fourteen years between the death of Arthur and the death of John is annihilated. Causes and consequences, separated in the proper history by long digressions and tedious episodes, are brought together. The attributed murder of Arthur lost John all the inheritances of the house of Anjou, and allowed the house of Capet to triumph in his overthrow. Out of this grew a larger ambition, and England was invaded. The death of Arthur and the events which marked the last days of John were separated in their cause and effect by time only, over which the poet leaps. It is said that a man who was on the point of drowning saw, in an instant, all the events of his life in connexion with his approaching end. So sees the poet. It is his to bring the beginnings and the ends of events into that real union and dependence which even the philosophical historian may overlook in tracing their course. It is the poet's office to preserve a unity of action; it is the historian's to show a consistency of progress. In the chronicles we have manifold changes of fortune in the life of John after Arthur of Brittany has fallen. In Shakspeare, Arthur of Brittany is at once revenged.



# KING JOHN.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**KING JOHN.**  
Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 7.

**HELEN, daughter to King John; afterwards King Henry III.**  
Appears, Act V. sc. 7.

**ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.**  
Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.

**WILLIAM MARSHALL, Earl of Pembroke.**  
Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

**ROBERT FITZ-PETER, Earl of Essex, chief justice of England.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

**WILLIAM LONGSPURD, Earl of Salisbury.**  
Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.

**ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.

**ROBERT DE BURGH, chamberlain to the King.**  
Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 6.

**ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

**ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, half-brother to Robert Faulconbridge, bastard son to King Richard I.**  
Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 7.

**JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

**PETER OF POMFREY, a prophet.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

**PHILIP, King of France.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

**LEWIS, the Dauphin.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

**ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

**CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.**  
Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**MELUN, a French lord.**  
Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

**CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1.

**ELINOR, the widow of King Henry II, and mother of King John.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.

**CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

**BLANCH, daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and niece to King John.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

**LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

*Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other attendants.*

SCENE.—SOMETIMES IN ENGLAND; SOMETIMES IN FRANCE.

## ACT I.

**SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.**

**KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, ALBEMURTY, and others, with CHATILLON.**

*John.* Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

*Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France, charitably,\* to the majesty, and majesty of England here.*

*A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!*

*Alm.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

*Philip of France, in right and true behalf deceased brother Geoffrey's son, Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim fair island, and the territories; and, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine; and these to lay aside the sword, always usurpingly these several titles; and of the same into young Arthur's hand, and give and right royal sovereign.*

*John.* What follows if we disallow of this?

*Alm.* The proud control of fierce and bloody war, and these rights so forcibly withheld.

*John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood.

*Alm.* Harshness, behaviour, is the manner of having, and thus.

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth, The farthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have:—

Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt CHAT. and PEM.*]

*Eli.* What now, my son? have I not ever said,

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

Till she had kindled France, and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented, and made whole,

With very easy arguments of love;

Which now the manage<sup>a</sup> of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

*Eli.* Your strong possession much more than your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you and me:

<sup>a</sup> *Manage* has, in Shakspeare the same meaning as management and managery,—which, applied to a state, is equivalent to government.



So much my conscience whispers in your ear ;  
Which none but Heaven, and you, and I shall hear

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers  
Essex.*

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,  
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,  
That e'er I heard : Shall I produce the men ?

*K. John.* Let them approach. [*Exit Sheriff.*]  
Our abbeyes, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and  
PHILIP, his bastard Brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you ?

*Bast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,  
Born in Northamptonshire ; and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge ;  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou ?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir ?  
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

*Bast.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king,  
That is well known : and, as I think, one father :  
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother,  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame thy  
mother,  
And wound her honour, with this diffidence.

*Bast.* I, madam ? no, I have no reason for it,  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine ;  
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year :  
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land !

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow :—Why, being younger  
born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

*Bast.* I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy :  
But wher<sup>a</sup> I be as true begot, or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head ;  
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,  
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me !)  
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.  
If old sir Robert did beget us both,  
And were our father, and this son, like him ;—  
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee,  
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

*K. John.* Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us  
here !

*Eli.* He hath a trick<sup>b</sup> of Cœur-de-lion's face ;  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him :  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man ?

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

*Bast.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father ;  
With that half-face would he have all my land :  
A half-face'd groat five hundred pound a-year !

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,  
Your brother did employ my father much :—

*Bast.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land :  
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once despatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there, with the emperor,  
To treat of high affairs touching that time :

<sup>a</sup> *Wher* has the meaning of whether, but does not appear to have been written as a contraction either by Shakspeare or his contemporaries.

<sup>b</sup> *Trick*, here and elsewhere in Shakspeare, means peculiarity.

Th' advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;  
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :  
But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores  
Between my father and my mother lay,—  
As I have heard my father speak himself,—  
When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me ; and took it, on his death,  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;  
And, if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :  
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?  
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;  
In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,  
My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him : This concludes :  
My mother's son did get your father's heir ;  
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force,  
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

*Bast.* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,  
Lord of thy presence,<sup>a</sup> and no land beside ?

*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, sir Robert his,<sup>b</sup> like him ;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods ;  
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd ; my face so thin,  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,  
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings grow  
And, to his shape,<sup>c</sup> were heir to all this land,  
'Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I would give it every foot to have this face ;  
I would not be sir Nob<sup>d</sup> in any case.

*Eli.* I like thee well : Wilt thou forsake thy father,  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?  
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my  
chance :

Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year ;  
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 't is dear.  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Bast.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name ?

*Bast.* Philip, my liege ; so is my name begun ;  
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose face  
thou bearest :

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great ;  
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

*Bast.* Brother, by the mother's side, give me your  
hand ;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land :

<sup>a</sup> *Presence* may here mean "priority of place," *position*. We are inclined to receive it in the sense of the man's whole carriage and appearance—"a goodly presence."

<sup>b</sup> *Sir Robert his*. This is the old form of the pronoun. Faulconbridge says, "If I had his shape—sir Robert's shape—so I had."

<sup>c</sup> *To his shape*—in addition to his shape.

<sup>d</sup> *Nob* is now, and was in Shakspeare's time, a cant word for the head.

blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
I was got, sir Robert was away.  
The very spirit of Plantagenet!  
thy grandsire, Richard; call me so.  
Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What  
though?  
ling about, a little from the right,  
d the window,\* or else o'er the hatch;  
lives not stir by day must walk by night;  
I have is have, however men do catch:  
e far off, well won is still well shot;  
an I, howe'er I was begot.  
Madam, Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy  
desire,  
Best knight makes thee a landed squire.—  
madam, and come, Richard; we must speed  
ance, for France; for it is more than need.  
I brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!  
as wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]  
of honour better than I was;  
my a many foot of land the worse.  
now can I make any Joan a lady.  
madam, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;  
his name be George, I'll call him Peter:  
made honour doth forget men's names;  
s respective, and too sociable,  
s conversation.<sup>c</sup> Now your traveller,  
his toothpick at my worship's mess,  
on my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
on I suck my teeth, and catechise  
led man of countries:<sup>d</sup>—My dear sir,  
leaning on my elbow, I begin,  
beseech you.—That is question now;  
as comes answer like an Absey<sup>e</sup> book:  
says answer, at your best command;  
employment; at your service, sir:  
says question, I, sweet sir, at yours:  
ere answer knows what question would,  
in dialogue of compliment;  
king of the Alps and Apennines,  
mean, and the river Po,  
s toward supper in conclusion so.  
is worshipful society,  
the mounting spirit like myself:  
s but a bastard to the time,  
do not smack of observation;  
can I, whether I smack, or no;)  
t alone in habit and device,  
t farm, outward accoutrement;  
in the inward motion to deliver  
sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:  
though I will not practise to deceive,  
void deceit I mean to learn;  
hall strew the footsteps of my rising.—  
s comes in such haste, in riding robes?  
woman-post is this? hath she no husband,  
ill take pains to blow a horn before her?

*at the window, &c.* These were proverbial expressions,  
g analogy with irregular modes of entering a house,  
ence in cases such as that of Faulconbridge's.  
*at day—good evening, good e'en.*  
ermin. The Bastard, whose "new-made honour" is a  
can,—a change of condition,—would say that to remem-  
er's names (opposed, by implication, to forget) is too  
er (punctilious, discriminating) and too sociable for one  
er) attained rank.  
led man of countries. "To pick" is the same as "to  
er-lead, the common name for the first, or A, B, C, book,  
cluded the Catechism.

*Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.*

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?  
What brings you here to court so hastily?  
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is  
he?  
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?  
Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?  
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?  
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?  
Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,  
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?  
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.  
Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a  
while?  
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.  
Bast. Philip?—sparrow!<sup>a</sup>—James,  
There 's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.  
[*Exit GURNEY*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;  
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:  
Sir Robert could do well; Marry—to confess—  
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;  
We know his handiwork:—Therefore, good mother,  
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?  
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.  
Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,  
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?  
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?  
Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like:<sup>b</sup>  
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.  
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;  
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;  
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:  
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;  
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?  
Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?  
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.  
Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:  
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
To make room for him in my husband's bed.  
Heaven! lay not my transgression to my charge,  
That art the issue of my dear offence,  
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.  
Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly:  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—  
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The awless<sup>c</sup> lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well  
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;  
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:  
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 't was not. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Philip?—sparrow!* The sparrow was called Philip,—per-  
haps from his note, out of which Catullus, in his elegy on  
Lesbia's sparrow, formed a verb, *pipilabat*.  
<sup>b</sup> *Basilisco-like.* Basilisco is a character in a play of Shak-  
spere's time, 'Solimaa and Perseda.'  
<sup>c</sup> *Awless*—the opposite of awful; not inspiring awe.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

*Enter on one side, the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

*Leic.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,  
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave:  
And, for amends to his posterity,  
At our importance<sup>a</sup> hither is he come,  
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;  
And to rebuke the usurpation

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John;  
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

*Arth.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,  
The rather, that you give his offspring life,  
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:  
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
But with a heart full of unstained love:  
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

*Leic.* A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
As seal to this indenture of my love;  
That to my home I will no more return,  
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
And coops from other lands her islanders,  
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,  
Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,  
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,  
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,  
To make a more requital to your love.

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their  
swords  
In such a just and charitable war.

*K. Phi.* Well then, to work; our cannon shall be  
bent  
Against the brows of this resisting town.  
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
To cull the plots of best advantages:  
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:  
My lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in war,  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter CHATILLON.*

*K. Phi.* A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—  
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,  
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,  
And stir them up against a mightier task.  
England, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time

<sup>a</sup> Importance—impertunity.

To land his legions all as soon as I:

His marches are expedient<sup>a</sup> to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;  
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;  
With them a bastard of the king's decess'd:  
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and scath in Christendom.  
The interruption of their churlish drums [Drums  
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand  
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

*K. Phi.* How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!

*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by so much  
We must awake endeavour for defence;  
For courage mounteth with occasion:  
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard  
PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France; if France in peace  
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!  
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!  
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

*K. Phi.* Peace be to England; if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace!  
England we love; and, for that England's sake,  
With burthen of our armour here we sweat:  
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;  
But thou from loving England art so far,  
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:  
This little abstract doth contain that large,  
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,  
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,  
And this is Geoffrey's,<sup>b</sup> in the name of God.  
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commission  
France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

*K. Phi.* From that supernal judge that stirs  
thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right.  
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:

<sup>a</sup> Expedient. The word properly means, "that which is expedient to set at liberty the fast which was held fast is expedient."

<sup>b</sup> And this is Geoffrey's. We have restored the punctuation the original. King Philip makes a solemn asseveration that (Arthur) is Geoffrey's son and successor, in the name of God, asserting the principle of legitimacy, by divine ordinance.

no warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;  
 Give me help, I mean to chastise it.  
*K. Phi.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.  
 Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.  
 So is it thou dost call usurper, France ?  
 Let me make answer ;—thy usurping son,  
 Insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;  
 He mayst be a queen, and check the world !  
 My bed was ever to thy son as true,  
 As to thy husband : and this boy  
 Ature to his father Geoffrey,  
 And John, in manners being as like  
 Water, or devil to his dam.  
 Bastard ! By my soul, I think,  
 Never was so true begot ;  
 He is, an if thou wert his mother.  
 There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.  
 There's a good grandame, boy, that would  
 Not blot thee.

Hear the crier.

What the devil art thou ?  
 He that will play the devil, sir, with you,  
 Catch your hide and you alone.  
 He bare of whom the proverb goes,  
 He plucks dead lions by the beard.  
 Your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;  
 To 't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith.  
 O, well did he become that lion's robe,  
 Who stole the lion of that robe !  
 He lies as sightly on the back of him,  
 As ciders' shoes upon an ass :—  
 He take that burthen from your back ;  
 But shall make your shoulders crack.  
 That cracker is this same, that deafs our ears  
 With his abundance of superfluous breath ?  
 He is, determine what we shall do straight.  
 He men and fools, break off your conference.  
 This is the very sum of all,—  
 I'd Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
 Arthur do I claim of thee :  
 Assign them, and lay down thy arms ?  
 My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France.  
 Retaigne, yield thee to my hand ;  
 My dear love, I 'll give thee more  
 Than a coward hand of France can win :  
 I lay.

Come to thy grandame, child.  
 O, child, go to i' grandame, child ;  
 One kingdom, and i' grandame will  
 Give you a cherry, and a fig :  
 So, grandame.

Good my mother, peace !  
 As I were low laid in my grave ;  
 For 't is this coil that 's made for me.  
 My mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.  
 He shames upon you, when she does, or no !  
 He's wrong'd, and not his mother's shames,  
 Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
 Heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;  
 As crystal beads Heaven shall be brib'd  
 With justice, and revenge on you.  
 He monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !  
 He monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !  
 He slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp  
 His crown, royalties, and rights  
 From his poor boy : This is thy eldest son's son,  
 He is nothing but in thee ;  
 He is visited in this poor child ;  
 He is the law is laid on him,  
 He is the second generation  
 Born on thy sin-conceiving womb.  
 He, Bellam, have done.

I have but this to say,—

That he's not only plagued for her sin,  
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
 On this removed issue, plagued for her,  
 And with her plague, her sin ; his injury  
 Her injury,—the beadle to her sin ;  
 All punish'd in the person of this child,  
 And all for her ; A plague upon her !

*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
 A will, that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked will ;  
 A woman's will ; a canker'd grandame's will !

*K. Phi.* Peace, lady ; pause, or be more temperate :  
 It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim  
 To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
 These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,  
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.*

*Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

*K. Phi.* 'T is France for England.

*K. John.* England, for itself ;  
 You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects !

*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,  
 Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

*K. John.* For our advantage ;—Therefore, hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here  
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
 Have hither march'd to your endamagement ;  
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;  
 And ready-mounted are they, to spit forth  
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :  
 All preparation for a bloody siege  
 And merciless proceeding, by these French,  
 Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;  
 And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,  
 That as a waste do girdle you about,  
 By the compulsion of their ordnance  
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
 Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made  
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
 But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,  
 Who painfully, with much expedient march,  
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,  
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—  
 Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :  
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
 To make a faithless error in your ears :  
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
 And let us in. Your King,<sup>a</sup> whose labour'd spirits  
 Forewearied<sup>b</sup> in this action of swift speed,  
 Craves harbourage within your city walls.

*K. Phi.* When I have said, make answer to us both.  
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
 Son to the elder brother of this man,  
 And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :  
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
 In warlike march these greens before your town ;  
 Being no further enemy to you,  
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
 In the relief of this oppressed child,  
 Religiously provokes. Be pleas'd then  
 To pay that duty which you truly owe,  
 To him that owes<sup>c</sup> it,—namely, this young prince :  
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,

<sup>a</sup> Your king, &c. We have here restored the old reading, in which "your king" is the nominative to "craves."

<sup>b</sup> It is to be observed that "foreweary" and "weary" are the same ; and that "forewearied" may be used, not as a participle requiring an auxiliary verb, but as a verb neuter.

<sup>c</sup> Owes—owns.

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine.  
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,  
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,  
I can with ease translate it to my will;  
Or, if you will, to speak more properly,  
I will enforce it easily to my love.  
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love,  
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,  
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your  
judge,  
That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones? What say you,  
my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to do  
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love  
this lady?

*Lew.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,  
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

*K. Phi.* It likes us well. Young princes, close your  
hands.

*Aust.* And your lips too; for I am well assur'd  
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.<sup>a</sup>

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.  
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?  
I know she is not; for this match, made up,  
Her presence would have interrupted much:  
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

*Lew.* She is sad and passionate<sup>b</sup> at your highness' tent.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—I  
retire from the walls.*

*Bast.* Mad world! mad kings! mad com-  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part:  
And France, whose armour conscience buckl'd  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly de-  
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith  
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, and  
Who having no external thing to lose  
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of  
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling com-  
Commodity, the bias of the world;<sup>b</sup>  
The world, who of itself is peis'd<sup>c</sup> well,  
Made to run even; upon even ground;  
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency.  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:  
And this same bias, this commodity,  
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing war-  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim  
From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—  
And why rail I on this commodity?  
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:  
Not that I have the power to clutch my hare  
When his fair angels would salute my palms  
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, raieth on the rich.  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
And say,—there is no sin but to be rich;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
To say,—there is no vice but beggary:  
Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee!

ACT III.

sick, and capable of fears;  
 with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
 husbandless, subject to fears;  
 naturally born to fears;  
 If thou now confess thou didst but jest  
 vex'd spirits, I cannot take a truce,  
 will quake and tremble all this day.  
 What thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
 How thou look so sadly on my son?  
 What hand upon that breast of thine?  
 What thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
 What river peering o'er his bounds?  
 What signs confirmers of thy words?  
 What again; not all thy former tale,  
 Be word, whether thy tale be true.  
 True, as, I believe, you think them false  
 you cause to prove my saying true.  
 O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
 What this sorrow how to make me die;  
 Relief and life encounter so,  
 The fury of two desperate men,  
 The very meeting, fall, and die.—  
 My boy Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?  
 What with England! what becomes of me?—  
 My gaze: I cannot brook thy sight;  
 What hath made thee a most ugly man.  
 What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
 The harm that is by others done?  
 Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
 So harmful all that speak of it.  
 Do beseech you, madam, be content.  
 If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,  
 What standard rous'd to thy mother's womb,  
 Pleasing blots and sightless\* stains,  
 What, crooked, swart, prodigious,<sup>b</sup>  
 With foul moles and eye-offending marks,  
 If I care, I then would be content;  
 I should not love thee; no, nor thou  
 Thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
 What art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
 What Fortune join'd to make thee great:  
 What gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,  
 The half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!  
 What upst, chang'd, and won from thee;  
 What rates hourly with thy uncle John;  
 What her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 What own fair respect of sovereignty,  
 What his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
 What bawd to Fortune, and king John;  
 What what Fortune, that usurping John:—  
 What thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
 What kin with words; or get thee gone,  
 What those woes alone, which I alone  
 What to under-bear.

Pardon me, madam,  
 I go without you to the kings.  
 What thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.  
 What meet my sorrows to be proud:  
 What proud, and makes his owner stoop.<sup>a</sup>  
 What led to the state of my great grief,  
 What assemble; for my grief 's so great  
 What supporter but the huge firm earth  
 What it up: here I and sorrows sit;  
 What thy thence, hid kings come bow to it.

[She throws herself on the ground.]

King JOHN, King PHILIP, Lewis, BLANCH,  
 OR, BASTARD, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day  
 Is—the opposite of slightly.

<sup>a</sup>—pretentious.  
<sup>b</sup>—Constantine refuses to go with Salisbury to the kings  
 without her sorrows to be proud; for grief is proud  
 in while it bows down the body of its owner; or,  
 its owner stoop to it.

Ever in France shall be kept festival:  
 To solemnize this day, the glorious sun  
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;  
 Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,  
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:  
 The yearly course that brings this day about  
 Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!—[Rising.]

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,  
 That it in golden letters should be set,  
 Among the high tides, in the kalendar?  
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;  
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
 Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,  
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:  
 But on<sup>a</sup> this day let seamen fear no wrack;  
 No bargains break, that are not this day made:  
 This day, all things begun come to ill end;  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day.

Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,  
 Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and tried,  
 Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;  
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:  
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
 Is cold, in amity and painted peace,  
 And our oppression hath made up this league:—  
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjurd kings!  
 A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!  
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
 Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,  
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjurd kings!  
 Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.  
 O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame  
 That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
 coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!  
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
 Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
 But when her humorous ladyship is by  
 To teach thee safety! thou art perjurd too,  
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,  
 A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,  
 Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?  
 Been sworn my soldier? Bidding me depend  
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.  
 Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—

To thee, king John, my holy errand is.  
 I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
 And from pope Innocent the legate here,  
 Do, in his name, religiously demand,  
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
 So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,  
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

<sup>a</sup> But in—except on.

This, in our foresaid holy father's name,  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England  
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
So, under him, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,  
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Phi.* Brother of England, you blasphemè in this.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;  
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;  
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

*Pand.* Then by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:  
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt  
From his allegiance to an heretic;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be,  
That I have room with Rome\* to curse a while!  
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,  
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

*Const.* And for mine too; when law can do no right,  
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong;  
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;  
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:  
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;  
And raise the power of France upon his head,  
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

*Const.* Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,  
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,  
Because—

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

*Const.* What should he say, but as the cardinal?

*Lew.* Bethink you, father; for the difference  
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
Or the light loss of England for a friend:  
Forego the easier.

*Blanch.* That 's the curse of Rome.

*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

\* *Room with Rome.* Rome was formerly pronounced *room*.—and Shakspeare indulges in a play upon words, even when the utterer is strongly moved.

*Blanch.* The lady Constance speaks not from her faith  
But from her need.

*Const.* O, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,—  
That faith would live again by death of need;  
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;  
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

*K. John.* The king is mov'd, and answers not to thee.

*Const.* O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

*Aust.* Do so, king Philip; hang no more in dumb.

*Bast.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most reverend.

*K. Phi.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

*Pand.* What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my person just.

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit:

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows.

The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,—

No longer than we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,

Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with Heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm;

Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage-bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so:

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,

Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,

A chased lion<sup>a</sup> by the mortal paw,

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,

Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*K. Phi.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;

And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!

What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself:

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,

Is not amiss when it is truly done;

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it:

The better act of purposes mistook

Is, to mistake again; though indirect,

<sup>a</sup> *A chased lion.* We have ventured here upon a slight

change. The original reads, "a caged lion," which is supposed

to mean a lion in a cage. The image is, strictly taken,

ended, if not destroyed, by this epithet. The very poor

insertion of an *h* presents us a noble picture of a hunted

bay.

on thereby grows direct,  
 As falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,  
 Scorched veins of one new burn'd.  
 That doth make vows kept;  
 That sworn against religion  
 Is swear'd against the thing thou swear'st;  
 An oath the surety for thy truth  
 Hath: The truth thou art unsure  
 Swears only \* not to be forsworn;  
 Mockery should it be to swear!  
 That swear only to be forsworn;  
 Sworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
 Of later vows, against thy first,  
 Rebellion to thyself:  
 Request never canst thou make,  
 For constant and thy nobler parts  
 Gildy loose suggestions:  
 Better part our prayers come in,  
 To save them: but, if not, then know,  
 Our curses light on thee  
 Than thou shalt not shake them off,  
 Or, die under their black weight.  
 Fellicon, flat rebellion!

Will 't not be?  
 If's-skin stop that mouth of thine?  
 Or, to arms!

Upon thy wedding-day?  
 Blood that thou hast married?  
 Our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?  
 Of trumpets, and loud churlish drums,  
 Bell, be measures <sup>b</sup> to our pomp?  
 Hear me!—ah, alack, how new  
 To my mouth!—even for that name,  
 At this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
 As I beg, go not to arms  
 To uncle.

O, upon my knee,  
 With kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
 As Dauphin, alter not the doom  
 By heaven.  
 How shall I see thy love. What motive  
 For with thee than the name of wife?  
 At which upholdeth him that thee upholds,  
 O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!  
 See your majesty doth seem so cold,  
 And round respects do pull you on.  
 Will pronounce a curse upon his head.  
 Thou shalt not need:—England, I will fall  
 As thee.

For fair return of banish'd majesty!  
 For a revolt of French inconstancy!  
 France, thou shalt rue this hour within this  
 As.

Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton,  
 See,  
 If I well then, France shall rue.  
 The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day  
 As!

Side that I must go withal?  
 That each army hath a hand;  
 For rage, I having hold of both,  
 Murder, and dismember me.  
 Cannot pray that thou mayst win;  
 As must pray that thou mayst lose;  
 For not wish the fortune thine;  
 Will not wish thy wishes thrive:  
 As, on that side shall I lose;  
 Before the match be play'd.  
 For, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

By. The entire speech of Pandolph is full of  
 it, which under the intricate reasoning more to-  
 bett imperceptibly meant to produce this effect.  
 solemn dance.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life  
 dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—  
 [Exit Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
 A rage whose heat hath this condition,  
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
 The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt  
 turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:  
 Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms  
 let 's hie!  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with  
 AUSTRIA'S Head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;  
 Some airy devil hovers in the sky,  
 And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there;  
 While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up:  
 My mother is assailed in our tent,  
 And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;  
 Her highness is in safety, fear you not:  
 But on, my liege; for very little pains  
 Will bring this labour to a happy end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter KING JOHN,  
 ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your graces shall stay behind,  
 [To ELI.]  
 So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: [To ARTH.]  
 Thy grandame loves thee; and thy uncle will  
 As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [to the Bastard] away for England;  
 haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the hags  
 Of boarding abbots; imprisoned angels  
 Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace  
 Must by the hungry now be fed upon:  
 Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back.  
 When gold and silver beck me to come on.  
 I leave your highness:—Grandame, I will pray  
 (If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [Exit Bastard.]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[She takes ARTH. aside.]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,  
 We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh  
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
 And with advantage means to pay thy love:  
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
 But I will fit it with some better tune.  
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd  
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet!  
 But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,  
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.  
 I had a thing to say,—But let it go:



The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
 Is all too wanton and too full of gawds,  
 To give me audience:—If the midnight bell  
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
 Sound on<sup>a</sup> into the drowsy race of night;  
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;  
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,  
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
 A passion hateful to my purposes;) <sup>;</sup>  
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;  
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
 But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;  
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
 By heaven, I would do it.

*K. John.* Do not I know thou wouldst?  
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
 On my young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
 He is a very serpent in my way,  
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread  
 He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?  
 Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,  
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee.  
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
 Remember.—Madam, fare you well:  
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee!

*K. John.* For England, cousin, go:  
 Hubert shall be your man, attend on you  
 With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
 A whole armado of convicted<sup>b</sup> sail  
 Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phi.* What can go well, when we have run so ill?  
 Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
 Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
 And bloody England into England gone,  
 O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

*Lew.* What he hath won that hath he fortified:  
 So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

<sup>a</sup> *Sound on.* So the original. But *on* and *one* were often spell'd alike; and therefore the passage must be determined by other principles than that of fidelity to the text. Which is the more poetical.

"Sound on into the drowsy race of night," or "sound one!"—Shakspeare, it appears to us, has made the idea of time precise enough by the "midnight bell;" and the addition of "one," is either a contradiction or a pleonasm. But was the "midnight bell" the bell of a clock? Was it not rather the bell which called the monks to their "morning lauds?"  
<sup>b</sup> *Convicted*—overpowered.

Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,  
 Of any kindred action like to this?

*K. Phi.* Well could I bear that England had  
 praise,  
 So we could find some pattern of our shame.

*Enter CONSTANCE.*

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
 Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—  
 I prithee, lady, go away with me

*Const.* Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace

*K. Phi.* Patience, good lady! comfort, good  
 Constance!

*Const.* No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
 But that which ends all counsel, true redress.  
 Death, death, O amiable lovely death!  
 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones;  
 And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;  
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms;  
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,  
 And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
 Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,  
 And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,  
 O, come to me!

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace!

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:  
 O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
 Then with a passion would I shake the world;  
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
 Which scorns a modern<sup>c</sup> invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow

*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so;  
 I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;  
 My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;  
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
 I am not mad:—I would to heaven I were!  
 For then, 't is like I should forget myself:  
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—  
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;  
 For, being not mad but sensible of grief,  
 My reasonable part produces reason  
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself:  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son;  
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:  
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity.

*K. Phi.* Bind up those tresses: O, what love!  
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends  
 Do glue themselves in sociable grief;  
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
 Sticking together in calamity.

*Const.* To England, if you will.

*K. Phi.* Bind up your

*Const.* Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do  
 I tore them from their bonds; and criest aloud,  
 O that these hands could so redeem my son,  
 As they have given these hairs their liberty!  
 But now I envy at their liberty,  
 And will again commit them to their bonds  
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.

<sup>c</sup> *Modern*—trite, common. Thus, in "As You Like It"  
 "Full of wise saws and modern instances"  
 We may read "a mother's invocation" with little value  
 the text: *moder's* (the old spelling) might have been easily  
 taken for modern.

r cardinal, I have heard you say,  
 all see and know our friends in heaven :  
 rae, I shall see my boy again ;  
 the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
 at did but yesterday aspire,  
 not such a gracious creature born.  
 ill canker sorrow eat my bud,  
 the native beauty from his cheek,  
 ll look as hollow as a ghost ;  
 d meagre as an ague's fit ;  
 ll die ; and, rising so again,  
 all meet him in the court of heaven  
 know him : therefore never, never  
 old my pretty Artour more.  
 fou hold too beinous a respect of grief.  
 He talks to me that never had a son.  
 You are as fond of grief as of your child.  
 Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
 bed, walks up and down with me,  
 pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 me of all his gracious parts,  
 his vacant garments with his form ;  
 I reason to be fond of grief.  
 will : had you such a loss as I,  
 re better comfort than you do.—  
 keep this form upon my head,  
 [Tearing off her head-dress.  
 e is such disorder in my wit.  
 ay boy, my Arthur, my fair son !  
 y joy, my food, my all the world !  
 -comfort, and my sorrows' cure ! [Exit.  
 I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [Exit.  
 here's nothing in this world can make me joy :  
 edious as a twice-told tale,  
 dull ear of a drowsy man ;  
 shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,  
 lds naught but shame and bitterness.  
 before the curing of a strong disease,  
 e instant of repair and health,  
 tungest ; evils, that take leave,  
 sparture most of all show evil :  
 you lost by losing of this day ?  
 ll days of glory, joy, and happiness.  
 f you had won it, certainly, you had.  
 ben fortune means to men most good,  
 pen them with a threatening eye.  
 e to think how much king John hath lost  
 ch he accounts so clearly won :  
 i grief'd that Arthur is his prisoner ?  
 heartily as he is glad he hath him.  
 our mind is all as youthful as your blood.  
 ne speak, with a prophetic spirit ;  
 e beneath of what I mean to speak  
 each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
 path which shall directly lead

Thy foot to England's throne ; and, therefore, mark.  
 John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,  
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
 The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,  
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :  
 A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd ;  
 And he that stands upon a slippery place  
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :  
 That John may stand then Arthur needs must fall ;  
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

*Lew.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall ?

*Pand.* You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,  
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lew.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

*Pand.* How green you are, and fresh in this old world !

John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you :

For he that steeps his safety in true blood

Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts

Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,

That none so small advantage shall step forth

To check his reign, but they will cherish it ;

No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scope of nature,<sup>a</sup> no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lew.* May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies : and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;

And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot ;

And, O, what better matter breeds for you,

Than I have nam'd !—The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,

Offending charity : If but a dozen French

Were there in arms, they would be as a call<sup>b</sup>

To train ten thousand English to their side ;

Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,

Anon becomes a mountain. O noble dauphin,

Go with me to the king : 'T is wonderful

What may be wrought out of their discontent,

Now that their souls are topfull of offence.

For England go ; I will whet on the king.

*Lew.* Strong reasons make strange<sup>c</sup> actions : Let

us go ;

If you say ay, the king will not say no. [Exit

## ACT IV.

—Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants.

at me these irons hot ; and look thou stand  
 arras : when I strike my foot  
 som of the ground, rush forth,  
 he boy, which you shall find with me,  
 chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.  
 I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.  
 cleanly scruples ! Fear not you : look to 't.—

[Exit Attendants.

come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title

To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me !

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I :

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

<sup>a</sup> *Scope of nature*—the ordinary course of nature. A *scope* is what is seen—according to its derivation—as a phenomenon is what appears.

<sup>b</sup> *A call.* The caged birds which lure the wild ones to the net are termed by fowlers "*call-birds.*"

<sup>c</sup> *Strange.* Strong reasons make—that is, justify—a large deviation from common courses.

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,<sup>a</sup>  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me:  
He is afraid of me, and I of him:  
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?  
No, indeed, is 't not; And I would to heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:  
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*]

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:  
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:  
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—  
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How  
now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]

Turning spiteous torture out of door!  
I must be brief; lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.  
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:  
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but  
ache,

I knit my hand-kercher about your brows,  
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)  
And I did never ask it you again:  
And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;  
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?  
Or, What good love may I perform for you?  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning; do, an if you will:  
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!  
The iron of itself, though heat<sup>b</sup> red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench his fiery indignation,  
Even in the matter of mine innocence;  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?  
An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believ'd him.<sup>c</sup> No tongue but Hu-  
bert's—

*Hub.* Come forth. [*Stamps.*]

*Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,  
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?

<sup>a</sup> *Christendom.* Arthur prettily asseverates by the baptismal  
office—by his christening.

<sup>b</sup> *Heat,* used as a participle.

<sup>c</sup> *I would not have believ'd him.* As we have pointed the  
passage, Arthur begins a fresh sentence, which is interrupted by  
Hubert stamping. He is about to say, "No tongue but Hu-  
bert's" would have made me believe it.

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angrily:  
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.  
I attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a de-  
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my friend;  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in your  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous then,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue!

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes!  
Though to no use, but still to look on you!  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with  
Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;  
There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blood  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert!  
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;  
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre<sup>a</sup> him on.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny their office: only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu;  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: Go closely in with me,  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the*  
*Palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,*  
*and other Lords. The King takes his State.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again cry  
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

<sup>a</sup> *Tarre.* Tooke derives this from a Saxon word, *cræst*,  
exasperate. Others think that it has only reference to the  
tom of exciting terriers—*arrivers*.

This once again, but that your highness  
 pleas'd,  
 superfluous: you were crown'd before,  
 high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;  
 of men ne'er stained with revolt;  
 station troubled not the land,  
 long'd-for change, or better state.  
 erefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
 a title\* that was rich before,  
 lined gold, to paint the lily,  
 perfume on the violet,  
 the ice, or add another hue  
 rainbow, or with taper-light  
 a beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
 and ridiculous excess.  
 ut that your royal pleasure must be done,  
 as an ancient tale new told;  
 e last repeating, troublesome,  
 d at a time unseasonable.  
 his, the antique and well-noted face  
 id form is much disfigured;  
 e shifted wind unto a sail,  
 e course of thoughts to fetch about;  
 e frights consideration;  
 ed opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
 on so new a fashion'd robe.  
 Men workmen strive to do better than well,  
 nfound their skill in covetousness:  
 times, excusing of a fault  
 the fault the worse by the excuse;  
 set upon a little breach,  
 ore in hiding of the fault,  
 he fault before it was so patch'd.  
 his effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
 d our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness  
 e it, and we are all well pleas'd,  
 nd every part of what we would,  
 stand at what your highness will.  
 Some reasons of this double coronation  
 us'd you with, and think them strong;  
 more strong (when lesser is my fear),  
 te you with: Meantime, but ask  
 would have reform'd that is not well,  
 hall you perceive how willingly  
 bear and grant you your requests.  
 en I, (as one that am the tongue of these,  
 he purposes of all their hearts,  
 yself and them, (but, chief of all,  
 e, for the which myself and them  
 best studies,) heartily request  
 eisement of Arthur; whose restraint  
 the murmuring lips of discontent  
 in this dangerous argument,—  
 ut you have\* in right you hold,  
 your fears (which, as they say, attend  
 wrong) should move you to mew up  
 e kinsman, and to choke his days  
 ous ignorance, and deny his youth  
 vantage of good exercise?  
 ne's enemies may not have this  
 easions, let it be our suit,  
 ve bid us ask his liberty;  
 our goods we do no further ask,  
 upon our weal, on you depending,  
 our weal he have his liberty.  
 Let it be so; I do commit his youth

*Note.* The *guard* is the border or edging of a garment, the *defence* against injury. We take it here employed to mean a fixed position. For examples given by Reed in his edition of *Ed. Mar.*, we find the same expression constantly used of Primero, in which game, as far as we may see, seems to imply that the player, at a particular time, makes a decided stand upon the chances he is engaged.

## Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

*Pem.* This is the man should do the bloody deed;  
 He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:  
 The image of a wicked heinous fault  
 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
 Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;  
 And I do fearfully believe 't is done  
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

*Sal.* The colour of the king doth come and go  
 Between his purpose and his conscience,  
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:  
 His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

*Pem.* And, when it breaks, I fear will issue thence  
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—  
 Good lords, although my will to give is living  
 The suit which you demand is gone and dead:  
 He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

*Pem.* Indeed we heard how near his death he was,  
 Before the child himself felt he was sick:  
 This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on  
 me?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?  
 Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play; and 't is shame  
 That greatness should so grossly offer it:  
 So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

*Pem.* Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,  
 And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
 His little kingdom of a forced grave.  
 That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,  
 Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!  
 This must not be thus borne: this will break out  
 To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Ex. Lords.*]

*K. John.* They burn in indignation. I repent.  
 There is no sure foundation set on blood;  
 No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

## Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood,  
 That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
 So foul a sky clears not without a storm:  
 Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

*Mess.* From France to England.—Never such a  
 power,

For any foreign preparation,  
 Was levied in the body of a land!  
 The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;  
 For, when you should be told they do prepare,  
 The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?  
 Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,  
 That such an army could be drawn in France,  
 And she not hear of it?

*Mess.* My liege, her ear  
 Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died  
 Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,  
 The lady Constance in a frenzy died  
 Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue  
 I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!  
 O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
 My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?  
 How wildly then walks my estate in France!—  
 Under whose conduct came those powers of France,  
 That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

*Mess.* Under the dauphin.

## Enter the Bastard and PETER of Pomfret.

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy

With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Bast.* But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd  
Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood; and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Bast.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied;  
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:  
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,  
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;  
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:  
Deliver him to safety, and return,  
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,  
[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

*Bast.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are full  
of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,  
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)  
And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies:  
I have a way to win their loves again;  
Bring them before me.

*Bast.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste: the better foot  
before.

O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;  
And fly like thought, from them to me again.

*Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Ex.*]

*K. John.* Spoke like a spritful noble gentleman.  
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;  
And be thou he.

*Mess.* With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*]

*K. John.* My mother dead!

*Re-enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:  
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wondrous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons?

*Hub.* Old men, and beldams, in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)

Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:  
Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with  
fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* None had, my lord! why, did you not  
me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven  
earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation!  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind:  
But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,—

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or  
pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed,  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
As bid<sup>a</sup> me tell my tale in express words,  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me here  
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in  
But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin;  
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name  
Out of my sight, and never see me more!

My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,  
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;  
And you have slander'd nature in my form,  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to tell  
Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience!  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood

<sup>a</sup> As bid—elliptically for as to bid.

more hideous than thou art.  
; but to my closet bring  
da, with all expedient haste :  
heat slowly ; run more fast. [Exeunt.

III.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.*

Wall is high ; and yet will I leap down :—  
be pitiful, and hurt me not !—  
name, do know me ; if they did,  
semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
and yet I'll venture it.  
and do not break my limbs,  
sward shifts to get away :  
and go, as die and stay. [Leaps down.  
ele's spirit is in these stones :—  
ny soul, and England keep my bones !  
[Dies.

*EMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-  
; and we must embrace  
er of the perilous time.  
brought that letter from the cardinal ?  
unt Melun, a noble lord of France ;  
with me, of the dauphin's love,  
general than these lines import.  
crow morning let us meet him then.  
er then set forward : for 't will be  
' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.<sup>a</sup>

*Enter the Bastard.*

more to-day well met, distemper'd lords !  
me, requests your presence straight.  
ng hath disposess'd himself of us.  
ne his thin bestain'd cloak  
(honours, nor attend the foot  
e print of blood where'er it walks :  
d him so ; we know the worst.  
e'er you think, good words, I think, were

iefs, and not our manners, reason now.  
have is little reason in your grief ;  
ere reason you had manners now.  
ir, impatience hath his privilege.  
true ; to hurt his master, no man's else.  
the prison : What is he lies here ?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*  
ath, made proud with pure and princely  
ty !

not a hole to hide this deed.  
er, as hating what himself hath done,  
em, to urge on revenge.  
ven he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
recious-princely for a grave.  
hard, what think you ? You have beheld,<sup>b</sup>  
sad, or heard ? or could you think ?  
ast think, although you see,  
ee ? could thought, without this object,  
ther ? This is the very top,  
e crest, or crest unto the crest,  
ems : this is the bloodiest shame,  
ragery, the vilest stroke,  
ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
se tears of soft remorse.  
southerly past do stand excus'd in this :  
e, and so unmatched,  
dness, a purity,

<sup>a</sup>—before we meet.  
<sup>b</sup>—You see—or have you only read, or  
must be so startled that you may doubt  
it."

To the yet-unbegotten sin of times,  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exampl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work :  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand ?—  
We had a kind of light what would ensue :  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;  
The practice, and the purpose, of the king :—  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
By giving it the worship of revenge.

*Pem., Big.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :  
Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

*Sal.* O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—  
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law ? [Drawing his sword.

*Bast.* Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

*Sal.* Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;  
By heaven, I think, my sword 's as sharp as yours :  
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;  
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Big.* Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

*Hub.* Not for my life : but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so ;  
Yet, I am none : Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

*Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ?  
Second a villain and a murderer ?

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Big.* Who kill'd this prince ?

*Hub.* 'T is not an hour since I left him well ;  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villainy is not without such rheum ;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.  
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Big.* Away, toward Bury, to the dauphin there !

*Pem.* There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

*Bast.* Here 's a good world !—Knew you of this fair  
work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.  
*Bast.* Ha! I'll tell thee what;  
 Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black,  
 Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:  
 There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
 As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.  
*Hub.* Upon my soul,—  
*Bast.* If thou didst but consent  
 To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
 And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
 That ever spider twisted from her womb  
 Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be  
 A beam to hang thee on; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,  
 Put but a little water in a spoon,  
 And it shall be, as all the ocean,  
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.—  
 I do suspect thee very grievously.  
*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me!  
 I left him well.

*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms.—  
 I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way  
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—  
 How easy dost thou take all England up!  
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
 Is fled to heaven; and England now is left  
 To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth  
 The unow'd interest of proud-swelling state.  
 Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty  
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:  
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,  
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,  
 As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,  
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
 Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can  
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,  
 And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:  
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[Exit

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.**Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, with the Crown, and Attendants.**K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my glory.*Pand.* Take again [*Giving JOHN the crown.*]  
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
Your sovereign greatness and authority.*K. John.* Now keep your holy word: go meet the  
French;And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.  
Our discontented counties<sup>a</sup> do revolt;  
Our people quarrel with obedience;  
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,  
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
This inundation of mistemper'd humour  
Rests by you only to be qualified.  
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,  
That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues.*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;  
But, since you are a gentle convertite,<sup>b</sup>  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land  
On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*]*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet  
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon,  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:  
I did suppose it should be on constraint;  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.*Enter the Bastard.**Bast.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out  
But Dover castle; London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers:  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy;<sup>a</sup> Counties—nobles.<sup>b</sup> Convertite—convert; reclaimed to the authority of "holy church."And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me again  
After they heard young Arthur was alive?*Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into  
streets;An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me he did kill  
Arthur.*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he know  
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.Away; and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field:  
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run  
To meet displeasure further from the doors;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so high.*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been with  
me, and I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the dauphin.*Bast.* O inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present

way then, with good courage; yet I know,  
may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.

II.—A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.

ARMS, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PREM-  
BROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
safe for our remembrance:  
precedent to these lords again;  
our fair order written down,  
and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
wherefore we took the sacrament,  
our faiths firm and inviolable.  
our sides it never shall be broken.  
dauphin, albeit we swear  
our seal, and unurg'd faith,  
our credings; yet, believe me, prince,  
that that such a sore of time  
a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
an inveterate canker of one wound  
many. O, it grieves my soul,  
I draw this metal from my side  
our-maker; O, and there,  
our noble rescue, and defence,  
our name of Salisbury:  
the infection of the time,  
our health and physic of our right,  
deal but with the very hand  
our justice and confused wrong.—  
our pity, O my grieved friends,  
our sons and children of this isle,  
our so sad an hour as this:  
our step after a stranger, march  
our noble bosom, and fill up  
our ranks, (I must withdraw and weep  
our out of this enforced cause.)  
our gentry of a land remote,  
our unacquainted colours here?  
—O nation, that thou couldst remove!  
our men's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
our thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
our thee unto a pagan shore;  
our two Christian armies might combine  
our malice in a vein of league,  
our spend\* it so unneighbourly!  
our while temper dost thou show in this;  
our factions, wrestling in thy bosom,  
our earthquake of nobility.  
our while combat hast thou fought  
our expulsion and a brave respect!  
our off this honourable dew,  
our doth progress on thy cheeks:  
our its melted at a lady's tears,  
our binary foundation;  
our vision of such manly drops,  
our blown up by tempest of the soul,  
our eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
our when the vaulty top of heaven  
our is o'er with burning meteors.  
our know, renowned Salisbury,  
our great heart heave away this storm:  
our these waters to those baby eyes  
our now the giant world enrag'd;  
our is fortune other than at feasts,  
our of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
our is for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
our as of rich prosperity  
our myself—so, nobles, shall you all,  
our our sinews to the strength of mine.

\* *Spends* is a prefix, in combination with *spend*; as in  
*Lines of Windsor*,—  
*fair-like, to pinch the unclean knight.*

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:  
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;  
And on our actions set the name of right,  
With holy breath.

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France!  
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd  
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome:  
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back.  
I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at control,  
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;  
And now 't is far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;  
And come you now to tell me, John hath made  
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?  
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;  
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back  
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?  
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne  
What men provided, what munition sent,  
To underprop this action? is 't not I  
That undergo this charge? who else but I,  
And such as to my claim are liable,  
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?  
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le roy!* as I have bank'd their towns?  
Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?  
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?  
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lew.* Outside, or inside, I will not return  
Till my attempt so much be glorified  
As to my ample hope was promised  
Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
To outlook conquest, and to win renown  
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[Trumpet sounds

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

*Bast.* According to the fair play of the world,  
Let me have audience. I am sent to speak:  
My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The dauphin is too wilful opposite,  
And will not temporize with my entreaties;  
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king,  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:

\* *Bank'd their towns*.—Probably sail'd along their banks.



This apish and unmannerly approach,  
 This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,  
 This unhair'd<sup>a</sup> sauciness, and boyish troops,  
 The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd  
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
 From out the circle of his territories.  
 That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,  
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;  
 To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;  
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks;  
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;  
 To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,  
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,  
 Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—  
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,  
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
 No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;  
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,  
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—  
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
 You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb  
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:  
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,  
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;  
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
 Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts  
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Leo.* There end thy brave,<sup>b</sup> and turn thy face in peace;

We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;  
 We hold our time too precious to be spent  
 With such a brabblor.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Leo.* We will attend to neither:—  
 Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war  
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;  
 And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start  
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
 And even at hand a drum is ready brae'd,  
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;  
 Sound but another, and another shall,  
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand  
 (Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)  
 Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits  
 A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

*Leo.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.*

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
 Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,  
 Desires your majesty to leave the field,  
 And send him word by me which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

*Mess.* Be of good comfort; for the great supply,  
 That was expected by the dauphin here,

<sup>a</sup> Unhair'd—unberried.      <sup>b</sup> Braze—bravado.

Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.  
 This news was brought to Richard but even now:  
 The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
 And will not let me welcome this good news.  
 Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;  
 Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the war.*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.*

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French.  
 If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
 In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

*Pem.* They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

*Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy we had other names.

*Pem.* It is the count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold,  
 Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,

And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;

For, if the French be lords of this loud day,

He means to recompense the pains you take

By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,

And I with him, and many more with me,

Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;

Even on that altar where we swore to you

Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible? may this be true?

*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,

Retaining but a quantity of life

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

Why should I then be false; since it is true

That I must die here, and live hence by truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,

He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east:

But even this night,—whose black contagious breath

Already smokes about the burning crest

Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—

Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;

Paying the fine of rated treachery,

Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,

If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;

The love of him,—and this respect besides,

For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—

Awakes my conscience to confess all this.

In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence

From forth the noise and rumour of the field;

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul

With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee,—And beswore my word

But I do love the favour and the form

Of this most fair occasion, by the which

We will untread the steps of damned flight;

And, like a bated and retired flood,

Leaving our rankness and irregular course,

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,

And calmly run on in obedience.

Even to our ocean, to our great king John.

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence.

For I do see the cruel pangs of death

thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;  
my weakness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*]

ENE V.—*The same. The French Camp.*

*Enter Lewis and his Train.*

The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set,  
And made the western welkin blush,  
The English measur'd backward their own  
ground,

retire: O, bravely came we off  
With a volley of our needless shot,  
With bloody toil, we bid good night;  
And our tottering colours clearly up  
The field, and almost lords of it!

*Enter a Messenger.*

Where is my prince, the dauphin?

Here:—What news?

The count Melun is slain; the English  
lords,

emission, are again fallen off:  
The supply, which you have wish'd so long,  
Is away, and sunk on Goodwin sands.

Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beslurew thy very  
heart!

I think to be so sad to-night  
Hath made me.—Who was he that said,  
That he did fly an hour or two before  
The doing night did part our weary powers?

Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.  
Well; keep good quarter and good care to-  
night;

I shall not be up so soon as I,  
In a fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

VI.—*An open Place in the Neighbourhood  
of Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.*

Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I  
shoot.

A friend.—What art thou?

Of the part of England.

Whither dost thou go?

What 's that to thee?

I demand of thine affairs,  
As thou of mine!

Hubert, I think.

Thou hast a perfect thought:  
On all hazards, well believe  
My friend, that know'st my tongue so well:  
Thou?

Who thou wilt: an if thou please,  
I'll befriend me so much as to think  
The way of the Plantagenets.

Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless  
night,

Do me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,  
I'll accent, breaking from thy tongue,  
Escape the true acquaintance of mine ear.  
Come, come; sans compliment, what news  
abroad?

Why, here walk I, in the black brow of  
night,  
And out.

Brief, then; and what 's the news?

O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Sweet, comfortless, and horrible.

Show me the very wound of this ill news;  
If woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king  
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come  
back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power!

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,  
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;  
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.

Away, before! conduct me to the king;  
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain  
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter PEMBROKE.*

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,  
That being brought into the open air  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—  
Doth he still rage? [*Exit BIGOT.*]

Pem. He is more patient  
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,  
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them invisible;\* and his siege is now  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies;  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,  
Confound themselves. 'T is strange, that death should  
sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;  
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born  
To set a form upon that indigest,<sup>b</sup>  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING  
JOHN in a Chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-  
room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,

That all my bowels crumble up to dust:

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment; and against this fire

Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast  
off:

\* *Invisible*—untook at, disregarded.

<sup>b</sup> *Indigest*—disordered, indigested, state of affairs.

And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,  
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*P. Hen.* O, that there were some virtue in my tears,  
That might relieve you!

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot.  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize  
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* O, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;  
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;  
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royalty.

*Bast.* The dauphin is preparing hitherward;  
Where, Heaven he knows how we shall answer him:  
For, in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The KING dies.*]

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an  
ear.—

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

*P. Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind  
To do the office for thee of revenge:  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers? Show now your mended  
faiths;

And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;  
The dauphin rages at our very heels.

*Sal.* It seems you know not then so much as we:  
The cardinal Pandolph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the dauphin;  
And brings from him such offers of our peace  
As we with honour and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Bast.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
For many carriages he hath despatch'd  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal,  
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*P. Hen.* At Worcester must his body be inter'd;  
For so he will'd it.

*Bast.* Thither shall it then,  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land!  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services  
And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would give  
thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*Bast.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—

This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us  
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt*]



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE first edition was published in 1597, under the title of 'The Tragedy of King Richard the Second.' Four editions in quarto appeared before the folio of 1623. But all that part of the fourth act in which Richard is introduced to make the surrender of his crown, comprising one hundred and fifty-four lines, was never printed in the age of Elizabeth. The quarto of 1608 first gives this scene. That quarto is, with very few exceptions, the text of the play as it now stands.

We scarcely know how to approach this drama, even for the purpose of a few remarks upon its characteristics. We are almost afraid to trust our own admiration when we turn to the cold criticism by which opinion in this country has been wont to be governed. We have been told that it cannot "be said much to affect the passions or enlarge the understanding." \* It may be so. And yet, we think, it might somewhat "affect the passions,"—for "gorgeous tragedy" hath here put on her "scepter'd pall," and if she bring not Terror in her train, Pity, at least, claims the sad story for her own. And yet it may somewhat "enlarge the understanding,"—for, though it abound not in those sententious moralities which may fitly adorn "a theme at school," it lays bare more than one human bosom with a most searching anatomy; and, in the moral and intellectual strength and weakness of humanity, which it discloses with as much precision as the scalpel reveals to the student of our physical nature the symptoms of health or disease, may we read the proximate and final causes of this world's success or loss, safety or danger, honour or disgrace, elevation or ruin. And then, moreover, the profound truths which, half-hidden to the careless reader, are to be drawn out from this drama, are contained in such a splendid frame-work of the picturesque and the poetical, that the setting of the jewel almost distracts our attention from the jewel itself. We are here plunged into the midst of the fierce passions and the gorgeous pageantries of the antique time. We not only enter the halls and galleries, where is hung

"Armoury of the invincible knights of old,"  
but we see the beaver closed, and the spear in rest;—under those cuirasses are hearts knocking against the steel with almost more than mortal rage;—the banners wave, the trumpet sounds—heralds and marshals are ready to salute the victor—but the absolute king casts down his warder, and the anticipated triumph of one proud champion must end in the unmerited disgrace of both. The transition is easy from the tourney to the battle-field. A nation must bleed that a subject may be avenged. A crown is to be played for, though

" Tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound."  
The luxurious lord

" That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men,"  
perishes in a dungeon;—the crafty usurper sits upon

\* Johnson.

his throne, but it is undermined by the hatreds even those who placed him on it. Here is, indeed, "a kingdom for a stage." And has the greatest of poets dealt with such a subject without affecting the passions, enlarging the understanding? Away with this. We will trust our own admiration.

It is the wonderful subjection of the poetical power to the higher law of truth—to the poetical truth, which is the highest truth, comprehending and expounding the historical truth—which must furnish the clue to the proper understanding of the drama of 'Richard II.' appears to us that, when the poet first undertook

" to open  
The purple testament of bleeding war,"—  
to unfold the roll of the causes and consequences that usurpation of the house of Lancaster which plunged three or four generations of Englishmen in blood and misery—he approaches the subject with an inflexible purpose as totally removed as it was possible to be from the levity of a partisan. There was to be weighed in one scale the follies, the weaknesses, the crimes of Richard—the injuries of Bolingbroke—the insults which the capricious despotism of the king had heaped upon his nobles—the exactions under which the people groaned—the real merits and the popular attributes of him who came to redress and to repair. The other scale were to be placed the afflictions of false greatness—the revenge and treachery by which the crown was produced—the heartburnings and suspicious which accompany every great revolution—the struggles of power which ensue when the established and legitimate authority is thrust from its seat.—All these phases, personal and political, of a deposition and an usurpation, Shakspeare has exhibited with marvellous impartiality.

It is in the same lofty spirit of impartiality which governs the general sentiments of this drama that Shakspeare has conceived the mixed character of Richard II. If we compare every account, we must say that Richard II. of Shakspeare is rigidly the true Richard II. The poet is the truest historian in all that belongs to the higher attributes of history. But with this surprising dramatic truth in the 'Richard II.,' perhaps, after all, the most wonderful thing in the whole play—is that which makes it so exclusively and entirely Shakspearean—is the evolvment of the truth under the poet's form. The character of Richard, especially, is almost subordinated to the poetical conception of it—to something higher than the historical propriety, yet including all that historical propriety, and calling it forth with the most striking aspects. All the vacillations and weaknesses of the king, in the hands of an artist like Shakspeare, are reproduced with the most natural and vivid colours; so as to display their own characteristic effects, in combination with the principle of poetic beauty, which carries them into a higher region than the perfect command over the elements of strong individualization could alone produce.



# KING RICHARD II.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p><b>KING RICHARD II.</b> Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.</p> <p><b>DUKE OF LANGLEY, Duke of York; uncle to the King.</b> Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6.</p> <p><b>DUKE OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster; uncle to the King.</b> Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. <i>surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford,</i> <i>John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.</i> Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 6.</p> <p><b>DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.</b> Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.</p> <p><b>MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.</b> Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.</p> <p><b>DUKE OF SURREY.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>EARL OF SALISBURY.</b> Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.</p> <p><b>EARL BERKLEY.</b> Appears, Act II. sc. 3.</p> <p><b>BUSHY, a creature to King Richard.</b> Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>BAGOT, a creature to King Richard.</b> Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>GREENE, a creature to King Richard.</b> Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.</b> Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 6.</p>	<p><b>HENRY PERCY, son to the Earl of Northumberland</b> Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 6.</p> <p><b>LORD ROSS.</b> Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>LORD WILLOUGHBY.</b> Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>LORD FITZWATER.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 6.</p> <p><b>BISHOP OF CARLISLE.</b> Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 5.</p> <p><b>ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>LORD MARSHAL; and another Lord.</b> Appear, Act I. sc. 3.</p> <p><b>SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.</b> Appears, Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6.</p> <p><b>SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.</b> Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.</p> <p><b>Captain of a band of Welchmen.</b> Appears, Act II. sc. 4.</p> <p><b>QUEEN to King Richard.</b> Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.</b> Appears, Act I. sc. 2.</p> <p><b>DUCHESS OF YORK.</b> Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.</p> <p><b>Lady attending on the Queen.</b> Appears, Act III. sc. 4.</p> <p><i>Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardeners,</i> <i>Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other attendants.</i></p>
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SCENE,—DISPERSEDLY IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

**RICHARD**, attended; **JOHN OF GAUNT**,  
and other Nobles, with him.

**A.** Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lan-  
caster,

According to thy oath and band,<sup>a</sup>  
Father Henry Hereford,<sup>b</sup> thy bold son;  
To make good the boisterous late appeal,  
Whom our leisure would not let us hear,  
The Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?  
I have, my liege.

**K.** Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,  
To seal the duke on ancient malice;  
Or, as a good subject should,  
To show the known ground of treachery in him?

**A.** As near as I could sift him on that argu-  
ment,

<sup>a</sup> *Band* and *bond* are each the past participle passive  
of *bind*; and hence the *band*, that by which a thing  
is bound, and the *bond*, that by which one is constrained, are  
of the same thing.

<sup>b</sup> *In the old copies this title is invariably spelt  
Herdford. In Hardyng's 'Chronicle' the word  
occurs Herford or Harford. It is constantly Herford,  
as in Daniel's 'Civile Warres.'*

On some apparent danger seen in him,  
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

**K. Rich.** Then call them to our presence; face to  
face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

[*Exeunt some Attendants*  
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and  
NORFOLK.*

**Boling.** Many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

**Nor.** Each day still better other's happiness;  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

**K. Rich.** We thank you both: yet one but flatters  
us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come:<sup>a</sup>  
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

<sup>a</sup> *You come.* On which you come; or you come on.

*Boling.* First, (Heaven be the record to my speech!)

In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellat to this princely presence.  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;  
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
And wish (so please my sovereign), ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may  
prove.

*Nor.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:  
'T is not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;  
Which else would post, until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him;  
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:  
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;  
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground inhabitable.<sup>a</sup>  
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.  
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my  
gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;  
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:  
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,  
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;  
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Nor.* I take it up; and by that sword I swear,  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:  
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's  
charge?

It must be great, that can inherit us<sup>b</sup>  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I said my life shall prove it true;—  
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,  
In name of lendings, for your highness' soldiers;  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd<sup>c</sup> employments,  
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.  
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—  
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge

<sup>a</sup> *Inhabitable*—uninhabitable, uninhabitable. Jonson also uses the word in this sense, strictly according to its Latin derivation.

<sup>b</sup> *Inherit us.* To inherit was not only used in the sense of to inherit as an heir, but in that of to receive generally. It is here used for to cause to receive.

<sup>c</sup> *Lewd*, in its early signification, means misled, deluded; and thence it came to stand, as here, for wicked.

That ever was survey'd by English eye,—  
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years  
Complotted and contrived in this land,  
Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and  
Further I say,—and further will maintain  
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—  
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;  
Suggest<sup>a</sup> his soon-believing adversaries;  
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Sluc'd out his innocent soul through streams of  
Whica blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me for justice and rough chastisement;  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars  
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

*Nor.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God, and good men, bate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and  
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,  
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)  
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:  
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou;  
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

*Nor.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
Disbur's'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:  
The other part reserv'd I by consent;  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,  
Upon remainder of a dear account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:  
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,  
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.

For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,  
The honourable father to my foe,  
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:  
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,  
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd  
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.  
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,  
It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:  
Which in myself I boldly will defend;  
And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:  
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
Your highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rid  
me;

Let's purge this cholera without letting blood:  
This we prescribe, though no physician;  
Deep malice makes too deep incision:  
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;  
Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.  
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;  
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my son  
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage

*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his

*Gaunt.* When, Harry, I shall  
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

<sup>a</sup> *Suggest*—prompt.

<sup>b</sup> *Wher*, so used, is an expression of impatience.

Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no

if I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:  
shalt command, but not my shame:  
luty owes; but my fair name,  
sath,) that lives upon my grave,  
mour's use thou shalt not have.  
d, impeach'd, and baffled here;  
soul with slander's venom'd spear;  
balm can cure, but his heart-blood  
'd this poison.

Rage must be withstood:  
age:—Lions make leopards tame.<sup>b</sup>  
but not change his spots: take but my  
ne,  
my gage. My dear dear lord,  
asure mortal times afford  
ntation; that away,  
ided loam, or painted clay,  
en-times-harr'd-up chest  
t in a loyal breast.

is my life; both grow in one;  
from me, and my life is done:  
y liege, mine honour let me try;  
and for that will I die.  
kain, throw down your gage; do you  
n.

heaven defend my soul from such foul

rest-fallen in my father's sight?  
wggar fear impeach my height  
blar'd dastard? Ere my tongue  
nize honour with such feeble wrong,  
ase a parle, my teeth shall tear  
otive of recanting fear;  
esling, in his high disgrace,  
doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exit GAUNT.]

We were not born to sue, but to com-

d:  
re cannot do to make you friends,  
our lives shall answer it,  
upon Saint Lambert's day;  
ur swords and lances arbitrate  
difference of your settled hate;  
ot atone you,<sup>c</sup> you shall see  
\* the victor's chivalry.  
command our officers at arms  
irect these home-alarms.

[Exeunt.]

—London. A Room in the Duke of  
Lancaster's Palace.

GAUNT and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

is! the part I had in Gloster's blood  
icid me than your exclains,  
t the butchers of his life.  
vestion lieth in those hands  
he fault that we cannot correct,  
arrel to the will of Heaven;  
t sees the hours ripe on earth,  
espiteance on offenders' heads.  
is brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
thy old blood no living fire?

r used in its original sense of compensation.  
g, no remedy for what is past,—nothing to be  
sted.

le-perish tone. The crest of Norfolk was a

to the old copies. According to the custom in  
e of changing from the singular to the plural  
the plural to the singular, the alteration to  
copies was scarcely called for. But in this case  
the very text of Scripture—Jer. xlii. 23.  
make you in concord—cause you to be at one.  
gaunt—point out—exhibit—show by a token.  
ed, &c. My consanguinity to Gloster.

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:  
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—  
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;  
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all vaded,<sup>a</sup>  
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.  
Ab, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,  
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,  
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,  
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's death,  
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life.  
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:  
That which in mean men we entitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
The best way is to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's sub-

stitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,  
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,  
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?<sup>b</sup>

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and de-

fence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.  
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:  
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!

Or, if misfortune miss the first career,  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff<sup>c</sup> recreant to my cousin Hereford!  
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife  
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:  
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where  
it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:  
I take my leave before I have begun;  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.  
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;  
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—  
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.  
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,  
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,  
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?  
And what cheer there for welcome but my groans?  
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,  
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere:  
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;  
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> Faded. Fade seems to have a stronger sense than to fade, although fade was often written vade.

<sup>b</sup> Complain myself. The verb is here the same as the French verb se plaindre.

<sup>c</sup> Caitiff. The original meaning of this word was, a prisoner. As the captive anciently became a slave, the word gradually came to indicate a man in a servile condition—a mean creature—a dishonest person.



## SCENE III.—Open Space near Coventry.

*Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c., attending.*

*Enter the LORD MARSHAL and AUWERLE.*

*Mar.* My lord Auwerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

*Aum.* Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

*Mar.* The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,  
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

*Aum.* Why, then the champions are prepar'd, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK, in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion

The cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,

And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms:

Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel:

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath;

As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

*Nor.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,

(Which heaven defend a knight should violate!)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth

To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,

Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;

And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me:

And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*[He takes his seat.]*

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,

Both who he is, and why he cometh hither

Thus plated in habiliments of war;

And formally according to our law

Depose him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,

Before king Richard, in his royal lists?

Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,

To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,

That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,

To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;

And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold,

Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,

Except the marshal, and such officers

Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Boling.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty:

For Mowbray and myself are like two men

That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;

Then let us take a ceremonious leave,

And loving farewell, of our several friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets your highness,  
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend, and fold him in our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,

So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,

Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Boling.* O, let no noble eye profane a tear

For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear;

As confident as is the falcon's flight

Against a bird do I with Mowbray fight.—

My loving lord, *[to LORD MARSHAL]* I take my leave  
of you;

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Auwerle:—

Not sick, although I have to do with death;

But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— *[To GAUNT]*

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,

Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up

To reach at victory above my head,—

And proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;

And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,<sup>a</sup>

And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,

Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosper

Be swift like lightning in the execution;

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,

Fall like amazing thunder on the casque

Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

*Boling.* Mine innocency, and saint George to thee  
*[He takes his seat.]*

*Nor.* *[Rising.]* However heaven, or fortune, cast  
lot,

There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:

Never did captive with a freer heart

Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace

His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate

This feast of battle with mine adversary.

Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,

Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:

As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,<sup>b</sup>

Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord: securely I espy

Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

*[The KING and the Lords return to their seats.]*

*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Receive thy lance; and God defend thy right!

*Boling.* *[Rising.]* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry  
amen.

*Mar.* Go bear this lance *[to an Officer]* to Thomas  
duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,

On pain to be found false and recreant,

To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him,

And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke  
Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himself, and to approve

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;

Courageously, and with a free desire,

Attending but the signal to begin.

<sup>a</sup> *Waxen coat.* Mowbray's waxen coat, into which Bolingbroke's lance's point may enter, is his frail and penetrable coat or armour.

<sup>b</sup> *To jest,* in the sense in which Mowbray here uses it, to play a part in a mask.

Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[A charge sounded.

king hath thrown his warder<sup>a</sup> down.

Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,  
return back to their chairs again:

with us: and let the trumpets sound,  
return these dukes what we decree.—

[A long flourish.

[To the Combatants.  
what with our council we have done.

our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd

dear blood which it hath fostered;

our eyes do hate the dire aspect

sounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;

we think the eagle-winged pride

pairing and ambitious thoughts,

hating envy, set on you

our peace, which in our country's cradle

sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]

rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,

sh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,

ing shock of wrathful iron arms,

m our quiet confines fright fair peace,

e us wade even in our kindred's blood;—

we banish you our territories:

in Hereford, upon pain of death,

five summers have enrich'd our fields,

regreet our fair dominions,

the stranger paths of banishment.

Your will be done: This must my comfort be,

that warms you here, shall shine on me;

his golden beams, to you here lent,

at on me, and gild my banishment.

Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,

with some unwillingness pronounce:

low hours shall not determinate

ess limit of thy dear<sup>b</sup> exile;—

less word of, never to return,

against thee, upon pain of life.

i heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

inlook'd for from your highness' mouth:

merit,<sup>c</sup> not so deep a main

ast forth in the common air,

eserved at your highness' hands.

age I have learn'd these forty years,

e English, now I must forego:

my tongue's use is to me no more

unstringed viol, or a harp;

unning instrument cas'd up,

open, put into his hands

es no touch to tune the harmony.

y mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,

retullis'd with my teeth and lips;

unfeeling, barren ignorance

ny gaoler to attend on me.

id to fawn upon a nurse,

t years to be a pupil now;

y sentence, then, but speechless death,

is my tongue from breathing native breath?

It boots thee not to be compassionate;<sup>d</sup>

sentence plaining comes too late.

—the truncheon, or staff of command.

the manner in which Shakspeare uses the word

presents a difficulty to the modern reader. Twenty-

three times we have the "dear blood" of the kingdom

of blood. We have now the "dear exile" of Nor-

folk's exile. To *dear*, the old English verb, from

*dear-ian*, is to hurt,—to do mischief; and thence

meaning, which hurteth, *deareth*, or maketh *dear*. In

our *dear exile* we have the primitive meaning of to

hurt in the other expression, *dear blood*, we have the

meaning. One of the most painful consequences of

on a large scale, such as the mischief of a bad season,

What was spared was thence called *dear*—precious

most coveted—highly prized.

<sup>b</sup>—reward.

<sup>c</sup>—in the sense of *complaining*.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's  
light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [Retiring.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,

(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)

To keep the oath that we administer:—

You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)

Embrace each other's love in banishment;

Nor ever look upon each other's face;

Nor ever write, regret, or reconcile

This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;

Nor ever by advised purpose meet

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy;—

By this time, had the king permitted us,

One of our souls had wander'd in the air,

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,

As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:

Confess thy treasons ere thou fly this realm;

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor

My name be blotted from the book of life,

And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!

But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.

Farewell, my liege;—Now no way can I stray;

Save back to England; all the world's my way. [Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes

I see thy griev'd heart; thy sad aspect

Hath from the number of his banish'd years

Pluck'd four away:—Six frozen winters spent,

Return [to Boling.] with welcome home from banish-

ment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!

Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs

End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,

He shortens four years of my son's exile;

But little vantage shall I reap thereby;

For ere the six years that he hath to spend

Can change their moons, and bring their times about,

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,

Shall be extinct with age and endless night;

My inch of taper will be burnt and done,

And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst

give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;

Thy word is current with him for my death:

But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;

Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather

You would have bid me argue like a father:

[O, had it been a stranger, not my child,

To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:

A partial slander sought I to avoid,

And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.]

Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,

I was too strict, to make mine own away;

But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue,

Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid him so ;  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* K. RICHARD and Train.

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,  
From where you do remain, let paper show.

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I ; for I will rife  
As far as land will let me by your side.

*Gaunt.* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,  
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

*Boling.* To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

*Boling.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem a foil,<sup>a</sup> wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home-return.

[*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me, what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages ; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else

But that I was a journeyman to grief ?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :

Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not, the king did banish thee ;

But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not, the king exil'd thee : or suppose,

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.

Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;

The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd ;

The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more

Than a delightful measure or a dance :

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite

The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.]

*Boling.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand,

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

By bare imagination of a feast ?

Or wallow naked in December snow,

By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?

O, no ! the apprehension of the good

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,

Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I 'll bring thee on thy

way :

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet

soil, adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,

Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [Ex.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN ;

AUMERLE following.

*K. Rich.* We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,

How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

<sup>a</sup> Foil or foyle, the thin plate or leaf of metal used in setting

jewellery.

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And, say, what store of parting tears  
shed ?

*Aum.* Faith, none for me,<sup>a</sup> except the north  
wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our face,

Awak'd the sleepy rheum ; and so, by chance,

Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin when you part  
with him ?

*Aum.* Farewell :

And, for my heart disdain'd that my tongue

Should so profane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief,

That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.

Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd his

And added years to his short banishment,

He should have had a volume of farewells ;

But, since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin ; but 't is do

When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

Ourselves and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,

Observ'd his courtship to the common people :—

How he did seem to dive into their hearts,

With humble and familiar courtesy ;

What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;

Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,

And patient underhearing of his fortune,

As 't were to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;

A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,

And had the tribute of his supple knee,

With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends

As were our England in reversion his,

And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone ; and with him go  
thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland ;

Expedient<sup>b</sup> manage must be made, my liege,

Ere further leisure yield them further means,

For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourselves in person to this war.

And, for our coffers, with too great a court,

And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;

The revenue whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand : If that come short,

Our substitute at home shall have blank charters :

Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich

They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,

And send them after to supply our wants ;

For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news ?

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,  
lord ;

Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post haste,

To entreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he ?

*Bushy.* At Ely-house.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, heaven, in his physician's  
mind,

To help him to his grave immediately !

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

Come, gentlemen, let 's all go visit him :

Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late !

[Exit]

<sup>a</sup> None for me—none on my part.

<sup>b</sup> Expedient—prompt—suitable—disengaged from engagements.

## ACT II.

E. L.—Lanlon. *A Room in Ely House.*

*On a couch; the Duke of York, and others standing by him.*

Will the king come? that I may breathe my last

and counsel to his unsta'd youth.

Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;

vain comes counsel to his ear.

O, but they say, the tongues of dying men

Attention, like deep harmony;

words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;

they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

So more must say, is listen'd more

of whom youth and ease have taught to glose;

men's ends mark'd, than their lives before;

the singing sun, and music at the close,

(the taste of sweets is sweetest,) last,

membrance, more than things long past;

Richard my life's counsel would not hear,

and a sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

So; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,

of his state: then, there are found

metres; to whose venom sound

of youth doth always listen:

fashions in proud Italy;

honours still our tardy apish nation

draw in base imitation.

And the world thrust forth a vanity,

and now, there 's no respect how vile,

is quickly buzz'd into his ears?

So late comes counsel to be heard,

and doth mutiny with wit's regard.

And him, whose way himself will choose;

and thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd;

and expiring, do foretell of him:

and cease blaze of riot cannot last;

and fires soon burn out themselves;

and ceases last long, but sudden storms are short;

and times, that spurs too fast betimes;

and feeding food doth choke the feeder:

and ty, insatiate cormorant,

and means, soon preys upon itself.

and throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,

and of majesty, this seat of Mars,

and Eden, demi-paradise;

and is, built by nature for herself,

and bastion\* and the band of war;

and breed of men, this little world;

and as stone set in the silver sea,

and as it in the office of a wall,

and as defensive to a house,

and as envy of less happier lands;

and did plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

and this reeking womb of royal kings,

and their breed, and famous for their birth,

and for their deeds as far from home,

and (in service, and true chivalry,)

and sepulchre in stubborn Jewry

is.

\* All the ancient copies read *infestation*. Farmer

on substitution of *infestation*, an abbreviation of *infestation*

which appears to have designated those violent incur-

and sion—those annoying, joy-depriving (*infestus*)

and which an unprotected frontier is peculiarly exposed.

and, being a word of which there can be no doubt of

and its to be preferred, if we can be content to receive

and a limited sense—that the sea in some sort kept out

and though not absolutely.

Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,

Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it,)

Like to a tenement, or pelting\* a farm:

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,

Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;

That England, that was wont to conquer others,

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:

Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,

How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged

Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon

Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks;

And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt;

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their

names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that

live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee.

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease:

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou, and not king:

Thy state of law is bondsman to the law;

And—

\* *Pelting* invariably means something petty—of little worth.

*K. Rich.* And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,  
With fury, from his native residence.  
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,  
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
For that I was his father Edward's son;  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:  
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,  
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)  
May be a precedent and witness good,  
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:  
Join with the present sickness that I have;  
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—  
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:  
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

*K. Rich.* And let them die, that age and sullens have;  
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* I do beseech your majesty, impute his words  
To wayward sickness and age in him:  
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

*K. Rich.* Right; you say true: as Hereford's love,  
so his:  
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your  
majesty.

*K. Rich.* What says he?

*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said:  
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!  
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:  
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
Which live like venom, where no venom else,  
But only they, hath privilege to live.  
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us  
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;  
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentleman:  
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;  
But when he frown'd it was against the French,  
And not against his friends; his noble hand  
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:  
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,

But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O, Richard, York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?  
*York.* O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?  
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?  
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?  
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?  
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
His charters, and his customary rights;  
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;  
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,  
But by fair sequence and succession?  
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)  
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right,  
Call in his letters-patents that he hath  
By his attorneys-general to sue  
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will; we seize into  
hands  
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

*York.* I'll not be by the while: My liege,  
well:

What will ensue hereof there's none can tell;  
But by bad courses may be understood,  
That their events can never fall out good.

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight  
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house  
To see this business: To-morrow next  
We will for Ireland; and 't is time, I trow;  
And we create, in absence of ourself,  
Our uncle York lord governor of England.  
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.  
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Exit KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, and GREEN, and BAGOT.*]

*North.* Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead  
*Ross.* And living too; for now his son is duke.  
*Willo.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.  
*Ross.* My heart is great; but it must break  
silence,

Ere 't be disburthen'd with a liberal tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him  
speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!  
*Willo.* Tends that thou 'dst speak to the duke  
Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;  
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him;  
Unless you call it good to pity him,  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now, afore heaven, 't is shame such  
are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land.  
The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers; and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*Ross.* The commons hath he pull'd with great  
taxes,

lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd  
 quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.  
 And daily new exactions are devis'd—  
 benevolences, and I wot not what;  
 ' God's name, doth become of this?  
 Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath  
 it,

yielded upon compromise  
 his ancestors achiev'd with blows:  
 he spent in peace than they in wars.  
 he earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.  
 he king's gown bankrupt, like a broken man.  
 leproach and dissolution hangeth over him.  
 hath not money for these Irish wars,  
 ous taxations notwithstanding,  
 robbing of the banish'd duke.

his noble kinsman: most degenerate king!  
 we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
 shelter to avoid the storm:  
 wind sit sore upon our sails,  
 strike not,\* but securely perish.  
 e see the very wrack that we must suffer;  
 ided is the danger now,  
 g so the causes of our wrack.

not so; even through the hollow eyes of  
 ath  
 ering; but I dare not say  
 he tidings of our comfort is.  
 ay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost  
 us.

confident to speak, Northumberland:  
 e but thyself; and, speaking so,  
 are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.  
 been thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a  
 y

receiv'd intelligence  
 duke of Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,  
 duke from the duke of Exeter,  
 archbishop late of Canterbury,  
 Erpingham, sir John Ramston,  
 forbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis  
 point,—

ell furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,  
 tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
 hither with all due expedience,  
 mean to touch our northern shore:  
 y had ere this, but that they stay  
 parting of the king for Ireland.

hall shake off our slavish yoke,  
 or drooping country's broken wing,  
 n broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
 dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
 igh majesty look like itself,  
 me in post to Ravenspurge:

aint, as fearing to do so,  
 secret, and myself will go.  
 horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that  
 us.

old out my horse, and I will first be there.  
 [Exeunt.]

II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Madam, your majesty is too much sad:  
 'd, when you parted with the king,  
 e life-harming heaviness,  
 in a cheerful disposition.  
 To please the king, I did; to please myself,  
 e it; yet I know no cause  
 old welcome such a guest as grief,

et. To strike sail is to lower sail.  
 To limp a hawk was artificially to supply such  
 as were dropped or forced out by accident. To  
 appear—to insert.

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
 As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,  
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
 Is coming towards me; and my inward soul  
 With nothing trembles: at something it grieves  
 More than with parting from my lord the king.

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so:  
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
 Divides one thing entire to many objects,  
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,  
 Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,  
 Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,  
 Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
 Finds shapes of griefs more than himself to wail;  
 Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
 More than your lord's departure weep not; more 's not  
 seen:

Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,  
 Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so; but yet my inward soul  
 Persuades me it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,  
 I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,  
 As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think—  
 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* 'T is nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd  
 From some forefather grief; mine is not so;  
 For nothing hath begot my something grief;  
 Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;  
 'T is in reversion that I do possess;  
 But what it is, that is not yet known; what  
 I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

*Green.* Heaven save your majesty!—and well met,  
 gentlemen,

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope he is;  
 For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;  
 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retir'd his  
 power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land:  
 The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
 And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd  
 At Ravenspurge.

*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid!

*Green.* O, madam, 't is too true; and that is worse,—  
 The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy  
 The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
 With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northumber-  
 land

And the rest of the revolting faction traitors?

*Green.* We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester  
 Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
 And all the household servants fled with him  
 To Bolingbroke.

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,  
 And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:  
 Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;  
 And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,  
 Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me!

I will despair, and be at enmity  
 With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,  
 A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
 Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
 Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;  
O, full of careful business are his looks!  
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

YORK. [Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:]  
Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.  
Your husband he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:  
Here am I left to underprop his land;  
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:  
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;  
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

YORK. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!  
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,  
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—  
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;—  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:  
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:  
To-day, I came by, and called there;—  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

YORK. What is it, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

YORK. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!  
I know not what to do:—I would to heaven,  
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)  
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.  
What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?—  
How shall we do for money for these wars?—  
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.—  
Go, fellow, [to the Servant] get thee home, provide some  
carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.— [Exit Serv.  
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know  
How, or which way, to order these affairs,  
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,  
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—  
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend; the other again  
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,  
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.  
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll  
Dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,  
And meet me presently at Berkley castle.  
I should to Plashy too;—  
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,  
And everything is left at six and seven.

[Exit YORK and QUEEN.]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,  
But none returns. For us to levy power,  
Proportionable to the enemy,  
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,  
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that 's the wavering commons; for their  
love

Lies in their purses; and whose empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we have been ever near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol  
castle;

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little office  
Will the hateful commons perform for us;

Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—  
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty  
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That 's as York thrives to beat he  
broke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes  
Is numbring sands, and drinking oceans dry  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will

Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for all

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

SCENE III.—The Wilds in Gloster

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND  
Forecs.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley  
North. Believe me, noble lord,  
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven way  
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome  
And yet our fair discourse hath been as sugary  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way  
From Ravenspur to Cotswold will be found  
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company  
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled  
The tediousness and process of my travel:  
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have  
The present benefit which I possess:  
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,  
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords  
Shall make their way seem short; as mine here  
By sight of what I have, your noble company

Boling. Of much less value is my company  
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever  
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have  
health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?  
Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook  
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?  
He was not so resolv'd when we last spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed  
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspur,  
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;  
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover  
What power the duke of York had levied there  
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspur.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not  
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge  
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now;  
duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young  
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and  
I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembring my good friends;  
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand this

\* To joy is here used as a verb.

far is it to Berkley? And what stir  
York there, with his men of war?  
stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,  
see hundred men, as I have heard:  
the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey-  
me and noble estimate.

*Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.*

come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,  
erring, fiery-red with haste.  
come, my lords: I wot your love pur-

or; all my treasury  
t thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
ve and labour's recompense.  
presence makes us rich, most noble lord.  
far surmounts our labour to attain it.  
more thanks, th' exchequer of the poor;  
infant fortune comes to years,  
society. But who comes here?

*Enter BERKLEY.*

my lord of Berkley, as I guess.  
rd of Hereford, my message is to you.  
lord, my answer is—to Lancaster:<sup>a</sup>  
e to seek that name in England:  
d that title in your tongue,  
reply to aught you say.  
ke me not, my lord; 't is not my meaning  
e of your honour out:—  
d, I come, (what lord you will,)  
gracious regent of this land,  
sk; to know what pricks you on  
age of the absent time,  
native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

all not need transport my words by you;  
grace in person.—My noble uncle!

[*Kneels.*  
me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
deceivable and false.  
gracious uncle!  
ut!

face, nor uncle me no uncle,  
's uncle; and that word, grace,  
as mouth, is but profane.  
e banish'd and forbidden legs  
such a dust of England's ground?

why, why have they dar'd to march  
upon her peaceful bosom,  
a-fac'd villages with war,  
of despised arms?<sup>b</sup>  
cause the anointed king is hence?

ry, the king is left behind,  
al bosom lies his power.  
e the lord of such hot youth  
Gaunt, thy father, and myself,  
lack Prince, that young Mars of men,  
ranks of many thousand French,  
sickly should this arm of mine,  
o the palsy, chastise thee,  
correction to thy fault!

gracious uncle, let me know my fault;  
tices stands it, and wherein?  
s in condition of the worst degree,—  
tion, and detested treason:  
nish'd man, and here art come,  
servation of thy time,  
ms against thy sovereign.

*Enter.* I do not answer to the name of Hereford—  
in the name of Lancaster.  
*Exeunt.* The ornament of arms which we despise.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;  
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:  
You are my father, for methinks in you  
I see old Gaunt alive: O, then, my father!  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?  
If that my cousin king be king of England,  
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.  
I am denied to sue my livery here,  
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:  
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;  
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.  
What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
And challenge law: Attorneys are denied me;  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

*Ross.* It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

*Will.* Base men by his endowments are made  
great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you this,—  
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to do him right:  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrongs,—it may not be;  
And you that do abet him in this kind,  
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke hath sworn his coming is  
But for his own: and, for the right of that,  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;  
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;  
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:  
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;  
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,  
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—  
Unless you please to enter in the castle,  
And there repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept,  
But we must win your grace to go with us  
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held  
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

*York.* It may be I will go with you:—but yet I'll  
pause;

For I am loth to break our country's laws.  
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:  
Things past redress are now with me past care. [*Ex.*

#### SCENE IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

*Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.*

*Cap.* My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,  
And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;  
The king reposeth all his confidence  
In thee.

*Cap.* 'T is thought the king is dead; we will not stay.  
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,



And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-look'd propheta whisper fearful change ;  
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—  
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other, to enjoy by rage and war :  
These signs forerun the death [or fall] of kings.—  
Farewell ; our countrymen are gone and fled,

As well assur'd Richard their king is dead.  
[  
Sal. Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of heavy mist  
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !  
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest ;  
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes ;  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,  
PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS : Officers behind, with  
BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.

*Boling.* Bring forth these men.—  
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls,  
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)  
With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
For 't were no charity : yet, to wash your blood  
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,  
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.  
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,  
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;  
Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.  
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth ;  
Near to the king in blood ; and near in love,  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—  
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment :  
While you have fed upon my seignories,  
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods ;  
From mine own windows torn my household coat,  
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—  
Save men's opinions, and my living blood—  
To show the world I am a gentleman.  
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,  
Condemns you to the death :—See them deliver'd over  
To execution and the hand of death.

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,  
Than Bolingbroke to England. [Lords, farewell.]

*Green.* My comfort is, that heaven will take our  
souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Boling.* My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[*Ex. NORTHUMBERLAND and others, with Prisoners.*  
Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house :  
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated ;  
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends ;  
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

*York.* A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd  
With letters of your love to her at large.

*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away ;  
To fight with Glendower and his complices :  
Awile to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Coast of Wales. A Castle in  
View.

*Flourish : Drums and Trumpets. Enter KING  
RICHARD, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE,  
and Soldiers.*

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly castle call you this at hand ?

*Aum.* Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace  
air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well ; I weep for  
To stand upon my kingdom once again.  
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.  
As a long-parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting  
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,<sup>a</sup>  
And do thee favour with my royal hands.  
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense :  
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;  
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.  
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :  
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

*Bishop.* Fear not, my lord ; that Power that  
you king

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

[The means that heaven yields must be embraced,  
And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse ;  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.]

*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too weak  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in spirit.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou that  
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseem,  
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here ;  
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves !  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—  
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king :

<sup>a</sup> The repeated use, by Richard, of the word *earth*, seem to indicate that Shakspeare employs the word meaning of *inheritance*,—*possession*,—"my kingdom,"—"earth,"—"my earth,"—"my gentle earth."

ordly men cannot depose  
ted by the Lord :  
hat Bolingbroke hath press'd,  
eel against our golden crown,  
Richard hath in heavenly pay  
l : then, if angels fight,  
t fall ; for heaven still guards the right.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

ord ; How far off lies your power ?  
r, nor farther off, my gracious lord,  
arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,  
eak of nothing but despair.  
e, I fear, my noble lord,  
ll thy happy days on earth :  
esterday, bid time return,  
have twelve thousand fighting men :  
unhappy day, too late,  
joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;  
shmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
lingbroke, dispers'd, and fled,  
rt, my liege : why looks your grace so

t now, the blood of twenty thousand men  
in my face, and they are fled ;  
ch blood thither come again,  
eason to look pale and dead ?  
ill be safe fly from my side ;  
et a blot upon my pride.  
rt, my liege ; remember who you are.  
ad forgot myself : Am I not king ?  
ggard majesty ! thou sleepest.  
s name forty thousand names ?  
name ! a puny subject strikes  
ry.—Look not to the ground,  
f a king. Are we not high ?  
ughts : I know, my uncle York  
ugh to serve our turn. But who

*Enter SCROOP.*

e health and happiness betide my liege,  
are-tun'd tongue deliver him.  
ne ear is open, and my heart prepar'd ;  
ridly loss thou canst unfold.  
plem lost ? why, 't was my care ;  
as it to be rid of care ?  
roke to be as great as we ?  
l not be ; if he serve God,  
m too, and be his fellow so.  
ects ? that we cannot mend ;  
ir faith to God, as well as us :  
action, ruin, loss, decay ;  
ath, and death will have his day.  
I am I that your highness is so arm'd  
rags of calamity.  
nsable stormy day  
he silver rivers drown their shores ;  
were all dissolv'd to tears,  
is limits swells the rage  
, covering your fearful land  
at steel, and hearts harder than steel.  
ave arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
jesty ; and boys, with women's voices,  
big, and clap their female joints  
by arms against thy crown :  
men learn to bend their bows  
l yew against thy state ;  
men manage rusty bills  
at : both young and old rebel,  
orse than I have power to tell.  
oo well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.  
arl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?  
ne of Bushy ? where is Green ?  
ve let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !

Snakes, in my heart-blood warn'd, that sting my heart !

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !

Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate :

Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands : those whom you curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,

And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead ?

*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the duke my father with his power ?

*K. Rich.* No matter where. Of comfort no man speak ;

Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let 's choose executors, and talk of wills :

And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?

Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own but death ;

And that small model\* of the barren earth,

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,

Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd :<sup>b</sup>

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;

All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown

That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,

Scorning his state, and grinning at his pomp,—

Allowing him a breath, a little scene

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;

Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—

As if this flesh, which walls about our life,

Were brass impregnable,—and humour'd thus,

Comes at the last, and with a little pin

Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king !

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood

With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,

Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,

For you have but mistook me all this while :

I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,

Need friends :—Subjected thus,

How can you say to me—I am a king ?

*Car.* My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,

Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,

[And so your follies fight against yourself.]

Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :

And fight and die, is death destroying death ;

Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

*Aum.* My father hath a power, inquire of him ;

And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Rich.* Thou chid'st me well :—Proud Bolingbroke,

I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

\* *Model.* The word is, probably, here used for something formed or fashioned. The earth assumes the shape of the body which it covers.

<sup>b</sup> *Ghosts they have depos'd.* Ghosts of those whom they have deposed.

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;  
An easy task it is to win our own.  
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?  
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.  
*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky  
The state and inclination of the day:  
So may you by my dull and heavy eye;  
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.  
I play the torturer, by small and small,  
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—  
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his faction.

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.—  
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth  
[*To Aux.*

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!  
What say you now? What comfort have we now?  
By heaven, I'll bate him everlastingly  
That bids me be of comfort any more.  
Go to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;  
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.  
That power I have, discharge; and let them go  
To ear the land<sup>a</sup> that hath some hope to draw,  
For I have none:—Let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aux.* My liege, one word.  
*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.  
Discharge my followers, let them hence.—Away,  
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Ex.*

SCENE III.—Wales. Before Flint Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and  
Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn,  
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,  
With some few private friends, upon this coast.  
*North.* The news is very fair and good, my lord;  
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

*York.* It would besem the lord Northumberland  
To say, king Richard: Alack the heavy day,  
When such a sacred king should hide his head!  
*North.* Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,  
Left I his title out.

*York.* The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head,<sup>b</sup> your whole head's length.

*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.  
*York.* Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,  
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

*Boling.* I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself  
Against their will.—But who comes here?

*Enter PERCY.*

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?

*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

*Boling.* Royally?  
Why, it contains no king?

*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies  
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:  
And with him the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,

<sup>a</sup> *Ear the land*—plough the land. *Ear* is the same as the Latin *avere*, to plough, to till. *Arable* is ear-able.

<sup>b</sup> *Taking so the head.* Johnson thinks that to take the head is to take undue liberties. We incline to Douce's opinion, that the expression means to take away the sovereign's chief title.

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

*North.* Oh! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.  
*Boling.* Noble lord, [*To N.*

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle:  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of music  
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.

Henry Bolingbroke

Upon his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;  
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,  
To his most royal person: hither come  
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;

Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,  
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:  
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,  
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is such crimson tempest should bedrench  
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,  
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much; while here we march  
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[*NORTH.* advances to the castle with a trumpet

Let's march without the noise of threating drums  
That from this castle's totter'd battlements  
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet  
With no less terror than the elements

Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock  
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:  
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.

March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another  
within. Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD II,  
the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUWERLE, SCROOP  
SALISBURY.*

*York.* See, see, king Richard doth himself appear  
As doth the blushing discontented sun,  
From out the fiery portal of the east;

When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
To dim his glory, and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the occident.

Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,  
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

*K. Rich.* We are amaz'd; and thus long  
stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To N.*

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence?

If we be not, show us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think that all, as you have done,  
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,  
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;

Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,  
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,  
That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
And threat the glory of my precious crown.

Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,  
That every stride he makes upon my land

<sup>a</sup> *Totter'd*, for tottering; the passive for the active  
ciple.

as treason : He is come to ope  
 testament of bleeding war ;  
 crown he looks for live in peace,  
 and bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
 become the flower of England's face ;  
 complexion of her maid-pale peace  
 indignation, and bedew  
 grass with faithful English blood.  
 The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king  
 with civil and uncivil arms  
 upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin,  
 Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand ;  
 the honourable tomb he swears,  
 is upon your royal grandsire's bones ;  
 the royalties of both your bloods,  
 that spring from one most gracious head ;  
 the buried hand of warlike Gaunt ;  
 the worth and honour of himself,  
 all that may be sworn or said,—  
 he hath no further scope,  
 his lineal royalties, and to beg  
 cement immediate on his knees ;  
 thy royal party granted once,  
 thy arms he will commend to rust,  
 he steels to stables, and his heart  
 in service of your majesty.  
 he is, as he is a prince, is just ;  
 am a gentleman, I credit him.  
 Northumberland, say,—thus the king re-  
 turns :—  
 cousin is right welcome hither ;  
 the number of his fair demands  
 accomplish'd without contradiction :  
 he gracious utterance thou hast,  
 a gentle hearing kind commends.—  
 we myself, cousin, do we not, [To Aumerle.  
 poorly, and to speak so fair ?  
 all back Northumberland, and send  
 the traitor, and so die ?  
 O, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle  
 swords,  
 and friends, and friends their helpful swords.  
 O God ! O God ! that e'er this tongue of  
 mine,  
 the sentence of dread banishment  
 and man, should take it off again  
 of south ! O, that I were as great  
 grief, or lesser than my name !  
 could forget what I have been !  
 remember what I must be now !  
 O, good heart ! I'll give thee scope to beat,  
 have scope to beat both thee and me.  
 Northumberland comes back from Boling-  
 broke.  
 What must the king do now ? Must he  
 damn it ?  
 will do it. Must he be depos'd ?  
 will be contented : Must he lose  
 of king ! O' God's name, let it go :  
 jewels, for a set of beads ;  
 a palace, for a hermitage ;  
 apparel, for an alms-man's gown ;  
 goblets, for a dish of wood ;  
 for a palmer's walking-staff ;  
 for a pair of carved saints ;  
 the kingdome, for a little grave,  
 the grave, an obscure grave :—  
 buried in the king's highway,  
 of common trade, where subjects' feet  
 trample on their sovereign's head :  
 heart they tread, now whilst I live ;

North—words of assent—assuaging, soothing words.  
 of common trade. The original meaning of trade  
 path trodden or trodden continuously.

And, buried once, why not upon my head ?  
 Aumerle, thou weep'st ; My tender-hearted cousin !—  
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;  
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,  
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?  
 As thus ;—To drop them still upon one place,  
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
 Within the earth ; and, therein laid,—“ There lies  
 Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes ?”  
 Would not this ill do well ?—Well, well, I see  
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—  
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,  
 What says king Bolingbroke ? will his majesty  
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die ?  
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court\* he doth attend  
 To speak with you ; may 't please you to come down ?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come ; like glistering  
 Phaeton,  
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[NORTH. retires to BOLING.  
 In the base court ? Base court, where kings grow base,  
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.  
 In the base court ? Come down ? Down court ! down  
 king !

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should  
 sing. [Exeunt from above.

Boling. What says his majesty ?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart  
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man :  
 Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart,  
 And show fair duty to his majesty.—  
 My gracious lord,— [Kneeling.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,  
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it ;  
 Me rather had my heart might feel your love,  
 Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.  
 Up, cousin, up : your heart is up, I know,  
 Thus high at least [touching his own head] although  
 your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.  
 K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and  
 all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
 As my true service shall deserve your love.  
 K. Rich. Well you deserve :—They well deserve to  
 have

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.  
 Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;  
 Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—  
 Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
 Though you are old enough to be my heir.  
 What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;  
 For do we must what force will have us do.—  
 Set on towards London :—Cousin, is it so ?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.  
 K. Rich. Then I must not say no.  
 [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Langley. The Duke of York's  
 Garden.

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this  
 garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care ?

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

\* Base court—lower court—bas court.

*Queen.* 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs,

And that my fortune runs 'gainst the bias.

*1 Lady.* Madam, we 'll dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:  
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

*1 Lady.* Madam, we 'll tell tales.

*Queen.* Of sorrow, or of joy?

*1 Lady.* Of either, madam.

*Queen.* Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:  
For what I have, I need not to repeat;  
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

*1 Lady.* Madam, I 'll sing.

*Queen.* 'T is well that thou hast cause;  
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.

*1 Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

*Queen.* And I could sing,<sup>a</sup> would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let 's step into the shadow of these trees.—

*Enter a Gardener and two Servants.*

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They 'll talk of state: for every one doth so  
Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.

[*QUEEN and Ladies retire.*]

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.  
Go thou, and, like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:  
All must be even in our government.  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

*1 Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,  
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,  
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,  
Her knots disorder'd,<sup>b</sup> and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard.* Hold thy peace:—  
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:  
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,  
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,

<sup>a</sup> *And I could sing.* If my griefs were removed by weeping,—  
if my tears could take away my sorrow,—I should be ready to  
sing,—I could sing, and then, my sorrows being past, I would  
"never borrow any tear of thee,"—not ask thee to weep, as I  
did just now.

<sup>b</sup> *Knots disorder'd.* The symmetrical beds of a garden were  
the knots.

Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;  
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

*1 Serv.* What, are they dead?

*Gard.* They are;  
And Bolingbroke hath seiz'd the wasteful king—  
Oh! what pity is it,

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,  
As we this garden! We at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;  
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself:  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste,  
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

*1 Serv.* What, think you then, the king shall be  
pos'd?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,  
'T is doubt, he will be: Letters came last night  
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,  
That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death through want  
speaking!—

Thou, old Adam's likeness, [*coming from her chamber*  
*ment*] set to dress this garden,

How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasant  
news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee  
To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?  
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how  
Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch!

*Gard.* Pardon me, madam: little joy have I  
To breathe these news: yet what I say is true.  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:  
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
And some few vanities that make him light;  
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peees,  
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.  
Post you to London, and you 'll find it so:  
I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,  
To meet at London London's king in woe.  
What, was I born to this! that my sad look  
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke!  
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,  
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exit QUEEN and Ladies*]  
*Gard.* Poor queen! so that thy state might be  
worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—  
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,  
I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exit*]

## ACT IV.

orden. Westminster Hall. *The Lords the right side of the throne; the Lords the left; the Commons below.*

BROKE, AUERLE, SURREY, NORTH-  
PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord,  
CARLISLE, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER,  
&c. Officers behind with BAGOT.

I forth Bagot.  
eely speak thy mind;  
I know of noble Gloster's death;  
t with the king, and who perform'd  
ce of his timeless\* end.  
I set before my face the lord Aumerle.  
sin, stand forth, and look upon that man.  
rd Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
what it hath once deliver'd.  
ne when Gloster's death was plotted,  
—Is not my arm of length,  
rom the restful English court  
to my uncle's head?—  
other talk, that very time,  
that you had rather refuse  
hundred thousand crowns,  
like's return to England;  
how bless'd this land would be  
asin's death.

Princes, and noble lords,  
all I make to this base man?  
dishonour my fair stars,  
to give him chastisement?  
or have mine honour soil'd  
der of his slanderous lips.  
e, the manual seal of death,  
e out for hell: I say, thou liest,  
ain what thou hast said is false,  
od, though being all too base  
pper of my knightly sword,  
st, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.  
ing one, I would he were the best  
ace, that hath mov'd me so.  
thy valour stand on sympathies,  
e, Aumerle, in gage to thine:  
that shows me where thou stand'st,  
and vauntingly thou spak'st it,  
cause of noble Gloster's death.  
t. twenty times thou liest;  
thy falsehood to thy heart,  
ged, with my rapier's point.  
lar'st not, coward, live to see the day.  
y my soul, I would it were this hour.  
ter, thou art damn'd to hell for this.  
e, thou liest; his honour is as true,  
s thou art all unjust:  
art so, there I throw my gage,  
see to the extremest point  
ing; seize it, if thou dar'st.  
I do not, may my hands rot off,  
ish more revengeful steel  
ng helmet of my foe!  
t the earth\* to the like, forsworn Au-  
s with full as many lies  
d in thy treacherous ear

uely.

sympathy is, passion with,—mutual passion.  
When the lord threw down his gage, he  
in the same way that Percy had done by  
gage.

From sun to sun\* there is my honour's pawn;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Aum.* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:  
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.]

*Surrey.* My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitz.* 'T is very true: you were in presence then;  
And you can witness with me, this is true.

*Surrey.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

*Fitz.* Surrey, thou liest.

*Surrey.* Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,  
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie  
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.  
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,  
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,  
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,  
To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,  
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:  
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say  
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,  
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,  
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under gage,  
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,  
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again  
To all his land and seignories; when he's return'd,  
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*Car.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,  
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:  
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself  
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*Boling.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

*Car.* As sure as I live, my lord.

*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the  
bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,  
Your differences shall all rest under gage,  
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*York.* Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand:  
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—  
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

*Boling.* In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

*Car.* Marry, heaven forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.  
Would God, that any in this noble presence

\* From sun to sun. The time appointed for the combats of  
chivalry was betwixt the rising and the setting sun.

Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
What subject can give sentence on his king?  
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?  
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,  
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,  
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!  
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.  
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:  
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—  
The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
And future ages groan for this foul act;  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;  
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,  
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.  
O, if you rear this house against this house,  
It will the woefullest division prove  
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:  
Prevent it, resist it, and let it not be so,  
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

*North.* Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,  
Of capital treason we arrest you here:  
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
To keep him safely till his day of trial.  
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view  
He may surrender; so we shall proceed  
Without suspicion.

*York.* I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*]  
*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under our arrest,  
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:  
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To CARLISLE.*]  
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers  
bearing the crown, &c.*

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,  
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—  
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
To this submission. Yet I will remember  
The favours\* of these men: Were they not mine?  
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?  
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,  
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.  
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?  
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.  
God save the king! although I be not he;  
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—  
To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York.* To do that office, of thine own good will,  
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—  
The resignation of thy state and crown  
To Henry Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize  
the crown;  
Here, cousin, on this side my hand; on that side thine.  
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,  
That owes two buckets filling one another;  
The emptier ever dancing in the air,

\* Favours—features—countenances.

The other down, unseen, and full of water:  
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,  
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Boling.* I thought you had been willing to resign.  
*K. Rich.* My crown I am, but still my griefs are  
You may my glories and my state depose,  
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with  
crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up do not pluck my  
down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done;  
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:  
The cares I give I have, though given away;  
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown?  
*K. Rich.* Ay, no;—no, ay; for I must nothing  
Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—  
I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;  
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
With mine own breath release all detestable oaths:  
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;  
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;  
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:  
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!  
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!  
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,  
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd.  
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!  
God save King Henry unking'd Richard says,  
And send him many years of sunshine days!  
What more remains?

*North.* No more, but that you read  
[*Offering a paper.*]  
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,  
Committed by your person, and your followers,  
Against the state and profit of this land;  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out  
My weav'd-up follies! Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,  
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,  
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,  
Containing the deposing of a king,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.  
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,  
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,  
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands  
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates  
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot  
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,  
But they can see a sort\* of traitors here.  
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
I find myself a traitor with the rest:  
For I have given here my soul's consent  
To undeck the pompous body of a king;  
Made glory base; a sovereignty a slave;  
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

*North.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haughtiest  
man,

\* A sort—a company.

an's lord; I have no name, no title,—  
 name was given me at the font,—  
 p'd:—Alack the heavy day,  
 worn so many winters out,  
 t now what name to call myself!  
 e a mockery king of snow,  
 ee the sun of Bolingbroke,  
 lf away in water-drops!—  
 great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)  
 d be sterling yet in England,  
 nd a mirror hither straight,  
 how me what a face I have,  
 akrupt of his majesty.

ome of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*  
 ad o'er this paper, while the glass doth  
 e.

end! thou torment'st me ere I come to

ge it no more, my lord Northumberland.  
 e commons will not then be satisfied.

hey shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,  
 e the very book indeed  
 sins are writ, and that's myself.

*Enter Attendant, with a glass.*

glass, and therein will I read.  
 inkles yet? Hath sorrow struck  
 es upon this face of mine,  
 deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,  
 llowers in prosperity,  
 uile me! Was this face the face  
 y under his household roof  
 thousand men? Was this the face  
 sum, did make beholders wink?  
 e which fac'd so many follies,  
 ast outfac'd by Bolingbroke?  
 y shineth in this face:  
 he glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*  
 , crack'd in an hundred shivers.  
 ing, the moral of this sport,—  
 t sorrow hath destroy'd my face.  
 e shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
 f your face.

*K. Rich.* Say that again.  
 The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—  
 'T is very true, my grief lies all within;  
 And these external manners of laments  
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,  
 That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;  
 There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,  
 For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st  
 Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
 How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
 And then be gone, and trouble you no more.  
 Shall I obtain it?

*Boling.* Name it, fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin? I am greater than a king:

For when I was a king my flatterers  
 Were then but subjects; being now a subject,  
 I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask.

*K. Rich.* And shall I have?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither?

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your  
 sights.

*Boling.* Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

*K. Rich.* O, good! Convey?—Conveyers<sup>a</sup> are you all,  
 That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Ex. K. RICHARD, some Lords, and a Guard.*

*Boling.* On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down  
 Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Ex. all but the ABBOT, BISHOP OF CARL., and AUM.*

*Abbot.* A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

*Car.* The woe's to come; the children yet unborn  
 Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

*Aum.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

*Abbot.* Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise:—

I see your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;

Come home with me to supper; I will lay

A plot shall show us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt*

## ACT V.

London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

*Enter QUEEN and Ladies.*

is way the king will come; this is the way  
 ear's ill-erected tower,  
 t bosom my condemned lord  
 risoner by proud Bolingbroke:  
 st, if this rebellious earth  
 ting for her true king's queen.

*Enter KING RICHARD and Guards.*

see, or rather do not see,  
 wither: Yet look up; behold;  
 pity may dissolve to dew,  
 a fresh again with true-love tears.  
 model where old Troy did stand;  
 honour; thou king Richard's tomb,  
 Richard; thou most beautiful inn,<sup>a</sup>

in was originally a dwelling—a place of cover  
 When the queen opposes the term *alehouse* to  
 t mean to discriminate between two classes of  
 statement, but between a public-house and a  
 sion."

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
 When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,  
 To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,  
 To think our former state a happy dream;  
 From which awak'd, the truth of what we are  
 Shows us but this: I am sworn brother,<sup>b</sup> sweet,  
 To grim necessity; and he and I  
 Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,  
 And cloister thee in some religious house:  
 Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
 Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

*Queen.* What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
 Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke  
 Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?  
 The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
 And wounds the earth if nothing else, with rage

<sup>a</sup> *Conveyers.* Conveyer was sometimes used in an ill sense,—  
 as a fraudulent appropriator of property, a juggler.

<sup>b</sup> *Sworn brother.* Military adventurers were sometimes  
 leagued to share each others' fortunes—to divide their plun-  
 der, and even their honours. They were then *fratres jurati*—sworn  
 brothers.



To be 'erpower'd : and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

*K. Rich.* A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but  
beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.  
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :  
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,  
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.  
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire  
With good old folks; and let them tell the tales  
Of woeful ages, long ago betid :  
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,  
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.  
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And, in compassion, weep the fire out :  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.*

*North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd ;  
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;  
With all swift speed you must away to France.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all :  
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way  
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urg'd another way,  
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;  
That fear to hate ; and hate turns one, or both,  
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an  
end.

Take leave, and part ; for you must part forthwith.

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate  
A twofold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me ;  
And then betwixt me and my married wife.  
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;  
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.<sup>a</sup>  
Part us, Northumberland ; I towards the north,  
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime :  
My queen to France ; from whence, set forth in pomp,  
She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
Sent back like Hallowmas,<sup>b</sup> or short'st of day.

*Queen.* And must we be divided? must we part?

*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart  
from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the king with me.

*North.* That were some love, but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes thither let me go.

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here ;

Better far off than near, be ne'er the near'.<sup>c</sup>

Go, count thy way with sighs ; I mine with groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest moans.

*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being  
short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

<sup>a</sup> The kiss was an established form of the ancient ceremony of affiancing.

<sup>b</sup> Hallowmas. The first of November,—opposed to "sweet May."

<sup>c</sup> Ne'er the near'. Some deem this a proverbial expression, meaning not nearer to good. It appears to us here to mean "never the nearer."

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let 's be brief,  
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.  
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part ;  
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss*]

*Queen.* Give me mine own again ; 't were no go  
part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiss eyes*]  
So, now I have mine own again, begone,  
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

*K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay  
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke  
York's Palace.*

*Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.*

*Duch.* My lord, you told me you would tell the  
When weeping made you break the story off  
Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave?

*Duch.* At that sad stop, my lord  
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,  
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,  
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,  
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!  
You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage ; and that all the walls,  
With painted imagery, had said at once,—  
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespoke them thus,—I thank you, countrymen :  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

*Duch.* Alas, poor Richard! where rides he  
whilst?

*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried, God save his name,  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
But heaven hath a hand in these events ;  
To whose high will we bound our calm contents,  
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

*Enter AUWERLE.*

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

*York.* Aumerle that  
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,  
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :  
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,  
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

*Duch.* Welcome, my son : Who are the rioters  
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care  
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of  
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs  
*Aum.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.

will be there, I know.  
 God prevent it not; I purpose so.  
 at seal is that that hangs without thy  
 thou pale? let me see the writing.  
 lord, 't is nothing.

No matter then who sees it:  
 fied,—let me see the writing.  
 beseech your grace to pardon me;  
 of small consequence,  
 me reasons I would not have seen.  
 Ich, for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

What should you fear?  
 but some bond, that he is enter'd into  
 rel, 'gainst the triumph.  
 and to himself? what doth he with a bond  
 and to? Wife, thou art a fool.—  
 see the writing.  
 beseech you, pardon me; I may not  
 w it.

ill be satisfied; let me see it, I say.  
 [Snatches it, and reads.]  
 I treason!—villain! traitor! slave!  
 at 's the matter, my lord?  
 I who 's within there?

Enter a Servant.  
 Saddle my horse.  
 is mercy! what treachery is here!  
 ay, what is 't, my lord?  
 e me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—  
 honour, by my life, my troth,  
 th the villain. [Exit Servant.]

What 's the matter?  
 see, foolish woman.  
 ill not peace;—What is the matter, son?  
 ad mother, be content; it is no more  
 or life must answer.

Thy life answer?  
 Re-enter Servant, with boots.  
 ng me my boots, I will unto the king.  
 ike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art  
 ar'd:  
 in; never more come in my sight.—  
 [To the Servant.]

se me my boots, I say.  
 ay, York, what wilt thou do?  
 t hide the trespass of thine own?  
 re sons? or are we like to have?  
 eming date drunk up with time?  
 sa pluck my fair son from mine age,  
 of a happy mother's name?  
 : thee? is he not thine own?  
 sa fond mad woman,  
 ncessal this dark conspiracy?  
 hem here have ta'en the sacrament,  
 ngeably set down their hands,  
 ing at Oxford.

He shall be none;  
 him here: Then what is that to him?  
 ay,  
 e! were he twenty times my son  
 each him.

Hadst thou groan'd for him,  
 me, thou 'dst be more pitiful.  
 now thy mind; thou dost suspect  
 been disloyal to thy bed,  
 is a bastard, not thy son:  
 sweet husband, be not of that mind;  
 e thee as a man may be,

was formerly not impressed on the deed itself, but  
 thy a slip of parchment. The Great Seal is ap-  
 plicd in manner at the present day.

Not like to me, or any of my kin,  
 And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.]  
 Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;  
 Spur, post; and get before him to the king,  
 And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.  
 I 'll not be long behind; though I be old,  
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:  
 And never will I rise up from the ground,  
 Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;  
 Begone. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, as King; PERCY, and other  
 Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?  
 'T is full three months since I did see him last:  
 If any plague hang over us, 't is he.  
 I would to Heaven, my lords, he might be found:  
 Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,  
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
 With unrestrained loose companions—  
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
 And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;  
 While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,  
 Takes on the point of honour, to support  
 So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the  
 prince,

And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.  
 Boling. And what said the gallant?  
 Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,  
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,  
 And wear it as a favour; and with that  
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate: yet through both  
 I see some sparkles of a better hope,  
 Which elder days may happily bring forth.  
 But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king?  
 Boling. What means  
 Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?  
 Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your ma-  
 jesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.  
 Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.  
 [Exeunt PERCY and Lords.]

What is the matter with our cousin now?  
 Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,  
 [Kneels]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  
 Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.  
 Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?  
 If on the first, how heinous ere it be,  
 To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.  
 Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,  
 That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [AUMERLE locks the door.]  
 York. [Within.] My liege, beware; look to thyself;  
 Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I 'll make thee safe. [Drawing.]  
 Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;  
 Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy  
 king;  
 Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?  
 Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE opens the door.]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Welcome, my lord : what is the news ?

*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.  
The next news is,—I have to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent :  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here.

*[Presenting a paper.]*

*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains ;  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter FITZWATER.*

*Fitz.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London  
The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely ;  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors  
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter PERCY with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.*

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,  
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;  
But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom :—  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;  
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I present  
Thy buried fear ; herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast  
wrought  
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I hear  
deed.

*Boling.* They love not poison that do poison need,  
Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :  
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,  
And never show thy head by day nor light.  
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe  
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :  
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,  
And put on sullen black, incontinent ;  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :—  
March sadly after ; grace my mourning here.  
In weeping after this untimely bier.

*[Exeunt.]*



Parts of 'Henry IV.,' but his 'Henry V.' That old play was acted prior to 1588; Tarleton, a celebrated comic actor, who played the clown in it, having died in that year. It is, in many respects, satisfactory that this very extraordinary performance has been preserved. None of the old dramas exhibit in a more striking light the marvellous reformation which Shakspeare, more than all his contemporaries, produced in the dramatic amusements of the age of Elizabeth. Of 'The Famous Victories of Henry V.,' the comic parts are low buffoonery, without the slightest wit, and the tragic monotonous stupidity, without a particle of poetry. And yet Shakspeare built upon this thing, and for a very satisfactory reason—the people were familiar with it.

In 'The Famous Victories' we are introduced to the "young Prince" in the opening scene. His companions are "Ned," "Tom," and "Sir John Oldcastle," who bears the familiar name of "Jockey." They have been committing a robbery upon the king's receivers; and Jockey informs the prince that his (the prince's) man hath robbed a poor carrier. The plunder of the receivers amounts to a thousand pounds; and the prince worthily says, "As I am a true gentleman, I will have the half of this spent to-night." He shows his gentility by calling the receivers villains and rascals. The prince is sent to the "counter" by the Lord Mayor. "Gadshill," the prince's man, who robbed the carrier, is taken before the Lord Chief Justice; and the young prince, who seems to have got out of the counter as suddenly as he got in, rescues the thief. The scene ends with the Chief Justice committing Henry to the Fleet. He is, of course, released. "But whither are ye going now?" quoth Ned. "To the court," answers the true gentleman of a prince, "for I hear say my father lies very sick. . . . The breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth but I will clap the crown on my head." To the court he goes, and there 'ne bully becomes a hypocrite. The great scene in 'The Second Part of Henry IV.,'—

"I never thought to hear you speak again."

in a popular drama of Shakspeare's own day.

In the play of 'The Famous Victories' we have, as already mentioned, the character of "John Oldcastle." This personage, like the companions of the prince in that play, is a less fellow, without a single spark of wit to relieve his grovelling profligacy. But he is an insignificant character, with less stage name than even "Ned" and "Tom." Dericke, the leading character throughout the play, and the deed, the leading character throughout the play, together, Oldcastle has only thirty lines of dialogue in the whole piece. We have no idea of him being fat; we hear nothing of his gluttony; he, however, calls this Sir John Oldcastle, "a fat glutton." It is a question whether this character, suggested to Shakspeare by Falstaff, did not discover the very slightest similarity to the character of Malone. Malone decidedly says, "Shakspeare applied to have caught the idea of the character of a wretched play entitled 'The Famous Victories of King Henry V.'" But Malone is argued against by a favourite theory. Rowe has a notion that Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. This opinion would receive confirmation from the fact that Shakspeare used other names from the old play, Ned, Gadshill, why not, then, Oldcastle? The prince calls Falstaff "my old lad of the castle;" and he is otherwise explained. The Sir John Oldcastle, in history, Lord Cobham, was, as is well known, the most strenuous supporter of the Reformation in the reign of Henry V.; and hence it has been argued that the name of Shakspeare's fat knight was offered to the Protestants in the time of Elizabeth, and was changed to that of Falstaff. Whether or not Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, the character was fairly established as Falstaff in the play of 'The Second Part of Henry IV.' to vindicate himself from the charge that he had tempted to represent the Oldcastle of his day. In the prologue to 'The Second Part of Henry IV.'—

## KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<b>KING HENRY IV.</b> Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.	<b>ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.</i>
<b>PRINCE OF WALES, son to the King.</b> Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.	<b>OWEN GLENDOWER.</b> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 1.</i>
<b>JOHN OF LANCASTER, son to the King.</b> <i>Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.</i>	<b>SIR RICHARD VERNÓN.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.</i>
<b>EDMUND OF WESTMORELAND, friend to the King.</b> Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5.	<b>SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.</i>
<b>SIR WALTER BLUNT, friend to the King.</b> Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.	<b>POINS.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.</i>
<b>THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.</b> Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.	<b>GADSHILL.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.</i>
<b>HUGH PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 3.</i>	<b>PETO.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.</i>
<b>PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland.</b> Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.	<b>BARDOLPH.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.</i>
<b>EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.</b> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 1.</i>	<b>LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.</i>
<b>SCHOOP, Archbishop of York.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.</i>	<b>LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.</b> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 1.</i>
<b>MICHAEL, a friend of the Archbishop.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.</i>	<b>MRS. QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.</i>
	<i>Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Dracers, Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants</i>

## SCENE.—ENGLAND.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and others.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
 A time for frightened peace to pant,  
 The short-winded accents of new broils  
 To ensue in strands<sup>a</sup> afar remote.  
 O, that the thirsty entrance<sup>b</sup> of this soil  
 Should with her lips with her own children's blood;  
 That trenching war should channel her fields,  
 And her flowrets with the armed hoofs  
 Of paces: those opposed eyes,  
 Like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
 Full of the mutability of their  
 Nature, of one substance bred,  
 Should meet in the intestine shock  
 And ghastly clash of civil butchery,  
 As in mutual well-beseeming ranks,  
 Like some way; and be no more oppos'd  
 Acquaintance, kindred, and allies:

<sup>a</sup>—strands, shores.<sup>b</sup>—In the various editions of Shakspeare we have  
 of construction of the text:—"No more the thirsty *Erinyes* of this soil."The text is somewhat obscure: but the obscurity is  
 the manner of Shakspeare, and in great part arises  
 from the metaphor. *Entrance* is put for *mouth*;  
 see the note. "No more the thirsty mouth of this  
 earth her lips with the blood of her own children,"  
 and little difficulty.

The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight),  
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;  
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb  
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,  
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,  
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.  
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,  
 And bootless 't is to tell you—we will go;  
 Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear  
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
 What yesternight our council did decree,  
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
 And many limits<sup>b</sup> of the charge set down  
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came  
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;  
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,  
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,

<sup>a</sup> *Therefore we meet not now.* We do not meet now on that  
 account.<sup>b</sup> *Limits.* To limit is to define; and therefore the limits of  
 the charge may be the calculations, the estimates.

And a thousand of his people butchered :  
Upon whose dead corpses there was such misuse,  
Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,  
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

*K. Hen.* It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil  
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

*West.* This, match'd with other like, my gracious lord.

For more uneven and unwelcome news  
Came from the north, and thus it did report :  
On Holy-rod day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,

Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;  
For he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention did take horse,  
Uncertain of the issue any way.

*K. Hen.* Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news :  
The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
Balk'd<sup>a</sup> in their own blood, did sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beuten Douglas ; and the earl of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.  
And is not this an honourable spoil ?  
A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

*West.* In faith,  
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*K. Hen.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st  
me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland  
Should be the father of so bless'd a son :  
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;  
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;  
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride :  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.  
But let him from my thoughts :—What think you, coz',  
Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,  
Which be in this adventure hath surpris'd,  
To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

*West.* This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects ;  
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

*K. Hen.* But I have sent for him to answer this :  
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor ; and so inform the lords ;  
But come yourself with speed to us again ;  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Than out of anger can be uttered.

*West.* I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, and FALSTAFF.

*W.* Hal, what time of day is it, lad ?

*Balk'd.* To balk is to raise into ridges.

*P. Hen.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drink  
sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper,  
upon benches after noon, that thou hast  
demand that truly which thou wouldst  
What a devil hast thou to do with the  
day ? unless hours were cups of sack, and  
capons, and clocks the tongues of bawd,  
the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed  
a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffia  
reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous  
the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me, now, ;  
that take purses, go by the moon and sever  
not by Phœbus,—he, that wandering knave  
And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art  
God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say  
thou wilt have none,)—

*P. Hen.* What ! none ?

*Fal.* No, by my troth ; not so much as  
be prologue to an egg and butter.

*P. Hen.* Well, how then ? come, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou  
let not us that are squires of the night's bow  
thieves of the day's beauty ;<sup>a</sup> let us be Dia-  
gentlemen of the shade, minions of the mo-  
men say, we be men of good government  
verned as the sea is, by our noble and chieft  
the moon, under whose countenance we ste

*P. Hen.* Thou say'st well ; and it holdeth  
for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men  
and flow like the sea ; being governed as  
the moon. As for proof. Now, a purse  
resolutely snatched on Monday night, and  
lutely spent on Tuesday morning ; got w  
—lay by ;<sup>b</sup> and spent with crying—bring  
as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder : an  
in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows

*Fal.* Thou say'st true, lad. And is not  
of the tavern a most sweet wench ?

*P. Hen.* As the honey of Hybla, my old  
castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most  
durance ?<sup>d</sup>

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag ?  
quips and thy quiddities ? what a plague  
with a buff jerkin ?

*P. Hen.* Why, what a pox have I to  
hostess of the tavern ?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast called her to a rec-  
a time and oft.

*P. Hen.* Did I ever call for thee to pay  
there ?

*Fal.* No ; I'll give thee thy due, thou  
there.

*P. Hen.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my  
stretch ; and where it would not I have us

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it, that were it  
parent that thou art heir apparent,—But  
sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing  
when thou art king ? and resolution thus  
with the rusty curb of old father antic  
not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief

*P. Hen.* No ; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I ? O rare ! I'll be a bra-

*P. Hen.* Thou judgest false already ;  
shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and  
rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well ; and in some

<sup>a</sup> *Day's beauty.* Perhaps *beauty* is meant to be  
booty, as it is sometimes provincially.

<sup>b</sup> *Lay by*—stop.

<sup>c</sup> *Bring in*—the call to the drawers for more wine.  
<sup>d</sup> *Robe of durance.* The buff jerkin, the coat of mail  
was worn by sheriffs' officers. It was a robe of  
"everlasting garment," as in *The Comedy of Errors*  
was also a robe of "durance" in a sense that  
furnish an agreeable association to one who was  
and danger, as Falstaff was.

as well as waiting in the court, I can

obtaining of suits?

obtaining of suits: whereof the hang-  
er wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a  
aged bear.

an old lion; or a lover's lute.

the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

at say'st thou to a hare, or the melan-  
titch?

at the most unsavoury similes; and art,

t comparative, rascaldest, sweet young

al, I prithee trouble me no more with

d thou and I knew where a commodity

ere to be bought! An old lord of the

e the other day in the street about you,

ked him not: and yet he talked very

regarded him not: and yet he talked

he street too.

u didst well; for wisdom cries out in

no man regards it.

hast damnable iteration:<sup>b</sup> and art, in-

corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much

Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before

d, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a

eak truly, little better than one of the

st give over this life, and I will give it

ot, I am a villain; I 'll be damned for

in in Christendom.

ere shall we take a purse to-morrow,

thou wilt, lad, I 'll make one; and I do

ain and baffle me.

se a good amendment of life in thee;

purse-taking.

ster POINS, at a distance.

Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin

about in his vocation. Poins!—Now

Gadshill have set a watch. O, if men

d by merit, what hole in hell were hot

s? This is the most omnipotent villain

stand, to a true man.

d to-morrow, Ned.

to-morrow, sweet Hal. What says mon-

What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar?

s the devil and thee about thy soul, that

s on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Ma-

l capon's leg?

John stands to his word,—the devil

bargain; for he was never yet a breaker

will give the devil his due.

art thou damned for keeping thy word

e he had been damned for cozening the

my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning,

early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims

chury with rich offerings, and traders

a with fat purses: I have visors for you

borses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-

ster; I have bespoke supper to-morrow

we may do it as secure as sleep: If you

stuff your purses full of crowns; if you

at home and be hanged.

e, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go

you for going.

will, chaps?

ilt thou make one?

th and Tib were old English names for a male

evolution—not mere citation, as some have

hall does not complain only of Hal's quoting a

but that he has been retorting and distorting the

words throughout the scene.

*P. Hen.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good  
fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood  
royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.<sup>a</sup>

*P. Hen.* Well, then, once in my days, I 'll be a  
madcap.

*Fal.* Why, that 's well said.

*P. Hen.* Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* I 'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

*P. Hen.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me  
alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this ad-  
venture that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion  
and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest  
may move and what he hears may be believed, that the  
true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief;  
for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Fare-  
well: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* Farewell, the latter spring! Farewell, All-  
hallowen summer!<sup>b</sup> [Exit Fal.]

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us  
to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot man-  
age alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,  
shall rob those men that we have already waylaid;  
yourself and I will not be there: and when they have  
the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head  
from my shoulders.

*P. Hen.* But how shall we part with them in setting  
forth?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them,  
and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at  
our pleasure to fail: and then will they adventure  
upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no  
sooner achieved, but we 'll set upon them.

*P. Hen.* Ay, but 't is like that they will know us, by  
our horses, by our habits, and by every other appoint-  
ment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut! our horses they shall not see, I 'll tie  
them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we  
leave them; and, sirrah,<sup>c</sup> I have cases of buckram for  
the nonce,<sup>d</sup> to immask our noted outward garments.

*P. Hen.* But, I doubt they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as  
true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the  
third, if he fight longer than he sees reason I 'll forswear  
arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incompre-  
hensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us, when we  
meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with;  
what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured:  
and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

*P. Hen.* Well, I 'll go with thee; provide us all  
things necessary and meet me. To-morrow night in  
Eastcheap, there I 'll sup. Farewell.

*Poins.* Farewell, my lord. [Exit POINS.]

*P. Hen.* I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness;

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,

That when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

To all the year were playing holidays,

If sport would be as tedious as to work;

<sup>a</sup> Ten shillings was the value of the royal. Hence Falstaff's quibble.

<sup>b</sup> All-hallowen summer—summer in November, on the first of which month is the feast of All hallows, or All Saints.

<sup>c</sup> Sirrah, in this and other passages, is used familiarly, and even sharply, but not contemptuously. The word is supposed to have meant, originally, *Sir, ha!*

<sup>d</sup> For the nonce is simply for the once—for the one thing in question, whatever it be.



But when they seldom come they wish'd-for come,  
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
 And pay the debt I never promised,  
 By how much better than my word I am  
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;<sup>a</sup>  
 And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
 I'll so offend to make offence a skill;  
 Redeeming time when men think least I will. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and others.

*K. Hen.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,  
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,  
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;<sup>b</sup>  
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
 And therefore lost that title of respect  
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
 And that same greatness too which our own hands  
 Have help to make so portly.

*North.* My lord,—

*K. Hen.* Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see  
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye:  
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
 And majesty might never yet endure  
 The moody frontier<sup>c</sup> of a servant brow.  
 You have good leave to leave us; when we need  
 Your use and counsel we shall send for you.—

You were about to speak. [Exit WOR.]  
 [To NORTH.]

*North.* Yea, my good lord.  
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
 As was deliver'd to your majesty:  
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision,  
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
 He was perfum'd like a milliner;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose, and took 't away again;  
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff;<sup>d</sup> and still he smil'd and talk'd  
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me; among the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

<sup>a</sup> *Hopes*—expectations.      <sup>b</sup> *Condition*—temper of mind.

<sup>c</sup> *Frontier* is a metaphorical expression, implying—armed to oppose.

<sup>d</sup> *Snuff*. Aromatic powders were used as snuff long before the introduction of tobacco.

I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience  
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;  
 He should, or should not;—for he made me mad,  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the man)  
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly; and but for these vile guns  
 He would himself have been a soldier.  
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;  
 And, I beseech you, let not this report  
 Come current for an accusation,  
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said  
 To such a person, and in such a place,  
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
 May reasonably die, and never rise  
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*K. Hen.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners:  
 But with proviso, and exception,  
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight  
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;  
 Who, in my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;  
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March  
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then  
 Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?  
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with fevers,<sup>e</sup>  
 When they have lost and forfeit themselves?  
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
 For I shall never hold that man my friend  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!  
 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war;—To prove that true  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took  
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,  
 He did confound the best part of an hour  
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower:  
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they die  
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
 Never did base and rotten policy  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many, and all willingly:  
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost lie  
 him;  
 He never did encounter with Glendower:  
 I tell thee,  
 He durst as well have met the devil alone,  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth

<sup>e</sup> *Feres*. The usual reading is *fevers*. To indent is to strike indenture—to make a contract. *Feres* are vassals. They forfeited their fees or fiefs.

hear you speak of Mortimer :  
 our prisoners with the speediest means,  
 I'll hear in such a kind from me  
 please you.—My lord Northumberland  
 your departure with your son :—  
 or prisoners, or you'll hear of it.  
 [Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.  
 If the devil come and roar for them  
 send them :—I will after straight,  
 in so ; for I will ease my heart,  
 to be with hazard of my head.  
 What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause  
 while ;  
 your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Speak of Mortimer?  
 will speak of him ; and let my soul  
 fly, if I do not join with him :  
 if I'll empty all these veins,  
 my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,  
 lift the down-trod Mortimer  
 the air as this unthankful king,  
 rate and canker'd Bolingbroke.  
 Brother, the king hath made your nephew  
 mad. [To WORCESTER.  
 Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?  
 will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ;  
 I urg'd the ransom once again  
 for his brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;  
 for face he turn'd an eye of death,  
 even at the name of Mortimer.  
 cannot blame him : Was he not proclaim'd,  
 that dead is, the next of blood?  
 He was : I heard the proclamation :  
 it was, when the unhappy king  
 sings in us God pardon!) did set forth  
 his expedition ;  
 we he, intercepted, did return  
 mad, and shortly murdered.  
 mad for whose death, we in the world's wide  
 search  
 solicit'd, and foully spoken of.  
 soft, I pray you : Did king Richard then  
 by butcher Mortimer  
 crown?

He did ; myself did hear it.  
 you, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
 for him on the barren mountains starv'd.  
 to be that you, that set the crown  
 mad of this forgetful man,  
 for sake, wear the detested blot  
 your subornation, shall it be,  
 world of comes undergo,  
 gentle, or base second means,  
 the ladder, or the hangman rather?  
 if that I descend so low,  
 to line and the predicament  
 as range under this subtle king.  
 for shame, be spoken in these days,  
 heretics in time to come,  
 of your nobility and power  
 seem both in an unjust behalf,—  
 you, God pardon it! have done,—  
 in Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
 this thorn, this canker,\* Bolingbroke?  
 to, in more shame, be further spoken,  
 for fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
 whom these shames ye underwent?  
 me serves, wherein you may redeem  
 his honours, and restore yourselves  
 god thoughts of the world again :

side. The canker is the dog-rose—the rose of the  
 of the garden.

Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
 Of this proud king ; who studies, day and night,  
 To answer all the debt he owes unto you,  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more  
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,  
 As full of peril, and adventurous spirit,  
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night :—or sink or swim :—  
 Send danger from the east unto the west,  
 So honour cross it from the north to south,  
 And let them grapple :—the blood more stirs  
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit  
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap  
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;  
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,  
 Without corrival, all her dignities :  
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,  
 But not the form of what he should attend.—  
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while,  
 And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,  
 That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all ;  
 By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them ;  
 No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not :  
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,  
 And lend no ear unto my purposes.—  
 Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :—  
 He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;  
 Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer  
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
 And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
 Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him.  
 To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,  
 Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :  
 And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,  
 But that I think his father loves him not,  
 And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
 I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,  
 When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongued\* and impatient  
 fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;  
 Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with  
 rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
 Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.  
 In Richard's time,—What d'ye call the place?—  
 A plague upon't—it is in Gloucestershire :—  
 'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept ;  
 His uncle York ;—where I first bow'd my knee  
 Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
 When you and he came back from Ravenspurge.

\* Wasp-tongued—having a tongue as peevish and mischievous  
 as a wasp.

*North.* At Berkley castle.

*Hot.* You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!  
Look,—“when his infant fortune came to age,”  
And,—“gentle Harry Percy,”—and, “kind cousin,”—  
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—  
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to 't again;  
We'll stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, in sooth.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,  
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord, [To *NORTH*.]  
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,  
The archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is 't not?

*Wor.* True; who bears hard  
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.  
I speak not this in estimation<sup>a</sup>  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it.

Upon my life it will do wond'rous well.

*North.* Before the game's a-foot thou still

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a not  
And then the power of Scotland and of York  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor.* And so they sh

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'

*Wor.* And 't is no little reason bids us  
To save our heads by raising of a head  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The king will always think him in our debt  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
And see already, how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.* He does, he does; we'll be reveng'

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell;—No further go  
Than I by letters shall direct your course,  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,  
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer  
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at  
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arm  
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewell, good brother: we shall t

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud o

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

*Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.*

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day,  
I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain<sup>b</sup> is over the new chimney,  
and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

*Ost.* [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few  
flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the  
withers out of all cess.<sup>c</sup>

*Enter another Carrier.*

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,  
and this is the next way to give poor jades the bots:  
this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler  
died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of  
oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this is the most villainous house in all  
London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a  
king in Christendom could be better bit than I have  
been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne'er a jordan, and  
then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie  
breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hanged,  
come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of  
ginger,<sup>d</sup> to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are  
quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast  
thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An't

<sup>a</sup> Estimation—conjecture.

<sup>b</sup> Charles' wain—the churl's wain—the countryman's wag.  
The popular name for the constellation of the Great Bear.  
<sup>c</sup> but of all cess. Ex-cess-ively.  
<sup>d</sup> tazes of ginger—roots of ginger.

were not as good a deed as drink to break  
thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be  
Hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's  
1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.<sup>b</sup>

*Gads.* I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to  
ing in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a  
two of that.

*Gads.* I prithee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me  
quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you  
to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with  
warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, w  
the gentlemen; they will along with comp  
have great charge. [Exit

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* [Within.] At hand, quoth pocky

*Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand  
chamberlain: for thou variest no more fro  
purses, than giving direction doth from lab  
lay'st the plot how.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, master Gadshill  
current that I told you yesternight: There  
in the wild of Kent<sup>c</sup> hath brought three hu  
with him in gold; I heard him tell it  
company, last night at supper; a kind of

<sup>a</sup> Lett's slip. The greyhound is held in slips,  
when "the game's a-foot."

<sup>b</sup> Two o'clock. The carrier is deceiving Gad  
just said it is four o'clock.

<sup>c</sup> Wild of Kent. Undoubtedly the woods of W

undance of charges too, God knows what  
already, and call for eggs and butter:  
ray presently.

rah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas'  
give thee this neck.

o, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the  
or I know thou worshipp'st saint Nicholas'  
man of falsehood may.

at talkest thou to me of the hangman? if  
make a fat pair of gallows: for if I hang,  
hangs with me; and thou knowest he's no  
Tut! there are other Trojans that thou  
of, the which, for sport sake, are content  
fession some grace; that would, if matters  
ked into, for their own credit sake make  
I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no  
xpenny strikers;<sup>b</sup> none of these mad,  
urple-bued malt-worms:<sup>c</sup> but with nobility  
lity; burgomasters and great oneyers;<sup>d</sup>

hold in; such as will strike sooner than  
peak sooner than drink, and drink sooner  
And yet I lie; for they pray continually  
int, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray  
rey on her; for they ride up and down on  
e her their boots.

hat, the commonwealth their boots? will  
water in foul way?

will, she will: justice hath liquored her.  
is a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt  
we walk invisible.

ay, by my faith; I think rather you are  
ng to the night than to fern-seed, for your  
sible.

ve me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in  
,\* as I am a true man.

ay, rather let me have it, as you are a false

to; *Homo* is a common name to all men.

ler bring my gelding out of the stable.  
muddy knave. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill.

SEE HENRY and POINS; BARDOLPH and  
PETO, at some distance.

ome, shelter, shelter: I have removed Fal-  
and he frets like a gummed velvet.  
Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

s! Poins, and he hanged! Poins!

Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a  
t thou keep!

ere's Poins, Hal?

He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll  
[Pretends to seek POINS.]

n accurs'd to rob in that thief's company:  
th removed my horse, and tied him I know  
If I travel but four foot by the squire's furs  
shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not  
fair death for all this, if I'scape hanging  
that rogue. I have forsworn his company  
ime this two-and-twenty years; and yet I  
d with the rogue's company. If the rascal  
en me medicines to make me love him, I'll  
it could not be else; I have drunk medi-

es!—Hal!—A plague upon you both!—

hisel' sleeks—thieves.  
siders—petty footpads—robbers for sixpence.  
siders—drunkards.

Johnson thinks that *great oneyers* is merely a  
for great ones.

h. This was a soft name for a theft, of the same  
squire—by the title.

Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot fur-  
ther. An't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn  
true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet  
that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven  
ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and  
the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A  
plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to ano-  
ther! [They whistle.] Whew!—A plague light upon  
you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my  
horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine  
ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the  
tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being  
down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far  
afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer.  
What a plague mean ye to colt<sup>a</sup> me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art un-  
colted.

Fal. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse,  
good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent  
garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have  
not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes,  
let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so for-  
ward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 't is our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's  
money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going  
to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 't is going to the king's  
tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. You four shall front them in the narrow  
lane; Ned and I will walk lower: if they'scape from  
your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grand-  
father: but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. We'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the  
hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find  
him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say  
I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

I Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our  
horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease  
our legs.

Thievs. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains'  
throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves!  
they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

I Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for  
ever.

\* To colt—to trick.

*Fal.* Hang ye, gorb'lied knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;<sup>a</sup> I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves, young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt FALS., &c., driving the Travellers out.*]

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

*Poins.* Stand close, I hear them coming.

*Re-enter Thieves.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

*P. Hen.* Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*]  
*Poins.* Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them. They all run away; and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind.*]<sup>b</sup>

*P. Hen.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*Poins.* How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.*

—“But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.”—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous;”—Why, that's certain; 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.”—Say you so, my you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I

<sup>a</sup> *Chuff.* The word *chuff* seems to mean a swollen, pampered glutton.

<sup>b</sup> The original stage-direction has been inconsiderately deviated from in the modern editions, which read, “Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away;” whereas Falstaff, staying behind after the rest have run away, and giving “a blow or two,” is clearly not the coward which it has been the fashion to consider him.

could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an act Hang him! Let him tell the king: We are prepared I will set forward to-night.

*Enter LADY PERCY.*

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these hours.

*Lady.* O, my good lord, why are you thus alone For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talk'd Of sallies and retires;<sup>a</sup> of trenches, tents; Of palisadoes, frontiers,<sup>b</sup> parapets; Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin; Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the current of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream: And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden haste. O, what portents these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my theme. Well, I will back him straight: *Esperancé!*<sup>c</sup>— Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen As you are toss'd with. In sooth, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will. I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir About his title; and hath sent for you, To line his enterprise: But if you go—

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me Directly to this question that I shall ask. In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not, I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

<sup>a</sup> *Retires*—retreats.

<sup>b</sup> *Frontiers.* A frontier is something standing in front of the frontier of a territory is the part opposed to, or bordering another territory; and in this way a fort is a frontier.

<sup>c</sup> *Esperancé.* This is the motto of the Percy family.

th' mammet<sup>a</sup> and to tilt with lips :  
ave bloody noses and crack'd crowns,  
am current too.—Gods me, my horse!—  
thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with

o you not love me? do you not, indeed?  
u them; for, since you love me not,  
ove myself. Do you not love me?  
e, if you speak in jest, or no.  
ne, wilt thou see me ride?  
I am a horseback, I will swear  
infinitely. But hark you, Kate;  
have you henceforth question me  
e, nor reason whereabout:  
ust, I must; and, to conclude,  
g must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
wise; but yet no further wise  
: Percy's wife: constant you are,  
oman; and for secrecy,  
er; for I will believe  
ot utter what thou dost not know;  
will I trust thee, gentle Kate!  
ow! so far?  
an inch further. But hark you, Kate:  
o thither shall you go too;  
I set forth, to-morrow you.—  
otent you, Kate?

It must of force. [Exit.]

IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's  
Head Tavern.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and  
hand to laugh a little.  
There hast been, Hal?  
With three or four loggerheads, amongst  
score hogsheads. I have sounded the very  
of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to  
trawers; and can call them all by their  
mes, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They  
dy upon their salvation, that, though I be  
of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy;  
e flatly I am no proud Jack, like Fal-  
Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,  
am king of England, I shall command all  
s in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep  
t: and when you breathe in your watering,<sup>b</sup>  
em! and bid you play it off. To conclude,  
I a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that  
with any tinker in his own language during  
tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour  
ot not with me in this action. But, sweet  
teen which name of Ned, I give thee this  
of sugar,<sup>c</sup> clapped even now into my hand  
-skinker; one that never spake other English  
an—"Eight shillings and sixpence," and  
lcome;" with this shrill addition,—"Anon,  
core a pint of basturd in the Half-moon,"<sup>d</sup> or  
ed, to drive away time till Falstaff come,  
thou stand in some by-room, while I ques-  
y drawer to what end he gave me the sugar;  
never leave calling Francis, that his tale  
e nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll  
precedent.  
ancis!  
Thou art perfect.  
ancis!

[Exit POINS.]

—pappes.

<sup>a</sup> *your watering.* To take breath when you are  
e water was a common word for *to drink*, as we  
enter a house. Some mechanics have still their  
to the afternoon.  
<sup>b</sup> *skink of sugar*—to sweeten the wine.

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pome-  
granate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the  
clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so  
valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and  
show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books  
in England I could find in my heart—

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall  
be—

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar  
thou gavest me,—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound:  
ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-  
morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed,  
Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal  
button, nott-pated,<sup>a</sup> agate-ring, puke-stocking,<sup>b</sup> caddis-  
garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is your  
only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas  
doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to  
so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [Within] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them  
call?

[Here they both call him; the Drawer stands  
amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still and hear'st such a  
calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit FRANCIS.]  
My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at  
the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the  
door. [Exit Vintner.] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves  
are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But, hark ye;  
What cunning match have you made with this jest of  
the drawer? come, what 's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours that have showed  
themselves humours, since the old days of Goodman  
Adam, to the pupil age<sup>c</sup> of this present twelve o'clock  
at midnight. [Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.] What 's  
o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

<sup>a</sup> *Nott-pated*—with the hair cut close.

<sup>b</sup> *Puke-stocking.* *Puke, puce*, is a sober brown colour.

<sup>c</sup> *Pupil age*—the young time of this present midnight, con-  
trasted with the old days of Goodman Adam.

*P. Hen.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—“Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.” “O my sweet Harry,” says she, “how many hast thou killed to-day?” “Give my roan horse a drench,” says he; and answers, “Some fourteen”—an hour after; “a trifle, a trifle.” I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. “Rivo,” says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*]

*P. Hen.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*P. Hen.* How now, woosack? what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,<sup>a</sup> and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

*P. Hen.* Why, you whoreson round man! what 's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

*Poins.* 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

*P. Hen.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All 's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I.

[*He drinks.*]

*P. Hen.* What 's the matter?

*Fal.* What 's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

*P. Hen.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

*P. Hen.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and

*oper of lath.* The Vice in the old moralities was thus

through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, I never dealt better since I was a man: all do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak more or less than truth they are villainous sons of darkness.

*P. Hen.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen,—

*Fal.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or men set upon us,—

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then co other.

*P. Hen.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what ye call all fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch if there were not two or three and fifty upon Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*Poins.* Pray Heaven you have not murthered them.

*Fal.* Nay, that 's past praying for: I have two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid: two in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my poor rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

*P. Hen.* What, four? thou said'st but two,

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and murthered me. I made no more ado, but took all the points in my target, thus.

*P. Hen.* Seven? why, there were but four,

*Fal.* In buckram.

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain.

*P. Hen.* Prithee, let him alone; we shall anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. Hen.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening: nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

*P. Hen.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,—

*Poins.* Down fell their horse.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground: But I fell close, came in foot and hand; and with a throb of the eleven I paid.

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! eleven buckram is out of two!

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, the gotten knaves in Kendal green<sup>a</sup> came at my let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, couldst not see thy hand.

*P. Hen.* These lies are like the father that they; gross as a mountain, open, palpable: clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou son, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,—<sup>b</sup>

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? truth the truth?

*P. Hen.* Why, how couldst thou know the Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What is to this?

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? No; were I strappado, or all the racks in the world, I

<sup>a</sup> *Kendal green* was the livery of Robin Hood and his archers.

<sup>b</sup> *Ketch* is a tub—a cask; a tallow-cask is so parison for Falstaff.

a compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion were as plenty as blackberries I no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sword, this bed-presser, this horse-back breaker, ill of flesh;—

ay, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried up, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

Well, breathe a while, and then to 't again: thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, speak but thus.

Mark, Jack.

We two saw you four set on four; you and were masters of their wealth.—Mark plain tale shall put you down.—Then did I on you four: and, with a word, out-faced your prize, and have it; yea, and can show in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I calf. What a slave art thou to hack thyself thus done; and then say, it was in fight! what device, what starting-hole, canst thou tell, to hide thee from this open and apparent

come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou

the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me heir apparent! Should I turn upon the true Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hereward instinct; the lion will not touch the

Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward

I shall think the better of myself, and thee, life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true at, laid, I am glad you have the money. us, clap to the doors, watch to-night, pray—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the old fellowship come to you! What shall we shall we have a play extempore?

Content;—and the argument shall be, thy day.

no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

My lord the prince,—

How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou?

My lord, there is a nobleman of the name of Harry, would speak with you: he says he comes to see your father.

Give him as much as will make him a man, and send him back again to my mother.

What manner of man is he?

An old man.

What doth gravitate out of his bed at midnight? Give him his answer?

Prithee, do, Jack.

Do, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

Now, sirs; by your lady, you fought fair;—

—Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are you ran away upon instinct, you will not see the prince; no,—fie!

Altho, I ran when I saw others run.

Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff so hacked?

By, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, I wear truth out of England, but he would believe it was done in fight; and persuaded me like.

—and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, and bleed; and then to beslobber our gar-

ments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,\* and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Cholera, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There 's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and the sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him: he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. A horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Then 't is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil bufeting hold, we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afraid, thou being heir apparent? Could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy

\* Taken with the manner—taken with a stolen thing in hand.



golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

*P. Hen.* Well, here is my leg.

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my trustful queen.

*Host.* This is excellent sport, i' faith.

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

*Host.* O the father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my trustful queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Host.* O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point:—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,<sup>a</sup> and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*P. Hen.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*P. Hen.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poultier's hare.

*P. Hen.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand;—judge, my masters.

*P. Hen.* Now, Harry, whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I 'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

*P. Hen.* Swaarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropnies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity,

<sup>a</sup> Micher—truant.

that father ruffian, that vanity in years? he good, but to taste sack and drink it? well and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it cunning,\* but in craft? wherein crafty, but in wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your grace would take me. Whom means your grace?

*P. Hen.* That villainous abominable man of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*P. Hen.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say I know more harm in him myself, were to say more than I know. Thou (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness that he is (saving your reverence) a whorean I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, help the wicked! If to be old and merry then many an old host that I know is damne'd fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kinsman loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Dolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's companion, not him thy Harry's company; banish plain and banish all the world.

*P. Hen.* I do, I will. [A knock]

[Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

*Bard.* O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with most monstrous watch, is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, you rogue! play out the play much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

*Host.* O, my lord, my lord!—

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a hobby. What's the matter?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true gold a counterfeit; thou art essentially made of seeming so.

*P. Hen.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your major: if you will deny so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a coward as another man, a plague on my bringing up, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as with a horse.

*P. Hen.* Go, hide thee behind the arras, and walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had: but their consciences are not so true as mine. And therefore I 'll hide me.

[Exeunt all but the PRINCE and Hostess.]

*P. Hen.* Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry follow'd certain men unto this house.

*P. Hen.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my good lord. A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*P. Hen.* The man, I do assure you, is not here. For I myself at this time have employ'd his services. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

\* Cunning—skillful.

<sup>b</sup> Take me with you. A common expression for your meaning.

ill, by to-morrow dinner-time,  
 a to answer thee, or any man,  
 hing he shall be charg'd withal :  
 et me entreat you leave the house.  
 I will, my lord : There are two gentlemen  
 this robbery lost three hundred marks.  
 n. It may be so : if he have robb'd these men  
 be answerable ; and, so, farewell.  
 Good night, my noble lord.  
 n. I think it is good morrow ; Is it not ?  
 Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.  
 [Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.]  
 a. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's  
 him forth.  
 . Falstaff !—fast asleep behind the arras, and  
 like a horse.  
 n. Hark, how hard he fetches breath : Search  
 us. [POINS searches.] What hast thou found ?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.  
 P. Hen. Let's see what be they : read them.  
 Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.  
 Item, Sauce, 4d.  
 Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.  
 Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.  
 Item, Bread, a halfpenny.  
 P. Hen. O monstrous ! but one halfpennyworth of  
 bread to this intolerable deal of sack !—What there is  
 else, keep close ; we'll read it at more advantage :  
 there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the  
 morning : we must all to the wars, and thy place shall  
 be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of  
 foot ; and, I know, his death will be a march of  
 twelve-score.\* The money shall be paid back again  
 with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ;  
 and so good morrow, Poins.  
 Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exeunt.]

## ACT III

L.—Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and  
 GLENDOWER.

These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
 induction full of prosperous hope.  
 Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—  
 sit down ?—  
 He Worcester :—A plague upon it !  
 I got the map.  
 No, here it is.  
 in Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur ;  
 hat name as oft as Lancaster  
 ak of you,  
 k looks pale, and, with a rising sigh,  
 eth you in heaven.  
 And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen  
 er spoke of.  
 I cannot blame him : at my nativity,  
 t of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
 ng cressets ; and, at my birth,  
 se and huge foundation of the earth  
 like a coward.  
 Why, so it would have done at the same season,  
 oother's cat had but kittened, though yourself  
 r been born.  
 I say, the earth did shake when I was born.  
 And I say, the earth was not of my mind,  
 suppose as fearing you it shook.  
 The heavens were all on fire, the earth did  
 tremble.  
 D, then the earth shook to see the heavens on  
 fire,  
 in fear of your nativity.  
 nature oftentimes breaks forth  
 ge eruptions : oft the teeming earth  
 kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
 aprisoning of unruly wind  
 er womb ; which, for enlargement striving,  
 se old beldame earth, and topples down  
 and moss-grown towers. At your birth,  
 adam earth, having this distemperature,  
 n shock.  
 Cousin, of many men  
 bear these crossings. Give me leave  
 you once again,—that at my birth  
 t of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;  
 e ran from the mountains, and the herds  
 singly clamorous to the frighted fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;  
 And all the courses of my life do show  
 I am not in the roll of common men.  
 Where is the living,—clipp'd in with the sea  
 That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—  
 Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?  
 And bring him out, that is but woman's son,  
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
 And hold me pace in deep experiments.  
 Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh ;  
 I'll to dinner.  
 Mort. Peace, cousin Percy : you will make him  
 mad.  
 Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.  
 Hot. Why, so can I ; or so can any man ;  
 But will they come, when you do call for them ?  
 Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command  
 the devil.  
 Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,  
 By telling truth ; Tell truth, and shame the devil.  
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
 And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.  
 O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.—  
 Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.  
 Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made  
 head  
 Against my power : thrice from the banks of Wye,  
 And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,  
 Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.  
 Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too ?  
 How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?  
 Glend. Come, here 's the map ; Shall we divide our  
 right,  
 According to our three-fold order ta'en ?  
 Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it  
 Into three limits, very equally :  
 England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
 By south and east, is to my part assign'd :  
 All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
 And all the fertile land within that bound,  
 To Owen Glendower :—and, dear coz, to you  
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
 And our indentures tripartite are drawn :  
 Which being sealed interchangeably,  
 (A business that this night may execute,)  
 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
 And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,  
 To meet your father, and the Scottish power,  
 \* Twelve-score. The common phraseology for twelve score  
 vards.

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—  
Within that space [To GLEND.] you may have drawn  
together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come :  
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;  
For there will be a world of water shed,  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety,<sup>a</sup> north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours :  
See how this river comes me cranking<sup>b</sup> in,  
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle<sup>c</sup> out.  
I 'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
In a new channel, fair and evenly :  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea,  
But mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
With like advantage on the other side ;  
Gelding the opposed continent as much  
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land ;  
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I 'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then ;  
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you :  
For I was train'd up in the English court :  
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
And gave the tongue<sup>d</sup> a helpful ornament ;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I 'm glad of 't with all my heart :  
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;  
I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;  
'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I 'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend :

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by  
night :

I 'll haste the writer, and, withal,

Break with your wives of your departure hence .

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

[Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

Hot. I cannot choose : sometime he angers me,

<sup>a</sup> *Moiety*. Hotspur calls his third share a "moiety." Lear divides his kingdom into three parts, and yet Gloucester talks of either duke's "moiety." in his dedication to 'The Rape of Lucrece' Shakspere uses "moiety" in the sense of a small part of a whole.

<sup>b</sup> *Cranking*—bending.

<sup>c</sup> *Cantle*—a corner, according to some etymologists ; a portion, or parcel, according to others.

<sup>d</sup> *The tongue*—the English language, according to Johnson.

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies ;  
And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,  
In reckoning up the several devils' names  
That were his lackeys : I cried, hum,—and well,—  
to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he 's as tedious  
As is a tired horse, a railing wife,  
Worse than a smoky house :—I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;  
Exceedingly well read, and profited

In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,  
And wondrous affable ; and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
When you do cross his humour ; 'faith, he does :  
I warrant you that man is not alive  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof ;  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame  
And since your coming hither, have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :  
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,  
And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :  
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd ; good manners be  
speed !

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps ; she will not part  
you,

She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my  
Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter in Welsh  
and she answers him in the same language.]

Glend. She 's desperate here ; a peevish self-will  
harlotry,

One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.]

Mort. I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pourest down from these swelling brows  
I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,

In such a parley should I answer thee. [Lady M. speaks.]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,

And that 's a feeling disputation :

But I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learn'd thy language : for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly pens'd.

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[Lady M. speaks.]

O, I am ignorance itself in this.

She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,  
your gentle head upon her lap,  
will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
near eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
; your blood with pleasing heaviness;  
such difference betwixt wake and sleep,  
difference betwixt day and night,  
before the heavenly-harness'd team  
a golden progress in the east.

With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:  
time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Do so;

musicians that shall play to you,  
the air a thousand leagues from hence;  
glad they shall be here: sit, and attend.  
Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:  
lick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy

P. Go, ye giddy goose.

EVER speaks some Welsh words, and then the Music plays.

How I perceive the devil understands Welsh;  
no marvel, he's so humorous.  
For, he's a good musician.

P. Then would you be nothing but musical;  
we altogether governed by humours. Lie still,  
and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in

P. Wouldst have thy head broken?  
No.

P. Then be still.

Neither; 't is a woman's fault.

P. Now God help thee!

Is the Welsh lady's bed.

P. What's that?

Face! she sings.

A Welsh SONG, sung by *Lady M.*

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Not yours, in good sooth! Heart, you swear  
self-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth;  
true as I live; and, As God shall mend me;  
true as clay:

Such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
never walk'dst further than Finsbury.

Kate, like a lady, as thou art,  
truth-filling oath: and leave in sooth,  
protest of pepper-gingerbread,<sup>a</sup>  
guards, and Sunday-citizens.

P.

I will not sing.

'T is the next way to turn tailor, or be red-  
facer. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away  
in two hours; and so come in when ye will.

[Exit.

Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,  
and Percy is on fire to go.

The lock is drawn; we will but seal,  
to horse immediately.

With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and Lords.

Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales  
and I

have some private conference: But be near at  
hand.

<sup>a</sup> *Pepper-gingerbread*—*spice-gingerbread*

For we shall presently have need of you.—[*Ex. Lords.*

I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;  
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,  
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. *Hen.* So please your majesty, I would I could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse,

As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge

Myself of many I am charg'd withal:

Yet such extenuation let me beg,

As, in reproof<sup>a</sup> of many tales devis'd,—

Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,

By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers,

I may, for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,

Find pardon on my true submission.

K. *Hen.* God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,  
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing

Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.

Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,

Which by thy younger brother is supplied;

And art almost an alien to the hearts

Of all the court and princes of my blood:

The hope and expectation of thy time

Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man

Prophetically does forethink thy fall.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,

So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,

So stale and cheap to vulgar company,

Opinion, that did help me to the crown,

Had still kept loyal to possession;

And left me in reputeless banishment,

A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.

By being seldom seen, I could not stir

But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:

That men would tell their children,—This is he;

Others would say,—Where? which is Bolingbroke

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,

And dress'd myself in such humility,

That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,

Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,

Even in the presence of the crowned king.

Thus I did keep my person fresh, and new;

My presence, like a robe pontifical,

Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,

Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;

And won, by rareness, such solemnity.

The skipping king, he ambled up and down

With shallow jesters and rash bavin<sup>b</sup> wits,

Soon kindled and soon burn'd: carded<sup>c</sup> his state;

Mingled his royalty with carping fools,

Had his great name profaned with their scorns:

And gave his countenance, against his name,

To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push

Of every beardless vain comparative:

Grew a companion to the common streets,

Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:

That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,

<sup>a</sup> *Reproof*—disproof.

<sup>b</sup> *Bavin*—brushwood—used for kindling fires.

<sup>c</sup> *Carded*. It is possible that Henry simply means that "the skipping king" discarded his state; or, that Richard fretted away his state, as the wool-carder makes the lock attenuated by continual tearing.

They suff'ring with honey, and began  
To taste the taste of sweetness, whom a little  
More than a little is by much too much.  
So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo in June,  
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes  
As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:  
But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,  
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;  
Being with his presence gladd'ed, gurg'd, and fall.  
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou:  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation; not an eye  
But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;  
Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*P. Hen.* I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,  
Be more myself.

*K. Hen.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravensburg;  
And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Than thou, the shadow of succession:  
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm:  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,  
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
And military title capital,  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ!  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate\* against us, and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—  
To fight against me, under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.

*P. Hen.* Do not think so, you shall not find it so;  
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my favours<sup>b</sup> in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:

*Capitulate*—to settle the heads of an agreement.  
*Favours*—features.

For every honour sitting on his helm,  
Would they were multitudes; and on my head  
My shame redoubled! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty, may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*K. Hen.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this:  
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, here

*Enter BLUNT.*

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speech.  
*Blunt.* So hath the business that I come to speak.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—  
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,  
The eleventh of this month, at Sirewshury:  
A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*K. Hen.* The earl of Westmoreland set forth  
day;

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster,  
For this advertisement is five days old:—  
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward.  
On Thursday, we ourselves will march:  
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you  
Shall march through Gloucestershire; by which account  
Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.  
Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [Exit]

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Bear  
Head Tavern.

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely  
this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?  
Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's  
gown; I am withered like an old apple-John.  
I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in  
liking;<sup>a</sup> I shall be out of heart shortly, and then  
I have no strength to repent. An I have not felt  
what the inside of a church is made of, I am a  
corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church!  
A pany, villainous company, hath been the spoil of  
*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot  
long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it:—come, sing me a  
song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given  
a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough:  
little; diced, not above seven times a week; went  
bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an  
paid money that I borrowed, three or four times;  
well, and in good compass: and now I live out of  
order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you  
needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable  
pass, sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend  
life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the banner

<sup>a</sup> *In mine liking*—in some succession.

but 't is in the nose of thee; thou art the burning lamp.

By, sir John, my face does you no harm.

I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento* ever see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, that lived in purple; for there he is in his ring, burning. If thou wert any way given would swear by thy face; my oath should fire; but thou art altogether given over; leed, but for the light in thy face, the son of a bitch. When thou ranst up Gadshill in to catch my horse, if I did not think thou art *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, of bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a rick in links and torches, walking with thee betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that drunk me would have bought me lights up, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I fined that salamander of yours with fire, any two-and-thirty years; Heaven reward me

blood, I would my face were in your belly! a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-

Enter Hostess.

Same Partlet the hen? have you inquired of my pocket?

Y, sir John! what do you think, sir John? & I keep thieves in my house? I have have inquired, so has my husband, man by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair in my house before.

He, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and hair: and I'll be sworn my pocket was to you, you are a woman, go.

Y, I? I defy thee: I was never called so house before.

Y, I know you well enough.

Y, sir John; you do not know me, sir John:

Y, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, I pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I a dozen of shirts to your back.

Y, filthy dowlas: I have given them away y'es, and they have made bolters of them.

Y, as I am a true woman, holland of eight ell. You owe money here besides, sir or diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent l-twenty pound.

And his part of it; let him pay.

Y, alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Y, poor? look upon his face; What call of them coin his nose, let them coin his not pay a denier. What, will you make me? shall I not take mine ease in mine shall have my pocket picked? I have lost of my grandfa'her's, worth forty mark.

Y, have heard the prince tell him, I know not that ring was copper.

Y, of the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, Y, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he

THE KING HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF and the PRINCE, playing on his truncheon,

Y, now, lad? is the wind in that door, I've all march?

Y, a, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Y, lead, I pray you, hear me.

Y, What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How and? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithes, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfa'her's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank Heaven on.

Host. I am no thing to thank Heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 't is copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, let my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed\* rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor

\* Embossed—swollen, puffed up.

Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more faultily. You confess, then, you pick'd my pocket?

*P. Hen.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: For the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

*P. Hen.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back, 't is a double labour.

*P. Hen.* I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*P. Hen.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of

the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabout! I am awfully unprovided. Well, God be thanked for rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I had I praise them.

*P. Hen.* Bardolph,—

*Bard.* My lord?

*P. Hen.* Go bear this letter to lord John of

caster,  
To my brother John; this to my lord of West-

land.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou and I

Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall,

At two o'clock in the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there see

Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exit PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH.*]

*Fal.* Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my

fast; come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter HOTSPIUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth, in this fine age, were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world. By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy The tongues of soothers; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself: Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour:  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
But I will beard him.

*Hot.* Do so, and 't is well:—

*Enter a Messenger, with letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father,—

*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick In such a justling time? Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.

*Wor.* I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth; And at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole, Ere he by sickness had been visited:  
His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise:

'T is catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On one remov'd, but on his own.

Give us bold advertisement,—

Our small conjunction we should on,

fortune is dispos'd to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;  
Because the king is certainly possess'd  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a main to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off—

And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good: for therein should we read<sup>a</sup>

The very bottom and the soul of hope;

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should;

Where now remains a sweet reversion:

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.—

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had been

The quality and air<sup>b</sup> of our attempt

Brooks no division: It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike

Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;

And think, how such an apprehension

May turn the tide of fearful faction,

And breed a kind of question in our cause:

For, well you know, we of the offering side<sup>c</sup>

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;

And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us:

This absence of your father draws a curtain,

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear

Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use:—

<sup>a</sup> *Read.* To discover is a meaning of the word not understood as its peculiar meaning with regard to language. <sup>b</sup> *Arete* my riddle "is scarcely aretate."

<sup>c</sup> *Ar.* Worcester considers that not only the quality of appearance of their attempt "brooks no division."

<sup>d</sup> *Offering side*—assailing side.

a lustre, and more great opinion,  
 share to your great enterprise,  
 the earl were here: for men must think,  
 about his help, can make a head  
 against the kingdom, with his help,  
 to return it topsy-turvy down.  
 As heart can think: there is not such a word  
 in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.  
 Pray God, my news be worth a welcome,  
 al.

of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
 ing hitherwards; with him, prince John.  
 Is harm: What more?

And further, I have learn'd,  
 himself in person hath set forth,  
 wards intended speedily,  
 ag and mighty preparation.  
 Is shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
 le-footed madcap prince of Wales,  
 amrades, that daff'd the world aside,  
 Is pass?

All furnish'd, all in arms:  
 d, like estridges that with the wind  
 fe eagles having lately bath'd;<sup>a</sup>  
 in golden coats, like images;<sup>b</sup>  
 spirit as the mouth of May,  
 was as the sun at midsummer;  
 s youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
 ag Harry, with his beaver on,<sup>c</sup>  
 ven his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
 the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
 ed with such ease into his seat  
 gel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
 d wind a fiery Pegasus,  
 the world with noble horsemanship.  
 s more, no more; worse than the sun in  
 larch,

death nourish agues. Let them come;  
 like sacrifices in their trim,  
 fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,  
 I bleeding, will we offer them:  
 Mars shall on his altar sit,  
 ars in blood. I am on fire,  
 s rich reprisal is so high,  
 s aura—Come, let me take my horse,  
 ear me, like a thunderbolt,  
 heason of the prince of Wales:  
 arry, shall not horse to horse  
 e'er part, till one drop down a corse?  
 adower were come!

There is more news:  
 Worcester, as I rode along,  
 draw his power these fourteen days  
 hat's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.  
 e, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.  
 hat may the king's whole battle reach  
 nto?  
 thirty thousand.

Forty let it be;  
 and Glendower being both away,  
 of us may serve so great a day.

ing appears to us to be this—the prince and his  
 furnished, all in arms, are plumed like estridges  
 (estribes) that with the wind bated—(to bate is to  
 the quarry, a term of falconry)—like eagles having

<sup>a</sup> The rich vestments of "the holy saints" in  
 show, noticed by Spenser, are here alluded to.

<sup>b</sup> This, which is a part of the helmet, is often used  
 helmet generally.

Come, let us take<sup>a</sup> a muster speedily:

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear  
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half-year.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A public Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me  
 a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through:  
 we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do take it for thy labour; and if it  
 make twenty take them all, I'll answer the coinage.  
 Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [Exit.]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a soused  
 gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I  
 have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers,  
 three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but  
 good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out con-  
 tracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the  
 bans; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief  
 hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a  
 caliver worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.  
 I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts  
 in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have  
 bought out their services; and now my whole charge  
 consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of  
 companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted  
 cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and  
 such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded un-  
 just serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers,  
 revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers  
 of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dis-  
 honourable ragged than an old-faced ancient:<sup>b</sup> and  
 such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have  
 bought out their services, that you would think that I  
 had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come  
 from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A  
 mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had un-  
 loaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No  
 eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through  
 Coventry with them, that's flat;—Nay, and the villains  
 march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on;  
 for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison.  
 There's but a shirt and a half in all my company;  
 and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and  
 thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without  
 sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my  
 host of Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Da-  
 ventry: But that's all one; they'll find linen enough  
 on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a  
 devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of  
 Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour  
 had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, sir John, 't is more than time that I  
 were there, and you too; but my powers are there al-  
 ready: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we  
 must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat  
 to steal cream.

<sup>a</sup> Take. All the old copies read "take a muster;"—modern  
 editions "make a muster." Hotspur would not wish to make a  
 muster—to assemble his troops—to collect them together—for  
 they were all with him; but he desires to know the exact num-  
 ber of "the powers of us" which are to oppose the king's  
 "thirty thousand."

<sup>b</sup> Old-faced ancient—an old, patched-up standard.



*P. Hen.* I think to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*P. Hen.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss:<sup>a</sup> food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

*P. Hen.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped?

*West.* He is, sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,  
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well; You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,  
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour bid me on,  
I hold as little counsel with weak fear  
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:—  
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle  
Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;  
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;  
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy  
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours:  
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And 'would to God

You were of our determination!  
Some of us love you well: and even those some  
Have your great deservings and good name,

<sup>a</sup> Toss—toss upon a pike.

Because you are not of our quality,<sup>a</sup>  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And Heaven defend but still I should  
so,

So long as, out of limit and true rule,  
You stand against anointed majesty!  
But to my charge.—The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs;<sup>b</sup> and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty: If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed  
You shall have your desires, with interest;  
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,  
Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind; and, well we know, the  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, my uncle, and myself,  
Did give him that same royalty he wears:  
And,—when he was not six-and-twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—  
My father gave him welcome to the shore:  
And,—when he heard him swear and vow to God,  
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery, and beg his peace;  
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—  
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and knee:  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,  
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.  
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,  
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth:  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for  
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites, that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then, to the  
In short time after, he depos'd the king;  
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;  
And, in the neck of that, task'd<sup>c</sup> the whole state:  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March  
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
Indeed his king) to be engag'd<sup>d</sup> in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeit:  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
Rated my uncle from the council board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;  
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out

<sup>a</sup> Quality—of the same kind with us.

<sup>b</sup> Grievs—grievances.

<sup>c</sup> Task'd. A tax was anciently a task.

<sup>d</sup> Engag'd. To be engag'd is to be a captive or a  
hostage.

safety; and, withal, to pry  
the which we find  
for long continuance.  
Will I return this answer to the king?  
No, sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile;  
I go; and let there be impawn'd  
for a safe return again,  
Morrow early shall my uncle  
or purposes: and so farewell.  
Would you would accept of grace and  
I may be, so we shall.

Pray heaven you do!  
[*Exeunt.*]

—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.  
Good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,  
Haste, to the lord marshal;  
Masin Scroop; and all the rest  
are directed: if you knew  
they do import, you would make haste.  
Good lord,  
error.

Like enough you do.  
Good sir Michael, is a day  
of fortune of ten thousand men  
at touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
I've given to understand,  
his mighty and quick-raised power,

Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
(Who with them was a rated sinew too,  
And comes not in, over-rul'd by prophecies)—  
I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.

*Gent.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's  
Douglas,

And lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Gent.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry  
Percy,

And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn  
The special head of all the land together;—

The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;  
And many more corivals, and dear men

Of estimation and command in arms.

*Gent.* Doubt not, my lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear;

And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:

For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king

Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,

For he hath heard of our confederacy,

And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him;

Therefore make haste: I must go write again

To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally*]

## ACT V.

—The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN  
OF GLOUCESTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN  
COLEPEPER.

How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
O'er the east hill! the day looks pale  
And cold in the creature.

The southern wind  
Blows trumpet to his purposes;  
The hollow whistling in the leaves,  
The aspect and a blustering day,  
The hiss with the losers let it sympathize;  
The air seems foul to those that win.

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

My lord of Worcester? 't is not well,  
I should meet upon such terms  
As meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;  
I doff our easy robes of peace,  
I'll hold limbs in ungentle steel:  
Alas, my lord, this is not well.  
Is it to it? will you again unknit  
The knot of all-abhorred war?  
That obedient orb again,  
And give a fair and natural light;  
We are an exhal'd meteor,  
Fear, and a portentous  
Mischief to the unborn times?  
For me, my liege:  
In part, I could be well content  
To be the lag-end of my life

<sup>a</sup> Brief—a letter.

<sup>b</sup> Busky—looky—wooly.

With quiet hours; for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*K. Hen.* You have not sought it! how comes it then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*P. Hen.* Peace, chowet,<sup>a</sup> peace.

*Wor.* It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks

Of favour from myself, and all our house;

And yet I must remember you, my lord,

We were the first and dearest of your friends.

For you, my staff of office did I break

In Richard's time; and posted day and night

To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,

When yet you were in place and in account

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,

That brought you home, and boldly did outdare

The danger of the time: You swore to us,—

And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—

That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;

Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:

To this we swear our aid. But, in short space,

It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;

And such a flood of greatness fall on you,—

What with our help; what with the absent king;

What with the injuries of a wanton time;

The seeming sufferances that you had borne;

And the contrarious winds, that held the king

So long in his unlucky Irish wars,

That all in England did repute him dead,—

And, from this swarm of fair advantages,

You took occasion to be quickly woo'd

To gripe the general sway into your hand

<sup>a</sup> Chowet—perhaps the name of a chattering bird—certainly  
the name of a dish, or pie, or minced meat.

Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;  
 And, being fed by us, you used us so  
 As that ungentle gull<sup>a</sup> the cuckoo's bird  
 Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;  
 Grew by our feeling to so great a bulk,  
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,  
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing  
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly  
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head :  
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*K. Hen.* These things, indeed, you have articulated,<sup>b</sup>  
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
 To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,  
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news  
 Of hurlyburly innovation :  
 And never yet did insurrection want  
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;  
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

*P. Hen.* In both our armies there is many a soul  
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
 In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—  
 This present enterprise set off his head,—  
 I do not think a braver gentleman,  
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,  
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
 I have a truant been to chivalry ;  
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too :  
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—  
 I am content that he shall take the odds  
 Of his great name and estimation ;  
 And will, to save the blood on either side,  
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*K. Hen.* And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
 Albeit, considerations infinite  
 Do make against it :—No, good Worcester, no,  
 We love our people well ; even those we love  
 That are misled upon your cousin's part :  
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,  
 Shall be my friend again, and I 'll be his :  
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
 What he will do :—But if he will not yield,  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;  
 We will not now be troubled with reply :  
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

*P. Hen.* It will not be accepted, on my life :  
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
 Are confident against the world in arms.

*K. Hen.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;  
 For on their answer will we set on them :  
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.*]

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so ; 't is a point of friendship.

*P. Hen.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

<sup>a</sup> *Gull.* Ordinarily this word means the person gulled, be-gulled. In this case it must either mean the guller, or the word may have a special meaning referring to the voracity of the "cuckoo's bird."

<sup>b</sup> *Articulated*—exhibited in articles.

*Fal.* I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*P. Hen.* Why, thou owest Heaven a death.

*Fal.* 'T is not due yet ; I would be loth to part before his day. What need I be so forward with that calls not on me ? Well, 't is no matter ; Hal pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me when I come on ? how then ? Can honour set on a No. Or an arm ? No. Or take away the grief wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery. No. What is honour ? A word. What is that word honour ? Air. A trim reckoning !—Who hath it that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is it insensible then ? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living ? No. Why ? Honour will not suffer it :—therefore, I 'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my chism.

#### SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard the liberal kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* 'T were best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all undone. It is not possible, it cannot be, The king would keep his word in loving us : He will suspect us still, and find a time To punish this offence in other faults : Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes. For treason is but trusted like the fox ; Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up, Will have a wild trick of his ancestors. Look how we can, or sad, or merrily, Interpretation will misquote our looks ; And we shall feed like oxen at a stall, The better cherish'd still the nearer death. My nephew's trespass may be well forgot. It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood ; And an adopted name of privilege,— A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen : All his offences live upon my head, And on his father's ;—we did train him on ; And, his corruption being ta'en from us, We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all. Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know, In any case, the offer of the king.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will, I 'll say 't is on. Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS ; and Officers Soldiers, behind.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd :—Deliver up My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news ?

*Wor.* The king will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any ? God forbid !

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances, Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,— By now forswearing that he is forsworn : He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth.

And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear A Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

add the quarrel lay upon our heads;  
 an might draw short breath to-day,  
 cry Mouth! Tell me, tell me,  
 a tasking? seem'd it in contempt?  
 my soul; I never in my life  
 blenge urg'd more modestly,  
 or should a brother dare  
 use and proof of arms.  
 All the duties of a man;  
 our praises with a princely tongue;  
 writings like a chronicle;  
 ever better than his praise,  
 using praise, valued with you:  
 came him like a prince indeed,  
 wishing cital of himself;  
 want youth with such a grace  
 'd there a double spirit,  
 ad of learning, instantly.  
 ause. But let me tell the world,—  
 e envy of this day,  
 ever owe so sweet a hope,  
 nstrued in his wantonness.  
 , I think, thou art enamour'd  
 ; never did I hear  
 so wild at liberty: \*  
 e will, yet once ere night  
 him with a soldier's arm,  
 drink under my courtesy.  
 speed: And, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
 what you have to do,  
 ve not well the gift of tongue,  
 hood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

rd, here are letters for you  
 at read them now.—  
 be time of life is short;  
 shortness basely were too long,  
 upon a dial's point,  
 the arrival of an hour.  
 re live to tread on kings;  
 ath, when princes die with us!  
 sciences,—the arms are fair,  
 t for bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

rd, prepare; the king comes on apace.  
 him, that he cuts me from my tale,  
 t talking; only this,—  
 to his best: and here I draw a sword,  
 enger I intend to stain  
 hood that I can meet withal  
 e of this perilous day.  
 cè!—Percy!—and set on.—  
 sly instruments of war,  
 asic let us all embrace:  
 earth, some of us never shall  
 do such a courtesy.  
 ets sound. *They embrace, and exeunt.*

III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

*Parties fighting. Alarum to the battle.  
 of DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.*

t is thy name, that in battle thus thou  
 at me?  
 at thou seek upon my head?  
 , then, my name is Douglas;  
 these in the battle thus,  
 All me that thou art a king.  
 tell thee true.  
 and of Stafford dear to-day hath bought

elopour means to say that he never knew of  
 of his own unrestrained will

Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,  
 This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
 Unless thou yield thee as a prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot,  
 And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
 Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

*Enter HOTSUR.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
 I never had triumph'd over a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the  
 king.

*Hot.* Where?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well;  
 A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;  
 Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!  
 A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coats.

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;  
 I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
 Until I meet the king.

*Hot.* Up and away;

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Reeunt.*]

*Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear  
 the shot here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—  
 Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour  
 for you: Here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead,  
 and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need  
 no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my  
 ragamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three  
 of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the  
 town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy  
 sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
 Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
 Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Prithee, lend me thy  
 sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe  
 awhile.—Turk Gregory\* never did such deeds in arms  
 as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have  
 made him sure.

*P. Hen.* He is, indeed: and living to kill thee. I  
 prithee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive thou gett'st not my  
 sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*P. Hen.* Give it me: What, is it in the case?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot; there's that will  
 sack a city. [*The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.*]

*P. Hen.* What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]  
*Fal.* If Percy be alive I'll pierce him, if he do come  
 in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly  
 let him make a carbonado<sup>b</sup> of me. I like not such  
 grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life,  
 which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked  
 for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE  
 HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

*K. Hen.* I prithee,  
 Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much;—  
 Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

\* *Turk Gregory*—Pope Gregory VII.

<sup>b</sup> *Carbonado*—a rusher on the coals.

*P. John.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.  
*P. Hen.* I beseech your majesty, make up,  
 Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.  
*K. Hen.* I will do so:—  
 My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.  
*West.* Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.  
*P. Hen.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your  
 help:

And Heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive  
 The prince of Wales from such a field as this;  
 Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
 And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!  
*P. John.* We breathe too long:—Come, cousin  
 Westmoreland,  
 Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt PRINCE JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

*P. Hen.* By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lan-  
 caster,  
 I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:  
 Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;  
 But now, I do respect thee as my soul.  
*K. Hen.* I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,  
 With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
 Of such an ungrown warrior.

*P. Hen.* O, this boy lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*]

*Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Another king! they grow like Hydras' heads:  
 I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
 That wear those colours on them.—What art thou  
 That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

*K. Hen.* The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at  
 heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,  
 And not the very king. I have two boys  
 Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:  
 But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
 I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear thou art another counterfeit;  
 And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:  
 But mine I am sure thou art, who'er thou be,  
 And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the KING being in danger, enter  
 PRINCE HENRY.*]

*P. Hen.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art  
 like  
 Never to hold it up again! the spirits  
 Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:  
 It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee;  
 Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—  
 Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
 And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

*K. Hen.* Stay, and breathe awhile:  
 Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;<sup>a</sup>  
 And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,  
 In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

*P. Hen.* O heaven! they did me too much injury  
 That ever said I hearken'd for your death.  
 If it were so, I might have let alone  
 The insulting hand of Douglas over you;  
 Which would have been as speedy in your end,  
 As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
 And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

*K. Hen.* Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas  
 Gawsey. [*Exit KING HENRY.*]

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*P. Hen.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.  
*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

<sup>a</sup> *Opinion*—reputation.

*P. Hen.* Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.  
 I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,  
 To share with me in glory any more:  
 Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;  
 Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
 Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come  
 To end the one of us; And would to Heaven,  
 Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

*P. Hen.* I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,  
 And all the budding honours on thy crest  
 I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*]

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you do  
 find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls  
 down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. His  
 spur is wounded, and falls.*

*Hot.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!  
 I better brook the loss of brittle life  
 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;  
 They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my  
 flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
 And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
 Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,  
 But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
 Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,  
 And food for—

*P. Hen.* For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well  
 great heart!

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
 When that this body did contain a spirit,  
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
 But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
 Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,  
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
 I should not make so great a show of zeal:—  
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face;  
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!  
 Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,  
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*]  
 What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
 Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man.  
 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
 If I were much in love with vanity.  
 Death hath not struck so fat to-day,  
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—  
 Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:  
 Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* [*Rising slowly.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel  
 me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and  
 me to-morrow. 'Sblood, 't was time to counterfeit  
 that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and let  
 the Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die  
 is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man  
 who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit  
 dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counter-  
 feit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The  
 better part of valour is discretion; in the which better  
 part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid  
 this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if I  
 should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he will  
 prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make use

And I'll swear I killed him. Why may  
as well as I? Nothing confutes me but  
thy body sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing*]  
new wound in your thigh, come you along  
[*Takes Hotspur on his back.*]

PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.  
Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou  
slain  
the  
sword.

But, soft! who have we here?  
Tell me this fat man was dead?  
Did; I saw him dead,  
And bleeding on the ground.

Easy that plays upon our eyesight?  
Nay; we will not trust our eyes  
With ears:  
What thou seem'st.

That's certain; I am not a double man:  
That Jack Falstaff then am I a Jack. There  
[*raising the body down*] if your father will  
honour, so; if not, let him kill the next  
time. I look to be either earl or duke, I can

say, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee  
do.

What thou?—Lord, Lord, how the world is  
changed!—I grant you I was down, and out of  
the world so was he: but we rose both at an instant,  
at the long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I  
were dead, so; if not, let them that should  
have borne the sin upon their own heads. I'll  
swear my death, I gave him this wound in the  
back when the man were alive, and would deny it, I  
will not eat a piece of my sword.

This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.  
This fellow, brother John,  
is your luggage nobly on your back:  
if a lie may do thee grace,  
I wish the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]  
Sound retreat, the day is ours.  
Let's to the highest of the field,  
Where our friends are living, who are dead.

PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.  
Follow, as they say, for reward. He that  
heaven reward him! If I do grow great,  
as; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and  
as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE  
HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others,  
with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.  
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,  
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?  
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?  
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
Had been alive this hour,  
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon  
too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exit WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;  
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace  
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:  
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our  
power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,  
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:  
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day:  
And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exit*]









# KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p><b>KING HENRY IV.</b> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4.</i></p> <p><b>PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King Henry V., son to King Henry IV.</b> <i>Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.</i></p> <p><b>Duke of Clarence, son to King Henry IV.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.</i></p> <p><b>Duke of Lancaster, afterwards created (2d) Duke of Bedford, son to King Henry IV.</b> <i>Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.</i></p> <p><b>Duke of Gloucester, afterwards created (1st) Duke of Gloucester, son to King Henry IV.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.</i></p> <p><b>Earl of Warwick, of the King's party.</b> <i>Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.</i></p> <p><b>Earl of Westmoreland, of the King's party.</b> <i>Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.</i></p> <p><b>Earl of Gower, of the King's party.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1.</i></p> <p><b>Earl of Hereford, of the King's party.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.</i></p> <p><b>Chief Justice of the King's Bench.</b> <i>Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.</i></p> <p><b>Several attendants on the Chief Justice.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2.</i></p> <p><b>Northumberland, enemy to the King.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>Bishop of York, Lord Mowbray, and Lord Hastings, enemies to the King.</b> <i>Act I. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.</i></p> <p><b>Lord Bardolph, enemy to the King.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>John Coleville, enemy to the King.</b> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>Lord Morton, domestics of Northumberland.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1.</i></p>	<p><b>FALSTAFF.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.</i></p> <p><b>BARDOLPH.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.</i></p> <p><b>PISTOL.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Page.</p> <p><b>POINS, an attendant on Prince Henry.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.</i></p> <p><b>PETO, an attendant on Prince Henry.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 4.</i></p> <p><b>SHALLOW, a country justice.</b> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.</i></p> <p><b>SILENCE, a country justice.</b> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>DAVY, servant to Shallow.</b> <i>Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALY, recruits.</b> <i>Appear, Act III. sc. 2.</i></p> <p><b>FANG and SNARE, sheriff's officers.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1.</i></p> <p><b>Rumour.</b> <i>Appears, Induction.</i></p> <p><b>A Porter.</b> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1.</i></p> <p><b>A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.</b> <i>Appears, Epilogue.</i></p> <p><b>LADY NORTHUMBERLAND and LADY PERCY.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 3.</i></p> <p><b>HOTSPUR QUICKLY.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 4.</i></p> <p><b>DOLL TEARSHEET.</b> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 4.</i></p>
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SCENE,—ENGLAND.

## INDUCTION.

*eth. Before Northumberland's Castle.*

*r Rumour, painted full of tongues.*

Open your ears: For which of you will stop  
 hearing when loud Rumour speaks?  
 Orient to the drooping west,  
 Wind my post-horse, still unfold  
 announced on this ball of earth:  
 tongues continual slanders ride;  
 In every language I pronounce,  
 Ears of men with false reports  
 Peace, while covert enmity,  
 Mile of safety, wounds the world:  
 At Rumour, who but only I,  
 I musters, and prepar'd defence,  
 Big year, enroll with some other griefs,  
 With child by the stern tyrant war,  
 Is matter? Rumour is a pipe  
 Of whimsies, jealousies, conjectures;  
 Say and so plain a stop  
 And monster with uncounted heads,  
 Constant wavering multitude,

Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
 My well-known body to anatomize  
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
 I run before king Harry's victory;  
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,  
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
 To speak so true at first? my office is  
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell  
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;  
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns  
 Between the royal field of Shrewsbury  
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,  
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,  
 And not a man of them brings other news  
 Than they have learn'd of me: From Rumour's tongue  
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true  
 wrongs. [Exit.]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*The Porter before the Gate; Enter LORD BARDOLPH.*

*L. Bard.* Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?

*L. Bard.* Tell thou the earl, That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard. Please it your honour, knock but at the gate, And he himself will answer.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*L. Bard.* Here comes the earl.

*North.* What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem:<sup>a</sup> The times are wild; contention, like a horse Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose, And bears down all before him.

*L. Bard.* Noble earl, I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

*North.* Good, an heaven will!

*L. Bard.* As good as heart can wish: The king is almost wounded to the death; And, in the fortune of my lord your son, Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John, And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field; And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John, Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day, So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won, Came not, till now, to dignify the times, Since Cæsar's fortunes!

*North.* How is this deriv'd? Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

*L. Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name, That freely render'd me these news for true.

*North.* Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*L. Bard.* My lord, I over-rode him on the way; And he is furnish'd with no certainties, More than he haply may retail from me.

*Enter TRAVERS.*

*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

*Trav.* My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd, Out-rode me. After him came, spurring hard, A gentleman almost spent<sup>b</sup> with speed, That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse: He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him I did demand what news from Shrewsbury. He told me, that rebellion had ill luck, And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold: With that, he gave his able horse the head, And, bending forward, struck his armed heels Against the panting sides of his poor jade Up to the rowel-head; and starting so, He seem'd in running to devour the way, Staying no longer question.

<sup>a</sup> *Stratagem*—some military movement, according to the Greek derivation of the word;—some enterprise;—some decisive act on one part or the other, resulting from the wild times of contention.

<sup>b</sup> *Spent*. *For*, as a prefix to a verb, is used to give it transitivity.

*North.* Ha!—Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold? Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion Had met ill luck?

*L. Bard.* My lord, I'll tell you what: If my young lord your son have not the day, Upon mine honour, for a silken point I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

*North.* Why should the gentleman that met Travers

Give then such instances of loss?

*L. Bard.* Who, he?

He was some hilding<sup>a</sup> fellow, that had stolen The horse he rode on; and, upon my life, Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter MORTON.*

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf Foretells the nature of a tragic volume: So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord: Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask, To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my son, and brother Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone, Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night, And would have told him, half his Troy was burnt: But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue, And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it. This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus, and thy Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas: Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds: But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed, Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

*Mor.* Douglas is living, and your brother, yet: But, for my lord your son,—

*North.* Why, he is dead. See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

He that but fears the thing he would not know, Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes. That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton: Tell thou thy earl his divination lies; And I will take it as a sweet disgrace, And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gainssaid: Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's death I see a strange confession in thine eye: Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear,<sup>c</sup> or sin: To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so: The tongue offends not that reports his death: And he doth sin that doth belie the dead; Not he, which says the dead is not alive. Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news Hath but a losing office; and his tongue Sounds ever after as a sullen bell, Remember'd knolling a departing friend.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Hilding*—an expression of contempt for a cowardly, less person.

<sup>b</sup> *Title-leaf*. Poems of lament were distinguished by a title-page.

<sup>c</sup> *Fear*—danger; matter or occasion of fear.

<sup>d</sup> *Departing friend*. Malone thought that departing was used for departed. But the ancient custom was for the ring for the departing soul—not for the soul that had Hence it was called the *passing belt*.

I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.  
 (sorrow I should force you to believe  
 would to heaven I had not seen :  
 se eyes saw him in bloody state,  
 at quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,  
 smouth ; whose swift wrath beat down  
 anted Percy to the earth,  
 with life he never more sprung up.  
 ath (whose spirit lent a fire  
 allest peasant in his camp)  
 once, took fire and heat away  
 -temper'd courage in his troops :  
 metal was his party steel'd ;  
 a him abated, all the rest  
 mselves, like dull and heavy lead.  
 ing that 's heavy in itself,  
 went, flies with greatest speed ;  
 n, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
 eight such lightness with their fear,  
 ed not swifter toward their aim,  
 soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
 eld : Then was that noble Worcester  
 r prisoner : and that furious Scot,  
 Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
 es slain the appearance of the king,  
 stomach, and did grace the sname  
 urn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,  
 fear, was took. The sum of all  
 ag hath won ; and hath sent out  
 er to encounter you, my lord,  
 duct of young Lancaster,  
 eland : this is the news at full.  
 this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
 e is physic ; and these news,  
 well that would have made me sick,  
 ve in some measure made me well :  
 etch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
 ess hinges, buckle \* under life,  
 is fit, breaks like a fire  
 per's arms ; even so my limbs,  
 n grief, being now enrag'd with grief,<sup>b</sup>  
 mselves : hence, therefore, thou nice  
 ch ;  
 let now, with joints of steel,  
 is hand : and hence, thou sickly quouif ;  
 ard too wanton for the head  
 k, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
 : hrows with iron : And approach  
 bour that time and spite dare bring,  
 n the enrag'd Northumberland !  
 as earth ! Now let not Nature's hand  
 flood confin'd ! let order die !  
 orld no longer be a stage  
 ation in a lingering act ;  
 irit of the first-born Cain  
 seasons, that, each heart being set  
 urses, the rude scene may end,  
 be the barrier of the dead !  
 : strained passion doth you wrong, my  
 ]  
 sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your  
 bur.  
 rives of all your loving complices  
 health ; the which, if you give o'er  
 sion, must perforce decay.  
 event of war, my noble lord,  
 the account of chance, before you said,  
 head. It was your presumise,

This word, which here means to lead, is used pre-  
 sently in the present day, when applied  
 to "weaken'd joints, like strengthless hinges,"  
 &c.

This line the first "grief" is put for bodily pain ;  
 mental sorrow.

That in the dole of blows your son might drop :  
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er :  
 You were advis'd his flesh was capable  
 Of wounds, and scars ; and that his forward spirit  
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd :  
 Yet did you say,—Go forth ; and none of this,  
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
 The stiff-borne action : What hath then befallen,  
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
 More than that being which was like to be ?

*L. Bard.* We all, that are engaged to this loss,  
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,  
 That if we wrought out life 't was ten to one :  
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;  
 And, since we are o'erset, venture again.  
 Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

*Mor.* 'T is more than time : And, my most noble  
 lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—  
 The gentle archbishop of York is up,  
 With well-appointed powers ; he is a man,  
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
 My lord your son had only but the corps,  
 But shadows and the shows of men, to fight ;  
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
 The action of their bodies from their souls ;  
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
 As men drink potions ; that their weapons only  
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,  
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
 As fish are in a pond : But now the bishop  
 Turns insurrection to religion :  
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
 He 's follow'd both with body and with mind ;  
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
 Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones ;  
 Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;  
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,  
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;  
 And more and less<sup>a</sup> do flock to follow him.

*North.* I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,  
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.  
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man  
 The aptest way for safety and revenge :  
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed ;  
 Never so few, nor never yet more need. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—London. A Street.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his  
 sword and buckler.

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my  
 water ?

*Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good  
 healthy water : but, for the party that owed it, he might  
 have more diseases than he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird<sup>b</sup> at me.  
 The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is  
 not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more  
 than I invent, or is invented on me : I am not only  
 witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.  
 I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath o'er-  
 whelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee  
 into my service for any other reason than to set me off,  
 why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson man-  
 drake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to  
 wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate  
 till now ; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver,  
 but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your

<sup>a</sup> More and less—greater and less—great and small.

<sup>b</sup> Gird. To gird is to smite, and thence metaphorically to  
 jeer, to scold at.

master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince, your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said master Dumbledon about the satin for my short cloak and slops?

*Page.* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

*Fal.* Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up,<sup>a</sup> then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. Where's Bardolph?

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

*Fal.* I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: if I could get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

*Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and an Attendant.*

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait close, I will not see him.

*Ch. Just.* What's he that goes there?

*Atten.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery?

*Atten.* He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*Atten.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

*Ch. Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

*Atten.* Sir John,—

*Fal.* What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

*Atten.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiery aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

*Atten.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiery aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of

me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert hanged: You hunt counter;<sup>a</sup> hence! away!

*Atten.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord!—Give your lordship grace of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship abroad by advice. Your lordship, though a past your youth, hath yet some smack of age, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your condition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty returned with some discomfort from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty:—You were come when I sent for you.

*Fal.* And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven mend him! I pray you speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of thargy; a sleeping of the blood, a whoreson tickling of the brain, as I take it, a kind of thargy.

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it? be it as you say.

*Fal.* It hath its original from much grief, study, and perturbation of the brain; I have cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of dizziness.

*Ch. Just.* I think you are fallen into the disease you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather please you, it is the disease of not listening, the disease of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels would be the attention of your ears; and I care not if you were a physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord, but content: your lordship may minister the punishment to me, in respect of poverty; but how can you be your patient to follow your prescriptions, when they may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a dram of hell itself.

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there was a warrant against you for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, Sir John, you were great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt can tell me that.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer.

*Ch. Just.* You have misled the youthful prince.

*Fal.* The young prince hath misled me: I am a fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loth to gill a man for his wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: thank the unquiet time for your quiet operation.

*Fal.* My lord?

*Ch. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so: I will not have a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell.

*Ch. Just.* What! you are as a candle, the more you burn, the more you are burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

<sup>a</sup> *Hunt counter.* Falstaff either tells the attendant "counter"—you hunt the wrong way; or calls his counter,—which also might imply that the attendant is a fool.

<sup>a</sup> *Taking up*—buying upon credit.

There is not a white hair on your face but his effect of gravity.

effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

You follow the young prince up and down, angel.

Yes, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, that looks upon me will take me without need yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these times, that true valour is turned bear-ance is made a tapster, and hath his quick a giving reckonings: all the other gifts appear, as the malice of this age shapes them, as a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider cities of us that are young: you measure or live with the bitterness of your galls: are in the vaward of our youth, I must rage too.

Do you set down your name in the scroll that are written down old with all the change? Have you not a moist eye? a dry low cheek? a white beard? a decreasing easing belly? Is not your voice broken? Is not your chin double? your wit single? Is it about you blasted with antiquity? and call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John! I was born [about three of the clock on.] with a white head, and something a

For my voice, I have lost it with holing of anthems. To approve my youth I set: the truth is, I am only old in judgment; and he that will caper with sound marks, let him lend me the money, him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave it like a rude prince, and you took the lord. I have checked him for it; and he repents: marry, not in ashes and sack-new silk and old sack.

Well, heaven send the prince a better man send the companion a better prince! I give you hands of him.

Well, the king hath severed you and I: I hear you are going with lord John of saint the archbishop and the earl of North-

I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, do join not in a hot day! for, if I take but with me, and I mean not to sweat extra-ly it be a hot day, if I brandish anything, I would I might never spit white again. A dangerous action can peep out his head, set upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: always yet the trick of our English nation, a good thing to make it too common. If he say I am an old man, you should give could to God my name were not so terrible as it is. I were better to be eaten to death than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual

Well, be honest, be honest; And Heaven petition!

Your lordship lend me a thousand pound, forth!

Not a penny, not a penny; you are too

in the coin called an angel.

It is the Chief Justice has lost something of his wit, and has become infected by him who was simple, but the cause of wit in others; and he is a single wit to the double chin; and also sug- character of sea. All wit is to a certain extent

impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exit* CHIEF JUSTICE and Attendants.]

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

*Page.* Sir?

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

*Page.* Seven groats and two-pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit* Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

*Enter* the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, the LORD HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and LORD BARDOLPH.

*Arch.* Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

*Mowb.* I well allow the occasion of our arms;

But gladly would be better satisfied

How, in our means, we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the king.

*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file

To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;

And our supplies live largely in the hope

Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns

With an incensed fire of injuries.

*L. Bard.* The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth

thus;

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand

May hold up head without Northumberland.

*Hast.* With him, we may.

*L. Bard.* Ay, marry, there 's the point;

But if without him we be thought too feeble,

My judgment is, we should not step too far

Till we had his assistance by the hand:

For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,

Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

*Arch.* 'T is very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

*L. Bard.* It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with

hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply,

Flattering himself with project of a power

Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:

And so, with great imagination,

Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,

And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

*Hast.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,

To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

*L. Bard.* Yes;—if this present quality of war

(Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot)

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring

We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair

That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then, but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist  
To build at all? Much more in this great work,  
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,  
And set another up) should we survey  
The plot of situation, and the model;  
Consent upon a sure foundation;  
Question surveyors; know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,  
To weigh against his opposite; or else,  
We fortify in paper, and in figures,  
Using the names of men instead of men:  
Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,  
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)  
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd  
The utmost man of expectation;  
I think we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

*L. Bard.* What! is the king but five-and-twenty  
thousand?

*Hast.* To us no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.  
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads; one power against the French,  
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third  
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king  
In three divided; and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*Arch.* That he should draw his several strengths to-  
gether,

And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and  
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

*L. Bard.* Who, is it like, should lead  
hither?

*Hast.* The duke of Lancaster, and Westm  
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mon  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

*Arch.* Let us on;  
And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice  
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many! with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingb  
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be  
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,  
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;  
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up  
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these  
They that when Richard liv'd would have him  
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:

Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head  
When through proud London he came sighing  
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
Cries now, "O earth, yield us that king again  
And take thou this!" O thoughts of men so  
Past, and to come, seem best; things present

*Mouv.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and  
*Hast.* We are time's subjects, and time bit

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and  
SNARE following.*

*Host.* Master Fang, have you entered the action?  
*Fang.* It is entered.

*Host.* Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeo-  
man? will he stand to't?

*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare?

*Host.* Ay, ay; good! Master Snare!

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

*Host.* Ay, good master Snare; I have entered him  
and all.

*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives; he  
will stab.

*Host.* Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed  
me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good  
faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon  
be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare  
neither man, woman, nor child.

*Fang.* If I can close with him I care not for his  
thrust.

*Host.* No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

*Fang.* If I but fist him once; if he come but within  
my vice;—

*Host.* I am undone with his going; I warrant he is  
an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang,  
hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape.

*man.* The bailiff's follower was called a sergeant's

He comes continually to Piecorner, (saving  
hoods,) to buy a saddle; and he is indited to  
the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to maste  
the silkman; I pray ye, since my exion is et  
my case so openly known to the world, I  
brought in to his answer. A hundred mark  
one<sup>a</sup> for a poor lone woman to bear: and I  
and borne, and borne; and have been fubbe  
fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it  
to be thought on. There is no honesty in suc  
unless a woman should be made an ass, and  
bear every knave's wrong.

*Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and Ba*  
Yonder he comes; and that artant malmsey  
dolph with him. Do your offices, do ye  
master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do  
your offices.

*Fal.* How now? whose mare's dead?  
matter?

*Fang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit  
Quickly.

*Fal.* Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph;  
the villain's head; throw the quean in the ch

*Host.* Throw me in the channel? I'll  
there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly  
Murder, murder! O thou honeysuckle<sup>b</sup> v

<sup>a</sup> *Long one.* The Hostess says that a hundred ma  
one—a long mark—a long reckoning or score.

<sup>b</sup> *Honeysuckle.* Supposed to be Mistress Quickly's  
of homicidal. In the same way *honey-seed* for home

God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-  
 thief! thou art a honey-seed; a man queller, and  
 a queller.

Keep them off, Bardolph.

A rescue! a rescue!

Good people, bring a rescue. Thou wilt not?  
 Not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!  
 Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you  
 rascal! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, attended.

Justice. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!  
 Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you,  
 be!

Justice. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling  
 here?

Justice. Remove your place, your time, and business?  
 I have been well on your way to York.—  
 I'll kiss him, fellow. Wherefore hang'st upon him?  
 He is my most worshipful lord, an't please your  
 grace, a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is ar-  
 rayed in suit.

Justice. For what sum?  
 Justice. Is more than for some, my lord; it is for all,  
 he hath eaten me out of house and home;  
 I'll sell my substance into that fat belly of his:—  
 I'll have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee  
 like the mare.

Justice. Think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have  
 no ground to get up.

Justice. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what  
 a temper would endure this tempest of ex-  
 ception!

Justice. Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor  
 wench a course to come by her own?  
 Justice. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Justice. Thirty, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and  
 too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-  
 of silk, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the  
 table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whit-  
 son, when the prince broke thy head for liking his  
 singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear  
 to me I was washing thy wound, to marry me,  
 or my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it?

Justice. How? my wife? Canst thou deny it?  
 Justice. My wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in  
 all me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow  
 vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of  
 venison; where thou didst desire to eat some; whereby  
 they were ill for a green wound? And didst  
 then she was gone down stairs, desire me to  
 be so familiarly with such poor people; say-  
 ing long they should call me madam? And  
 bid me kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty  
 shillings. I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it,  
 if thou canst.

Justice. My lord, this is a poor mad soul: and she  
 hath done down the town, that her eldest son is like  
 to be hanged; and she hath been in good case, and, the truth is,  
 she is distracted. But for these foolish  
 words, I may have redress against them.

Justice. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted  
 with the manner of wrenching the true cause the false  
 cause; but a confident brow, nor the throng of  
 people with such more than impudent sauciness,  
 can thrust me from a level consideration.

Justice. I have practised upon the easy yielding spirit  
 of many, in truth, my lord.

Justice. Prithce, peace:—Pay her the debt you  
 owe; and unpay the villainy you have done her;  
 and may do with sterling money, and the other  
 with your repentance.

Justice. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without  
 satisfaction;—partially gild, or what is now technically called

reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness; if a man will court'sy and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Justice. You speak as having power to do wrong, but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [Taking her aside

Enter GOWER.

Justice. Now, master Gower: What news?

Gower. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Prithce, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles. I loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [to BARDOLPH] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words, let's have her.

[Exit Hostess, BARD., Officers, and Page.

Justice. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Justice. Where lay the king last night?

Gower. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What is the news, my lord?

Justice. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Justice. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Justice. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good sir John.

Justice. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Justice. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Justice. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [Exit



SCENE II.—*Th' aune. Another Street.**Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.**P. Hen.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.*Poins.* Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.*P. Hen.* Faith, it doth me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?*Poins.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.*P. Hen.* Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keep'st not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland.*Poins.* How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is?*P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?*Poins.* Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.*P. Hen.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.*Poins.* Go to; I stand the puz of your one thing that you'll tell.*P. Hen.* Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.*Poins.* Very hardly upon such a subject.*P. Hen.* By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.*Poins.* The reason?*P. Hen.* What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?*Poins.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.*P. Hen.* It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?*Poins.* Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.*P. Hen.* And to thee.*Poins.* Nay, I am well spoken of; I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.*P. Hen.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had nim from me christian; and see, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.*Enter BARDOLPH and Page.**Bard.* Save your grace!*P. Hen.* And yours, most noble Bardolph!*Bard.* Come, you pernicious ass, [to the Page] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you

become! Is it such a matter to get a maidenhead?

*Page.* He called me even now, my lord, red lattice, and I could discern no part from the window: at last, I spied his eyes thought, he had made two holes in the ale petticoat, and peeped through.*P. Hen.* Hath not the boy profited?*Bard.* Away, you whoreson, upright rabb!*Page.* Away, you rascally Althea's dream!*P. Hen.* Instruct us, boy: What dream,*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed I livered of a firebrand; and therefore I call dream.*P. Hen.* A crown's worth of good interest There it is, boy. [Gives]*Poins.* O, that this good blossom could be cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve *Bard.* If you do not make him be ban you, the gallows shall be wronged.*P. Hen.* And how doth thy master, Bard?*Bard.* Well, my good lord. He heard of coming to town; there's a letter for you.*Poins.* Delivered with good respect. An the martlemas,<sup>a</sup> your master?*Bard.* In bodily health, sir?*Poins.* Marry, the immortal part needs a but that moves not him: though that be sick*P. Hen.* I do allow this wen to be as fat me as my dog: and he holds his place; for how he writes.*Poins.* [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight, man must know that, as oft as he has occas himself. Even like those that are kin to th they never prick their finger, but they say some of the king's blood spilt: "How co says he, that takes upon him not to concei swer is as ready as a borrower's cap; "I am poor cousin, sir."*P. Hen.* Nay, they will be kin to us, I fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—*Poins.* "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to th king, nearest his father, Harry prince of W ing."—Why, this is a certificate.*P. Hen.* Peace!*Poins.* "I will imitate the honourable brevity:"—sure he means brevity in be winded.—"I commend me to thee, I cu and I leave thee. Be not too familiar wit he misuses thy favours so much, that he sw to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle t mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which as to say, as thou useth him staff, with my familiars; J brothers and sisters; and s all Europe."

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, an eat it.

*P. Hen.* That's to make him eat th words. But do you use me thus, Ned? n your sister?*Poins.* May the wench have no worse fa never said so.*P. Hen.* Well, thus we play the fools w and the spirits of the wise sit in the clow us. Is your master here in London?*Bard.* Yes, my lord.*P. Hen.* Where sups he? doth the old the old frank?<sup>b</sup><sup>a</sup> Martlemas—the feast of St. Martin, the 11th *Poins* calls Falstaff the martlemas, because his running out.<sup>b</sup> Frank. To frank is to cracc, to fatten; and a sty.

the old place, my lord ; in Eastcheap.  
 That company ?  
 Esians, my lord ; of the old church  
 up any women with him ?  
 e, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and  
 Tear-sheet.  
 That pagan may that be ?  
 oper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman  
 ven such kin as the parish-heifers are to  
 Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at

a your shadow, my lord ; I 'll follow you.  
 rrah, you boy,—and Bardolph ;—no word  
 that I am yet in town : There 's for your

ve no tongue, sir.  
 for mine, sir,—I will govern it.  
 re ye well ; go. [Ex. BARD. and Page.]  
 Tear-sheet should be some road.  
 urrant you, as common as the way between  
 and London.

ow might we see Falstaff bestow himself  
 true colours, and not ourselves be seen ?  
 on two leather jerkins and aprons, and  
 at his table like drawers.  
 om a god to a bull ? a heavy declension !  
 ase. From a prince to a prentice ? a low  
 ! that shall be mine : for, in everything,  
 ust weigh with the folly. Follow me,  
 [Exeunt.]

II.—Warkworth. Before the Castle.

UMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND,  
 and LADY PERCY.

ithee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,  
 r unto my rough affairs :  
 a the visage of the times,  
 hem, to Percy troublesome.  
 have given over, I will speak no more :  
 fill ; your wisdom be your guide.  
 s, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;  
 going, nothing can redeem it.  
 yet, for Heaven's sake, go not to these

father, that you broke your word,  
 e more endear'd to it than now ;  
 n Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
 northward look, to see his father  
 owers ; but he did long in vain.  
 aded you to stay at home ?  
 honours lost ; yours, and your son's.  
 heavenly glory brighten it !  
 k upon him, as the sun  
 ult of heaven : and, by his light,  
 ivalry of England move  
 ts ; he was, indeed, the glass  
 ble youth did dress themselves.  
 s that practis'd not his gait :  
 thick, which Nature made his blemish,  
 cents of the valiant ;  
 could speak low, and tardily,  
 eir own perfection to abuse,  
 im : So that, in speech, in gait,  
 ctions of delight,  
 les, humours of blood,  
 rnk and glass, copy and book,  
 others. And him,—O wondrous him !  
 en !—him did you leave,  
 e, unseconded by you,  
 be hideous god of war  
 re ; to abide a field,  
 ; but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible :—so you left him :  
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,  
 To hold your honour more precise and nice  
 With others, than with him ; let them alone ;  
 The marshal and the archbishop are strong :  
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,  
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,  
 Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,  
 With new lamenting ancient oversights.  
 But I must go, and meet with danger there ;  
 Or it will seek me in another place,  
 And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,  
 Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,  
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the  
 king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
 To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,  
 First let them try themselves : So did your son ;  
 He was so suffer'd : so came I a widow ;  
 And never shall have length of life enough,  
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
 For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me : 't is with my  
 mind,

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,  
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.  
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
 But many thousand reasons hold me back :  
 I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,  
 Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Boar's Head  
 Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. What hast thou brought there ? apple-  
 Johns ? thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-  
 John.

2 Draw. Thou sayest true : The prince once set a  
 dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were  
 five more sir Johns : and, putting off his hat, said, " I  
 will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old,  
 withered knights." It angered him to the heart : but he  
 hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down : And  
 see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise ;<sup>a</sup> mistress Tear-  
 sheet would fain have some music. [Despatch :—The  
 room where they supped is too hot ; they 'll come in  
 straight.]

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and master  
 Poins anon : and they will put on two of our jerkins  
 and aprons ; and sir John must not know of it : Bar-  
 dolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis ;<sup>b</sup> It will  
 be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I 'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an  
 excellent good temperality : your pulsidge beats as ex-  
 traordinarily as heart would desire ; and your colour, I  
 warrant you, is as red as any rose : But you have drunk  
 too much canaries ; and that 's a marvellous searching  
 wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say,—  
 What 's this ? How do you now ?

<sup>a</sup> Sneak's noise. A noise of musicians is a band.

<sup>b</sup> Old utis. Utis is the octave of a festival ; and so the word  
 passed into the meaning of merriment generally. Old does not  
 here mean ancient, but extreme, very good.

*Doll.* Better than I was. *Hem.*

*Host.* Why, that was well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF, singing.*

*Fal.*

When Arthur first in court—

Empty the jordan.—

And was a worthy king:

[*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll?

*Host.* Sick of a calm;<sup>a</sup> yea, good sooth.

*Fal.* So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

*Doll.* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Fal.* You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

*Doll.* I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

*Fal.* If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

*Doll.* Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

*Fal.*

Your brooches, pearls, and owches:

—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

[*Doll.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!]

*Host.* By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: [*to DOLL.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

*Doll.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack—thou art going to the wars: and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Sir, ancient <sup>b</sup> Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

*Doll.* Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best.—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here; I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, hostess?

*Host.* Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; here comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-fally,<sup>c</sup> sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he aid to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he, “receive those that are civil; for,” saith he, “you are in an ill name;”—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; “for,” says he, “you are an honest woman, and well

<sup>a</sup> *Calm.* The Hostess means *quail*.

<sup>b</sup> *Ancient.* The ancient is the standard, the ensign; and so the bearer of the ensign is also the ancient.

<sup>c</sup> *Tilly-fally*—supposed to have been an old French hunting cry.

thought on; therefore take heed what guests receive: Receive,” says he, “no swaggering company.—There comes none here;—you would bless me to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame one he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy-hound: he will not swagger with a Barbary he; his feathers turn back in any show of resistance against him up, drawer.

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar you out of my house, nor no cheater: But I do not allow you to swagger; by my troth, I am the worse when a man swaggers: feel, masters, how I shake; look you at me, rant you.

*Doll.* So you do, hostess.

*Host.* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an aspen-leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

*Pist.* Save you, sir John!

*Fal.* Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, you with a cup of sack: do you discharge us, hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, sir John, bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hurt her.

*Host.* Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor will I'll drink no more than will do me good, for pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will drink to you.

*Doll.* Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy crew! What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, villainous mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am your master.

*Pist.* I know you, mistress Dorothy.

*Doll.* Away, you cutpurse rascal! you fill me away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife into the backs of any of your mouldy chaps, if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir, have you been with two points on your shoulder? much!

*Pist.* I will murder your ruff for this.

[*Fal.* No more, Pistol; I would not have you hurt here: discharge yourself of our company.

*Host.* No, good captain Pistol: not by your sword, captain.

*Doll.* Captain! thou abominable damnable fellow, are thou not ashamed to be called captain? captains were of my mind, they would trounce thee for taking their names upon you before you had earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for taking a poor whore's ruff in a bawdyhouse?—No, tain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain's name will make the word as odious as an occupier; which was an excellent good word when it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need be careful.

*Bard.* Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

*Pist.* Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph, I will tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

*Page.* Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and his dogs, also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, fairs! Have we not Hiren here?

<sup>a</sup> *Chester.* The officers that manage the *eschets* were *escheters*; and from the oppression and extortion they too commonly exercised in the discharge of their office, came the word to *cheat*.

<sup>b</sup> *Much*—an expression of contempt.

the captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late.  
now, aggravate your choler.  
be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-

er's,  
sampler'd jades of Asia,  
it go but thirty miles a day,  
Cassars and with Cannibals,<sup>a</sup>  
Greeks?  
lamin them with king Cerberus;  
belkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?  
my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.  
gone, good ancient; this will grow to a

men, like dogs; give crowns like pins;  
Hiren here?  
my word, captain, there 's none such here.  
el-year! do you think I would deny her.  
et.  
s, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis;  
se some sack.

ma me tormenta, sperato me contenta."—  
sides? no, let the fiend give fire:  
e sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.  
[Laying down his sword.  
full points here; and are *et cetera's* no-

, I would be quiet.  
t knight, I kiss thy nief:<sup>b</sup> What! we have  
stars.  
set him down stairs; I cannot endure such  
al.

set him down stairs! know we not Galloway  
him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat  
, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he  
ng here.

oe, get you down stairs.  
t! shall we have incision? shall we im-  
e?  
[Snatching up his sword.  
ack me asleep, abridge my doleful days!  
t grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds  
isters three! Come, Atropos, I say!  
s 's goodly stuff toward!

me my rapier, boy.  
thee, Jack, I prithee, do not draw.  
ou down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.  
s 's a goodly tumult! I 'll forswear keep-  
re I 'll be in these terrors and frights. So;  
arrant now. Alas, alas! put up your  
s, put up your naked weapons.

[Exit PIST. and BARD.  
thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone.  
esson little valiant villain, you.  
you not hurt i' the groin? methought, he  
d thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

you turned him out of doors?  
, sir. The rascal 's drunk: you have hurt  
e shoulder.  
call! to brave me!  
you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor  
s sweat! Come, let me wipe thy face:  
whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! I love thee.  
alorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of  
and ten times better than the nine worthies.

cally slave! I will toss the rogue in a

Pistol, whose learning is upon a par with Dame  
as Hannibal's

Doll. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost,  
I 'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee,  
Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me  
like quicksilver.

Doll. And thou followedst him like a church. Thou  
whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt  
thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and  
begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised  
like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's  
head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have  
made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread  
well.

Doll. They say Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is  
as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more con-  
ceit in him than is in a mallet.<sup>a</sup>

Doll. Why doth the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and  
he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and  
drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the  
wild mare<sup>b</sup> with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools;  
and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very  
smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no  
bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other  
gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and  
an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for  
the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair  
will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his  
ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll  
clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many  
years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction;  
what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man,  
be not lipping to his master's old tables; his note-book,  
his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant  
heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy  
young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall  
receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-  
morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will  
to bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth thou 'lt set me a weeping, if thou  
sayest so: prove that I ever dress myself handsome till  
thy return. Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen., Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [Advancing.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not  
thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what  
a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou  
art a drawer.

<sup>a</sup> Mallet—mallard.

<sup>b</sup> Rides the wild mare—plays at see-saw.

*P. Hen.* Very true, sir : and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.* O, the Lord preserve thy good grace ! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now Heaven bless that sweet face of thine ! What, are you come from Wales ?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*]

*Doll.* How ! you fat fool, I scorn you.

*Poins.* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*P. Hen.* You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman !

*Host.* Blessing on your good heart ! and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me ?

*P. Hen.* Yes ; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill : you knew I was at your back ; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no, not so ; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

*P. Hen.* I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse ; and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal, on mine honour ; no abuse.

*P. Hen.* Not to dispraise me ; and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what ?

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal.

*Poins.* No abuse !

*Fal.* No abuse, Ned, in the world ; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him :—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal ;—none, Ned, none ;—no, boys, none.

*P. Hen.* See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us ? Is she of the wicked ? Is thine hostess here of the wicked ? or is the boy of the wicked ? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked ?

*Poins.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph, irrecoverable ; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him ; but the devil outbids him too.

*P. Hen.* For the women,—

*Fal.* For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul ! For the other,—I owe her money ; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

*Host.* No, I warrant you.

*Fal.* No, I think thou art not ; I think thou art quit

for that : Marry, there is another indictment upon thee for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law ; for the which, I think, thou wilt bow.

*Host.* All victuallers do so : what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent ?

*P. Hen.* You, gentlewoman,—

*Doll.* What says your grace ?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh says against.

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at door ? look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter Peto.*

*P. Hen.* Peto, how now ? what news ?

*Peto.* The king your father is at Westminster ; and there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north : and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

*P. Hen.* By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time ;  
When tempest of commotion, like the south,  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword and cloak :—Falstaff, good night !

[*Exeunt PRINCE HENRY, POINS, Peto,*

*BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of flesh and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Exit heard.*] More knocking at the door !

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

How now ? what 's the matter ?

*Bard.* You must away to court, sir, presently ; A dozen captains stay at door for you.

*Fal.* Pay the musicians, sirrah [*to the Page*].—well, hostess ;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my wenches, how men of merit are sought after ; the deserver may sleep, when the man of action is on. Farewell, good wenches : If I be not sent post I will see you again ere I go.

*Doll.* I cannot speak ;—If my heart be not my burst :—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt FAL.* and *BARDOLPH.*]

*Host.* Well, fare thee well : I have known thee twenty-nine years, come peascod time ; but an honest and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

*Bard.* [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet.

*Host.* What 's the matter ?

*Bard.* [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come master.

*Host.* O run, Doll, run ; run, good Doll. [*Exit*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace

*Enter KING HENRY, with a Page.*

*K. Hen.* Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick ; But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters, And well consider of them : Make good speed.

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And bush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber.

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell ?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,  
That, with the hurly,\* death itself awakes ?

\* Hurly—loud noise.

partial sleep! give thy repose  
 Boy in an hour so rude;  
 Dimest and most stillest night,  
 Slumbers and means to boot,  
 Sing! Then, happy low-lie-down!<sup>a</sup>  
 The head that wears a crown.

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY.*

My good-morrrows to your majesty!  
 It good morrow, lords?  
 One o'clock, and past.  
 Why, then, good morrow to you all, my  
 lords?  
 I o'er the letters that I sent you?  
 Have, my liege.  
 When you perceive, the body of our kingdom  
 ; what rank diseases grow,  
 In danger, near the heart of it.  
 But as a body yet distemper'd,<sup>b</sup>  
 Former strength may be restor'd,  
 Rice and little medicine:  
 Northumberland will soon be cool'd.  
 Heaven! that one might read the book  
 Of the  
 Revolution of the times  
 In level, and the continent  
 (And firmness) melt itself  
 And, other times, to see  
 The rille of the ocean  
 Neptune's hips; how chances mock,  
 Fill the cup of alteration  
 Quors! [O, if this were seen,  
 South, viewing his progress through,  
 East, what crosses to ensue,  
 He book, and sit him down and die.]  
 Years gone  
 And Northumberland, great friends,  
 Diar, and, in two years after,  
 Wars: It is but eight years since  
 As the man nearest my soul;  
 Other toil'd in my affairs,  
 Ove and life under my foot;  
 Like, even to the eyes of Richard,  
 Since. But which of you was by,  
 Nevil, as I may remember, [To WAR-  
 WICK,—with his eye brimfull of tears,  
 And rated by Northumberland,—  
 These words, now prov'd a prophecy?  
 Land, thou ladder, by the which  
 Lingbroke ascends my throne;—  
 Heaven knows, I had no such intent,  
 Sity so bow'd the state,  
 Outness were compell'd to kiss:—  
 All come," thus did he follow it,  
 Ill come, that foul sin, gathering head,  
 To corruption:—so went on,  
 A same time's condition,  
 Out of our amity.  
 As is a history in all men's lives,  
 Nature of the times deceas'd:  
 Werr'd, a man may prophesy,  
 Him, of the main chance of things  
 Me to life; which in their seeds,  
 Timings, lie intreasur'd.  
 Become the hatch and brood of time;  
 Necessary form of this,  
 Might create a perfect guess,  
 Northumberland, then false to him,  
 It seed, grow to a greater falseness;  
 As eye: "Happy low-lie-down" is either a pro-  
 verb, or the burthen of some old song, and means,  
 A man who lays himself down on his straw bed or  
 on the ground or floor!<sup>c</sup>  
 It is used as indicating a state of ill-health, some-  
 times the rank diseases of which the king speaks.

Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
 Unless on you.

*K. Hen.* Are these things then necessities  
 Then let us meet them like necessities:  
 And that same word even now cries out on us;  
 They say, the bishop and Northumberland  
 Are fifty thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be, my lord;  
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
 The numbers of the feared; Please it your grace  
 To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,  
 The powers that you already have sent forth  
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd  
 A certain instance that Glendower is dead.  
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;  
 And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add  
 Unto your sickness.

*K. Hen.* I will take your counsel:  
 And, were these inward wars once out of hand,  
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and SERVANTS behind.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on; give me your  
 hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by  
 the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow;  
 and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter  
 Ellen?

*Sil.* Alas! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin  
 William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford,  
 still, is he not?

*Sil.* Indeed, sir; to my cost.

*Shal.* He must then to the inns of court shortly: I  
 was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will  
 talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were called lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

*Shal.* By the mass, I was called anything; and I  
 would have done anything, indeed, and roundly too.  
 There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and  
 black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will  
 Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-  
 bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say  
 to you, we knew where the bona-robas were; and had  
 the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack  
 Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas  
 Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

*Sil.* This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon  
 about soldiers?

*Shal.* The same sir John, the very same. I saw him  
 break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a  
 crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I  
 fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind  
 Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and  
 to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

*Shal.* Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure:  
 death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall  
 die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Sil.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town  
 living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow: And  
 dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him  
 well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he

would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score;\* and carried you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old Double dead?

*Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.*

*Sil.* Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*Bard.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

*Shal.* I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My captain, sir, commends him to you: my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, and a most gallant leader.

*Shal.* He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

*Bard.* Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

*Bard.* Pardon, sir: I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word, with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Shal.* It is very just:—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: Trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

*Shal.* No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*Fal.* Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

*Shal.* Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where 's the roll? where 's the roll? where 's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

*Moul.* Here, if it please you.

*Shal.* What think you, sir John? a good-limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy?

*Moul.* Yea, if it please you.

*Fal.* 'T is the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: Very singular good!—Well said, sir John; very well said.

*Fal.* Prick him.

[*To SHALLOW.*]

*Moul.* I was pricked well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you

\* Twelve score. Yards is here understood, and subsequently a fourteen means a fourteen score yards.

need not to have pricked me; there are other to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent!

*Shal.* Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; where you are?—For the other, sir John:—Simon Shadow!

*Fal.* Ay, marry, let me have him to sit up like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where 's Shadow?

*Shad.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou?

*Shad.* My mother's son, sir.

*Fal.* Thy mother's son! like enough; and shadow: so the son of the female is the male: It is often so, indeed; but not of the stance.

*Shal.* Do you like him, sir John?

*Fal.* Shadow will serve for summer,—pr for we have a number of shadows to fill up book.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart!

*Fal.* Where 's he?

*Wart.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart.* Yea, sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him down, sir John?

*Fal.* It were superfluous; for his appa upon his back, and the whole frame stands prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

*Fee.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* What trade art thou, Feeble?

*Fee.* A woman's tailor, sir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir?

*Fal.* You may: but if he had been a he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done man's petticoat?

*Fee.* I will do my good will, sir; you more.

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's tailor! we rageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as a ful dove, or most magnanimous mouse: woman's tailor well, master Shallow; and Shallow.

*Fee.* I would Wart might have gone, sir.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a man's tailor mightst mend him, and make him fit to go put him to a private soldier, that is the many thousands: Let that suffice, most fit

*Fee.* It shall suffice, sir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble the next?

*Shal.* Peter Bull-calf of the green!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

*Bull.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come Bull-calf till he roar again.

*Bull.* O, good my lord captain,—

*Fal.* What, dost thou roar before thou art

*Bull.* O, sir! I am a diseased man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

*Bull.* A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon nation day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars, we will have away thy cold; and I will order, that thy friends shall ring for thee all!

*Shal.* There is two more called than you

but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you  
to dinner.

I will go drink with you, but I cannot  
I am glad to see you, in good troth,

sw.  
sir John, do you remember since we lay all  
windmill in St. George's field?  
sore of that, good master Shallow, no more

it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-

ives, master Shallow.  
never could away with me.

er, never: she would always say she could  
ster Shallow.

the mass, I could anger her to the heart.  
a bona-rob. Doth she hold her own well?  
old, master Shallow.

y, she must be old; she cannot choose but  
sin, she's old; and had Robin Nightwork  
work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

s fifty-five years ago.  
cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that  
bit and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I

have heard the chimes at midnight, master

t we have, that we have, that we have; in  
a, we have; our watch-word was "Hem,  
me, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:

s that we have seen!—Come, come.

servant FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.  
d master corporate Bardolph, stand my  
here is four Harry ten shillings in French

sl. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be  
as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I  
but, rather, because I am unwilling, and

in part, have a desire to stay with my  
sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so

to; stand aside.  
I good master corporal captain, for my old  
stand my friend: she has nobody to do  
ut her, when I am gone; and she is old,

elp herself: you shall have forty, sir.  
to; stand aside.

not;—a man can die but once:—We owe  
will never bear a base mind:—if it be my  
if it be not, so: No man's too good to  
see; and, let it go which way it will, he

year is quit for the next.  
ll said; thou art a good fellow.  
I'll bear no base mind.

—enter FALSTAFF and Justices.  
e, sir, which men shall I have?  
r of which you please.

a word with you:—I have three pound to  
and Bull-calf.

); well.  
e, sir John, which four will you have?  
to choose for me.

ry, then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and

lly, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy,  
e till you are past service; and, for your  
f, grow till you come unto it; I will none

John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they  
driest men, and I would have you served

you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose  
re I for the limb, the thewes, the stature,  
y resemblance of a man! Give me the

spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what  
a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and dis-  
charge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer;  
come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the  
brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow,  
Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to  
the enemy, the foeman may with as great aim level at  
the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly  
will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give  
me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put  
me a caliver<sup>a</sup> into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.  
Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very  
well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give  
me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well  
said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester  
for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it  
right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at  
Clement's-inn.)—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's  
show, there was a little quiver<sup>b</sup> fellow, and he would  
manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and  
about, and come you in, and come you in: "rah, tab,  
tab," would he say; "bounce," would he say; and away  
again would he go, and again would he come:—I shall  
never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—  
Farewell, master Silence; I will not use many words  
with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank  
you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give  
the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, Heaven bless you, and prosper your  
affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my  
house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure,  
I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.  
Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.  
Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bar-  
dolph; lead the men away. [Exeunt BARDOLPH, RE-  
cruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices:

I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. How subject  
we old men are to this vice of lying! This same  
starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the  
wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about  
Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid  
to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember  
him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of  
a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the  
world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically  
carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his  
dimensions to any thick sight were invincible:<sup>c</sup> he was  
the very genius of famine; he came ever in the rear-  
ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-  
scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and  
sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights.—And now  
is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as fami-  
liarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother  
to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once  
in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crowd-  
ing among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told  
John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might  
have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin;  
the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a  
court: and now bath he land and beeves. Well; I  
will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall  
go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones  
to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I  
see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at  
him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit.

<sup>a</sup> Caliver. The caliver was smaller than the musket, and was  
fired without a rest.

<sup>b</sup> Quiver, nimble.  
<sup>c</sup> Invincible. The meaning is—his dimensions were such that  
a thick sight could not master them.



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest in Yorkshire.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.*

*Arch.* What is this forest call'd?

*Hast.* 'T is Gualtree forest, an' t shall please your grace.

*Arch.* Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

*Hast.* We have sent forth already.

*Arch.* 'T is well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd  
New-dated letters from Northumberland;  
Their cold intent, tenor, and substance, thus:—  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold sortance with his quality;  
The which he could not levy: whereupon  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now, what news?

*Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy:  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mowb.* The just proportion that we gave them out.  
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*Arch.* What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

*Mowb.* I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our general,  
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

*Arch.* Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;  
What doth concern your coming?

*West.* Then, my lord,  
Unto your grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody youth, guarded<sup>a</sup> with rage,  
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection  
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;  
Whose white investments figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,  
O it of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?  
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

*Arch.* Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.  
Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd;

<sup>a</sup> Guarded—faced—bordered.

And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it: of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician;  
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
Troop in the throngs of military men:  
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,  
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;  
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we  
And find our griefs<sup>a</sup> heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere  
By the rough torrent of occasion:  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles;  
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,  
And might by no suit gain our audience:  
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our  
We are denied access unto his person  
Even by those men that most have done us wrong  
The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
(Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples  
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:  
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal denied  
Wherein have you been galled by the king?  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
[And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?]

*Arch.* My brother, general! the commonweal  
[To brother born an household cruelty,]  
I make my quarrel in particular.

*West.* There is no need of any such redress  
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

*Mowb.* Why not to him, in part; and to us  
That feel the bruises of the days before;  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours?

*West.* O my good lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
Either from the king, or in the present time,  
That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd  
To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,  
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's

*Mowb.* What thing, in honour, had my father  
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?  
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then  
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:  
And then, that Henry Bolingbroke, and he,  
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down  
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of

<sup>a</sup> Griefs—grievances.

trumpet blowing them together ;  
 when there was nothing could have stay'd  
 on the breast of Bolingbroke,  
 King did throw his warder down,  
 hang upon the staff he threw :  
 he down himself ; and all their lives,  
 cement, and by dint of sword,  
 miscarried under Bolingbroke.  
 I speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not  
 it :

Hereford was reputed then  
 the most valiant gentleman ;  
 in whom fortune would then have smil'd ?  
 father had been victor there,  
 borne it out of Coventry :  
 country, in a general voice,  
 son him ; and all their prayers, and love,  
 Hereford, whom they doted on,  
 and grac'd indeed, more than the king.  
 ere digression from my purpose.—  
 from our princely general,  
 r griefs ; to tell you from his grace,  
 give you audience : and wherein  
 r that your demands are just,  
 oy them ; everything set off,  
 s much as think you enemies.  
 t he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;  
 ds from policy, not love.  
 Mowbray, you overween, to take it so ;  
 see from mercy, not from fear :  
 in a ken, our army lies :  
 honour, all too confident  
 stance to a thought of fear.  
 more full of names than yours,  
 e perfect in the use of arms,  
 all as strong, our cause the best ;  
 kills our hearts should be as good :—  
 then, our offer is compell'd.

All, by my will, we shall admit no parley.  
 t argues but the shame of your offence :  
 abides no handling.  
 n the prince John a full commission,  
 e virtue of his father,  
 absolutely to determine  
 itions we shall stand upon ?  
 t is intended in the general's name :  
 make so slight a question.  
 s take, my lord of Westmoreland, this  
 shile ;  
 ins our general grievances :  
 article herein redress'd ;  
 of our cause, both here and hence,  
 sew'd to this action,  
 a true substantial form ;  
 xecution of our wills  
 our purposes, consign'd :  
 ain our awful banks again,  
 powers to the arm of peace.  
 will I show the general. Please you, lords,  
 th our battles we may meet :  
 if in peace, which Heaven so frame.  
 e of difference call the swords  
 decide it.

My lord, we will do so. [*Exit WEST.*  
 re is a thing within my bosom tells me,  
 tions of our peace can stand.  
 you not that : if we can make our peace  
 ge terms, and so absolute,  
 oms shall consist upon,  
 ll stand as firm as rocky mountains.

The word *sew'd* is here used in the sense of *re-  
 dress'd*, who are in arms against the king, having  
 redress'd, will come again within their bounds  
 size.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
 That every slight and false-derived cause,  
 Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,  
 Shall, to the king, taste of this action :  
 That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,  
 We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
 That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
 And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king is weary  
 Of dainty and such picking grievances :  
 For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,  
 Revives two greater in the heirs of life.  
 And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;  
 And keep no tell-tale to his memory,  
 That may repeat and history his loss  
 To new remembrance : For full well he knows,  
 He cannot so precisely weed this land  
 As his misdoubts present occasion :  
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
 That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
 He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.  
 So that this land, like an offensive wife,  
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,  
 As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
 That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides the king hath wasted all his rods  
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
 The very instruments of chastisement :  
 So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
 May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true :—  
 And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
 If we do now make our atonement well,  
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.  
 Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

West. The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth your  
 lordship

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in Heaven's name then  
 forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace :—my lord, we  
 come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the ARCHBISHOP,  
 HASTINGS, and others : from the other side, PRINCE  
 JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and  
 Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin  
 Mowbray :

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop :  
 And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.  
 My lord of York, it better show'd with you,  
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence  
 Your exposition on the holy text,  
 Than now to see you here an iron man,  
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.  
 That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,  
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,  
 In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,  
 It is even so :—Who hath not heard it spoken,  
 How deep you were within the books of Heaven ?  
 To us, the speaker in his parliament ;  
 To us the imagin'd voice of Heaven itself :

The very opener and intelligencer,  
Between the grace, the sanctities of Heaven,  
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,  
But you misuse the reverence of your place;  
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven  
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,  
Under the counterfeited zeal of Heaven,  
The subjects of Heaven's substitute, my father;  
And, both against the peace of Heaven and him,  
Have here up-swarmed them.

*Arch.* Good my lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your father's peace:  
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,  
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,  
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,  
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief,  
(The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,)  
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep.  
With grant of our most just and right desires;  
And true obedience of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt;  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:  
And so, success<sup>a</sup> of mischief shall be born;  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
Whiles England shall have generation.

*P. John.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much too  
shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

*West.* Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,  
How far-forth you do like their articles?

*P. John.* I like them all, and do allow them well:  
And swear here by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook;  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning and authority.

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;  
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,  
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,  
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,  
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,  
Of our restored love and amity.

*Arch.* I take your princely word for these redresses.

*P. John.* I give it you, and will maintain my word:  
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

*Hast.* Go, captain [to an Officer], and deliver to the  
army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:  
I know it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Officer.]  
*Arch.* To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what  
pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely: but my love to ye  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

*Arch.* I do not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it:—  
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin Mowbray.

*Mowb.* You wish me health in very happy season:  
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

*Arch.* Against ill chances, men are ever merry;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow  
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

<sup>a</sup> Success—succession.

*Mowb.* So much the worse, if your own m

[Shout]  
*P. John.* The word of peace is render'd;  
they shout!

*Mowb.* This had been cheerful after victor

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

*P. John.* Go, my lord,  
And let our army be discharged too.— [Exit]  
And, good my lord, so please you, let our  
March by us, that we may peruse the men  
We should have cop'd withal.

*Arch.* Go, good lord  
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march

*P. John.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still

*West.* The leaders, having charge from you  
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

*P. John.* They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispers'd all  
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they took their  
East, west, north, south; or, like a school of boys,  
Each hurries towards his home and sporting.

*West.* Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for  
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:  
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord  
Of capital treason I attach you both.

*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honourable?  
*West.* Is your assembly so?

*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith?  
*P. John.* I pawn'd

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances  
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine  
I will perform with a most Christian care.

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due  
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these arms commencing  
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.  
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd  
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,  
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath

SCENE III.—Another part of the

Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF  
VILE, meeting.

*Fal.* What's your name, sir? of what  
you, and of what place, I pray?

*Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name  
of the dale.

*Fal.* Well, then, Coleville is your name;  
your degree; and your place, the dale: O  
still be your name; a traitor your degree  
dungeon your place,—a place deep enough  
you be still Coleville of the dale.

*Cole.* Are not you sir John Falstaff?

*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, who'er  
ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If  
they are the drops of thy lovers, and they  
death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling  
observance to my mercy.

*Cole.* I think you are sir John Falstaff;  
thought, yield me

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues  
of mine; and not a tongue of them all speak  
word but my name. An I had but a belly  
differency, I were simply the most active

My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—  
I am your general.

Enter JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND,  
and others.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now;—  
I am your powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[Exit WEST.]  
John. Where have you been all this while?

West. Nothing is ended then you come:  
I have done your tricks of yours will, on my life,  
or other break some gallows' back.

John. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be  
ever knew yet but rebuke and check was the  
valour. Do you think me a swallow, an  
bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion,  
been of thought? I have speeded hither with  
the utmost inch of possibility; I have foundered  
and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I  
in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir  
vile of the dale, a most furious knight, and  
a semy: But what of that? he saw me, and  
that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fel-  
low, I came, saw, and overcame.

John. It was more of his courtesy than your de-  
serving.

West. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him:  
I will sell your grace, let it be booked with the rest  
of his deeds; or, I swear, I will have it in a par-  
lour else, with mine own picture on the top of  
my kissing my foot: To the which course if I  
go, if you do not all show like gilt twopences  
to me, I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as  
the full moon doth the cinders of the element,  
and like pins' heads to her, believe not the word  
of me: Therefore let me have right, and let desert  
be served.

John. Thine 's too heavy to mount.  
West. Let it shine then.

John. Thine 's too thick to shine.  
West. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do  
me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy name Coleville?  
West. It is, my lord.

John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.  
West. I had a famous true subject took him.

John. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,  
I have hither: had they been rul'd by me,  
I should have won them dearer than you have.

West. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou,  
my fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank  
God for it.

John. Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Have you left pursuit?  
John. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

West. Send Coleville, with his confederates,  
to present execution:—  
I will bring him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[Exit some with COLVILLE.]  
West. Despatch we toward the court, my lords;  
my king my father is sore sick;

John. I shall go before us to his majesty,—  
I beseech you, you shall bear,—to comfort him;  
I will follow you with the sober speed will follow you.

West. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go  
to Glostershire: and, when you come to court,  
good lord, pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my con-  
dition,  
I will speak of you than you deserve. [Exit.]

West. My good lord, "Be my good lord" was the old court  
by a person who asked a favour of a man of high

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 't were better  
than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young  
sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot  
make him laugh;—but that 's no marvel, he drinks no  
wine. There 's never any of these demure boys come to  
any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood,  
and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind  
of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry,  
they get wenches; they are generally fools and cowards;  
—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation.

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It  
ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish,  
and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes  
it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,\* full of nimble, fiery,  
and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice,  
(the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.

The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the  
warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled,  
left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pu-  
sillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it and  
makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme.

It illuminateth the face; which, as a beacon, gives  
warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to  
arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty  
spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who,  
great, and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of  
courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill  
in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it  
a-work: and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a  
devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and  
use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for  
the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he  
hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, hus-  
banded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking  
good and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become  
very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the  
first principle I would teach them should be,—to for-  
swear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I 'll through Glostershire; and  
there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire; I  
have him already tempering between my finger and my  
thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY,  
WARWICK, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if Heaven doth give successful  
end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is address'd,<sup>b</sup> our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And everything lies level to our wish:  
Only, we want a little personal strength;  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty  
shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster, where is the  
prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think he 's gone to hunt, my lord, at  
Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with  
him?

\* Forgetive—inventive.      <sup>b</sup> Address'd—prepared.

*P. Humph.* No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

*Cla.* What would my lord and father?

*K. Hen.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;

Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;

And noble offices thou mayst effect

Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren:

Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love;

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,

By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;

As humorous<sup>a</sup> as winter, and as sudden

As flaws<sup>b</sup> congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:

But, being moody, give him line and scope;

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,

Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;

A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;

That the united vessel of their blood,

Mingled with venom of suggestion,

(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)

Shall never leak, though it do work as strong

As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

*Cla.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*K. Hen.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him,

Thomas?

*Cla.* He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied? canst thou tell

that?

*Cla.* With Poins, and other his continual followers.

*K. Hen.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth,

Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief

Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;

The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape

In forms imaginary, the unguided days,

And rotten times, that you shall look upon

When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,

When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,

When means and lavish manners meet together,

O, with what wings shall his affections fly

Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:

The prince but studies his companions,

Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,

'T is needful that the most immodest word

Be look'd upon and learn'd: which once attain'd,

Your highness knows comes to no further use,

But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,

The prince will, in the perfectness of time,

Cast off his followers: and their memory

Shall as a pattern or a measure live,

By which his grace must mete the lives of others;

Turning past evils to advantages.

*K. Hen.* 'T is seldom when the bee doth leave her

comb

In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

<sup>a</sup> Humorous, applied literally, is humid. In this passage it

has the sense of full of humours, alluding to the supposed fluids

or humours of the body, which constituted the individual tem-

perament.

<sup>b</sup>—thin crystallizations upon the ground moist with

dew.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

*West.* Health to my sovereign! and new ha

Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's h

Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all

Are brought to the correction of your law;

There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,

But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.

The manner how this action hath been borne

Here at more leisure may your highness read;

With every course, in his particular.<sup>a</sup>

*K. Hen.* O Westmoreland, thou art a summ

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings

The lifting up of day. Look! here's more ne

Enter HARCOURT.

*Har.* From enemies Heaven keep your maj

And, when they stand against you, may they!

As those that I am come to tell you of!

The earl Northumberland, and the lord Barde

With a great power of English and of Scots,

Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:

The manner and true order of the fight,

This packet, please it you, contains at large.

*K. Hen.* And wherefore should these good te

me sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full

But write her fair words still in foulest letters!

She either gives a stomach, and no food,—

Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,

And takes away the stomach,—such are the ri

That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news;

And now my sight fails, and my brain is gidd

O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

*P. Humph.* Comfort, your majesty!

*Cla.* O my roy

*West.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,

*War.* Be patient, princes; you do know, th

Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight

*Cla.* No, no; he cannot long hold out these

The incessant care and labour of his mind

Hath wrought the mure,<sup>b</sup> that should confine

So thin, that life looks through, and will break

*P. Humph.* The people fear me; <sup>c</sup> for they d

Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:

The seasons change their manners, as the year

Had found some months asleep, and leap'd the

*Cla.* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb be

And the old folk, time's dotting chronicles,

Say it did so, a little time before

That our great-grand sire, Edward, sick'd and

*War.* Speak lower, princes, for the king rec

*P. Humph.* This apoplexy will, certain, be

*K. Hen.* I pray you, take me up, and bear

Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[They convey the KING into an inn

the room, and place him on a bed

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends

Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

*War.* Call for the music in the other room.

*K. Hen.* Set me the crown upon my pillow

*Cla.* His eye is hollow, and he changes roa

*War.* Less noise, less noise.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

*P. Hen.* Who saw the duke of C

*Cla.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

<sup>a</sup> His particular—Prince John's letter of detail. A

is still a term for a detailed statement.

<sup>b</sup> Mure—wall. <sup>c</sup> Fear me—make me afraid

How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!  
The king?

*Pa.* Exceeding ill.

Heard he the good news yet?

*Pa.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it.  
If he be sick with joy, he will recover with-

out so much noise, my lords;—sweet prince,  
Speak low;

our father is dispos'd to sleep.

Let us withdraw into the other room.

Will 't please your grace to go along with us?

No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but P. HENRY.*]

The crown lie there upon his pillow,

Unobscure a bedfellow?

Unperturbation! golden care!

At the ports of slumber open wide

! watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As brow, with homely biggin bound,

The watch of night. O majesty!

Dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

in armour worn in heat of day,

And with safety. By his gates of breath

! downy feather which stirs not:

Give, that light and weightless down

! do not move. My gracious lord! my father!

! a sound indeed; this is a sleep,

! this golden rigol<sup>a</sup> hath divorc'd

! English kings. Thy due, from me,

! is heavy sorrows of the blood;

! pure, love, and filial tenderness,

! dear father, pay thee plenteously:

! turn thee, is this imperial crown;

! immediate from thy place and blood,

! self to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*]

! even shall guard: And put the world's whole

! strength

! in that arm, it shall not force

! honour from me: This from thee

! mine leave, as 't is left to me.

Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.*

Doth the king call?

What would your majesty? How fares your

! grace?

Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

! I left the prince my brother here, my liege,

! stood to sit and watch by you.

The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me

! see him.

! here.

! His door is open; he is gone this way.

*Pa.* He came not through the chamber where

! he stay'd.

Where is the crown? who took it from my

! pillow?

When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go, seek

! him out.

! I pray, that he doth suppose

! my death!

! my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit WARWICK.*]

! If his conjoins with my disease,

! to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

! My nature falls into revolt,

! This word is only found in Shakspeare. *Nash, how-*

! *usage*, which he explains to be *ringed circle*.

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with

! care,

! Their bones with industry;

! For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

! The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

! For this they have been thoughtful to invest

! Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

! When, like the bee, culling from every flower

! The virtuous sweets;

! Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

! We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

! Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

! Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

*Re-enter WARWICK.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long

Till his friend sickness hath determin'd<sup>a</sup> me?

*War.* My lord, I found the prince in the next room,

! Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;

! With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

! That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,

! Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

! With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

*K. Hen.* But wherefore did he take away the crown!

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.*

Lo, where he comes;—Come hither to me, Harry:—

! Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, LORDS, &c.*]

*P. Hen.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*K. Hen.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

! I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

! That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

! Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

! Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

! Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

! Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

! That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

! Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,

! Were thine without offence; and, at my death,

! Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

! Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

! And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

! Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;

! Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

! To stab at half an hour of my life.

! What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

! Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself;

! And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

! That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

! Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

! Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:

! Only compound me with forgotten dust;

! Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.

! Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

! For now a time is come to mock at form.

! Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!

! Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!

! And to the English court assemble now,

! From every region, apes of idleness!

! Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:

! Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,

! Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit

! The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

! Be happy, he will trouble you no more:

! England shall double gild his treble guilt:

! England shall give him office, honour, might:

! For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks

! The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

! Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

! O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!

<sup>a</sup> *Determin'd, ended.*

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

*P. Hen.* O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,  
 [Kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
 The course of it so far. There is your crown:  
 And He that wears the crown immortally,  
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,  
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,  
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,—  
 (Which my most true and inward duteous spirit  
 Teacheth,)—this prostrate and exterior bending!  
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in  
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,  
 O, let me in my present wildness die;  
 And never live to show th' incredulous world  
 The noble change that I have purposed!  
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)  
 I spake unto the crown as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it:—"The care on thee depending  
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.  
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
 Preserving life in medicine potable;  
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
 Hast eat thy bearer up."—Thus, my most royal liege,  
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,  
 That had before my face murder'd my father,—  
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
 Give entertainment to the might of it,  
 Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head,  
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

*K. Hen.* O my son!  
 Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
 That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,  
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,  
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,  
 I met this crown; and I myself know well  
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
 Better opinion, better confirmation;  
 For all the soil of the achievement goes  
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me

But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand  
 And I had many living, to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances;  
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed  
 Wounding supposed peace: all these bold facts  
 Thou seest, with peril I have answered:  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
 Acting that argument; and now my death  
 Changes the mood: for what in me was purposed  
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I do  
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are great  
 And all thy friends, which thou must make to live  
 Have but their stings and teeth newly taken  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a feather  
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now  
 To lead out many to the Holy Land;  
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them  
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry  
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds  
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence begun,  
 May waste the memory of the former days.  
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
 How I came by the crown, O Heaven forgive!  
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

*P. Hen.* My gracious liege,  
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
 Then plain and right must my possession be  
 Which I, with more than with a common peace  
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK,  
 and others.*

*K. Hen.* Look, look, here comes my John  
 of Lancaster.

*P. John.* Health, peace, and happiness,  
 to my father!

*K. Hen.* Thou bring'st me happiness and  
 John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
 From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy side  
 My worldly business makes a period.  
 Where is my lord of Warwick?

*P. Hen.* My lord of

*K. Hen.* Doth any name particular belong  
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

*War.* 'T is call'd Jerusalem, my noble liege.

*K. Hen.* Laud be to Heaven!—even that  
 must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
 I should not die but in Jerusalem;  
 Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:  
 But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie  
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

*Shal.* By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

*Fal.* You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

*Enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* Here, sir.

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the wheat?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But bid the cook:—Are there no young pigeons?

*Davy.* Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith shoeing, and plough-irons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast, and paid:—sir John, not be excused.

for, a new link to the bucket must needs be  
I, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's  
at the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley

he shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a  
short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any  
tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

both the man of war stay all night, sir?  
s, Davy. I will use him well. A friend  
is better than a penny in purse. Use his  
Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will

no worse than they are bitten, sir; for they  
lous foul linen.

all conceited, Davy. About thy business,

beseech you, sir, to countenance William  
not against Clement Perkes of the hill.

ere are many complaints, Davy, against  
that Visor is an arrant knave, on my know-

grant your worship that he is a knave, sir;  
aven forbid, sir, but a knave should have  
ance at his friend's request. An honest  
able to speak for himself, when a knave is  
served your worship truly, sir, these eight  
f I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear  
against an honest man, I have but a very  
with your worship. The knave is mine  
, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let  
renanced.

to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look  
[*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir  
e, off with your boots.—Give me your  
Bardolph.

n glad to see your worship.  
ank thee with all my heart, kind master  
and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the  
oe, sir John.*] [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

follow you, good master Robert Shallow,  
k to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and  
were sawed into quantities, I should make  
f such bearded hermit's-staves as master  
is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable  
his men's spirits and his: They, by ob-  
a, do bear themselves like foolish justices;  
sing with them, is turned into a justice-  
gan; their spirits are so married in con-  
the participation of society, that they flock  
nsent, like so many wild-geese. If I had  
ster Shallow, I would humour his men,  
station of being near their master: if to  
ould curry with master Shallow, that no  
eter command his servants. It is certain  
se bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught  
sickness, one of another: therefore, let men  
their company. I will devise matter  
f this Shallow to keep prince Harry in  
aghter the wearing-out of six fashions,  
ar terms, or two actions,) and he shall  
intervallans. O, it is much that a lie  
oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do  
that never had the ache in his shoulders!  
see him laugh, till his face be like a wet  
up.*

[*Exit.*] Sir John!  
s, master Shallow; I come, master Shal-  
[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

now, my lord chief justice? whither  
y?

*Ch. Just.* How doth the king?

*War.* Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope, not dead.

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature;  
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

*Ch. Just.* I would his majesty had call'd me with  
him:

The service that I truly did his life

Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

*Ch. Just.* I know he doth not; and do arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time;

Which cannot look more hideously upon me

Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE,  
WESTMORELAND, and others.*

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:

O, that the living Harry had the temper

Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!

How many nobles then should hold their places,

That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

*Ch. Just.* Alas! I fear all will be overturn'd.

*P. John.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

*P. Humph., Cla.* Good morrow, cousin.

*P. John.* We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

*War.* We do remember; but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*P. John.* Well, peace be with him that hath made us  
heavy!

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

*P. Humph.* O, good my lord, you have lost a friend  
indeed:

And I dare swear you borrow not that face

Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

*P. John.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to  
find,

You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorer; 'would 't were otherwise.

*Cla.* Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair,  
Which swims against your stream of quality.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did I did in honour,

Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.\*

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the prince.

*Enter KING HENRY V.*

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow; and Heaven save your  
majesty!

*King.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,  
Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.

For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I;

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,

By number, into hours of happiness.

*P. John, &c.* We hope no other from your majesty.

\* *Forestall'd remission*—a pardon supplicated, not offered  
freely.



*Fal.* It shows my earnestness in affection.  
*Shal.* It doth so.  
*Fal.* My devotion.  
*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth.  
*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.  
*Shal.* It is most certain.  
*Fal.* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.  
*Pist.* 'T is *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'T is all in every part.  
*Shal.* 'T is so, indeed.  
*Pist.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.  
 Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contagious prison; Haul'd thither  
 By most mechanical and dirty hand:—  
 Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake, For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.  
*Fal.* I will deliver her.  
 [Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.  
*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.  
 Enter the KING and his Train, the CHIEF JUSTICE among them.  
*Fal.* Save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!  
*Pist.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!  
*Fal.* Save thee, my sweet boy!  
*King.* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.  
*Ch. Just.* Have you your wits; know you what 't is you speak?  
*Fal.* My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!  
*King.* I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers; How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!  
 I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,  
 So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;  
 But, being awake, I do despise my dream.  
 Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;  
 Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape  
 For thee thrice wider than for other men:  
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;  
 Presume not that I am the thing I was:  
 For Heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
 That I have turn'd away my former self;  
 So will I those that kept me company.  
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
 Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:  
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—  
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—  
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.  
 For competence of life I will allow you,  
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:  
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
 We will, according to your strength and quality  
 Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my  
 To see perform'd the tenor of our word.  
 Set on. [Exeunt KING and his  
*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand.  
*Shal.* Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech  
 let me have home with me.  
*Fal.* That can hardly be, master Shallow. I  
 you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private  
 look you, he must seem thus to the world. For  
 your advancement; I will be the man yet that  
 make you great.  
*Shal.* I cannot well perceive how; unless  
 should give me your doublet, and stuff me on  
 straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have  
 hundred of my thousand.  
*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word: the  
 you heard was but a colour.  
*Shal.* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir.  
*Fal.* Fear no colours; go with me to dinner.  
 lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph;—I shall be  
 for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the CHIEF JUSTICE,  
 Officers, &c.  
*Ch. Just.* Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet  
 Take all his company along with him.  
*Fal.* My lord, my lord,—  
*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak: I will hear you  
 Take them away.  
*Pist.* "Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta."  
 [Exeunt FAL., SHAL., PIST., BARD., PAGE, and others.  
*P. John.* I like this fair proceeding of the king.  
 He hath intent, his wonted followers  
 Shall all be very well provided for;  
 But all are banish'd, till their conversations  
 Appear more wise and modest to the world.  
*Ch. Just.* And so they are.  
*P. John.* The king hath call'd his parliament  
 lord.  
*Ch. Just.* He hath.  
*P. John.* I will lay odds,—that, ere this year  
 We bear our civil swords, and native fire,  
 As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,  
 Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.  
 Come, will you hence?

## EPILOGUE.

[Spoken by a Daner.]

First, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my speech.  
 My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty;  
 and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a  
 good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say  
 is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say,  
 will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose,  
 and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as  
 it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a dis-  
 pleasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to pro-  
 mise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you  
 with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come un-  
 luckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose.  
 Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit  
 my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will  
 pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you  
 infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will

you command me to use my legs? and yet the  
 but light payment,—to dance out of your debt.  
 good conscience will make any possible satisfaction  
 and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have  
 me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen  
 not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never  
 before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be  
 much cloyed with fat meat, our humble anthems  
 continue the story, with sir John in it, and make  
 merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for  
 thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless  
 he be killed with your hard opinions; for he  
 died a martyr, and this is not the man. My legs  
 weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you  
 night: and so kneel down before you;—but, first,  
 pray for the queen.



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'HENRY V.' was first printed in 1600. This copy differs most materially from the text of the folio. The play runs only to 1800 lines; whilst the lines in the folio edition amount to 3500. Not only is the copy thus augmented by the additions of the choruses and new scenes, but there is scarcely a speech, from the first scene to the last, which is not elaborated. In this elaboration the old materials are very carefully used up; but they are so thoroughly refitted and dovetailed with what is new, that the operation can only be compared to the work of a skilful architect, who, having an ancient mansion to enlarge and beautify, with a strict regard to its original character, preserves every feature of the structure, under other combinations, with such marvellous skill, that no unity of principle is violated, and the whole has the effect of a restoration in which the new and the old are undistinguishable.

"Shakspeare," says Frederick Schlegel, "regarded the drama as entirely a thing for the people; and, at first, treated it throughout as such. He took the popular comedy as he found it, and whatever enlargements and improvements he introduced into the stage were all calculated and conceived according to the peculiar spirit of his predecessors, and of the audience in London."\* This is especially true with regard to Shakspeare's Histories. In the case of the 'Henry V.' it appears to us that our great dramatic poet would never have touched the subject, had not the stage previously possessed it in the old play of 'The Famous Victories.' 'Henry IV.' would have been perfect as a dramatic whole, without the addition of 'Henry V.' The somewhat doubtful mode in which he speaks of continuing the story appears to us a pretty certain indication that he rather shrunk from a subject which appeared to him essentially undramatic. It is, however, highly probable that, having brought the history of Henry of Monmouth up to the period of his father's death, the demands of an audience who had been accustomed to hail "the madcap Prince of Wales" as the conqueror of Agincourt compelled him to "continue the story." Having hastily met the demands of his audience by the first sketch of 'Henry V.,' as it appears in the quarto editions, he subsequently saw the capacity which the subject presented for being treated in a grand lyrical spirit. Instead of interpolating an under-plot of petty passions and intrigues,—such, for the most part, as we find in the dramatic treatment of an heroic subject by the French poets,—he preserved the great object of his drama entire by the intervention of the chorus. Skilfully as he has managed this, and magnificent as the whole drama is as a great national song of triumph, there can be no doubt that Shakspeare felt that in this play he was dealing with a theme too narrow for his peculiar powers. The subject is altogether one of lyric grandeur; but it is not one, we think, which Shakspeare would have chosen for a drama.

And yet how exquisitely has Shakspeare thrown his dramatic power into this undramatic subject! The character of the King is altogether one of the most

finished portraits that has proceeded from hand. It could, perhaps, only have been conceived by the poet who had delineated the Boar's Head, and of the Field of Shrew surpassing union, in this character, of spirit, of dignity and playfulness, of energy, and an almost melancholy abstention from the conventional authority of the king, and the sympathy, with the meanest about him, of the result of the most philosophical and the most generous appreciation by the poet of the moral and political progress of his own Prince of Wales. As we may be said that the picture which he has painted of his favourite hero is an exaggerated and false representation. The extraordinary merits of Henry V. are those of the individual; his demerits were those of the age. It was not for the poet to regard the king of the feudal age with the cold and severe eye of the philosophical historian. It was for him to embody in the person of Henry V. the principle of heroism; it was for him to call forth "the patriotic reminiscence." Frederick Schlegel has said that the feeling by which Shakspeare seems to have been connected with ordinary men is that of sympathy. But how different is his nationality from that of ordinary men! It is reflective, tolerant, generous, not in an atmosphere of falsehood and pretence; but it does not regard war and conquest as fitting objects for the theatre; but it does not regard war and conquest as fitting objects for the theatre to dedicate itself to, except under the pressure of an urgent necessity. Neither does it attempt to evade the fearful responsibilities of those who carry the burden of nationality to the last arbitrement of a peace, in the enormous amount of evil which always attends the cultivation of that peace, in the cultivation of which the ability is best displayed.

In the inferior persons of the play—the characters—the poet has displayed that power above all men, possesses, of combining the most ideal conceptions with the most truthful details of real life. In the amusing pedantry of the vapourings of Pistol, there is nothing in degree incongruous with the main action. The homely bluntness of the common soldier's army brings us still closer to a knowledge of the mass of which a camp is composed. But the most delicate but yet most appreciable evidence of Shakspeare's nationality, in all its power, is the mode in which he has exhibited the character of these common soldiers. They are rough, quarrelsome, brave as lions, but without a particle of anything low or grovelling in their nature. They are fit representatives of the "goodly fellows whose limbs were made in England." On the other hand, the discriminating truth of the poet is shown in exhibiting to us three arrant cowards—Nym, and Bardolph. His impartiality to paint the bullies and blackguards that constitute the nationality must be content to reckon as common to every army.

\* Lectures on the History of Literature, vol. ii.



# KING HENRY V.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- KING HENRY V.**  
Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6.  
sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.
- DUKE OF GLOSTER, brother to the King.**  
Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1;  
sc. 3; sc. 7; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.
- DUKE OF BEDFORD, brother to the King.**  
Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV.  
sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.
- DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.**  
Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.  
IV. sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.
- DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.
- EARL OF SALISBURY.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.
- EARL OF WESTMORELAND.**  
Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.
- EARL OF WARWICK.**  
Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 7; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.
- ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.
- BISHOP OF ELY.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.
- CAMBRIDGE, a conspirator against the King.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.
- SCROOP, a conspirator against the King.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.
- MAS GREY, a conspirator against the King.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.
- DESPERER, an officer in King Henry's army.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.
- FRANK, an officer in King Henry's army.**  
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 8.  
Act V. sc. 1.
- FRANK, an officer in King Henry's army.**  
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 8.  
Act V. sc. 1.
- FRANK, an officer in King Henry's army.**  
Appears, Act III. sc. 2.
- FRANK, an officer in King Henry's army.**  
Appears, Act III. sc. 2.
- FRANK, a soldier in King Henry's army.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.
- FRANK, a soldier in King Henry's army.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.
- FRANK, a soldier in King Henry's army.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 8.
- NYM, formerly servant to Falstaff, now soldier in King Henry's army.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
- BARDOLPH, formerly servant to Falstaff, now soldier in King Henry's army.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
- PISTOL, formerly servant to Falstaff, now soldier in King Henry's army.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act IV.  
sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.
- Boy, servant to Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 4.
- A Herald.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 8.
- Chorus.**  
Appears, Act I. Act II. Act III. Act IV. Act V.
- CHARLES VI., King of France.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.
- LEWIS, the Dauphin.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5.
- DUKE OF BURGUNDY.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.
- DUKE OF ORLEANS.**  
Appears, Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5.
- DUKE OF BOURBON.**  
Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 5.
- THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5.
- RAMBURES, a French lord.**  
Appears, Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5.
- GRANDPRÉ, a French lord.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.
- Governor of Harfleur.**  
Appears, Act III. sc. 3.
- MONTJOY, a French herald.**  
Appears, Act III. sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 7.
- Ambassadors to the King of England.**  
Appear, Act I. sc. 2.
- ISABEL, Queen of France.**  
Appears, Act V. sc. 2.
- KATHARINE, daughter of Charles and Isabel.**  
Appears, Act III. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.
- ALICE, a lady attending on the Princess Katharine.**  
Appears, Act III. sc. 4.
- QUICKLY, Pistol's wife, an hostess.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.
- Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers,  
Messengers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—IN ENGLAND AND IN FRANCE.

## ACT I.

### CHORUS.

O, that we could see  
 the flames of heaven's invention!  
 For a stage, princes to act,  
 and to behold the swelling scene!  
 O, that we could see  
 the warlike Harry, like himself,  
 part of Mars; and, at his heels,  
 like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,

Crouch for employment. But, pardon, gentles all,  
 The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared  
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
 So great an object: Can this cockpit hold  
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram  
 Within this wooden O the very casques  
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may  
 Attest, in little place, a million;

And let us, ciphers to this great account,  
On your imaginary forces work :  
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance :

Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth :  
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings  
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass ; For the which supply,  
Admit me chorus to this history ;  
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and BISHOP OF ELY.*

*Cant.* My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,  
Which, in the eleventh year of the last king's reign,  
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the scrambling<sup>a</sup> and unquiet time  
Did push it out of further question.

*Ely.* But how, my lord, shall we resist it now ?  
*Cant.* It must be thought on. If it pass against us,  
We lose the better half of our possession :  
For all the temporal lands, which men devout  
By testament have given to the church,  
Would they strip from us ; being valued thus,—  
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,  
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights ;  
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires ;  
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,  
A hundred almshouses, right well supplied ;  
And to the coffers of the king beside  
A thousand pounds by the year : Thus runs the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.  
*Cant.* 'T would drink the cup and all.

*Ely.* But what prevention ?  
*Cant.* The king is full of grace and fair regard.  
*Ely.* And a true lover of the holy church.

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promis'd it not.  
The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem'd to die too : yea, at that very moment,  
Consideration like an angel came,  
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him ;  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made :  
Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady currance,<sup>b</sup> scouring faults ;  
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
As in this king.

*Ely.* We are blessed in the change.  
*Cant.* Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire the king were made a prelate :  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study :  
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music :  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;

<sup>a</sup> *King time* is the disorderly time in which authority is  
is the French *courtoise*, from which we have com-  
plicity and occurrence.

So that the art and practic part of life  
Must be the mistress to this theoretic ;  
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,  
Since his addiction was to courses vain :  
His companies<sup>a</sup> unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;  
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,  
And never noted in him any study,  
Any retirement, any sequestration  
From open haunts and popularity.

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :  
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation  
Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

*Cant.* It must be so ; for miracles are ceas'd ;  
And therefore we must needs admit the means  
How things are perfected.

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
How now for mitigation of this bill  
Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty  
Incline to it, or no ?

*Cant.* He seems indifferent :  
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,  
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us :  
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—  
Upon our spiritual convocation ;  
And in regard of causes now in hand,  
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,  
As touching France,—to give a greater sum  
Than ever at one time the clergy yet  
Did to his predecessors part withal.

*Ely.* How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord ?  
*Cant.* With good acceptance of his majesty ;  
Save, that there was not time enough to hear  
(As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done)  
The severals,<sup>b</sup> and unhidden passages,  
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms ;  
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,  
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

*Ely.* What was the impediment that broke this  
*Cant.* The French ambassador, upon that instant  
Crav'd audience : and the hour, I think, is come  
To give him hearing : Is it four o'clock ?

*Ely.* It is.  
*Cant.* Then go we in, to know his embassy ;  
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare  
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

*Ely.* I'll wait upon you ; and I long to hear  
[E

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State*  
*same.*

*Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXE-  
WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.*  
*K. Hen.* Where is my gracious lord of Castile

<sup>a</sup> *Companies* is here used for *commissions*.  
<sup>b</sup> *Severals*. The plural noun has the force of one  
detail.

here in presence.  
Send for him, good uncle.  
all we call in the ambassador, my liege?  
Nay yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,  
ear him, of some things of weight  
or thoughts, concerning us and France.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and BISHOP  
OF ELY.

and his angels guard your sacred throne,  
you long become it!

Sure, we thank you.

lord, we pray you to proceed:  
and religiously unfold,  
Salique, that they have in France,  
should not, bar us in our claim.  
rich, my dear and faithful lord,  
bold fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,  
large your understanding soul  
g titles miscreate, whose right  
native colours with the truth;  
h know, how many, now in health,  
heir blood in approbation  
r reverence shall incite us to:  
ce heed how you impawn<sup>b</sup> our person,  
ake our sleeping sword of war:  
our, in the name of God, take heed:  
o such kingdoms did contend  
ch fall of blood; whose guiltless drops  
e a woe, a sure complaint,  
whose wrongs give edge unto the swords  
uch waste in brief mortality.  
onjuration, speak, my lord:  
hear, note, and believe in heart,  
ou speak is in your conscience wash'd  
in with baptism.

en hear me, gracious sovereign; and you  
rs,  
ourselves, your lives, and services,  
rial throne.—There is no bar  
ainst your highness' claim to France,  
ich they produce from Pharamond,—  
Saliram mulieres ne succedant,"  
i shall succeed in Salique land:"  
use land the French unjustly gloze<sup>c</sup>  
alm of France, and Pharamond  
of this law and female bar.  
n authors faithfully affirm  
d Salique is in Germany,

floods of Sala and of Elbe:  
les the great, having subdued the Saxons,  
hind and settled certain French;  
eg in disdain the German women,  
obonest<sup>d</sup> manners of their life,  
hem this law,—to wit, no female  
heritrix in Salique land;  
use, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
y in Germany call'd Meisen.  
well appear, the Salique law  
is'd for the realm of France;  
French possess the Salique land  
undred one-and-twenty years  
tion of king Pharamond,  
d the founder of this law;  
ithin the year of our redemption

—serious.

A pawn and a gage are the same. To "impawn" is equivalent, therefore, to engage our person. He who is to gage, to gloss (whence glossary), is the Anglo-Saxon *gleann*, to explain.

So the *duo* and *quarto*. Capell has introduced *sest* into his text, because that word occurs in the *act* of Holmshed, 1377. In the edition of 1594 the *set* is *dishest*. Shakspeare used the language *et*.

Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great  
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,  
Did, as heir general, being descended  
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,  
Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown  
Of Charles the duke of Loraine, sole heir male  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—  
To find<sup>a</sup> his title, with some shows of truth,  
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)  
Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' lady Lingare,  
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son  
Of Charles the great: Also king Lewis the tenth,<sup>b</sup>  
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied  
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,  
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Loraine:  
By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great  
Was re-united to the crown of France.  
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,  
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear  
To hold in right and title of the female;  
So do the kings of France unto this day:  
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,  
To bar your highness claiming from the female;  
And rather choose to hide them in a net,  
Than amply to imbar<sup>c</sup> their crooked titles  
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

*K. Hen.* May I, with right and conscience, make  
this claim?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!  
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—  
When the man dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;  
Look back into your mighty ancestors:  
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandfire's tomb,  
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,  
And your great-uncle's, Edward the black prince;  
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
Making defeat on the full power of France;  
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility.  
O noble English, that could entertain  
With half their forces the full pride of France;  
And let another half stand laughing by,  
All out of work, and cold for action!<sup>d</sup>

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:  
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;  
The blood and courage, that renowned them,  
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege  
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

*Eze.* Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth  
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.

*West.* They know your grace hath cause, and means,  
and might:

So bath your highness; never king of England

<sup>a</sup> To find his title. We have an analogous expression, to find a bill.

<sup>b</sup> This Lewis was the ninth. Shakspeare found the mistake in Holmshed.

<sup>c</sup> Imbar. To bar is to obstruct; to imbar is to bar in, to secure.

<sup>d</sup> Cold for action. The converse of "hot for action."

Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,  
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*Cant.* O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,  
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:  
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality  
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,  
As never did the clergy at one time  
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

*K. Hen.* We must not only arm to invade the French,  
But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

*Cant.* They of those marches,<sup>a</sup> gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

*K. Hen.* We do not mean the couraging snatchers only,  
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;  
For you shall read, that my great-grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France,  
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom  
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brim fulness of his force;  
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns:  
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

*Cant.* She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,  
my liege:

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—  
When all her chivalry hath been in France,  
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
She hath herself not only well defended,  
But taken, and impounded as a stray,  
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,  
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;  
And make your chronicles as rich with praise  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
With sunken wrack and sunless treasures.

*West.* But there 's a saying, very old and true,—

<sup>a</sup> If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin;\*

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;  
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,  
To faint and havoc more than she can eat.

*Exe.* It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:  
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity;  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,  
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
While that the armed band doth fight abroad,  
The advised head defends itself at home:  
For government, through high, and low, and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent;  
Congreeing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.

*Cant.* Therefore doth Heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;  
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king, and officers of sorts:  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
The tent-royal of their emperor:

<sup>a</sup> *Marches*—the boundaries of England and Scotland—the

Who, boxed in his majesties, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold;  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;  
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—  
That many things, having full reference  
To one consent, may work contrariously;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre;  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege,  
Divide your happy England into four;  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,  
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,  
Let us be worried; and our nation lose  
The name of hardiness, and policy.

*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from the

[*Exit an Attendant. The KING ascends his throne.*  
Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe,  
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we 'll sit,  
Ruling, in large and ample empery,  
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:  
Either our history shall with full mouth  
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mate  
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.<sup>a</sup>

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
Of our fair cousin dauphin; for, we hear,  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*Amb.* May 't please your majesty to give us  
Freely to render what we have in charge;  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
The dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;  
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:  
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness  
Tell us the dauphin's mind.

*Amb.* Thus, then, in few  
Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third;  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says, that you savour too much of your youth;  
And bids you be advis'd, there 's naught in France  
That can be with a nimble galliard<sup>b</sup> won:  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.  
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,  
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim  
Hear no more of you. This the dauphin speaks.

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle?  
*Exe.* Tennis-balls, my liege.  
*K. Hen.* We are glad the dauphin is so pleasur'd  
us;

<sup>a</sup> *Waxen epitaph*—a perishable epitaph of wax—  
shipp'd over with a waxen epitaph. The opposition of wax  
to marble was a familiar image in the old poets.

<sup>b</sup> *Galliard*—an ancient dance;—“a swift and warlike  
dance,” as Sir John Davis has it.

ot, and your pains, we thank you for:  
 have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
 n France, by God's grace, play a set  
 to his father's crown into the hazard:  
 he hath made a match with such a wrangler,  
 he courts of France will be disturb'd  
 ces. And we understand him well,  
 omes o'er us with our wilder days,  
 uring what use we made of them.  
 valued this poor seat of England;  
 fore, living hence, did give ourself  
 ous licence; as 't is ever common,  
 are merriest when they are from home.  
 se dauphin,—I will keep my state;  
 king, and show my sail of greatness,  
 o rouse me in my throne of France:  
 have laid by my majesty,  
 ded like a man for working-days;  
 I rise there with so full a glory,  
 ll dazzle all the eyes of France,  
 e the dauphin blind to look on us.  
 he pleasant prince, this mock of his  
 'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul  
 d sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
 fly with them: for many a thousand widows  
 his mock mock out of their dear husbands;  
 hers from their sons, mock castles down:

And some are yet ungotten and unborn,  
 That shall have cause to curse the dauphin's scorn  
 But this lies all within the will of God,  
 To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,  
 Tell you the dauphin, I am coming on  
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.  
 So, get you hence in peace; and tell the dauphin,  
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,  
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.  
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors*]

*Exe.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his throne*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,  
 That may give furtherance to our expedition:  
 For we have now no thought in us but France;  
 Save those to God, that run before our business.  
 Therefore, let our proportions for these wars  
 Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,  
 That may, with reasonable swiftness, add  
 More feathers to our wings; for, God before,  
 We'll chide this dauphin at his father's door.  
 Therefore, let every man now task his thought,  
 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT II.

## CHORUS.

e youth of England are on fire,  
 dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
 the armourers, and honour's thought  
 ly in the breast of every man:  
 he pasture now, to buy the horse;  
 the mirror of all Christian kings,  
 ed heels, as English Mercuries.  
 s Expectation in the air;  
 a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 us imperial, crowns and coronets,  
 s Harry and his followers.  
 s, advis'd by good intelligence  
 it dreadful preparation,  
 eir fear; and with pale policy  
 ert the English purposes.  
 ! model to thy inward greatness,  
 body with a mighty heart,  
 ist thou do, that honour would thee do,  
 y children kind and natural!  
 / fault! France hath in thee found out

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
 With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,—  
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,  
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,  
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—  
 Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)  
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;  
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
 (If hell and treason hold their promises.)  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
 Linger your patience on, and we'll digest  
 The abuse of distance; force a play.  
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
 The king is set from London; and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:  
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit  
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe  
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,  
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,  
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

## SCENE I.—Eastcheap.

*Enter Nym and BARDOLPH.*

Well met, corporal Nym.  
 Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.  
 What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?  
 For my part, I care not: I say little; but  
 shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that  
 it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink,  
 out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what  
 It will toast cheese; and it will endure cold  
 man's sword will; and there's an end,  
 will bestow a breakfast to make you friends;  
 he all three sworn brothers to France; let  
 good corporal Nym.  
 Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the

certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will  
 do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it

*Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to  
 Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for  
 you were truth-plight to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell; things must be as they may:  
 men may sleep, and they may have their throats about  
 them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges.  
 It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare,  
 yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well,  
 I cannot tell.

*Enter PISTOL and MRS. QUICKLY.*

*Bard.* Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—  
 good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host  
 Pistol?



*Pist.* Base tike,<sup>a</sup> call'st thou me host?  
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;  
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Quick.* No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not here. Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph—

*Bard.* Good corporal, offer nothing here.

*Nym.* Pish!

*Pist.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland.

*Quick.* Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up thy sword.

*Nym.* Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

[*Sheathing his sword.*]

*Pist.* *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!  
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;  
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!  
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;  
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,  
And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may say, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may say; and that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;  
Therefore exhale. [*Pistol and Nym draw.*]

*Bard.* Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*]

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;  
Thy spirits are most tall.

*Nym.* I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

*Pist.* *Coupe la gorge*, that's the word?—I defy thee again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?  
No; to the spital go,  
And from the powdering tub of infamy  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,  
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:  
I have, and I will hold the *quondam* Quickly  
For the only she: and—*Pauca*, there's enough. Go to.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan; 'faith, he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue.

*Quick.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Quick and Boy.*]

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!  
*Nym.* You'll pay me t'ue eight shillings I won of you at betting?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays.

<sup>a</sup> *The.* We have still the word, which signifies a common dog—a mongrel.

*Nym.* That now I will have; that's t'ue of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound: push  
*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the  
I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must course.

*Bard.* Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then be en me too. Prithee, put up.

*Pist.* A noble shalt thou have, and present  
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,  
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood  
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.  
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be  
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.  
Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

*Nym.* Well, then, that's the humour of it.

*Re-enter Mrs. Quickly.*

*Quick.* As ever you come of women, come to sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken with quodidian tertian, that it is most lamentable hold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The king hath run bad humours on him that's the even of it.

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right;  
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

*Nym.* The king is a good king: but it may be; he passes some humours, and careers.

*Pist.* Let us condole the knight; for, laudably, he will live.

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council Chamber.

*Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.*

*Bed.* 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to call us traitors.

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and even they do bear it, as if allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

*Bed.* The king hath note of all that they do by interception which they dream not of.

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gifts and favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY FIFTH, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will sail.  
My lord of Cambridge, and my kind lord of Exeter,  
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.  
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us  
Will cut their passage through the force of France,  
Doing the execution, and the act,  
For which we have in head assembled them?

*Scroop.* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his duty.

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that: since we are all persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence  
That grows not in a fair concert with ours;  
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.

*Cam.* Never was monarch better fear'd and loved  
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a man  
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* True: those that were your father's friends  
Are still your friends.

'd their galls in honey; and do serve you  
 to create of duty and of zeal.  
 We therefore have great cause of thank-  
 fulness;  
 forget the office of our hand  
 in quittance of desert and merit,  
 to the weight and worthiness.  
 So service shall with steeld sinews toil,  
 or shall refresh itself with hope,  
 or grace incessant services.  
 We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,  
 the man committed yesterday,  
 I against our person: we consider  
 mass of wine that set him on;  
 his more advice, we pardon him.  
 That's mercy, but too much security:  
 we punish'd, sovereign; lest example  
 his sufferance, more of such a kind.  
 O, let us yet be merciful.  
 to may your highness, and yet punish too.  
 for, you show great mercy if you give him life,  
 taste of much correction.  
 Alas, your too much love and care of me  
 reasons 'gainst this poor wretch.  
 Alas, proceeding on distemper,  
 we wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye  
 fatal crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,  
 here us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,  
 Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear  
 preservation of our person,  
 we him punish'd. And now to our French  
 ones;  
 the late commissioners?  
 mine, my lord;  
 mess had me ask for it to-day.  
 So did you me, my liege.  
 and I, my royal sovereign.  
 Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is  
 ours;  
 the lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,  
 Northumberland, this same is yours:  
 and know, I know your worthiness.  
 Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,  
 ward to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?  
 you in those papers, that you lose  
 complexion?—look ye, how they change!  
 they are paper.—Why, what read you there,  
 so cowardly and chas'd your blood  
 assurance?  
 I do confess my fault;  
 submit me to your highness' mercy.  
 Scroop. To which we all appeal.  
 The mercy, that was quick in us but late,  
 in counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:  
 we dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;  
 when reasons turn into your bosoms,  
 on their masters, worrying you.  
 O princes, and my noble peers,  
 O! how monstrous! My lord of Cambridge here,—  
 how apt our love was, to accord  
 him with all appertinents  
 to his honour; and this man  
 a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
 to unto the practices of France,  
 here in Hampton: to the which,  
 it, no less for bounty bound to us  
 Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!  
 I say to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,  
 savage, and inhuman creature!  
 How didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
 set the very bottom of my soul,  
 yet mightst have coin'd me into gold,  
 how have practis'd on me for thy use;

May it be possible, that foreign hire  
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,  
 That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,  
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
 Treason, and murder, ever kept together,  
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
 Working so grossly in a natural cause,  
 That admiration did not whoop at them:  
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
 Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder:  
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was  
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,  
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:  
 And other devils, that suggest by treasons,  
 Do botch and bungle up damnation  
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd  
 From glistening semblances of piety;  
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,  
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,  
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
 If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,  
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,  
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,  
 And tell the legions, I can never win  
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.  
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
 The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?  
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?  
 Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?  
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?  
 Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;  
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;  
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;  
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;  
 Not working with the eye, without the ear,  
 And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither—  
 Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem:  
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indued,  
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;  
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open.  
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;  
 And God acquit them of their practices!  
*Eze.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
 Richard earl of Cambridge.  
*I.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry  
 lord Scroop of Masham.  
*I.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas  
 Grey, knight of Northumberland.  
*Scroop.* Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;  
 And I repent my fault more than my death;  
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
 Although my body pay the price of it.  
*Cam.* For me,—the gold of France did not seduce;  
 Although I did admit it as a motive,  
 The sooner to effect what I intended:  
 But God be thanked for prevention;  
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,  
 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.  
*Grey.* Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason,  
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
 Prevented from a damned enterprise:  
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.  
*K. Hen.* God quit you in his mercy! Hear your  
 sentence.  
 You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers  
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;  
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
 His princes and his peers to servitude,  
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,

And his whole kingdom into desolation.  
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;  
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws  
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:  
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you  
Patience to endure, and true repentance  
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* Conspirators, *guarded*.]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof  
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.  
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;  
Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,  
To hinder our beginnings;—we doubt not now,  
But every rub is smoothed on our way.  
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver  
Our puissance into the hand of God,  
Putting it straight in expedition.  
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:  
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III.—London. Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.

Enter PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

*Quick*. Prithes, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

*Pist*. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.  
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;  
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,  
And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard*. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is,  
either in heaven, or in hell!

*Quick*. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times; now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

*Nym*. They say, he cried out of sack.

*Quick*. Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard*. And of women.

*Quick*. Nay, that 'a did not.

*Boy*. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

*Quick*. 'A could never abide carnation: 't was a colour he never liked.

*Boy*. 'A said once the devil would have him about women.

*Quick*. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

*Boy*. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

*Bard*. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.

<sup>a</sup> *Christom child*. Children dying under the age of a month were called *christoms* in the old bills of mortality. Mrs. Quickly's "christom" is one of her emendations of English.

*Nym*. Shall we shog? the king will be gone to Southampton.

*Pist*. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy Look to my chattels, and my moveables:  
Let senses rule; the weed is, "Pitch and pay;"  
Trust none:

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,  
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;  
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.  
Go, clear thy crystals.<sup>a</sup>—Yoke-fellows in arms,  
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;  
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

*Boy*. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

*Pist*. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard*. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing*]

*Nym*. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; adieu.

*Pist*. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

*Quick*. Farewell; adieu. [*Exit*]

SCENE IV.—France. A Room in the French King's Palace.

Enter the French KING attended; the DAUPHIN, DUKE OF BURGUNDY, the CONSTABLE, and others.

*Fr. King*. Thus come the English with fell power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,  
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,  
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,  
And you, prince dauphin,—with all swift despatch,  
To line and new repair our towns of war,  
With men of courage, and with means defendant;  
For England his approaches makes as fierce  
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us then to be as provident  
As fear may teach us, out of late examples  
Left by the fatal and neglected English  
Upon our fields.

*Dau*. My most redoubted father,  
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:  
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,  
(Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,  
But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,  
As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,  
To view the sick and feeble parts of France;  
And let us do it with no show of fear;  
No, with no more, than if we heard that England  
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:  
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
Her sceptre so fantastically borne  
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,  
That fear attends her not.

*Con*. O peace, prince dauphin!  
You are too much mistaken in this king:  
Question, your grace, the late ambassadors,—  
With what great state he heard their embassy,  
How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
How modest in exception, and withal  
How terrible in constant resolution,—  
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent  
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;  
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

*Dau*. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable:  
But though we think it so, it is no matter:  
In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems:

<sup>a</sup> *Clear thy crystals*—dry thine eyes.

portions of defence are fill'd ;  
 (a weak and niggardly projection,<sup>a</sup>  
 a miser spoil his coat with a scanting  
 both.  
 g. Think we king Harry strong ;  
 ces, look you strongly arm to meet him.  
 sed of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;  
 bred out of that bloody strain,  
 sted us in our familiar paths :  
 or too much memorable shame,  
 sly battle fatally was struck,  
 or princes captiv'd, by the hand  
 ack name, Edward black prince of Wales ;  
 at his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,  
 air, crown'd with the golden sun,—  
 roical seed, and smil'd to see him  
 e work of nature, and deface  
 ns that by God and by French fathers  
 y years been made. This is a stem  
 ficious stock ; and let us fear  
 : mightiness and fate of him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

ambassadors from Harry King of England  
 admittance to your majesty.  
 r. We'll give them present audience. Go,  
 and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*  
 is chase is hotly follow'd, friends.  
 ern head, and stop pursuit : for coward dogs  
 d their mouths, when what they seem to  
 reaten  
 fore them. Good my sovereign,  
 e English short ; and let them know  
 monarchy you are the head :  
 y liege, is not so vile a sin  
 lecting.

*Enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.*

From our brother of England ?  
 no him ; and thus he greets your majesty.  
 ex, in the name of God Almighty,  
 vest yourself and lay apart  
 id glories, that, by gift of Heaven,  
 nature, and of nations, long  
 d to his heirs ; namely, the crown,  
 le-stretched honours that pertain,  
 and the ordinance of times,  
 own of France. That you may know  
 later nor no awkward claim,  
 i the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,  
 e dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
 as this most memorable line,<sup>b</sup> [*Gives a paper.*  
 arch truly demonstrative ;  
 a, overlook this pedigree :  
 you find him evenly deriv'd  
 out fam'd of famous ancestors,

Edward the third, he bids you then resign  
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
 From him the native and true challenger.

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows ?

*Exc.* Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the crown  
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :  
 Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,  
 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,  
 That, if requiring fail, he will compel ;  
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
 Deliver up the crown ; and to take mercy  
 On the poor souls for whom this hungry war  
 Opens his vasty jaws : and on your head  
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,  
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,  
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.  
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message :  
 Unless the dauphin be in presence here,  
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this further :  
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
 Back to our brother of England.

*Dau.* For the dauphin,  
 I stand here for him : What to him from England ?

*Exc.* Scorn and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,  
 And anything that may not misbecome  
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.  
 Thus says my king : and, if your father's highness  
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,  
 That caves and wombly vaultages of France  
 Shall chide<sup>a</sup> your trespass, and return your mock  
 In second accent of his ordinance.

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair return,  
 It is against my will : for I desire  
 Nothing but odds with England ; to that end,  
 As matching to his youth and vanity,  
 I did present him with the Paris balls.

*Exc.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,  
 Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe :  
 And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference  
 (As we, his subjects, have in wonder found)  
 Between the promise of his greener days,  
 And these be masters now ; now he weighs time,  
 Even to the utmost grain ; that you shall read  
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

*Fr. King.* To-morrow shall you know our mind at  
 full.

*Exc.* Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
 Come here himself to question our delay ;  
 For he is footed in this land already.

*Fr. King.* You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair  
 conditions :

A night is but small breath, and little pause,  
 To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### CHORUS.

imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,  
 of no less celerity  
 of thought. Suppose that you have seen  
 appointed king at Hampton pier  
 a royalty ; and his brave fleet  
 a streamers the young Phoebus fanning.  
 your fancies ; and in them behold,  
 unopen tackle ship-boys climbing :

as appears here to be used for forecast, preparation.  
 \* *Line*—genealogy.

Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give  
 To sounds confus'd : behold the threaden sails,  
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think  
 You stand upon the rivage,<sup>b</sup> and behold  
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;  
 For so appears this fleet majestical,  
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !  
 Grapple your minds to sternage<sup>c</sup> of this navy ;

<sup>a</sup> *Chide*. Used in its double sense of rebuke, and recount.  
<sup>b</sup> *Rivage*—the shore. <sup>c</sup> *Sternage*. The same as *steerage*.

And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,  
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:  
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?  
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:  
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.

Suppose, the ambassador from the French  
Tells Harry, that the king doth offer him  
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to d  
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner  
With linstock\* now the devilish cannon  
[Alarum; and chambers (small can  
And down goes all before them. Still be  
And eke out our performance with your mi

SCENE I.—*The same. Before Harfleur.*

*Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD,  
GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.*

*K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends,  
once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead!  
In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility:  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the portage<sup>a</sup> of the head,  
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty<sup>b</sup> his confounded<sup>c</sup> base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To his full height!—On, on, you nobless English,<sup>d</sup>  
Whose blood is fet<sup>e</sup> from fathers of war-proof!  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.  
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt  
not;

For there is none of you so mean and base  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot;  
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,  
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!  
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL,  
and Boy.*

*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the  
breach!  
*Nym.* Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too  
not; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives:<sup>f</sup>  
the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song  
of it.

<sup>a</sup> *Portage.* The eyes are compared to cannon prying through  
port-holes.

<sup>b</sup> *Jutty.* The jutting land is a common epithet.

<sup>c</sup> *Confounded.* To destroy was one of the senses in which to  
confound was formerly used.

<sup>d</sup> *Nobless English.*—The English nobility. Henry first ad-  
dresses the nobles—then the yeomen.

<sup>e</sup> *Fet—fetch'd.* *Fettle* is the participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb  
*fet-tan*, to fetch.

<sup>f</sup> *A case of lives.*—several lives.

*Pist.* The plain-song is most just; for  
abound; Knocks go and come; God's vassals  
die;

And sword and shield,  
In bloody field,  
Doth win immortal fame.

*Boy.* Would I were in an alehouse in  
would give all my fame for a pot of ale and  
*Pist.* And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,  
My purpose should not fail with  
But thither would I hie.

*Boy.* As duly, but not as truly,  
As bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Up to the preach, you dogs! aram  
lions. [Driving the

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke, to men of  
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!  
Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good hawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity,  
*Nym.* These be good humours!—your  
bad humours.

[*Exeunt NYM, PIST., and BARD., follow*  
*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed  
swishers. I am boy to them all three: I  
three, though they would serve me, could not  
me; for, indeed, three such antics do not a  
man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd  
faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out  
not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue  
sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks wood  
whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard  
few words are the best men; and therefore  
say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a  
his few bad words are match'd with as few  
for 'a never broke any man's head but his  
was against a post, when he was drunk.  
steal anything, and call it—purchase. Bar  
a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold  
halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn  
filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel  
by that piece of service, the men would  
They would have me as familiar with men's  
their gloves or their handkerchers: which is  
against my manhood, if I should take fire  
pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain  
of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek  
service: their villainy goes against my  
and therefore I must cast it up.

*Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER follow*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen, you must turn  
to the mines; the duke of Gloster would  
you.

*Flu.* To the mines! tell you the duke  
good to come to the mines: For, look you,  
not according to the disciplines of the war;  
vities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th

<sup>\*</sup> *Linstock* is the match—the list (lines) is a st

(to the duke, look you) is digged  
yards under the countermines; by Cheshu,  
will plow up all, if there is not better direc-

the duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the  
is, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a  
gentleman, 't faith.

Is captain Macmorris, is it not?  
think it be.

Cheshu, he is an ass as in the 'orld: I will  
uch in his peard; he has no more directions  
disciplines of the wars, look you, of the  
disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

ere a comes; and the Scots captain, captain  
him.

tain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentle-  
is certain; and of great expedition, and  
in the ancient wars, upon my particular  
of his directions: by Cheshu, he will main-  
ment as well as any military man in the  
disciplines of the pristine wars of the

say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

er now, captain Macmorris? have you quit  
have the pioneers given o'er?

Christ la, tish ill done: the work ish give  
impet sound the retreat. By my hand I  
my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it  
er; I would have blowed up the town, so  
me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish  
my hand, tish ill done!

tain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will  
me, look you, a few disputations with you,  
sching or concerning the disciplines of the  
man wars, in the way of argument, look  
sensibly communication; partly to satisfy  
and partly for the satisfaction, look you,\*of  
touching the direction of the military dis-  
t is the point.

shall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains  
shall quit you\* with gud leve, as I may  
e, that shall I, marry.

no time to discourse, so Christ save me;  
ut, and the weather, and the wars, and the  
dikes: it is no time to discourse. The  
eched, and the trumpet calls us to the  
we talk, and, by Christ, do nothing: 't is  
all: so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand  
same, by my hand: and there is throats to  
works to be done; and there ish nothing  
ish sa' me, la.

the mess, ere these eyes of mine take them-  
ember, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i'  
e it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as  
I may, that shall I surely do, that is the  
long; Mary, I wad full fain heard some  
een you tway.

tain Macmorris, I think, look you, under  
ian, there is not many of your nation—  
my nation? What ish my nation? What  
on? Who talks of my nation, ish a villain,  
sh, and a knave, and a rascal.

ik you, if you take the matter otherwise than  
tain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think  
use me wish that affability as in discretion  
use me, look you; being as goot a man as  
sh in the disciplines of wars, and in the de-  
ny birth, and in other particularities.

not know you so good a man as myself:  
ere me, I will cut off your head.

\*Quit you—requite you—answer you.

Gov. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [A parley sounded.

Gov. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better  
opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold  
as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there  
is an end. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. Before the gates of  
Harfleur.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the  
English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and  
his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?  
This is the latest parle we will admit:

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;

Or, like to men proud of destruction,

Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,

(A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)

If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur

Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;

And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range

With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,

Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand

Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness

When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,

As send precepts to the Leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town, and of your people,

Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds

Of headly<sup>a</sup> murder, spoil, and villainy.

If not, why, in a moment, look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand

Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,

And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;

Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?

Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:

The dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,

Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready

To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy:

Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;

For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,

Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,

And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:

Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—

The winter coming on, and sickness growing

Upon our soldiers,—we will retire to Calais.

To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;

To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

[Flourish. The KING, &c., enter the town.

<sup>a</sup> Headly—headstrong,—rash,—passionate; and applies to

"spoil" as well as murder.

## SCENE IV.—Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appellée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appellez de fingres; ouy, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. Escoutez; dites moy si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en faitz la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col?

Alice. De nick, madame.

Kath. De nick: Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick: le menton, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grâce de Dieu; et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de nails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin: Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot, et de coun? O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot et de coun neantmoins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous à dîner. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE V.—The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter the French KING, the DAUPHIN, DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'T is certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France; let us quit all, And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us, The emptying of our father's luxury, Our scious, put in wild and savage stock, Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Normans bastards!

Mort de ma vie! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten\* isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this matter? Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water A drench for sur-rein'd<sup>b</sup> jades, their barley broth, Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine, Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land, Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields; Poor, we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour, Our madams mock at us; and plainly say Our mettle is bred out; and they will give Their bodies to the lust of English youth, To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing school And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantoes; Saying, our grace is only in our heels, And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? Bring him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance, Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd, More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:

Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France; You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry, Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;

Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont, Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg, Foix, Lestrade, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights For your great seats, now quit you of great shame: Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur: Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow Upon the valleys; whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon: Go down upon him,—you have power enough,— And in a captive chariot into Rouen

Bring him our prisoner. Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few, His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march:

For, I am sure, when he shall see our army, He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear, And, for achievement,<sup>c</sup> offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste at Montjoy;

And let him say to England, that we send To know what willing ransom he will give. Prince dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain

\* Nook-shotten. The \* nook-shotten isle of Albion is thrust into a corner apart from the rest of the world.

<sup>b</sup> Sur-rein'd—over-rein'd—over-worked.

<sup>c</sup> For achievement. This word achievement had probably more precise meaning in the old chivalry than we give to it.

and constable, and princes all;  
bringing us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*]

VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

*Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

Now, captain Fluellen? come you from  
sure you, there is very excellent services  
at the bridge.

Is the duke of Exeter safe?

The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Aga-  
d a man that I love and honour with my  
y heart, and my duty, and my life, and  
ed my uttermost power: he is not (God be  
blessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps  
ost valiantly, with excellent disciplines.  
ancient there at the bridge,—I think, in  
cience, he is as valiant a man as Mark  
l he is a man of no estimation in the  
did see him do as gallant service.

What do you call him?

He called ancient Pistol.

How do you know him not?

*Enter PISTOL.*

Who is the man?

Alas, I thee beseech to do me favours:  
Exeter doth love thee well.

Praise God; and I have merited some love

Alas, a soldier firm and sound of heart,  
a valour, hath,—by cruel fate,  
fortune's furious fickle wheel,

is blind,  
upon the rolling restless stone,—  
our patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is

with a muffer before her eyes, to signify  
fortune is blind: And she is painted also

to signify to you, which is the moral of  
turning, and inconstant, and mutability,

and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a  
stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls:—In

the poet makes a most excellent description  
is an excellent moral.

She is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;  
and 'tis a pux, and hanged must 'a be.

With!

Take the dog, let man go free,

wrap his windpipe suffocate:

With given the doom of death,

the price.

Speak, the duke will hear thy voice;

Bardolph's vital thread be cut

penney cord, and vile reproach:

So, for his life, and I will thee requite.

And Pistol, I do partly understand your

With!

Then rejoice therefore.

Truly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice  
in you, he were my brother, I would desire  
to see his good pleasure, and put him to execu-

disciplines ought to be used,  
and be damned; and *figo* for thy friendship.

Well.

Fig of Spain!

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

Good.

Now, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I  
am now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Now you, 'a uttered as grave 'ords at the  
we shall see in a summer's day: But it is  
that he has spoke to me, that is well, I  
when time is serve.

\* *Buzzum*—obedient, disciplined.

*Gow.* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a roogue; that now  
and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return  
into London, under the form of a soldier. And such  
fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names:  
and they will learn you by rote where services were  
done;—at such and such a sconce,\* at such a breach,  
at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot,  
who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and  
this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they  
trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of  
the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will  
do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is won-  
derful to be thought on! But you must learn to know  
such scoundrels of the age, or else you may be marvel-  
lously mistook.

*Flu.* I tell you what, captain Gower,—I do perceive  
he is not the man that he would gladly make show to  
the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell  
him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king  
is coming; and I must speak with him from the  
bridge.

*Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.*

*Flu.* Got pless your majesty!

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the  
bridge?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of  
Exeter has very gallantly maintained the bridge: the  
French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and  
most brave passages: Marry, th' adversary was have  
possession of the bridge; but he is enforced to retire,  
and the duke of Exeter is master of the bridge: I can  
tell your majesty, the duke is a brave man.

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

*Flu.* The perdition of th' adversary hath been very  
great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think  
the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to  
be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if  
your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles,  
and wheelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his  
lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, some-  
times blue, and sometimes red; but his nose is ex-  
ecuted, and his fire 's out.

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so cut  
off:—and we give express charge, that, in our marches  
through the country, there be nothing compelled from  
the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the  
French upbraided or abused in disdainful language;  
For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the  
gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* You know me by my habit.

*K. Hen.* Well, then, I know thee; What shall I  
know of thee?

*Mont.* My master's mind.

*K. Hen.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of  
England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep:  
Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him,  
we could have rebuked him at Harfleur: but that we  
thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full  
ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is  
imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weak-  
ness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore,  
consider of his ransom: which must proportion the  
losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the dis-  
grace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer,  
his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his ex-  
chequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the  
muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our  
disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a

\* *Sconce* is used in the sense of a fortification by Milton and  
Clarendon.



weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

*K. Hen.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth, (Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,) My people are with sickness much enfeebled; My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have Almost no better than so many French, Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God, That I do brag thus!—this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am; My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk; My army but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, God before,\* tell him we will come on, Though France himself, and such another neighbour, Stand in our way. There 's for thy labour, Montjoy. Go bid thy master well advise himself: If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well. The sum of all our answer is but this: We would not seek a battle as we are: Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it; So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit MONTJOY.*]

*Glo.* I hope they will not come upon us now.

*K. Hen.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night,— Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves; And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, the LORD RAMBURES, the DUKE OF ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, and others.*

*Con.* Tut! I have the best armour of the world.— 'Would it were day!

*Orl.* You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe.

*Orl.* Will it never be morning?

*Dau.* My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour.

*Orl.* You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

*Dau.* What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

*Orl.* He 's of the colour of the nutmeg.

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

\* *God before*—God being my guide. The same expression, when used to a parting friend, implied, God be thy guide. The "prevent us, O Lord" of the Liturgy is *go before us.*

*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a most excellent horse.

*Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys; his not the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance homage.

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit that can the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lark deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongue, my horse is argument for them all: 't is a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign to ride on: and for the world (familiar to us known) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his name, began thus:—"Wonder of nature,"—

*Orl.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to tress.

*Dau.* Then did they imitate that which I did to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

*Dau.* Me well; which is the prescript perfection of a good and particular mistress.

*Con.* Nay, for methought, yesterday, you shrewdly shook your back.

*Dau.* So, perhaps, did yours.

*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

*Dau.* O! then, belike, she was old and grey; you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French and in your straight trossers.

*Con.* You have good judgment in horsemanship.

*Dau.* Be warned by me, then: they that ride and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I will have my horse to my mistress.

*Con.* I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

*Dau.* I tell thee, constable, my mistress has her own hair.

*Con.* I could make as true a boast as that that I sow to my mistress.

*Dau.* *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:* thou art not so true of anything.

*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

*Ram.* My lord constable, the armour that is about your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, or moons?

*Con.* Stars, my lord.

*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I warrant you.

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be, for you bear a man's burden; and 't were more honour some were a horse.

*Con.* E'en as your horse bears your burden, so would trot as well were some of your brags and boasts.

*Dau.* 'Would I were able to load him with my burden! Will it never be day? I will trot a mile, and my way shall be paved with my own faces.

*Con.* I will not say so, for fear I should be weary of my way: But I would it were morning, I might see the faces of the English.

*Ram.* Who will go to hazard with me to see the English prisoners?

*Con.* You must first go yourself to hazard, and have them.

*Dau.* 'T is midnight, I 'll go arm myself.

*Orl.* The dauphin longs for morning.

*Ram.* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think he will eat all he kills.

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he will eat the English prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread on his neck.

*Orl.* He is, simply, the most active prince in France.

*Con.* Doing is activity; and he will still

ever did harm, that I heard of.  
will do none to-morrow: he will keep  
me still.

we him to be valiant.  
s told that, by one that knows him better

t's he?  
y, he told me so himself; and he said, he  
o knew it.

seeds not, it is no hidden virtue in him.  
ay faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw  
key: 't is a hooded valour; and, when it  
ll bate.

ill never said well.  
l cap that proverb with—There is flattery

l will take up that with—Give the devil

placed; there stands your friend for the  
at the very eye of that proverb, with—A  
ill.

are the better at proverbs, by how much—  
is soon shot.

have shot over.  
not the first time you were overshot.

*Enter a Messenger.*

and high constable, the English lie within  
d paces of your tents.  
bath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The lord Grandpré.

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would  
it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs  
not for the dawning, as we do.

*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish fellow is this  
king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers  
so far out of his knowledge!

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension they  
would run away.

*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any in-  
tellectual armour they could never wear such heavy  
head-pieces.

*Ram.* That island of England breeds very valiant  
creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

*Orl.* Foolish curs! that run winking into the  
mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed  
like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that 's a  
valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a  
lion.

*Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathize with  
the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving  
their wits with their wives: and then give them great  
meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like  
wolves, and fight like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

*Con.* Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only  
stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to  
arm: Come, shall we about it?

*Orl.* It is now two o'clock; but, let me see,—by ten,  
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

## CHORUS.

conjecture of a time,  
g murmur, and the poring dark,  
vessel of the universe.

to camp, through the foul womb of  
t,

other army stilly sounds,  
sentinels almost receive

ispers of each other's watch:  
bre: and through their paly flames  
ses the other's number'd face:

a steed, in high and boastful neighs  
sight's dull ear; and from the tents,  
s, accomplishing the knights,

umers closing rivets up,  
note of preparation.

ocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
buz of drowsy morning name.

numbers, and secure in soul,  
and over-lusty French

and English play at dice;  
cripple tardy-gaited night,

and ugly witch, doth limp  
way. The poor condemned English,

s, by their watchful fires  
and only ruminating

s danger; and their gesture sad

Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,

Presenteth them unto the gazing moon

So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold

The royal captain of this ruin'd band,

Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,

Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!

For forth he goes, and visits all his host;

Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile:

And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.

Upon his royal face there is no note

How dread an army hath enrounded him;

Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour

Unto the weary and all-watched night:

But freshly looks, and overbears attaint

With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;

That every wretch, pining and pale before,

Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:

A largess universal, like the sun,

His liberal eye doth give to every one,

Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all

Behold (as may unworthiness define)

A little touch of Harry in the night:

And so our scene must to the battle fly;

Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—

With four or five most vile and ragged foils,

Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous—

The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;

Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

—The English Camp at Agincourt.

HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

enter, 't is true that we are in great danger;

erefore should our courage be.

brother Bedford.—God Almighty!

soul of goodness in things evil,

Would men observingly distil it out;

For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful and good husbandry;

Besides, they are our outward consciences,

And preachers to us all; admonishing

That we should dress us\* fairly for our end.

\* Dress us. To dress is to set in order—in preserve.  
2 E

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,  
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'T is good for men to love their present  
pains,

Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd:  
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move  
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,  
Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
Do my good-morrow to them; and, anon,  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege. [Exit GLO. and BED.]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;  
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:  
I and my bosom must debate awhile,  
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in Heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[Exit ERPINGHAM.]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st  
cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; Art thou officer?  
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,  
A lad of life, an imp of fame;  
Of parents good, of list most valiant:  
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart strings  
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name; art thou of Cornish  
crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,  
upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap  
that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee, then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called.

[Exit.]

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer.<sup>a</sup>  
It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when  
the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars  
is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine  
the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant  
you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble,

<sup>a</sup> Fewer. To "speak few" is a provincial phrase meaning  
to speak low—and therefore proper in the mouth of Fluellen.  
Gower with equal propriety answers "I will speak lower."

in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you  
ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of  
forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the  
to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you  
night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool,  
coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we  
look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prat  
in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that

[Exit GOWER and

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out  
There is much care and valour in this We

Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER  
and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that  
which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no  
desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of  
I think, we shall never see the end of it,  
there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a m  
tleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our

K. Hen. Even as men wracked upon  
look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to t

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he s  
though I speak it to you, I think the king i  
as I am; the violet smells to him as it dot  
element shows to him as it doth to me; a  
have but human conditions: his ceremonie  
his nakedness he appears but a man; an  
affections are higher mounted than ours, y  
stoop, they stoop with the like wing;\* he  
he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears,  
be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, i  
man should possess him with any appear  
lest he, by showing it, should dishearten hi

Bates. He may show what outward cou  
but, I believe, as cold a night as 't is, h  
himself in Thames up to the neck; and s  
were, and I by him, at all adventures, so  
here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak m  
of the king; I think he would not wish  
where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone;  
be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not a  
him here alone, howsoever you speak this  
men's minds: Methinks, I could not die  
contented as in the king's company; his  
just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should see  
we know enough if we know we are the kin  
if his cause be wrong, our obedience to th  
the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the  
hath a heavy reckoning to make; when a  
and arms, and heads, chopped off in a batt  
together at the latter day, and cry all—  
such a place; some, swearing; some, cryin  
geon; some, upon their wives left poor to  
some, upon the debts they owe; some, up  
dren rawly left. I am afraid there are b

\* Mounted and stoop are terms of falcon

battle; for how can they charitably dispose their blood is their argument? Now, if not die well, it will be a black matter for them to be led them to it; whom to disobey were a portion of subjection.

If a son, that is by his father sent about do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the his wickedness, by your rule, should be his father that sent him: or if a servant, master's command, transporting a sum of silks by robbers, and die in many irreligions, you may call the business of the author of the servant's damnation:—But the king is not bound to answer the prayers of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor his servant; for they purpose not their own purpose their services. Besides, there is his cause never so spotless, if it come to the point of swords, can try it out with all unscathed. Some, peradventure, have on them the editated and contrived murder; some, of sins with the broken seals of perjury; some, are their bulwark, that have before gored some of peace with pillage and robbery. Some men have defeated the law, and outrun men, though they can outstrip men they to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his executioner; so that here men are punished, for of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel they feared the death they have borne life where they would be safe they perish: lie unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their sin, than he was before guilty of those the which they are now visited. Every man is the king's; but every subject's soul is therefore should every soldier in the wars do man in his bed, wash every mote out of his eye; and dying so, death is to him advancing, the time was blessedly lost, wherein man was gained: and in him that escapes to think that making God so free an enemy outlive that day to see his greatness, others how they should prepare.

Certain, every man that dies ill the ill is his head, the king is not to answer it. I do not desire he should answer for me; and he to fight lustily for him.

He said so, to make us fight cheerfully: throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and I live.

I live to see it, I will never trust his word

to pay him then! That's a perilous shot for a poor and a private to do against a monarch! you may as well run the sun to ice, with fanning in his face the king's feather. You'll never trust his word that is a foolish saying.

Your reproof is something too round; I am sorry with you, if the time were conve-

it be a quarrel between us, if you live, embrace it.

Shall I know thee again?

Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge me it my quarrel.

Give me my glove; give me another of thine.

Here.

Will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou wilt and say, after to-morrow, "This is my hand, I will take thee a box in the ear."

*K. Hen.* If ever I live to see it I will challenge it, *Will.* Thou darest as well be hanged.

*K. Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

*Will.* Keep thy word: fare thee well.

*Bates.* Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

*K. Hen.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*  
Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives,  
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king:  
We must bear all.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,  
Subject to the breadth of every fool, whose sense  
No more can feel but his own wringing!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,  
That private men enjoy?

And what have kings that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

What is thy soul of adoration?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd  
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?  
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;  
I am a king that find thee; and I know,  
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,  
That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;  
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,  
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,  
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;  
And follows so the ever-running year,  
With profitable labour, to his grave:  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king,  
The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

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Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,  
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,  
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;

And follows so the ever-running year,  
With profitable labour, to his grave:  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king,  
The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

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Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

*Enter ERPINGHAM.*

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,  
Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. Hen.*

Good old knight,  
2 E 2

Collect them all together at my tent :  
I'll be before thee.

*Erp.* I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*]  
*K. Hen.* O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!  
Possess them not with fear! Take from them now  
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers!  
Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,  
O not to-day! Think not upon the fault  
My father made in compassing the crown!  
I Richard's body have interred new;  
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears  
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.  
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
Who twice a day their wither'd hands bold up  
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built  
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests  
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;  
Though all that I can do is nothing worth;  
Since that my penitence comes after all,  
Imploring pardon.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* My liege!  
*K. Hen.* My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;  
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—  
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*

*Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.*

*Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.  
*Dau.* *Montez à cheval*:—My horse! *valet!* *laquay!*  
ha!  
*Orl.* O brave spirit!  
*Dau.* *Via!*—*les canx et la terre*—  
*Orl.* *Rien puis? l'air et le feu*—  
*Dau.* *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.—

*Enter CONSTABLE.*

Now, my lord constable!  
*Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.  
*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in their hides;  
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And doubt<sup>a</sup> them with superfluous courage: Ha!  
*Ram.* What, will you have them weep our horses'  
blood?  
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The English are embattled, you French peers.  
*Con.* To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!  
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,  
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  
There is not work enough for all our hands;  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,  
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,  
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,  
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.  
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—  
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm  
About our squares of battle,—were enow  
To purge this field of such a hilding foe:  
Though we upon this mountain's basis by  
Took stand for idle speculation:  
But that our honours must not. What 's to say?  
A very little little let us do,  
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound  
The tucket-sonance and the note to mount:  
For our approach shall so much dare the field,  
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

<sup>a</sup> The active verb *to doubt* is constantly used by the old writers  
as an equivalent for *to awe*.

*Enter GRANDPRÉ.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords?  
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.  
Big Mars seems bankrot in their beggar'd la,  
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.  
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hand; and their p  
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and  
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead  
And in their pale dull mouths the gimball b  
Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motion  
And their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.  
Description cannot suit itself in words,  
To demonstrate the life of such a battle  
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

*Con.* They have said their prayers, and th  
death.

*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners, and  
And give their fasting horses provender,  
And after fight with them?

*Con.* I stay but for my guidon.<sup>b</sup> To the  
I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
And use it for my haste. Come, come away  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

SCENE III.—*The English Camp*

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD,  
ETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.*

*Glo.* Where is the king?  
*Bed.* The king himself is rode to view the  
*West.* Of fighting men they have full  
thousand.

*Eze.* There 's five to one; besides, they all  
*Sal.* God's arm strike with us! 't is a feat  
God be wi' you, princes all; I 'll to my cha  
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,  
Then, joyfully;—my noble lord of Bedford,  
My dear lord Gloster, and my good lord Ex  
And my kind kinsman, warriors all—adieu!

*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury; and go  
with thee!

*Eze.* Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly!  
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,  
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour

[*Exit S*]  
*Bed.* He is as full of valour as of kindness  
Princely in both.

*West.* O that we now had here

*Enter KING HENRY.*

But one ten thousand of those men in Engla  
That do no work to-day!

*K. Hen.* What 's he that wi  
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair o  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;

<sup>a</sup> *Gimball bit*—double bit; from *gemellus*.

<sup>b</sup> *Guidon*. The ordinary reading is—

"I stay but for my guard. On, to the fel  
One cannot see how the banner taken from a trum  
a substitute for the Constable's guard. The p  
leader's standard. We have no hesitation in c  
original text in this very satisfactory instance of the  
emendation.

and things dwell not in my desires :  
 a sin to covet honour  
 cost offending soul alive.  
 my coz, wish not a man from England :  
 e! I would not lose so great an honour,  
 a more, methinks, would share from me,  
 t hope I have. O, do not wish one more :  
 claim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
 ich hath no stomach to this fight  
 part ; his passport shall be made,  
 e for convoy put into his purse :  
 not die in that man's company  
 his fellowship to die with us.  
 call'd the feast of Crispian :  
 lives this day, and comes safe home,  
 a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
 him at the name of Crispian.  
 ll see this day, and live old age,  
 on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
 e-morrow is saint Crispian :  
 e strip his sleeve, and show his scars :  
 get ; yet all shall be forgot,  
 member, with advantages,  
 he did that day : Then shall our names  
 his mouth as household words,—  
 ing, Bedford and Exeter,  
 d Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
 ewing cups freshly remember'd :  
 all the good man teach his son ;  
 Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 y to the ending of the world,  
 shall be remembered ;  
 happy few, we band of brothers ;  
 y that sheds his blood with me  
 brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
 ll gentle his condition :  
 ven in England, now a-bed,  
 themselves accurs'd they were not here ;  
 eir manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks  
 with us upon St. Crispian's day.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

overeign lord, bestow yourself with speed :  
 are bravely in their battles set,  
 th all expedience charge on us.  
 All things are ready, if our minds be so.  
 rish the man whose mind is backward  
 e!  
 Thou dost not wish more help from Eng-  
 id, coz ?  
 It's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,  
 re help, could fight this royal battle!  
 Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand  
 n ;  
 me better than to wish us one.—  
 our places : God be with you all !

*Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.*

ce more I come to know of thee, king  
 arry,  
 ussum thou wilt now compound,  
 cost assured overthrow :  
 y, thou art so near the gulf  
 must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,  
 le desires thee—thou wilt mind  
 s of repentance ; that their souls  
 a peaceful and a sweet retire  
 e fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies  
 d foster.

Who hath sent thee now ?  
 e constable of France.  
 I pray thee, bear my former answer back ;  
 believe me, and then sell my bones.  
 why should they mock poor fellows thus ?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin  
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.  
 A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,  
 Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,  
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work :  
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,  
 They shall be fam'd ; for there the sun shall greet them,  
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven ;  
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
 Mark then abounding valour in our English ;  
 That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,  
 Break out into a second course of mischief,  
 Killing in relapse of mortality.  
 Let me speak proudly :—Tell the constable,  
 We are but warriors for the working-day :  
 Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd  
 With rainy marching in the painful field ;  
 There 's not a piece of feather in our host,  
 (Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,)  
 And time hath worn us into slovenry :  
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim :  
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night  
 They 'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck  
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,  
 (As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then  
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour ;  
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald ;  
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints :  
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,  
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

*Mont.* I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well :  
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* I fear, thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.

*Enter the DUKE OF YORK.*

*York.* My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
 The leading of the vaward.

*K. Hen.* Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march  
 away :—  
 And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

*Alarums ; Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL,  
 and Boy.*

*Pist.* Yield, cur.

*Fr. Sol.* *Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de  
 bonne qualité.*

*Pist.* Quality ! Calen o Custure me. Art thou a  
 gentleman ? What is thy name ? discuss.

*Fr. Sol.* *O Seigneur Dieu !*

*Pist.* O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman :—  
 Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark ;—  
 O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,<sup>a</sup>  
 Except, O signieur, thou do give to me  
 Egregious ransom.

*Fr. Sol.* *O, prenez misericorde ! ayez pitié de moy !*

*Pist.* Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys ;  
 For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,  
 In drops of crimson blood.

*Fr. Sol.* *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de  
 ton bras ?*

*Pist.* Brass, cur !  
 Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,  
 Offer'st me brass ?

*Fr. Sol.* *O pardonnez moy.*

*Pist.* Say'st thou me so ? is that a ton of moys ?  
 Come hither, boy : Ask me this slave in French,  
 What is his name.

<sup>a</sup> Fox—a cant word for a sword.

*Boy.* Escoutez ; Comment estes vous appellé ?

*Fr. Sol.* Monsieur le Fer.

*Boy.* He says his name is master Fer.

*Pist.* Master Fer ! I 'll fer him, and firke him, and ferret him ;— discuss the same in French unto him.

*Boy.* I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

*Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

*Fr. Sol.* Que dit-il, monsieur ?

*Boy.* Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest ; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

*Pist.* Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant. Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns ; Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

*Fr. Sol.* O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison ; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cent escus.

*Pist.* What are his words ?

*Boy.* He prays you to save his life : he is a gentleman of a good house ; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

*Pist.* Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

*Fr. Sol.* Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?

*Boy.* Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier ; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

*Fr. Sol.* Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens : et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

*Pist.* Expound unto me, boy.

*Boy.* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks : and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

*Pist.* As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.— Follow me. [*Exit Pistol.*]

*Boy.* Suivez vous le grand capitaine. [*Exit French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart : but the saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil in the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger ; and they are both hanged ; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp : the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field of Battle.

*Alarums.* Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, and others.

*Con.* O diable !

*Orl.* O seigneur !—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !

*Dau.* Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded, all !

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—O meschante fortune !— Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*]

*Con.* Why, all our ranks are broke.

*Dau.* O perdurable shame !—let 's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for ?

*Orl.* Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

*Bour.* Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame !

Let 's die in honour : Once more back again ;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend ! Let us, on 'heaps, go offer up our lives.

*Orl.* We are enow, yet living in the field, To smother up the English in our throats, If any order might be thought upon.

*Bour.* The devil take order now ! I 'll throng ;

Let life be short ; else shame will be too long.

#### SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field of Battle.

*Alarums.* Enter KING HENRY and Forces ; and others, with prisoners.

*K. Hen.* Well have we done, thrice valiant men :

But all 's not done, yet keep the French the field. *Eze.* The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle ? thrice welcome !

I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fightin' From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

*Eze.* In which array (brave soldier ! ) doth Larding the plain : and by his bloody side (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds) The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died : and York, all haggled over Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd, And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;

And cries aloud,—“ Tarry, my cousin Suffolk My soul shall thine keep company to heaven : Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast ; As, in this glorious and well-foughten field, We kept together in our chivalry ! ”

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up. He smil'd me in the face, rought me his hand And with a feeble gripe, says,—“ Dear my lord Commend my service to my sovereign.”

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lip And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd Those waters from me, which I would have shed But I had not so much of man in me, And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gave me up to tears.

*K. Hen.* I blame you not ;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—

But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ?— The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men. Then every soldier kill his prisoners ; Give the word through.

#### SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field of Battle.

*Alarums.* Enter FLUELLEN and GOWENKAMP.

*Flu.* Kill the poys and the luggage ! 't is against the law of arms : 't is as arrant a knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. Conscience now, is it not ?

*Gow.* 'T is certain there 's not a boy left of the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle at this slaughter : besides, they have burn'd away all that was in the king's tent ; where the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant king !

*Flu.* Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Great was born ?

*Gow.* Alexander the great.

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig, great ?

it, or the mighty, or the huge, or the mag-  
are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a  
isms.

think Alexander the great was born in Ma-  
father was called Philip of Macedon, as I

think it is in Macedon where Alexander is  
ll you, captain,—If you look in the maps of  
warrant you shall find, in the comparisons  
acedon and Monmouth, that the situations,  
both alike. There is a river in Macedon ;  
is also moreover a river at Monmouth : it is  
e, at Monmouth ; but it is out of my prains  
e name of the other river ; but 't is all one,  
as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is

both. If you mark Alexander's life well,  
Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent  
there is figures in all things. Alexander  
s, and you know), in his rages, and his furies,  
this, and his cholers, and his moods, and his  
s, and his indignations, and also being a little  
in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers,  
fill his pest friend, Clytus.

er king is not like him in that ; he never  
of his friends.

is not well done, mark you now, to take the  
my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I  
in the figures and comparisons of it : As  
killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales  
ps : so also Harry Monmouth, being in his  
nd his goot judgments, turned away the fat  
h the great pelly-doublet : he was full of  
ipes, and knaveries, and mocks ; I have for-  
ie.

er John Falstaff.

at is he : I'll tell you, there is goot men  
mouth.

ere comes his majesty.

*Enter KING HENRY with a part of the  
Forces ; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER,  
rs.*

I was not angry since I came to France  
instant.—Take a trumpet, herald ;  
into the horsemen on yon hill ;  
fight with us, bid them come down,  
field ; they do offend our sight :  
is neither, we will come to them ;  
them skirr away, as swift as stones  
om the old Assyrian slings :  
'll cut the throats of those we have ;  
man of them, that we shall take,  
our mercy :—Go, and tell them so.

*Enter MONTJOY.*

ere comes the herald of the French, my  
eye.

eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.  
How now ! what means this, herald ? know'st  
you not  
a fin'd these bones of mine for ransom ?  
a again for ransom ?

No, great king,  
see for charitable licence,  
ay wander o'er this bloody field,  
tr dead, and then to bury them ;  
nobles from our common men ;  
of our princes (woe the while !)  
d and sank'd in mercenary blood ;  
vulgar trench their peasant limbs  
(princes) and their wounded steeds  
deep in gore, and, with wild rage,  
their armed heels at their dead masters,  
me twice. O, give us leave, great king,

To view the field in safety, and dispose  
Of their dead bodies.

*K. Hen.* I tell thee truly, herald,  
I know not if the day be ours, or no ;  
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,  
And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours.

*K. Hen.* Praised be God, and not our strength, for it !  
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by ?

*Mont.* They call it Agincourt.

*K. Hen.* Then call we this the field of Agincourt,  
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please  
your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack  
prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles,  
fought a most prave pattle here in France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true : if your majesties  
is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in  
a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their  
Monmouth caps ; which, your majesty knows, to this  
hour is an honourable pudge of the service ; and, I do  
believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek  
upon Saint Tavy's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honour :

For I am Welsh, you know, good cuntryman.

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your ma-  
jesty's Welsh blood out of your pody, I can tell you  
that : Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases  
his grace, and his majesty too !

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my cuntryman.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, I am your majesty's cuntryman,  
I care not who know it ; I will confess it to all the 'orld :  
I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be  
God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

*K. Hen.* God keep me so !—Our heralds go with him ;  
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY and  
others.*]

*Eze.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Hen.* Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy  
cap ?

*Will.* An 't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one  
that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

*K. Hen.* An Englishman ?

*Will.* An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swag-  
gered with me last night : who, if a live and ever dare  
to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box  
o' the ear : or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which  
he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive,)  
I will strike it out soundly.

*K. Hen.* What think you, captain Fluellen ? is it  
fit this soldier keep his oath ?

*Flu.* He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please  
your majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great  
sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

*Flu.* Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil  
is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary,  
look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath : if  
he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant  
a villain, and a Jack sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod  
upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st  
the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who servest thou under ?

*Will.* Under captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a goot captain ; and is goot knowledge  
and literature in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier

*Will.* I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen ; wear thou this favour for



me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

*Flu.* Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once: an please Got of his grace that I might see it.

*K. Hen.* Knowest thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear;

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with cholera, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Before King Henry's Pavilion.*

*Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?

*Flu.* Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

*Will.* I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

*Flu.* 'Shlud, an arrant traitor as any 's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

*Gow.* How now, sir? you villain!

*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsworn?

*Flu.* Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

*Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.*

*War.* How now, how now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

*Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.*

*K. Hen.* How now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

*Will.* My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy

knave it is: I hope your majesty is peare me and witness, and will avouchment, that glove of Alençon, that your majesty is your conscience now.

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove, soldier! I the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

*Flu.* An please your majesty, let his n for it, if there is any martial law in the 'ol

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfi

*Will.* All offences, my lord, come from never came any from mine that might offe

jesty.

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yo appeared to me but as a common man; night, your garments, your lowliness; and highness suffered under that shape, I beseech it for your own fault, and not mine: for as I took you for, I made no offence; thus seech your highness, pardon me.

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow And wear it for an honour in thy cap.

Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crown And, captain, you must needs be friends w

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, then pence for you, and I pray you to serve Ge you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quar

sensions, and, I warrant you, it is the pettes

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a goot will; I can tell serve you to mend your shoes: Come, when you be so pashful? your shoes is not so g

goot silling, I warrant you, or I will chang

*Enter an English Herald.*

*K. Hen.* Now, herald; are the dead num

*Her.* Here is the number of the slaughte [*Declin*

*K. Hen.* What prisoners of good sort are t

*Exc.* Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqua Of other lords and barons, knights and sq

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men

*K. Hen.* This note doth tell me of te

French

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in th

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

One hundred twenty-six: added to these,

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen

Eight thousand and four hundred: of the

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd kn

So that, in these ten thousand they have los

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dea

Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France

Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambur

Great master of France, the brave sir Guis

phin;

John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Be

The brother to the duke of Burgundy;

And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,

Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Fo

Beaumont and Marle, Vandemont and Les

Here was a royal fellowship of death!

Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald presents ans*

duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,  
Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire :  
name ; and, of all other men,  
l-twenty. O God, thy arm was here,  
us, but to thy arm alone,  
all.—When, without stratagem,  
a shock and even play of battle,  
nown so great and little loss,  
land on the other ?—Take it, God,  
ne but thine !

‘T is wonderful !  
Come, go we in procession to the village :  
death proclaimed through our host,

To boast of this, or take that praise from God  
Which is his only.

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell  
how many is killed ?

*K. Hen.* Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledg-  
ment,—

That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites ;

Let there be sung *Non Nobis*, and *Te Deum* ;

The dead with charity enclos'd in clay :

And then to Calais ; and to England then ;

Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [*Ex.*

## ACT V.

## CHORUS.

to those that have not read the story,  
prompt them : and of such as have,  
say them to admit the excuse  
numbers, and due course of things,  
not in their huge and proper life  
sented. Now we bear the king  
dains : grant him there ; there seen,  
away upon your winged thoughts,  
e sea : Behold, the English beach  
e flood with men, with wives, and boys,  
ests and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd  
na,  
e a mighty whistler 'fore the king,  
prepare his way : so let him land ;  
only, see him set on to London.  
pace hath thought, that even now  
imagine him upon Blackheath :  
t his lowls desire him to have borne  
t helmet, and his bended sword,  
, through the city : he forbids it,  
from vainness and self-glorious pride ;  
t trophy, signal, and ostent,

Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,  
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,  
How London doth pour out her citizens !  
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—  
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—  
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :  
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,  
Were now the general of our gracious empress  
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit  
To welcome him ! much more (and much more cause)  
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ;  
(As yet the lamentation of the French  
Invites the king of England's stay at home :  
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,  
To order peace between them ;) and omit  
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,  
Till Harry's back-return again to France :  
There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd  
The interim, by remembering you 't is past.  
Then brook abridgment ; and your eyes advance  
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

L.—France. *An English Court of Guard.*

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

ay, that's right ; but why wear you your  
't Saint Davy's day is past.  
ere is occasions and causes why and where-  
things : I will tell you, as my friend, captain  
he rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, praggling  
fol,—which you and yourself, and all the  
to be no petter than a fellow, look you now,  
e,—he is come to me, and prings me pread  
sterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek :  
e place where I could not breed no conten-  
tum ; but I will be so pold as to wear it in  
I see him once again, and then I will tell  
e piece of my desires.

*Enter PISTOL.*

Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-

is no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-  
at pless you, ancient Pistol ! you scurvy,  
e, Got pless you !

a ! art thou Bedlam ? dost thou thirst, base  
Trojan,

e fold up Parca's fatal web ?

am qualmish at the smell of leek.

essoch you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at  
and my requests, and my petitions, to eat,  
this leek ; because, look you, you do not

love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and  
your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire  
you to eat it.

*Pist.* Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

*Flu.* There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*]  
Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it ?

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scald knave, when Got's  
will is : I will desire you to live in the mean time, and  
eat your victuals ; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking  
him again.*] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire,  
but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray  
you, fall to ; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain ; you have astonished him.\*

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my  
leek, or I will peat his pate four days :—Bite, I pray  
you ; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody  
coxcomb.

*Pist.* Must I bite ?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly ; and out of doubt, and out of  
questions too, and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge ; I  
eat—and eat—I swear.

*Flu.* Eat, I pray you : Will you have some more  
sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to swear by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see, I eat.

*Flu.* Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay,

\* *Astonished him*—stunned him with the blow : *astonished* is  
still a pugilistic term, in the precise sense in which Gower  
uses it.

pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions too see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

*Pist.* Me a groat!

*Flu.* Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.]

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

*Gow.* Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit.]

*Pist.* Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now? News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital Of malady of France; And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, hawd I'll turn, And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand. To England will I steal, and there I'll steal: And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars, And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Troyes, in Champagne. *An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

*Enter at one door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the French KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c., the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met! Unto our brother France, and to our sister, Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine; And (as a branch and member of this royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd) We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;— And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England; fairly met:— So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother England, Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes; Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them Against the French, that met them in their bent, The fatal balls of murdering basilisks: The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their quality; and that this day Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

*Bur.* My duty to you both, on equal love, Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours, To bring your most imperial majesties Unto this bar and royal interview, Your mightiness on both parts best can witness. Since then my office hath so far prevail'd

That face to face, and royal eye to eye, You have congregated; let it not disgrace me. If I demand, before this royal view, What rub, or what impediment, there is, Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peasant, Dear nurse of arts, plenty, and joyful births, Should not, in this best garden of the world, Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage? Alas! she hath from France too long been chace, And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps, Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart, Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd, Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory, Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts, That should deracinate such savagery: The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover, Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, but Losing both beauty and utility:

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and best Defective in their natures, grow to wildness; Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time, The sciences that should become our country; But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will, That nothing do but meditate on blood,— To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire, And everything that seems unnatural.

Which to reduce into our former favour\* You are assembled; and my speech entreats That I may know the let, why gentle peace Should not expel these inconveniences, And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. Hen.* If, duke of Burgundy, you would that Whose want gives growth to the imperfections Which you have cited, you must buy that peace With full accord to all our just demands; Whose tenors and particular effects You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

*Bur.* The king hath heard them; to the which There is no answer made.

*K. Hen.* Well, then, the peace Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursory eye O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace To appoint some of your council presently To sit with us once more, with better heed To re-survey them, we will, suddenly, Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Earl, And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloucester, Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king, And take with you free power to ratify, Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best Shall see advantageable for our dignity, Anything in, or out of, our demands; And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister, Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go soon. Haply a woman's voice may do some good, When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here. She is our capital demand, compris'd Within the fore rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, and her Grace.*]

*K. Hen.* Fair Katharine, and so

\* *Favour*—appearance.

vnuchsafe to teach a soldier terms,  
ill enter at a lady's ear,  
his love-suit to her gentle heart?  
four majesty shall mock at me; I cannot  
England.

O fair Katharine, if you will love me  
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear  
it brokenly with your English tongue. Do  
e, Kate?

ardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is—like me.  
An angel is like you, Kate; and you are  
rel.

me dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?  
ay, crayment, (sauf vostre grace,) ainsi dit-il.

I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not  
firm it.

bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont  
tromperies.

What says she, fair one? that the tongues  
full of deceits?

bay; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of  
a is de princess.

The princess is the better Englishwoman.  
ste, my wooing is fit for thy understanding:  
thou canst speak no better English; for, if  
st, thou wouldst find me such a plain king,  
wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my  
know no ways to mince it in love, but  
say—I love you: then, if you urge me fur-  
say—Do you in faith? I wear out my  
me your answer: i' faith, do; and so clap  
a bargain: How say you, lady?

auf vostre honneur, me understand well.

Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to  
our sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the  
e neither words nor measure; and for the  
e no strength in measure, yet a reasonable  
strength. If I could win a lady at leap-  
vaulting into my saddle with my armour on  
under the correction of bragging be it spoken,  
quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might  
my love, or bound my horse for her favours,  
on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-  
off: but, before God, Kate, I cannot look  
e gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cus-  
tation; only downright oaths, which I  
ill surged, nor never break for urging. If

love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose  
worth sun-burning, that never looks in his  
re of anything he sees there, let thine eye be  
I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst  
this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I  
e true: but—for thy love, by the Lord, no;  
see too. And while thou livest, dear Kate,  
e of plain and uncoined constancy; for he  
st do thee right, because he hath not the  
in other places: for these fellows of infinite  
can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,  
says reason themselves out again. What!

but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A  
ll fall; a straight back will stoop; a black  
turn white; a curled pate will grow bald;  
will wither; a full eye will wax hollow;  
heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or,  
en, and not the moon; for it shines bright,  
hangs, but keeps his course truly. If thou  
ashest a one, take me: And take me, take a  
e a soldier, take a king: And what sayest  
e my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I

it possible dat I sould love de enemy of

No; it is not possible you should love the  
ance, Kate: but, in loving me, you should  
nd of France; for I love France so well

that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it  
all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am  
yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French;  
which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a  
new-married wife about her husband's neck hardly  
to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France et  
quand vous avez la possession de moy,* (let me see,  
what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!) *donc covre  
est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me,  
Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much  
more French: I shall never move thee in French, un-  
less it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous  
parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is 't not Kate: but thy speaking  
of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs  
be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou  
understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate?  
I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at  
night when you come into your closet, you'll question  
this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you  
will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love  
with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully;  
the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly.  
If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith  
within me tells me thou shalt,) I get thee with scamb-  
ling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-  
breeder: Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis  
and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half  
English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the  
Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou,  
my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to pro-  
mise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour  
for your French part of such a boy; and, for my En-  
glish moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor.  
How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde,  
mon tres chere et divine déesse?*

Kath. Your majesté 'ave fausse French enough to  
deceive de most sage damoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine  
honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which  
honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood  
begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding  
the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now  
besrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil  
wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a  
stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I  
come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate,  
the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort  
is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no  
more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast  
me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear  
me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair  
Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden  
blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the  
looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—  
Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt  
no sooner bless mine ear withal but I will tell thee  
aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is  
thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I  
speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best  
king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows.  
Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is  
music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all,  
Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English,  
Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de roy mon pere.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall  
please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it sall also content me.

*K. Hen.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

*Kath.* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez; ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baissés devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

*K. Hen.* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is *baiser*, en English.

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your majesty *entendre* better que moy.

*K. Hen.* It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

*Alice.* *Ouy, vrayment.*

*K. Hen.* O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

*Enter the French King and Queen, Burgundy, Bedford, Gloster, Exeter, Westmoreland, and other French and English Lords.*

*Bur.* God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

*K. Hen.* I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

*Bur.* Is she not apt?

*K. Hen.* Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

*Bur.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind: Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

*Bur.* They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

*Bur.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

*K. Hen.* This moral ties me over to the summer; and so I shall catch the fly, yet the latter end, and she must be blind too.

*Bur.* As love is, my lord, before it love.

*K. Hen.* It is so; and you may, some of you for my blindness; who cannot see many cities, for one fair French maid that stands.

*Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them the cities turned into a maid; for they are with maiden walls, that war hath never e-

*K. Hen.* Shall Kate be my wife?

*Fr. King.* So please you.

*K. Hen.* I am content; so the maiden of may wait on her: so the maid that sto-

of my wish shall show me the way to my

*Fr. King.* We have consented to all te

*K. Hen.* Is't so, my lords of England

*West.* The king hath granted every art His daughter, first; and then, in sequel,

According to their firm proposed natures.

*Eze.* Only, he hath not yet subscribed your majesty demands,—That the kin having any occasion to write for matter o name your highness in this form, and t tion, in French,—*Notre tres cher fils d'Angleterre, héritier de France*; and the *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, re hæres Franciæ.*

*Fr. King.* Nor this I have not, brother, But your request shall make me let it pas

*K. Hen.* I pray you then, in love and d Let that one article rank with the rest:

And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son; and fr raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdon Of France and England, whose very shore With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred; and this dear con Plant neighbourhood and christian-like ac In their sweet bosoms, that never war adva His bleeding sword 'twixt England and f All. Amen!

*K. Hen.* Now welcome, Kate:—and b ness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign quee

*Q. Isa.* God, the best maker of all matt Combine your hearts in one, your realms i As man and wife, being two, are one in le So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a s That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marr Thrust in between the paction of these kin To make divorce of their incorporate leagu That English may as French, French Eng Receive each other!—God speak this Ame All. Amen!

*K. Hen.* Prepare we for our marriage;—o My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oat And all the peers', for surety of our leagu Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me And may our oaths well kept and prospero

#### CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,  
Our bending author hath pursued the story,  
In little room confining mighty men,  
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.  
Small time, but in that small, most greatly liv'd  
This star of England: fortune made his sword;  
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,  
And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd  
Of France and England, did this king  
Whose state so many had the managing,  
That they lost France, and made him  
bleed:  
Which oft our stage hath shown; and  
sake,  
In your fair minds let this acceptance take



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

THE First Part of Henry VI. was originally printed, under that title, in the folio collection of 1623. Upon the authority, then, of the editors of that edition of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true original Copies," this drama properly finds a place in every modern edition of our poet's works. But since the time of Malone the English critics have agreed that this play is spurious; and Drake, without hesitation, refers to what Shakspeare's friends and editors denominated the Second and Third Parts of 'Henry VI.' as the First and Second Parts; and recommends all future editors, if they print this first play at all, to give it only in an Appendix. If we were in the habit, then, of taking upon trust what the previous editors of Shakspeare have authoritatively held, we should either reject this play altogether, or, if we printed it, we should inform our readers that "the hand of Shakspeare is nowhere visible throughout." We cannot consent to follow either of these courses. We print the play, and we do not tell the reader that Shakspeare never touched it. The question of the authenticity of the three parts of 'Henry VI.' is a very large one, embracing many details. In this edition we are compelled to refer the reader to our Essay on the subject, which accompanies these plays in our 'Pictorial' and 'Library' editions.

In the humble house of Shakspeare's boyhood there was, in all probability, to be found a thick squat folio volume, then some thirty years printed, in which might be read, "what misery, what murder, and what execrable plagues this famous region hath suffered by the division and dissention of the renowned houses of Lancaster and York." This book was 'Hall's Chronicle.' With the local and family associations that must have belonged to his early years, the subject of the four dramas that relate to the dissention of the houses of Lancaster and York, or rather the subject of this one great drama in four parts, must have irresistibly presented itself to the mind of Shakspeare, as one which he was especially qualified to throw into the form of a chronicle history. It was a task peculiarly fitted for the young poet during the first five years of his connexion with the theatre. Historical dramas, in the rudest form, presented unequalled attractions to the audiences who flocked to the rising stage. He had not here to invent a plot; or to aim at the unity of action, of time, and of place, which the more refined critics of his day held to be essential to tragedy. The form of a chronicle history might appear to require little beyond a poetical exposition of the most attractive facts of the real Chronicles. It is in this spirit, we think, that Shakspeare approached the execution of the First Part of 'Henry VI.' It appears to us, also, that in that very early performance he in some degree held his genius in subordination to the necessity of executing his task, rather with reference to the character of his audience and the general nature of his subject than for the fulfilment of his own aspirations as a poet. There was before him one of two courses. He might have chosen, as the greater number of his contemporaries chose, to consider the dominions of poetry and of common sense to be far sundered; and, unconscious or doubtful of the

force of simplicity, he might have resolved, with them, to substitute what would more unquestionably gratify a rude popular taste,—the force of extravagance. On the other hand, it was open to him to transfer to the dramatic shape the spirit-stirring recitals of the old chronicle writers; in whose narratives, and especially in that portion of them in which they make their characters speak, there is a manly and straightforward earnestness which in itself not seldom becomes poetical. Shakspeare chose this latter course. When we begin to study the 'Henry VI.,' we find in the First Part that the action does not appear to progress to a catastrophe; that the author lingers about the details, as one who was called upon to exhibit an entire series of events rather than the most dramatic portions of them;—they are the alternations of success and loss, and loss and success, till we somewhat doubt to which side to assign the victory. The characters are firmly drawn, but without any very subtle distinctions,—and their sentiments and actions appear occasionally inconsistent, or at any rate not guided by a determined purpose in the writer. But although the effect may be, to a certain extent, undramatic, there is impressed upon the whole performance a wonderful air of truth. Much of this must have resulted from the extraordinary quality of the poet's mind, which could tear off all the flimsy conventional disguises of individual character, and penetrate the real moving principle of events with a rare acuteness, and a rarer impartiality. In our view, that whole portion of the First Part of 'Henry VI.' which deals with the character and actions of Joan of Arc is a remarkable example of this power in Shakspeare. He knew that, with all the influence of her supernatural pretension, this extraordinary woman could not have swayed the destinies of kingdoms, and moulded princes and warriors to her will, unless she had been a person of very rare natural endowments. She was represented by the Chroniclers as a mere virago, a bold and shameless trull, a monster, a witch;—because they adopted the vulgar view of her character,—the view, in truth, of those to whom she was opposed. They were rough soldiers, with all the virtues and all the vices of their age; the creatures of brute force; the champions, indeed, of chivalry, but with the brand upon them of all the selfish passions with which the highest deeds of chivalry were too invariably associated. The English Chroniclers, in all that regards the delineation of characters and manners, give us abundant materials upon which we may form an estimate of actions, and motives, and instruments; but they do not show us the instruments moving in their own forms of vitality; they do not lay bare their motives; and hence we have no real key to their actions. Froissart is, perhaps, the only contemporary writer who gives us real portraits of the men of mail. But Shakspeare marshalled them upon his stage, in all their rude might, their coarse ambition, their low jealousies, their factious hatreds,—mixed up with their thirst for glory, their indomitable courage, their warm friendships, their tender natural affections, their love of country. This is the truth which Shakspeare substituted for the vague delineations of the old stage.

# KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- KING HENRY VI.**  
I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.
- LOSTER, uncle to the King, and Protector.**  
I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.
- BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.**  
I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.
- SUFFORT, Duke of Exeter, great uncle to the King.**  
Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.
- SUFFORT, great uncle to the King, Bishop of Exeter, and afterwards Cardinal.**  
I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.
- MORTIMER, Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.**  
II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.
- LANTAGENET, eldest son of Richard, late Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.**  
I. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.
- EARL OF WARWICK.**  
I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.
- EARL OF SALISBURY.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 4.
- EARL OF SUFFOLK.**  
Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 5; sc. 5.
- LEBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.**  
sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.
- JOHN TALBOT, son to Lord Talbot.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7.
- ANDREW MORTIMER, Earl of March.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 5.  
Mortimer's Keeper.  
Appears, Act II. sc. 5.  
A Lawyer.  
Appears, Act II. sc. 4.
- SIR JOHN FASTOLF.**  
Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.
- SIR WILLIAM LUCY.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 7.
- SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 4.
- SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 4.
- Mayor of London.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.
- WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 3.
- VERNON, of the White Rose, or York, faction.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.
- BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster, faction.**  
Appears, Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.
- CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.
- REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.
- DUKE OF BURGUNDY.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2.
- DUKE OF ALENÇON.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.
- Governor of Paris.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.
- BASTARD OF ORLEANS.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.
- Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.**  
Appear, Act I. sc. 4.
- General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.**  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.
- A French Sergeant.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1.
- A Porter.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 3.
- An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.**  
Appears, Act V. sc. 4.
- MARGARET, daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.**  
Appears, Act V. sc. 3.
- COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.**  
Appears, Act II. sc. 3.
- JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.**  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.
- Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.*

SCENE,—PARTLY IN ENGLAND, AND PARTLY IN FRANCE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

*Corpses of KING HENRY V. discovered, late; attended on by the DUKES OF BEDFORD, and EXETER; the EARL OF WARWICK, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.*  
O, be the heavens with black, yield day to night!  
Waiting change of times and states,  
Or crystal tresses in the sky;  
Or scourge the bad revolving stars,

That have consented<sup>a</sup> unto Henry's death!  
King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!  
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.  
*Glo.* England ne'er had a king until his time.  
Virtue he had, deserving to command:  
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;  
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings:  
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,  
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,

<sup>a</sup> *Consented.* Probably the word should be spelt *concented*. To *concent* is to be in harmony—to act together.



Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.  
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:  
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

*Exe.* We mourn in black: Why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:  
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;  
And death's dishonourable victory  
We with our stately presence glorify,  
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.  
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,  
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?  
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French  
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,  
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

*Win.* He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.  
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.  
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:  
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

*Glo.* The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd;  
None do you like but an effeminate prince,  
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may over-awe.

*Win.* Gloster, what'er we like, thou art protector;  
And lookest to command the prince and realm.  
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,  
More than God or religious churchmen may.

*Glo.* Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;  
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,  
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

*Bed.* Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—  
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;  
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.  
Posterity, await for wretched years,  
When at their mothers' moisten'd eyes babes shall suck;  
Our isle be made a nourish\* of salt tears,  
And none but women left to wail the dead.  
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;  
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!  
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!  
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,  
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My honourable lords, health to you all!  
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:  
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,  
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

*Bed.* What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?  
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns  
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

*Glo.* Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?  
If Henry were recall'd to life again,  
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

*Exe.* How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

*Mess.* No treachery; but want of men and money.  
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,—  
That here you maintain several factions;  
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,  
You are disputing of your generals.  
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;  
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;  
A third man thinks, without expense at all,  
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.  
Awake, awake, English nobility!  
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:  
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;  
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

*Nourish.* Nourlee, nourish, nursh, are the same words

*Exe.* Were our tears wanting to this funeral,  
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

*Bed.* Me they concern; regent I am of France.  
Give me my steeld coat, I'll fight for France.  
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!  
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,  
To weep their intermissive miseries.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*2 Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of last chance:

France is revolted from the English quite;  
Except some petty towns of no import:  
The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims,  
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;  
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;  
The duke of Alençon fieth to his side.

*Exe.* The dauphin crowned king! all fly to his  
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

*Glo.* We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats  
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

*Bed.* Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forward  
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,  
Wherewith already France is overrun.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

*3 Mess.* My gracious lords,—to add to your last  
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's beard,  
I must inform you of a dismal fight  
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

*Win.* What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't  
*3 Mess.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'ercome

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.  
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,  
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,  
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,  
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French  
Was round encompassed and set upon:

No leisure had he to enrank his men;  
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;  
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of land,  
They pitched in the ground confusedly,  
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.  
More than three hours the fight continued;  
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,  
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.  
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand

Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he slew:  
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;  
All the whole army stood amaz'd on him:  
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,  
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,  
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.

Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,  
If sir John Fastolf had not play'd the coward;  
He, being in the vaward,\* (plac'd behind,  
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)  
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.

Hence grew the general wrack and massacre;  
Enclosed were they with their enemies:  
A base Walloon, to win the dauphin's grace,  
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;  
Whom all France, with their chief assembled state,  
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

*Bed.* Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself  
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,  
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,  
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

*3 Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,  
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford.  
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

\* *Vaward*—the van. The explanation of the name such as it is, we give: "When an army is attacked in the rear becomes the rear in its turn, and of course the

ransom there is none but I shall pay :  
 dauphin headlong from his throne,—  
 shall be the ransom of my friend ;  
 r lords I 'll change for one of ours.  
 y masters ; to my task will I ;  
 France forthwith I am to make,  
 great Saint George's feast withal :  
 d soldiers with me I will take,  
 y deeds shall make all Europe quake.  
 o you had need ; for Orleans is besieg'd ;  
 army is grown weak and faint :  
 Salisbury craveth supply,  
 keeps his men from mutiny,  
 o few, watch such a multitude.  
 ember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,  
 ill the dauphin utterly,  
 in obedience to your yoke.  
 remember it ; and here take my leave,  
 my preparation. [Exit.]  
 o the Tower, with all the haste I can,  
 artillery and munition ;  
 ill proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.]  
 atham will I, where the young king is,  
 d his special governor ;  
 afety there I 'll best devise. [Exit.]  
 hath his place and function to attend :  
 ; for me nothing remains.  
 ill not be Jack-out-of-office ;  
 a Eltham I intend to send,  
 defeat stern of public weal.  
 [Exit. Scene closes.]

ACT II.—France. Before Orleans.

LES, with his Forces; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

his his true moving, even as in the heavens,  
 h, to this day is not known :  
 hime upon the English side ;  
 victors, upon us he smiles.  
 if any moment but we have ?  
 ere we lie near Orleans ;  
 he famish'd English, like pale ghosts,  
 re us one hour in a month.  
 r want their porridge and their fat bulls :  
 ust be dieted like mules,  
 r provender tied to their mouths,  
 y will look, like drowned mice.  
 s raise the siege : Why live we idly here ?  
 s, whom we want to fear :  
 ne but mad-brain'd Salisbury ;  
 well in fretting spend his gull,  
 money hath he to make war.  
 at, sound alarm ; we will rush on them.  
 honour of the forlorn French :—  
 e my death that killeth me,  
 me go back one foot, or fly. [Exeunt.]

They are beaten back by the English, with  
 Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER,  
 and others.

ever saw the like ? what men have I ?—  
 Is ! dastards !—I would ne'er have fled,  
 left me midst my enemies.  
 dury is a desperate homicide ;  
 i one weary of his life.  
 Is, like lions wanting food,  
 us as their hungry prey.  
 wart, a countryman of ours, records,  
 Oliver and Rowlands bred  
 ne Edward the third did reign.  
 ve may this be verified ;  
 Samsons, and Goliasses,

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !  
 Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose  
 They had such courage and audacity ?  
 Char. Let 's leave this town ; for they are hair-  
 brain'd slaves,  
 And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :  
 Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth  
 The walls they 'll tear down than forsake the siege.  
 Reig. I think, by some odd gimmicks or device,  
 Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on ;  
 Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.  
 By my consent, we 'll even let them alone.  
 Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD of ORLEANS.

Bast. Where 's the prince dauphin ? I have news  
 for him.  
 Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.  
 Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer<sup>a</sup> ap-  
 pall'd ;  
 Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?  
 Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :  
 A holy maid hither with me I bring,  
 Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,  
 Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,  
 And drive the English forth the bounds of France.  
 The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,  
 Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome ;  
 What 's past, and what 's to come, she can descry.  
 Speak, shall I call her in ? Believe my words,  
 For they are certain and unfaillible.  
 Char. Go, call her in : [Exit Bastard] But, first,  
 to try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place :  
 Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern :—  
 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.  
 [Retires.]

Enter LA PUCELLE, BASTARD of ORLEANS, and  
 others.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous  
 feats ?  
 Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me ?  
 Where is the dauphin ?—come, come from behind ;  
 I know thee well, though never seen before.  
 Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me :  
 In private will I talk with thee apart ;—  
 Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.  
 Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.  
 Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,  
 My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.  
 Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd  
 To shine on my contemptible estate :  
 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
 And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
 God's mother deign'd to appear to me ;  
 And, in a vision full of majesty,  
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation,  
 And free my country from calamity :  
 Her id she promis'd and assur'd success :  
 In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;  
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,  
 That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see  
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,  
 And I will answer unpremeditated :  
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,  
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.  
 Resolve<sup>b</sup> on this : Thou shalt be fortunate  
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms  
 Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make,—  
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me :

<sup>a</sup> Cheer—countenance.    <sup>b</sup> Resolve—be firmly persuaded.

And if thou vanquishest thy words are true;  
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

*Puc.* I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,  
Deck'd with fine flower-de-luces on each side;  
The which, at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-  
yard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

*Char.* Then come, o' God's name, I fear no woman.

*Puc.* And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight, and LA PUCELLE overcomes.*]

*Char.* Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,  
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

*Puc.* Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

*Char.* Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help  
me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire:  
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;

'T is the French dauphin sueth to thee thus.

*Puc.* I must not yield to any rites of love,

For my profession's sacred from above:

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompense.

*Char.* Meantime, look gracious on thy prostrate  
thrall.

*Reig.* My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

*Alen.* Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock;  
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

*Reig.* Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

*Alen.* He may mean more than we poor men do  
know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

*Reig.* My lord, where are you? what devise you on?  
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

*Puc.* Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!

Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

*Char.* What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

*Puc.* Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:

Expect Saint Martin's summer,<sup>a</sup> halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

*Char.* Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough?

*Alen.* Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

*Reig.* Woman, do what thou canst to save our  
honours;

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

*Char.* Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away  
about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—London. *Hill before the Tower.*

*Enter, at the gates, the DUKE OF GLOSTER, with his  
Serving-men in blue coats.*

*Glo.* I am come to survey the Tower this day:  
Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.<sup>b</sup>  
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?  
Open the gates; 't is Gloster that calls. [*Servants knock.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Saint Martin's summer*—fine weather in November—prosperity after misfortune.

<sup>b</sup> *Conveyance*—theft.

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who 's there that  
periously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you  
let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord!

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect  
answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

*Glo.* Who willed you? or whose will stand?

There's none protector of the realm but I.

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrant!

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill groom?

*Servants rush at the Tower gates. Enter*

*WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.*

*Wood.* [*Within.*] What noise is this?  
have we here?

*Glo.* Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I  
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would!

*Wood.* [*Within.*] Have patience, ne  
may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:  
From him I have express commandment,

That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let  
in.

*Glo.* Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest he  
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelat!

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er con-  
sider'd?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out short!

1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord pro-  
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come!

*Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train  
in tawny coats.*

*Win.* How now, ambitious Humphrey?  
this?

*Glo.* Peel'd<sup>a</sup> priest, dost thou comma-  
shut out?

*Win.* I do, thou most usurping proditor  
And not protector of the king or realm.

*Glo.* Stand back, thou manifest conspirer!  
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead  
king!

Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin,  
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's  
robes!

If thou proceed in this thy insolence,  
I'll have thee hang'd!

*Win.* Nay, stand thou back, I will not  
This be Damascus, be thou curs'd Cain,  
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt!

*Glo.* I will not slay thee, but I'll drive  
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,  
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

*Win.* Do what thou dar'st; I heard the  
king's voice!

*Glo.* What! am I dar'd, and bearded?  
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;

Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware  
[*GLOSTER and his men attack*]

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly  
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat!

In spite of pope, or dignities of church,  
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and  
down!

*Win.* Gloster, thou 'lt answer this before  
the law!

*Glo.* Winchester goose! I cry—a rope  
about thy neck!

Now beat them hence: Why do you let  
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's  
clothing!

Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrites!  
[*Exit Gloster.*]

*Here a great tumult. In the midst of  
Mayor of London, and Officers.*

*May.* Fie, lords! that you, being superiors,  
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

<sup>a</sup> *Peel'd*—an allusion to the shaven crown of a monk.

<sup>b</sup> The old travellers believed that Damascus was  
the first murder.

Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of my wrongs.  
 Jealous, that regards nor God nor king,  
 dost restrain'd the Tower to his use.  
 Here 's Gloster, too, a foe to citizens;  
 still motions war, and never peace,  
 ring your free purses with large fines;  
 as to overthrow religion,  
 as is protector of the realm;  
 had have armour here out of the Tower,  
 himself king, and suppress the prince.  
 will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.]

Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,  
 like open proclamation:—  
 never as loud as e'er thou canst cry.  
 All manner of men, assembled here in arms  
 against God's peace and the king's, we charge  
 command you, in his highness' name, to repair to  
 rural dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle,  
 any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward,  
 on pain of death.  
 Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law:  
 shall meet, and break our minds at large.  
 Gloster, we 'll meet; to thy dear cost, be  
 sure:  
 my blood I will have for this day's work.  
 I 'll call for clubs, if you will not away:—  
 mine is more haughty than the devil.  
 Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou  
 mayst.  
 Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;  
 and to have it, ere long. [Exeunt.]  
 See the coast clear'd, and then we will  
 depart.—  
 O! that nobles should such stomachs bear!  
 fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.

On the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.  
 Ma. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is  
 besieg'd,  
 the English have the suburbs won.  
 Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,  
 unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.  
 Ma. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by  
 me:  
 Master-gunner am I of this town;  
 and I must do to procure me grace.  
 My espials\* have inform'd me,  
 English, in the suburbs close trench'd,  
 digt a secret grate of iron bars  
 to the tower, to overpeer the city;  
 we discover how, with most advantage,  
 we may see us, with shot, or with assault.  
 I see this inconvenience,  
 and ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;  
 yet even these three days have I watch'd  
 and see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,  
 and stay no longer.  
 If 'st any, run and bring me word;  
 I shall find me at the governor's. [Exit.]  
 Father, I warrant you; take you no care;  
 I will trouble you if I may spy them.

Enter an upper chamber of a tower, the LORDS  
 GUY AND TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANS-  
 DALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.

Glansdale, my life, my joy, again return'd!  
 how thus handled, being prisoner?  
 What means gott'st thou to be releas'd?  
 I prithee, on this turret's top.

\* Espials—spies.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,  
 Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;  
 For him was I exchange'd and ransomed.  
 But with a baser man of arms by far,  
 Once, in contempt, they would have harter'd me;  
 Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd; and craved death,  
 Rather than I would be so pil'd-esteem'd.\*  
 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.  
 But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!  
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,  
 If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious  
 taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,  
 To be a public spectacle to all:  
 Here, said they, is the terror of the French,  
 The scarecrow that affrights our children so  
 Then broke I from the officers that led me;  
 And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,  
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.  
 My grisly countenance made others fly;  
 None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.  
 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;  
 So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,  
 That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,  
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:  
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,  
 That walk'd about me every minute-while;  
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,  
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,  
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans:  
 Here, through this grate, I count each one,  
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;  
 Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.  
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale.  
 Let me have your express opinions,  
 Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lord's.

Glansdale. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd  
 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[Shot from the town. SAL. and GAR. fall.]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd  
 us?—

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;  
 How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?  
 One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side, struck off!—  
 Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal hand,  
 That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!  
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;  
 Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;  
 Whilst any trumpet did sound, or drum struck up,  
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.  
 Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,  
 One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:  
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.  
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,  
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand!  
 Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.  
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?  
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.  
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;  
 Thou shalt not die, whilst—  
 He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;  
 As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,  
 Remember to avenge me on the French."—  
 Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,

\* Pil'd-esteem'd. It has been suggested to us that pil'd is from  
 pili—"Flocci, nauci, nihili, pili."

Play on the late, beholding the towns burn.  
Wretched shall France be only in my name.  
[Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum.  
What stir is this? What tumult 's in the heavens?  
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd  
head:  
The dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—  
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—  
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[SAL. groans.  
*Tal.* Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!  
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—  
Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you :—  
Pucelle or puzzel,<sup>a</sup> dolphin or dogfish,  
Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,  
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.  
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,  
And then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen  
dare. [Ezeunt, bearing out the bodies.

SCENE V.—*The same. Before one of the Gates.*

*Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him in; then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.*

*Tal.* Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?  
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;  
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

*Enter LA PUCELLE.*

Here, here she comes :—I 'll have a bout with thee;  
Devil, or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee:  
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,<sup>b</sup>  
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

*Puc.* Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace  
thee. [They fight.

*Tal.* Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?  
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,  
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,  
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

*Puc.* Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:  
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.  
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.  
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;  
Help Salisbury to make his testament:  
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.

*Tal.* My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;  
I know not where I am, nor what I do:  
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,<sup>c</sup>  
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:  
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench.

Are from their hives and houses driven away.  
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;  
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[A short alarum.  
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,  
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;  
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:  
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,  
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,  
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Another alarum.  
It will not be :—Retire into your trenches:  
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,  
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—  
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,  
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.  
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!  
The shame hereof will make me hide my head!

[Alarum. Retreat. Ezeunt TAL. and his Followers.

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

*Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REYNOLDS, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

*Puc.* Advance our waving colours on the walls  
Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves :—  
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

*Char.* Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this success?  
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,  
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.  
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—  
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:  
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

*Reig.* Why ring not out the bells aloud through  
the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,  
And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

*Alen.* All France will be replete with mirth  
When they shall hear how we have play'd the man.

*Char.* 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won  
For which, I will divide my crown with her:  
And all the priests and friars in my realm  
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.  
A staterier pyramid to her I 'll rear,  
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis',<sup>d</sup> ever was:  
In memory of her, when she is dead,  
Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
Than the rich jewell'd coffer of Darius,  
Transported shall be at high festivals  
Before the kings and queens of France.  
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,  
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.  
Come in: and let us banquet royally,  
After this golden day of victory. [Flourish.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Orleans.

*Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.*

*Serg.* Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:  
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive  
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign  
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

<sup>a</sup> *Puzzel*—a dirty drab.

<sup>b</sup> The superstitious belief was, that to draw blood from a witch was to destroy her power.

<sup>c</sup> An allusion to Hannibal's stratagem, recorded in Livy, of fixing lighted twigs on the horns of oxen.

*1 Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant and Sentinels.]  
are poor servitors

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)  
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders; their drums beating march.*

*Tal.* Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,  
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,

<sup>d</sup> We should probably read,

"Than Rhodope's, of Memphis."

Norman, and Picardy, are friends to us,—  
 On this happy night the Frenchmen are secure,  
 Singing all day carous'd and banqueted;  
 Hence we then this opportunity;  
 Lying best to quittance their deceit,  
 Triv'd by art and baleful sorcery.  
 Al. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his  
 fame,  
 In raising of his own arm's fortitude,  
 To join with witches, and the help of hell!  
 Ber. Traitors have never other company.  
 What's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?  
 Al. A maid, they say.

Al. A maid! and be so martial!  
 Ber. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;  
 Underneath the standard of the French,  
 Carry armour, as she hath begun.  
 Al. Well, let them practise and converse with  
 spirits:

In our fortress; in whose conquering name  
 They resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.  
 Al. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.  
 Al. Not all together: better far, I guess,  
 If we do make our entrance several ways;  
 If it chauce the one of us do fail,  
 Another yet may rise against their force.  
 Al. Agreed; I'll to you corner.

Ber. And I to this.  
 Al. And here will Talbot mount, or make his  
 grave.

Salisbury! for thee, and for the right  
 English Henry, shall this night appear  
 As much in duty I am bound to both.  
 [The English scale the walls, crying St. George!  
 A Talbot! and all enter by the Town.

Al. [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make  
 assault!

French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter,  
 several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half  
 undy, and half unready.

Ber. How now, my lords? what, all unready\* so?  
 Al. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.  
 Ber. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our  
 beds,  
 Hearing alarms at our chamber doors.

Al. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,  
 I never heard I of a warlike enterprise  
 So venturesome or desperate than this.  
 Al. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.  
 Ber. If not of hell, the heavens sure favour him.  
 Al. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he  
 sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Al. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.  
 Ber. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?  
 (thou at first, to flatter us withal,  
 Thou art partakers of a little gain,  
 Now our loss might be ten times so much?)  
 Al. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?  
 I times will you have my power alike?  
 Ber. Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,  
 All you blame and lay the fault on me?  
 Al. Wisest soldiers! had your watch been good,  
 This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.  
 Ber. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;  
 Being captain of the watch to-night,  
 Seek no better to that weighty charge.  
 Al. Had all your quarters been as safely kept  
 As whereof I had the government,  
 Had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.  
 Al. Mine was secure.

\* *Cerely*—undressed.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.  
 Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,  
 Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,  
 I was employ'd in passing to and fro,  
 About relieving of the sentinels:  
 Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,  
 How, or which way; 't is sure, they found some place  
 But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.  
 And now there rests no other shift but this,—  
 To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,  
 And lay new platforms\* to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying A Talbot  
 A Talbot! They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.  
 The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;  
 For I have loaden me with many spoils,  
 Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain,  
 and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,  
 Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.  
 Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;  
 And here advance it in the market-place,  
 The middle centre of this cursed town.  
 Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;  
 For every drop of blood was drawn from him,  
 There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And, that hereafter ages may behold  
 What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,  
 Within their chiefest temple I'll erect  
 A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:  
 Upon the which, that every one may read,  
 Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;  
 The treacherous manner of his mournful death,  
 And what a terror he had been to France.  
 But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,  
 I muse we met not with the dauphin's grace,  
 His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,  
 Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'T is thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,  
 Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,  
 They did, amongst the troops of armed men,  
 Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,  
 For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)  
 Am sure I scar'd the dauphin, and his trull;  
 When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,  
 Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,  
 That could not live asunder day or night.  
 After that things are set in order here,  
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train  
 Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts  
 So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,  
 With modesty admiring thy renown,  
 By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe  
 To visit her poor castle where she lies;  
 That she may boast she hath beheld the man  
 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars  
 Will turn unto a peaceful game sport,  
 When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.  
 You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

\* *Platforms*—plans.

*Lies—dwells.*

*Tal.* Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men  
Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ru'd:  
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;  
And in submission will attend on her.  
Will not your honours bear me company?

*Bed.* No, truly; it is more than manners will:  
And I have heard 't said,—Unbidden guests  
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

*Tal.* Well, then, alone (since there's no remedy)  
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.  
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive a y  
mind.

*Capt.* I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Ex.*]

SCENE III.—Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

*Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.*

*Count.* Porter, remember what I gave in charge;  
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

*Port.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]  
*Count.* The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,  
I shall as famous be by this exploit

As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.  
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,  
And his achievements of no less account:  
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,  
To give their censure<sup>a</sup> of these rare reports.

*Enter Messenger and TALBOT.*

*Mess.* Madam,  
According as your ladyship desir'd,  
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

*Count.* And he is welcome. What! is this the man?  
*Mess.* Madam, it is.

*Count.* Is this the scourge of France?  
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,  
That with his name the mothers still their babes?  
I see report is fabulous and false:  
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,  
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,  
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.  
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:  
It cannot be this weak and writhled<sup>b</sup> shrimp  
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

*Tal.* Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:  
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,  
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

*Count.* What means he now?—Go ask him whether  
he goes.

*Mess.* Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves  
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

*Tal.* Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,  
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

*Re-enter Porter, with keys.*

*Count.* If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

*Tal.* Prisoner! to whom?

*Count.* To me, bloodthirsty lord;  
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.  
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,  
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:  
But now thy substance shall endure the like;  
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,  
That hast by tyranny, these many years,  
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,  
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

*Tal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Count.* Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn  
to moan.

*Tal.* I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,  
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,  
Whereon to practise your severity.

<sup>a</sup> Censure—opinion.

<sup>b</sup> Writhled—wrinkled

*Count.* Why, art not thou the man?

*Tal.* I am, indeed.

*Count.* Then have I substance too.

*Tal.* No, no, I am but shadow of myself:

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see is but the smallest part

And least proportion of humanity:

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,

Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

*Count.* This is a riddling merchant for the man

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

*Tal.* That will I show you presently.

*He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a Peal  
Of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded

That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;

Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,

And in a moment makes them desolate.

*Count.* Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:

I find thou art no less than fame hath bruit'd,

And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;

For I am sorry, that with reverence

I did not entertain thee as thou art.

*Tal.* Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misjudge

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake

The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me:

Nor other satisfaction do I crave,

But only (with your patience) that we may

Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

*Count.* With all my heart; and think me happy

To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Ex.*]

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and  
WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and  
other Lawyers.*

*Plan.* Great lords, and gentlemen, what mean  
silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

*Suf.* Within the Temple hall we were too busy  
The garden here is more convenient.

*Plan.* Then say at once, if I maintain the truth  
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

*Suf.* Faith, I have been a truant in the law;  
And never yet could frame my will to it;

And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

*Som.* Judge you, my lord of Warwick, the  
between us.

*War.* Between two hawks, which flies the higher

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth

Between two blades, which bears the better temper

Between two horses, which doth bear him best,

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eyes.

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,

Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

*Plan.* Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance

The truth appears so naked on my side,

That any purblind eye may find it out.

*Som.* And on my side it is so well apparell'd

So clear, so shining, and so evident,

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eyes.

*Plan.* Since you are tongue-tied, and so

cannot speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:

is a true-born gentleman,  
upon the honour of his birth,  
that I have pleaded truth,  
brier pluck a white rose with me.  
him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,  
maintain the party of the truth,  
rose from off this thorn with me.  
we no colours; \* and, without all colour  
nating flattery,  
white rose, with Plantagenet.  
eck this red rose, with young Somerset;  
hal, I think he held the right.  
lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more,  
clude—that he upon whose side  
ses are cropp'd from the tree,  
he other in the right opinion.  
d master Vernon, it is well objected; †  
rest I subscribe in silence.

d I.  
s, for the truth and plainness of the case,  
pale and maiden blossom here,  
endict on the white rose side.  
k not your finger as you pluck it off;  
g, you do paint the white rose red,  
my side so against your will.  
my lord, for my opinion bleed,  
I be surgeon to my hurt,  
on the side where still I am.  
I well, come on; Who else?  
ess my study and my books be false,  
it you held was wrong in you; [To Som.  
enf, I pluck a white rose too.  
w, Somerset, where is your argument?  
e, in my scabbard; meditating that  
r white rose in a bloody reel.  
ntime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;  
e look with fear, as witnessaig  
our side.

No, Plantagenet,  
fear, but anger,—that thy cheeks  
re shame, to counterfeit our roses;  
tongue will not confess thy error,  
th not thy rose a canker, Somerset?  
h not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?  
sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;  
consuming canker eats his falsehood.  
I, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding  
me,  
maintain what I have said is true,  
Plantagenet dare not be seen.  
w, by this maiden blossom in my hand,  
and thy fashion, peevish boy.  
e not thy scorn this way, Plantagenet.  
and Poole, I will; and scorn both him and  
e.  
turn my part thereof into thy throat.  
y, away, good William De-la-Poole!  
e yeoman by conversing with him.  
e, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, So-  
merset;  
her was Lionel duke of Clarence,  
the third Edward king of England;  
ess yeomen from so deep a root?  
bears him on the place's privilege,  
for his craven heart, say thus.  
Him that made me, I'll maintain my words  
of ground in Christendom:  
father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,  
accused in our late king's days?  
treason, stand'st not thou attainted,

ere used ambiguously for *doctets*.  
The word is not here used in the ordinary sense  
in its less common meaning of *proposed*—*sup-*

Corrupted, and exempt † from ancient gentry ‡  
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;  
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted.  
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;  
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,  
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.  
For your partaker † Poole, and you yourself,  
I'll note you in my book of memory,  
To scourge you for this apprehension : †  
Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;  
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;  
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose.  
As cognizance † of my blood-drinking hate,  
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;  
Until it wither with me to my grave,  
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition  
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious  
Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house  
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,  
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:  
And, if thou be not then created York,  
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.  
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,  
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,  
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:  
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,  
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,  
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,  
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,  
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say  
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt

SCENE V.—*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by Two  
Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,  
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.  
Even like a man new haled from the rack,  
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:  
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,  
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,  
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.  
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,  
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent : †  
Weak shoulders, overborne with burth'ning grief;  
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine  
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:  
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,  
Unable to support this lump of clay,  
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
As witting I no other comfort have.  
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

I Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come;  
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;  
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.  
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.  
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,

† Exempt—excluded.

‡ Apprehension—opinion.

† Partaker—confederate.

† Cognizance—badge.

† Exigent—old.



(Before whose glory I was great in arms.)  
This loathsome sequestration have I had ;  
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,  
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance :  
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,  
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence ;  
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,  
That so he might recover what was lost.

*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.*

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.  
*Mor.* Richard Plantagenet, my friend ? Is he come ?  
*Plan.* Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,  
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

*Mor.* Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,  
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp :  
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,  
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.  
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,  
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd ?

*Plan.* First, lean thine aged back against mine arm ;  
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.<sup>a</sup>  
This day, in argument upon a case,  
Some words there grow 'twixt Somerset and me :  
Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,  
And did upbraid me with my father's death :  
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,  
Else with the like I had requited him :  
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,  
In honour of a true Plantagenet,  
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause  
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

*Mor.* That cause, fair nephew,<sup>b</sup> that imprison'd me,  
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,  
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,  
Was curs'd instrument of his decease.

*Plan.* Discover more at large what cause that was ;  
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

*Mor.* I will ; if that my fading breath permit,  
And death approach not ere my tale be done.  
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,  
Depos'd his nephew Richard,—Edward's son,  
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir  
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :  
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,  
Finding his usurpation most unjust,  
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne :  
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,  
Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,  
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)  
I was the next by birth and parentage ;  
For by my mother I derived am  
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son  
To king Edward the third, whereas he

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,  
Being but fourth of that heroic line.  
But mark ; as, in this haughty great attempt,  
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,  
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.  
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,  
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,  
Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd  
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,  
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,  
Again, in pity of my hard distress,  
Levied an army ; weening to redeem,  
And have install'd me in the diadem :  
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,  
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

*Plan.* Of which, my lord, your honour is the  
*Mor.* True ; and thou seest that I no issue have,  
And that my fainting words do warrant death :  
Thou art my heir ; the rest, I wish thee gather ;  
And yet be wary in thy studious care.

*Plan.* Thy grave admonishments prevail with me,  
But yet, methinks, my father's execution  
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

*Mor.* With silence, nephew, be thou politic ;  
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,  
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.  
But now thy uncle is removing hence ;  
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd  
With long continuance in a settled place.

*Plan.* O, uncle, would some part of my young  
Might but redeem the passage of your age !

*Mor.* Thou dost then wrong me ; as the slaughter  
doth,

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.  
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;  
Only, give order for my funeral ;  
And so farewell ; and fair be all thy hopes !  
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war !

*Plan.* And peace, no war, befall thy parting  
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,  
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.  
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast  
And what I do imagine, let that rest.  
Keepers, convey him hence : and I myself  
Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out Mortimer.*  
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort :  
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,  
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,  
I doubt not but with honour to redress :  
And therefore haste I to the parliament ;  
Either to be restored to my blood,  
Or make my ill<sup>a</sup> the advantage of my good.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *The Parliament-House.*

*Flourish.* *Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK ; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others.* GLOSTER offers to put up a bill ; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

*Win.* Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,  
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,  
Humphrey of Gloster ? if thou canst accuse,  
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,

<sup>a</sup> *Dissonant*—uneasiness—unease.

<sup>b</sup> *Nephew*—put generally for a relative—the Latin *nepos*.

Do it without invention suddenly ;  
As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

*Glo.* Presumptuous priest ! this place commands  
patience,  
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.  
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd  
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,  
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able  
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen :  
No, prelate ; such is thy audacious wickedness,  
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious practices

<sup>a</sup> *Ill*—ill omens.

fants prattle of thy pride.  
 most pernicious usurer;  
 nature, enemy to peace;  
 wanton, more than well be seems  
 by profession and degree;  
 treachery, what's more manifest?  
 a laid'st a trap to take my life,  
 London bridge, as at the Tower?  
 say me, if thy thoughts were sifted,  
 by sovereign, is not quite exempt  
 from malice of thy swelling heart.  
 Gloster, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe  
 bearing what I shall reply.  
 covetous, ambitious, or perverse,  
 have me, how am I so poor?  
 as if I seek not to advance  
 myself, but keep my wonted calling?  
 attention, who preferreth peace  
 I do,—except I be provok'd?  
 good lords, it is not that offends;  
 at that hath incens'd the duke.  
 use no one should sway but he;  
 he should be about the king;  
 engenders thunder in his breast,  
 him roar these accusations forth.  
 I know, I am as good—  
 As good?  
 rd of my grandfather!—  
 y, lordly sir: For what are you, I pray,  
 imperious in another's throne?  
 a I not protector, saucy priest?  
 and am I not a prelate of the church?  
 s, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,  
 it to patronage his theft.  
 irreverent Gloster!  
 Thou art reverent,  
 thy spiritual function, not thy life.  
 some shall remedy this.  
 Roam thither then.  
 y lord, it were your duty to forbear.  
 y, see the bishop be not overborne.  
 methinks, my lord should be religious,  
 the office that belongs to such.  
 methinks his lordship should be humbler;  
 at a prelate so to plead.  
 es, when his holy state is touch'd so near,  
 taste holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?  
 grace protector to the king?  
 vantagemet, I see, must hold his tongue;  
 said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;  
 bold verdict enter talk with lords?"  
 I have a fling at Winchester. [Aside.  
 Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,  
 I watchmen of our English weal,  
 prevail, if prayers might prevail,  
 our hearts in love and amity.  
 scandal is it to our crown,  
 such noble peers as ye should jar!  
 lords, my tender years can tell,  
 nation is a viperous worm  
 the bowels of the commonwealth.—  
 see within! "Down with the tawny-coats!"  
 what's this?  
 An uproar, I dare warrant,  
 from malice of the bishop's men.  
 [A noise again; "Stones! Stones!"  
 for the Mayor of London, attended.  
 my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—  
 ty of London, pity us!  
 and the duke of Gloster's men,  
 late to carry any weapon,  
 their pockets full of pebble-stones;  
 sing themselves in contrary parts,

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,  
 That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:  
 Our windows are broke down in every street,  
 And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.*

*K. Hen.* We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,  
 To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.  
 Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

*1 Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

*2 Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

*Glo.* You of my household, leave this peevish broil,  
 And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

*3 Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man  
 Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,  
 Inferior to none but to his majesty:  
 And ere that we will suffer such a prince,  
 So kind a father of the commonweal,  
 To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,  
 We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,  
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

*1 Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails  
 Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [Skirmish again.  
*Glo.* Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,  
 Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

*K. Hen.* O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!  
 Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold  
 My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?  
 Who should be pitiful, if you be not?  
 Or who should study to prefer a peace,  
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

*War.* Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Winchester;—  
 Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,  
 To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.  
 You see what mischief, and what murder too,  
 Hath been enacted through your enmity;  
 Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

*Win.* He shall submit, or I will never yield.

*Glo.* Compassion on the king commands me stoop;  
 Or I would see his heart out ere the priest  
 Should ever get that privilege of me.

*War.* Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke  
 Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,  
 As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:  
 Why look you still so stern and tragical?

*Glo.* Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

*K. Hen.* Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach  
 That malice was a great and grievous sin:  
 And will not you maintain the thing you teach,  
 But prove a chief offender in the same?

*War.* Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.—  
 For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;  
 What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

*Win.* Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;  
 Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

*Glo.* Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.  
 See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;  
 This token serveth for a flag of truce  
 Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:  
 So help me God, as I dissemble not!

*Win.* So help me God, as I intend it not! [Aside

*K. Hen.* O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,  
 How joyful am I made by this contract!  
 Away, my masters! trouble us no more;  
 But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

*1 Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

*2 Serv.* And so will I

*3 Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords

[Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c

<sup>2</sup> A kindly gird—a reproof meant in kindness.

*War.* Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign ;  
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet  
We do exhibit to your majesty.

*Glo.* Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick ;—for, sweet  
prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,  
You have great reason to do Richard right ;  
Especially, for those occasions  
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

*K. Hen.* And those occasions, uncle, were of force :  
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is  
That Richard be restored to his blood.

*War.* Let Richard be restored to his blood ;  
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

*Win.* As will the rest, so willett Winchester.

*K. Hen.* If Richard will be true, not that alone,  
But all the whole inheritance I give  
That doth belong unto the house of York,  
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

*Plan.* Thy humble servant vows obedience,  
And humble service, till the point of death.

*K. Hen.* Stoop then, and set your knee against my  
foot :

And, in requerdon\* of that duty done,  
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York .  
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet ;  
And rise created princely duke of York.

*Plan.* And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall !  
And as my duty springs, so perish they  
That grudge one thought against your majesty !

*All.* Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York !

*Som.* Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York !

[*Aside.*

*Gio.* Now will it best avail your majesty,  
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France :  
The presence of a king engenders love  
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends ;  
As it disanimates his enemies.

*K. Hen.* When Gloster says the word, king Henry  
goes ;  
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

*Glo.* Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER.*

*Ecc.* Ay, we may march in England, or in France,  
Not seeing what is likely to ensue :

This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,  
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,  
And will at last break out into a flame :

As fester'd members rot but by degree,  
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,  
So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,  
Which, in the time of Henry nam'd the fifth,  
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—

That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all ;  
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all ;  
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere that hapless time. [Exit.

SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like  
Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.

*Puc.* These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,  
Through which our policy must make a breach :  
Take heed, be wary how you place your words ;  
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men  
That come to gather money for their corn.  
If we have entrance (as I hope we shall),  
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,  
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,  
That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.

*I Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

\* *Requerdon*—recompence.

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen ;  
Therefore we'll knock.

*Guard.* [Within.] *Qui est là ?*

*Puc.* *Paisans, pauvres gens de France :*  
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn  
*Guard.* Enter, go in ; the market-bell is rung.

[*Open*  
*Puc.* Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks  
ground. [Puc., &c., exit

Enter CHARLES, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, AND  
FORCES.

*Char.* Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem  
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

*Bast.* Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practice  
Now she is there, how will she specify  
Where is the best and safest passage in ?

*Alen.* By thrusting out a torch from yonder  
Which, once discern'd, shows that her mean  
No way to that, for weakness, which she entreats.

Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding  
torch burning.

*Puc.* Behold, this is the happy wedding torch  
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen ;  
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

*Bast.* See, noble Charles ! the beacon of our  
The burning torch, in yonder turret stands.

*Char.* Now shine it like a comet of revenge,  
A prophet to the fall of all our foes !

*Alen.* Defer no time : Delays have danger  
Enter, and cry—"The dauphin !"—presently  
And then do execution on the watch. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter TALBOT and certain

*Tal.* France, thou shalt rue this treason  
tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.  
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,  
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unaware  
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.

[*Exeunt*

Alarum : *Excursions.* Enter, from the  
FORD, brought in sick, in a chair, with  
BURGUNDY, and the English Forces.  
on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES,  
ALENÇON, and others.

*Puc.* Good morrow, gallants ! want you  
bread ?

I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,  
Before he'll buy again at such a rate :  
'T was full of darnel : Do you like the taste ?

*Bur.* Scoff on, vile wench, and shameless !  
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own  
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

*Char.* Your grace may starve, perhaps,  
time.

*Bed.* O, let no words, but deeds, revenge !

*Puc.* What will you do, good grey-beard  
lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair ?  
*Tal.* Foul fiend of France, and hag of all  
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,  
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,

And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?  
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,  
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

*Puc.* Are you so hot, sir ? Yet, Pucelle  
peace ;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[*TALBOT, and the rest, re-enter*  
God speed the parliament ! who shall be the  
*Tal.* Dare ye come forth, and meet us in

alike, your lordship takes us then for fools,  
 hat our own be ours, or no.  
 peak not to that railing Hecaté,  
 see, Alençon, and the rest;  
 ke soldiers, come and fight it out?  
 ignior, no.  
 gnior, hang!—base muleteers of France!  
 at footboys do they keep the walls,  
 not take up arms like gentlemen.  
 way, captains: let's get us from the walls;  
 means no goodness by his looks.  
 you, my lord! we came but to tell you  
 e here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c., from the walls.*  
 d there will we be too, ere it be long,  
 reach be Talbot's greatest fame!  
 andy, by honour of thy house,  
 by public wrongs sustain'd in France,)  
 t the town again, or die:  
 ure as English Henry lives,  
 father here was conqueror;  
 n this late-betrayed town  
 e-de-lion's heart was buried;  
 rear to get the town or die.  
 y vows are equal partners with thy vows.  
 ere we go, regard this dying prince,  
 duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,  
 stow you in some better place,  
 ckness and for crazy age.  
 d Talbot, do not so dishonour me:  
 sit before the walls of Rouen,  
 partner of your weal or woe.  
 rageous Bedford, let us now persuade you  
 t to be gone from hence; for once I read,  
 Pendragon, in his litter, sick,  
 e field, and vanquished his foes:  
 should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
 ver found them as myself.  
 aunted spirit in a dying breast!—  
 o:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—  
 e more ado, brave Burgundy,  
 e our forces out of hand,  
 n our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces,  
 leaving BEDFORD and others.*

*Excursions.* Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE  
 and a Captain.

ither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?  
 ither away? to save myself by flight.  
 to have the overthrow again.  
 at! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?  
 e. All the Talbots in the world, to save my  
 e. [Exit.  
 rasily knight! ill fortune follow thee! [Ex.

*Excursions.* Enter, from the town, LA  
 PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c., and exeunt

e, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please;  
 een our enemies' overthrow.  
 rust or strength of foolish man?  
 f late were daring with their scoffs,  
 d fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.  
 e, and recover'd in a day again!  
 side honour, Burgundy:  
 e have glory for this victory!  
 like and martial Talbot, Burgundy  
 ee in his heart; and there erects  
 eeds, as valour's monuments.  
 ks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle  
 e?

I think her old familiar is asleep:  
 Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his  
 gleeks?

What, all a-mort? \* Rouen hangs her head for grief  
 That such a valiant company are fled.  
 Now will we take some order in the town,  
 Placing therein some expert officers;  
 And then depart to Paris, to the king;  
 For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

*Bur.* What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

*Tal.* But yet, before we go, let's not forget  
 The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,  
 But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;  
 A braver soldier never couched lance,  
 A gentler heart did never sway in court:  
 But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;  
 For that 's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. The Plains near the City.*

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE,  
 and Forces.

*Puc.* Dismay not, princes, at this accident,  
 Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:  
 Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
 For things that are not to be remedied.  
 Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,  
 And like a peacock sweep along his tail  
 We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,  
 If dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

*Char.* We have been guided by thee hitherto,  
 And of thy cunning had no diffidence;  
 One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

*Bast.* Search out thy wit for secret policies,  
 And we will make thee famous through the world.

*Alen.* We'll set thy statue in some holy place,  
 And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;  
 Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

*Puc.* Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise.  
 By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,  
 We will entice the duke of Burgundy  
 To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

*Char.* Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,  
 France were no place for Henry's warriors;  
 Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
 But be extirped from our provinces.

*Alen.* For ever should they be expuls'd from France,  
 And not have title of an earldom here.

*Puc.* Your honours shall perceive how I will work,  
 To bring this matter to the wished end. [Drums heard  
 Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive  
 Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*An English march.* Enter, and pass over at a dis-  
 tance, TALBOT and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;  
 And all the troops of English after him.

*A French March.* Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY  
 and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;  
 Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.  
 Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A parley sounded.*

*Char.* A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

*Bur.* Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

*Puc.* The princely Charles of France, thy country-  
 man.

*Bur.* What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching  
 hence.

*Char.* Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy  
 words.

*Puc.* Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!  
 Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

\* *All a-mort*—inspired.

*Bur.* Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

*Puc.* Look on thy country, look on fertile France,  
And see the cities and the towns defac'd  
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!  
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,  
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,  
See, see, the pining malady of France;  
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,  
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!  
O, turn thy edged sword another way;  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!  
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,  
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore,  
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,  
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

*Bur.* Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,  
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

*Puc.* Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.  
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,  
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?  
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,  
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,  
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,  
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?  
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof:—  
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?  
And was he not in England prisoner?  
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,  
They set him free, without his ransom paid,  
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.  
See, then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,  
And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.  
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;  
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

*Bur.* I am vanquished; these haughty<sup>a</sup> words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,  
And made me almost yield upon my knees.  
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!  
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:  
My forces and my power of men are yours;  
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

*Puc.* Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

*Char.* Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

*Bast.* And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

*Alen.* Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,  
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

*Char.* Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;  
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Paris. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and other  
VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and  
of his Officers.

*Tal.* My gracious prince, and honourable  
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,  
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,  
To do my duty to my sovereign:  
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd  
To your obedience fifty fortresses,  
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,  
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,—  
Lest fall his sword before your highness' feet;  
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,  
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,  
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

*K. Hen.* Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,  
That hath so long been resident in France?

*Glo.* Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Welcome, brave captain, and victorious  
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)

I do remember how my father said  
A stouter champion never handled sword.  
Long since we were resolved of your truth,  
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;  
Yet never have you tasted our reward,  
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,  
Because till now we never saw your face:  
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,  
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;  
And in our coronation take your place.

[Exeunt KING HENRY, GLO., TAL., and

*Ver.* Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
Disgracing of these colours that I wear  
In honour of my noble lord of York,—

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou speak'st?

*Bas.* Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage  
The envious barking of your saucy tongue  
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

*Ver.* Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

*Bas.* Why, what is he? as good a man as I.

*Ver.* Hark ye; not so: in witness take ye this.

*Bas.* Villain, thou know'st the law of arms;  
That whoso draws a sword 't is present death,  
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood;  
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave  
I may have liberty to vengeance wrong;  
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

*Ver.* Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as  
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room of State.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK,  
SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK,  
TALBOT, the Governor of Paris, and others.

*Glo.* Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

*Win.* God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

*Glo.* Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—  
[Governor kneels.]

That you elect no other king but him:  
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends;  
And none your foes but such as shall pretend<sup>b</sup>  
Malicious practices against his state:  
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[Exeunt Governor and his Train.]

<sup>a</sup> Haughty—lofty—spirited.

<sup>b</sup> Pretend—intend.

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

*Fast.* My gracious sovereign, as I rode from  
To haste unto your coronation,  
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,  
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

*Tal.* Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and to  
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next  
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg.

[Phoebus  
(Which I have done,) because unworthily  
Thou wast installed in that high degree.  
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:  
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,  
When but in all I was six thousand strong,  
And that the French were almost ten to one.  
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

rusty squire, did run away;  
 assault we lost twelve hundred men;  
 and divers gentlemen beside,  
 surpris'd and taken prisoners.  
 O, great lords, if I have done amiss;  
 that such cowards ought to wear  
 the sign of knighthood, yea or no.  
 I say the truth, this fact was infamous,  
 seeming any common man;  
 I was a knight, a captain, and a leader.  
 When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,  
 the garter were of noble birth;  
 and virtuous, full of haughty courage,  
 were grown to credit by the wars;  
 for death, nor shrinking for distress,  
 were resolute in most extremes.  
 But it is not furnish'd in this sort  
 to usurp the sacred name of knight,  
 this most honourable order;  
 I (if I were worthy to be judge)  
 degraded, like a hedge-born swain  
 presume to boast of gentle blood.  
 Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy  
 doom!  
 Therefore, thou that wast a knight;  
 we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[Exit FAST.]

lord protector, view the letter  
 from my uncle duke of Burgundy.  
 That means his grace, that he hath chang'd his  
 style?  
 [Viewing the superscription.]  
 Out, plain and bluntly,—“To the king?”  
 How got he his sovereign?  
 Is a churlish superscription  
 an alteration in good will?  
 Where?—“I have, upon especial cause,—

[Reads.]

the compassion of my country's wrack,  
 with the pitiful complaints  
 of your oppression feeds upon,—  
 our pernicious faction,  
 with Charles, the rightful king of France.”  
 As treachery! Can this be so;  
 Alliance, amity, and oaths,  
 could be found such false dissembling guile?  
 What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?  
 O, doth, my lord; and is become your foe.  
 Is that the worst this letter doth contain?  
 No, my lord, and all, my lord, he writes.

Why, then, lord Talbot there shall talk with  
 him,  
 and his chastisement for this abuse:—  
 How, my lord? are you not content?  
 Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am pre-  
 vented.

Have I not begg'd I might have been employ'd.  
 Then gather strength, and march unto him  
 in straight;  
 receive how ill we brook his treason;  
 offence it is to flout his friends.  
 O, my lord; in heart desiring still  
 behold confusion of your foes.

[Exit.]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!  
 Grant me, my lord, grant me the combat too!  
 This is my servant: Hear him, noble prince!  
 And this is mine: Sweet Henry, favour him!  
 Be patient, lords, and give them leave to  
 speak.—  
 Men, what makes you thus exclaim?  
 For what crave you combat? or with whom?

[Pursued—gone before—anticipat'd.]

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me  
 wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both com-  
 plain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,  
 This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,  
 Upbraided me about the rose I wear;  
 Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves  
 Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,  
 When stubbornly he did repugn<sup>a</sup> the truth,  
 About a certain question in the law,  
 Argued betwixt the duke of York and him;  
 With other vile and ignominious terms:  
 In confutation of which rude reproach,  
 And in defence of my lord's worthiness,  
 I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:

For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,  
 To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
 Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;  
 And he first took exceptions at this badge,  
 Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower  
 Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,  
 Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-  
 sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,  
 Such factious emulations shall arise:  
 Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,  
 Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,  
 And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;  
 Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!  
 Presumptuous vassals! are you not ashamed,  
 With this immodest clamorous outrage  
 To trouble and disturb the king and us?  
 And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well,  
 To bear with their perverse objections;  
 Much less to take occasion from their mouths  
 To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;  
 Let me persuade you, take a better course.

Eze. It grieves his highness:—Good my lords, be  
 friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,  
 Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.  
 And you, my lords, remember where we are;  
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:  
 If they perceive dissention in our looks,  
 And that within ourselves we disagree,  
 How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd  
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Beside, what infamy will there arise,  
 When foreign princes shall be certified  
 That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility  
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!  
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,  
 My tender years; and let us not forego  
 That for a trifle that was bought with blood!  
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.  
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose

<sup>a</sup> Repugn—resist.

That any one should therefore be suspicious  
I more incline to Somerset than York :  
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both :  
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,  
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.  
But your discretions better can persuade  
Than I am able to instruct or teach :  
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,  
So let us still continue peace and love.  
Cousin of York, we institute your grace  
To be our regent in these parts of France :  
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite  
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;  
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,  
Go cheerfully together, and digest  
Your angry cholour on your enemies.  
Ourselves, my lord protector, and the rest,  
After some respite, will return to Calais ;  
From thence to England, where I hope ere long  
To be presented, by your victories,  
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* K. HEN., GLO., SOM.,  
WIN., SUP., and BASSET.

*War.* My lord of York, I promise you, the king  
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

*York.* And so he did ; but yet I like it not,  
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

*War.* Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;  
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

*York.* And, if I wist he did,—But let it rest ;  
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

*Exe.* Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice :  
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,  
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there  
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,  
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.  
But howsoever, no simple man that sees  
This jarring discord of nobility,  
This should ring of each other in the court,  
This factious handying of their favourites,  
But that it doth presage some ill event.  
'T is much, when sceptres are in children's hands :  
But more, when envy breeds unkind division ;  
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

#### SCENE II.—France. Before Bourdeaux.

*Enter* TALBOT, with his Forces.

*Tal.* Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter :  
Summon their general unto the wall.

[*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the  
General of the French Forces, and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,  
Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;  
And thus he would,—Open your city gates ;  
Be humble to us ; call my sovereign yours,  
And do him homage as obedient subjects ;  
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power :  
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;  
Who, in a moment, even with the earth  
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,  
If you forsake the offer of their love.

*Gsn.* Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge !  
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.  
On us thou canst not enter, but by death :  
For, I protest, we are well fortified,  
And strong enough to issue out and fight :  
If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,  
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee :  
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,

To wall thee from the liberty of flight ;  
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,  
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,  
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.  
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,  
To rive their dangerous artillery  
Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.  
Lo ! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,  
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit :  
This is the latest glory of thy praise,  
That I, thy enemy, due<sup>a</sup> thee withal :  
For ere the glass that now begins to run  
Finish the process of his sandy hour,  
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,  
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum* etc.]

Hark ! hark ! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,  
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul,  
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt* General, &c., from the

*Tal.* He fables not, I hear the enemy :—  
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings  
O, negligent and heedless discipline !  
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale ;  
A little herd of England's timorous deer,  
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs !  
If we be English deer, be then in blood :<sup>b</sup>  
Not rascal-like,<sup>c</sup> to fall down with a pinch ;  
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,  
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,  
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :  
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,  
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.  
God, and Saint George ! Talbot, and England's  
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight ! [Exit.

#### SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.

*Enter* York, with Forces ; to him a Messenger.

*York.* Are not the speedy scouts return'd again  
That dogg'd the mighty army of the dauphin ?

*Mess.* They are return'd, my lord : and give  
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,  
To fight with Talbot : As he march'd along,  
By your espials were discovered  
Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led ;  
Which join'd with him, and made their march  
Bourdeaux.

*York.* A plague upon that villain Somerset,  
That thus delays my promised supply  
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege !  
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid ;  
And I am lowt'd<sup>d</sup> by a traitor villain,  
And cannot help the noble chevalier :  
God comfort him in this necessity !  
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

*Enter* SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

*Lucy.* Thou princely leader of our English  
Never so needful on the earth of France,  
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot ;  
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,  
And hemm'd about with grim destruction :  
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke ! to Bourdeaux, York !  
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's  
*York.* O God ! that Somerset, who in prospect

<sup>a</sup> Due—pay as due.

<sup>b</sup> In blood—a term of the forest. So in *Lovel's*  
Lost :—

"The deer was, as you know, in aspect, blood."

<sup>c</sup> Rascal-like. Rascal was also a term of woodmen  
lean deer.

<sup>d</sup> Lowt'd. Malone explains this, "I am treated  
tempt like a lowt."

y cornets, were in Talbot's place:  
 e save a valiant gentleman,  
 e a traitor and a coward.  
 I wrathful fury, makes me weep,  
 e die, while remiss traitors sleep.  
 send some succour to the distress'd lord!  
 e dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:  
 France smiles; we lose, they daily get;  
 this vile traitor Somerset.  
 en, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!  
 on, young John; whom, two hours since,  
 vel toward his warlike father!  
 ears did not Talbot see his son,  
 ey meet where both their lives are done.  
 as! what joy shall noble Talbot have,  
 ough son welcome to his grave?  
 ation almost stops my breath,  
 id friends greet in the hour of death.  
 ell: no more my fortune can,  
 e cause I cannot aid the man,  
 s, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,  
 Somerset, and his delay. [Exit.  
 us while the vulture of sedition  
 bosom of such great commanders,  
 ection doth betray to loss  
 t of our scarce-cold conqueror,  
 ing man of memory.  
 ish:—Whiles they each other cross,  
 ars, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Other plains of Gascony.

HERBERT, with his Forces; an Officer of  
 TALBOT'S with him.

s too late; I cannot send them now:  
 tion was by York and Talbot  
 plotted; all our general force  
 a sally of the very town  
 with: the over-daring Talbot  
 d all his gloss of former honour,  
 eadful, desperate, wild adventure:  
 n on to fight, and die in shame,  
 e dead, great York might bear the name,  
 e is sir William Lucy, who with me  
 e o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

e now? sir William, whither were you sent?  
 father, my lord? from bought and sold land  
 about with bold adversity,  
 e noble York and Somerset,  
 ailing death from his weak legions.  
 e the honourable captain there  
 y sweat from his war-wearied limbs,  
 vantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,  
 e hopes, the trust of England's honour,  
 eaf with worthless emulation.  
 e private discord keep away  
 succours that should lend him aid,  
 e newed noble gentleman,  
 e life unto a world of odds:  
 e Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,  
 e signier, compass him about,  
 e periseth by your default.  
 e k set him on, York should have sent him  
 ed York as fast upon your grace exclaims;  
 et you withhold his levied host,  
 e this expedition.  
 e k lies; he might have sent and had the  
 e use;  
 e stle duty and less love;  
 e ad seem to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,  
 Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:  
 Never to England shall he bear his life;  
 But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:  
 Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:  
 For fly he could not, if he would have fled;  
 And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,  
 To tutor thee in stratagems of war;  
 That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,  
 When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,  
 Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.

But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—  
 Now thou art come unto a feast of death,  
 A terrible and unavoided\* danger:  
 Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;  
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape  
 By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?  
 And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,  
 Dishonour not her honourable name,  
 To make a bastard and a slave of me:  
 The world will say,—He is not Talbot's blood,  
 That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;  
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
 Upon my death the French can little boast;  
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.  
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;  
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done:  
 You fled for vantage, every one will swear;  
 But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.  
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,  
 If the first hour I shrink, and run away.

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,  
 Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb!

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: Shall flight abuse  
 it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that  
 stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?  
 My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,  
 Than can yourself ycurself in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair sou,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [Exit.

\* Unavoided—not to be avoided.



SCENE VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

*Tal.* Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:  
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,  
And left us to the rage of France his sword.  
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;  
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

*John.* O twice my father! twice am I thy son:  
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;  
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,  
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

*Tal.* When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck  
fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire  
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,  
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,  
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.  
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood  
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood  
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;  
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed  
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,  
Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,  
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:"—  
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;  
Art thou not weary, John? How didst thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?  
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;  
The help of one stands me in little stead.  
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,  
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.  
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,  
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:  
By me they nothing gain an if I stay,  
'T is but the short'ning of my life one day:  
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,  
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:  
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;  
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

*John.* The sword of Orleans hath not made me  
smart;

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart;  
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame.)  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
The coward horse that bears me fall and die:  
And like me to the peasant boys of France;  
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.  
Surely, by all the glory you have won,  
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:  
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;  
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

*Tal.* Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,  
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:  
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;  
And, commendable prov'd, let 's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the same.*

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.*

*Tal.* Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—  
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?  
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,  
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.  
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,  
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,

And, like a hungry lion, did commence  
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;  
But when my angry guardant stood alone,  
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,  
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,  
Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:  
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
His overmounting spirit; and there died  
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.*

*Serv.* O my dear lord! lo, where your son is!  
*Tal.* Thou antic death, which laugh'st us hence  
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,  
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,  
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.  
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,  
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:  
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;  
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.  
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should  
Had death been French, then death had died too.  
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;  
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.  
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,  
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

*Char.* Had York and Somerset brought rescue  
We should have found a bloody day of this.

*Bast.* How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging  
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

*Puc.* Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:  
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid!  
But, with a proud, majestic high scorn,  
He answer'd thus: "Young Talbot was not born  
To be the pillage of a giglot wench!"  
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,  
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

*Bur.* Doubtless he would have made a noble  
See, where he lies inheerd in the arms  
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

*Bast.* Hew them to pieces, hack their bones  
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wound.

*Char.* O, no; forbear: for that which we have  
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a French soldier preceding.*

*Lucy.* Herald, conduct me to the dauphin's  
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

*Char.* On what submissive message art thou?

*Lucy.* Submission, dauphin! 't is a mere  
word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.  
I come to know what prisoners thou hast taken,  
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

*Char.* For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prey  
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

*Lucy.* But where's<sup>b</sup> the great Alcides of the  
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?

Created, for his rare success in arms,  
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Vale;  
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,  
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Albion,  
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of St.

<sup>a</sup> *Raging wood*—raging mad.

<sup>b</sup> *But where's.* It appears to us that Lucy asks in a  
tion of surprise when he does not see Talbot, supposed  
be prisoner

victorious lord of Falconbridge;  
the noble order of Saint George,  
saint Michael, and the golden fleece;  
asual to Henry the sixth,  
was within the realm of France?  
ere is a silly stately style indeed!  
that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,  
so tedious a style as this.  
thou magnifiest with all these titles,  
and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.  
'Talbot slain? the Frenchman's only scourge,  
his terror and black Nemesis?  
his eyeballs into bullets turn'd,  
rage, might shoot them at your faces!  
would but call these dead to life!  
ought to fright the realm of France:

Were but his picture left among you here,  
It would amaze the proudest of you all.  
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,  
And give them burial as beseems their worth.  
*Puc.* I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,  
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit,  
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,  
They would but stink and putrefy the air.  
*Char.* Go, take their bodies hence.  
*Lucy.* I'll bear them hence:  
But from their ashes shall be rear'd  
A phoenix that shall make all France afraid.  
*Char.* So we be rid of them do with 'em what thou  
wilt.  
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;  
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

**KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.**  
Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,  
the duke of Burgundy, and the earl of Armagnac?  
Have you seen, my lord; and their intent is this,—  
To give us unto your excellence,  
A solemn peace concluded of  
The realms of England and of France.  
How doth your grace affect their motion?  
Alas, my good lord; and as the only means  
To bring us to our christian blood,  
And quietness on every side.  
Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought  
Impious and unnatural  
Murther and bloody strife  
Among professors of one faith.  
Alas, my lord,—the sooner to effect,  
And this knot of amity,—  
Armagnac—near knit to Charles,  
The great authority in France—  
The only slaughter to your grace  
With a large and sumptuous dowry.  
Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young;  
My study and my books  
In dalliance with a paramour.  
The ambassadors; and, as you please,  
Have their answers every one:  
I'll content with any choice  
That shall bring in my country's weal.  
*Legate, and two Ambassadors, with Winchester in a Cardinal's habit,*  
Alas! is my lord of Winchester install'd,  
Unto a cardinal's degree?  
I would he were that will be verified,  
Which did sometime prophesy,—  
That he should come to be a cardinal,  
And his cap co-equal with the crown.\*  
My lords ambassadors, your several suits  
Have been consider'd and debated on.  
The king is both good and reasonable:  
The king, are we certainly resolv'd  
To make conditions of a friendly peace;  
Which my lord of Winchester, we mean  
To transport presently to France.  
I'll be for the proffer of my lord your master,—  
I'll commend his highness so at large,  
Of the lady's virtuous gifts,  
And the value of her dowry,—  
I'll commend she shall be England's queen.  
In argument and proof of which contract,  
\* Immunity—barbarity.

Bear her this jewel, [*to the Amb.*] pledge of my affection.  
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,  
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,  
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.  
[*Exeunt K. HEN. and Train; GLOS., EXE., and Amb.*]  
*Win.* Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive  
The sum of money which I promised  
Should be deliver'd to his holiness  
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.  
*Leg.* I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.  
*Win.* Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,  
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.  
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,  
That, neither in birth, or for authority  
The bishop will be overcome by thee:  
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,  
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.*  
*Char.* These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:  
'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt,  
And turn again unto the warlike French.  
*Alen.* Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,  
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.  
*Puc.* Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;  
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!  
*Enter a Messenger.*  
*Mess.* Success unto our valiant general,  
And happiness to his accomplices!  
*Char.* What tidings send our scouts? I prithee speak.  
*Mess.* The English army, that divided was  
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one;  
And means to give you battle presently.  
*Char.* Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;  
But we will presently provide for them.  
*Bur.* I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;  
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.  
*Puc.* Of all base passions, fear is most accur'd:—  
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;  
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.  
*Char.* Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The same. Before Angiers.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.*  
*Puc.* The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.

Now, help, ye charming spells, and periapts ; \*  
 And ye choice spirits that admonish me,  
 And give me signs of future accidents !  
 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
 Under the lordly monarch of the north,<sup>b</sup>  
 Appear, and aid me in this enterprise !

*Enter Fiends.*

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof  
 Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
 Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd  
 Out of the powerful regions under earth,  
 Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk about and speak not.*]

O, hold me not with silence over-long !  
 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
 I'll lop a member off, and give it you,  
 In earnest of a further benefit ;  
 So you do condescend to help me now.—

[*They hang their heads.*]

No hope to have redress ?—My body shall  
 Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,  
 Entreat you to your wonted furtherance ?  
 Then take my soul ; my body, soul, and all,  
 Before that England give the French the foil. [*They depart.*]  
 See ! they forsake me. Now the time is come  
 That France must veil her lofty-plumed crest,  
 And let her head fall into England's lap.  
 My ancient incantations are too weak,  
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with :  
 Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*]

*Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA  
 PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PU-  
 CELLE is taken. The French fly.*

*York.* Damsel of France, I think I have you fast :  
 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,  
 And try if they can gain your liberty.  
 A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace !  
 See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,  
 As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

*Puc.* Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst not be.

*York.* O, Charles the dauphin is a proper man ;  
 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

*Puc.* A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee !  
 And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd  
 By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

*York.* Fell, banning hag ! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

*Puc.* I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.

*York.* Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the  
 stake. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in LADY  
 MARGARET.*

*Suf.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.  
 [*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly ;  
 For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.  
 I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,  
 And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
 Who art thou ? say, that I may honour thee.

*Mar.* Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,  
 The king of Naples ; whosoe'er thou art.

*Suf.* An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.  
 Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
 Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :  
 So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
 Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.

\* *Periapts*—amulets—charms.

<sup>b</sup> *The monarch of the North*, says Douce, "was Zimmar,  
 the four principal devils invoked by witches."

Yet if this servile usage once offend,  
 Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns on*

O, stay !—I have no power to let her pass  
 My hand would free her, but my heart say  
 As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,  
 Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
 So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eye  
 Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak  
 I'll call for pen and ink, and write my name  
 Fie, De la Poole ! disable not thyself ;  
 Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ?  
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?  
 Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,  
 Confounds the tongue, and makes the sense dumb.

*Mar.* Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name  
 What ransom must I pay before I pass ?  
 For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

*Suf.* How canst thou tell, she will deny  
 Before thou make a trial of her love ?

*Mar.* Why speak'st thou not ? what ransom  
*Suf.* She's beautiful ; and therefore to  
 She is a woman ; therefore to be won.

*Mar.* Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea,

*Suf.* Fond man ! remember that thou hast

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour ?

*Mar.* I were best to leave him, for he will

*Suf.* There all is marr'd ; there lies a curse

*Mar.* He talks at random ; sure, the matter

*Suf.* And yet a dispensation may be had

*Mar.* And yet I would that you would

*Suf.* I'll win this lady Margaret. For

Why, for my king : Tush ! that's a wood

*Mar.* He talks of wood : it is some cap

*Suf.* Yet so my fancy may be satisfied

And peace established between these realms

But there remains a scruple in that too :

For though her father be the king of Naples

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match.

*Mar.* Hear ye, captain ? Are you not

*Suf.* It shall be so, disdain they ne'er shall

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

*Mar.* What though I be enthrall'd ? he shall

And will not any way dishonour me.

*Suf.* Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say

*Mar.* Perhaps I shall be rescued by the king

And then I need not crave his courtesy.

*Suf.* Sweet madam, give me hearing in this

*Mar.* Tush ! women have been captivates

*Suf.* Lady, wherefore talk you so ?

*Mar.* I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid pro quo*

*Suf.* Say, gentle princess, would you not

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen

*Mar.* To be a queen in bondage is more

Than is a slave in base servility ;

For princes should be free.

*Suf.* And so shall ye

If happy England's royal king be free.

*Mar.* Why, what concerns his freedom

*Suf.* I'll undertake to make thee Henry's

To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,

And set a precious crown upon thy head,

If thou wilt condescend to be my—

*Mar.* What

*Suf.* His love.

*Mar.* I am unworthy to be Henry's wife

*Suf.* No, gentle madam ; I unworthy am

To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,

And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, madam ; are you so content

<sup>a</sup> *Fancy*—love.

n if my father please, I am content.  
 Men call our captains, and our colours, forth:  
 I am, at your father's castle walls,  
 To have a parley, to confer with him.

[Troops come forward.

Drum sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.  
 O Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.  
 To whom?

To me.

Suffolk, what remedy?  
 I am, and unapt to weep,  
 I am on fortune's fickleness.  
 There is remedy enough, my lord:  
 And for thy honour, give consent)  
 Her shall be wedded to my king;  
 With pain have woo'd and won thereto;  
 Her easy-held imprisonment  
 I'll thy daughter princely liberty.  
 He seeks Suffolk as he thinks?

Fair Margaret knows  
 I doth not flatter, face, or feign.  
 Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,  
 To answer of thy just demand.

[Exit from the walls.

And here I will expect thy coming.

Drum sounds. Enter REIGNIER, below.  
 Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;  
 In Anjou what your honour pleases.  
 I think, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,  
 To have a companion with a king:  
 He makes your grace unto my suit?  
 Do you not dost deign to woo her little worth,  
 A princely bride of such a lord;  
 Whom I may quietly  
 Govern, the county Maine, and Anjou,  
 Or oppression, or the stroke of war,  
 Or shall be Henry's, if he please.  
 It is her ransom, I deliver her;  
 Two counties, I will undertake,  
 Shall well and quietly enjoy.  
 And I again, in Henry's royal name,  
 Into that gracious king,  
 Or hand, for sign of plighted faith.  
 As ruler of France, I give thee kingly thanks,  
 Who is in traffic of a king:  
 I think, I could be well content  
 To have my own attorney in this case.

[Aside.

To go to England with this news,  
 To have his marriage to be solemniz'd;  
 O Reignier! set this diamond safe  
 In places, as it becomes.  
 To embrace thee, as I would embrace  
 My prince, king Henry, were he here.  
 To sell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and  
 Prayers,

Which ever have of Margaret. [Going.  
 Well, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;  
 My commendations to my king?  
 My commendations as become a maid,  
 And of his servant, say to him.  
 He sends sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.  
 O, I must trouble you again,—  
 He is open to his majesty?

O, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,  
 I sent with love, I send the king.  
 I wish this withal. [Kisses her.  
 I do for thyself; I will not so presume,  
 To have peerish tokens to a king.

[Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.  
 Rest thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;  
 Do not wander in that labyrinth;  
 Beware, and ugly treasons, lurk,  
 My way with her wondrous praise:

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;  
 Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;  
 Repeat their semblance often on the seas,  
 That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,  
 Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!  
 Have I sought every country far and near,  
 And now it is my chance to find thee out,  
 Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?  
 Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser!<sup>a</sup> base ignoble wretch!  
 I am descended of a gentler blood;  
 Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 't is not so;  
 I did beget her all the parish knows:  
 Her mother liveth yet, can testify  
 She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?  
 York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,  
 Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!<sup>b</sup>  
 God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;  
 And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:  
 Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,  
 Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest,  
 The morn that I was wedded to her mother.  
 Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.  
 Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time  
 Of thy nativity! I would, the milk  
 Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,  
 Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,  
 I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!  
 Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?  
 O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [Exit.

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,  
 To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:  
 Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,  
 But issued from the progeny of kings;  
 Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,  
 By inspiration of celestial grace,  
 To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:  
 But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,  
 Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—  
 Because you want the grace that others have,  
 You judge it straight a thing impossible  
 To compass wonders, but by help of devils.  
 No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been  
 A virgin from her tender infancy,  
 Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,  
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,  
 Spare for no fagots, let there be enow;  
 Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,  
 That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?  
 Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;  
 That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.

<sup>a</sup> Miser—wretch, miserable creature.

<sup>b</sup> Obstacle—obstinate.

I am with child, ye bloody homicides :  
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,  
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

*York.* Now Heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

*War.* The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought :  
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

*York.* She and the dauphin have been juggling :  
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

*War.* Well, go to ; we will have no bastards live ;  
Especially, since Charles must father it.

*Puc.* You are deceiv'd ; my child is none of his ;  
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

*York.* Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!  
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

*Puc.* O, give me leave, I have deluded you ;  
'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,  
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

*War.* A married man! that's most intolerable.

*York.* Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,  
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

*War.* It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

*York.* And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.  
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee :  
Use no treaty, for it is in vain.

*Puc.* Then lead me hence ;—with whom I leave my  
curse :

May never glorious sun reflex his beams  
Upon the country where you make abode!  
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death  
Environ you ; till mischief, and despair,  
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[*Exit guarded.*]

*York.* Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,  
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

*Enter* CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *attended.*

*Car.* Lord regent, I do greet your excellence  
With letters of commission from the king.  
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,  
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,  
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace  
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;  
And here at hand the dauphin and his train,  
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

*York.* Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?  
After the slaughter of so many peers,  
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,  
That in this quarrel have been overthrow'n,  
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,  
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?  
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,  
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,  
Our great progenitors had conquered?  
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief  
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

*War.* Be patient, York : if we conclude a peace,  
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants  
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter* CHARLES, *attended* ; ALENÇON, BASTARD,  
REIGNIER, *and others.*

*Char.* Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed  
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,  
We come to be inform'd by yourselves  
What the conditions of that league must be.

*York.* Speak, Winchester ; for boiling cholier chokes  
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,  
By sight of these our baleful<sup>a</sup> enemies.

*Win.* Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus :  
That, in regard king Henry gives consent,  
Of mere compassion and of lenity,  
To ease your country of distressful war,  
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,

<sup>a</sup> *Baleful*—baneful.

You shall become true liegemen to his crown :  
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear  
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,  
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,  
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

*Alen.* Must he be then as shadow of himself?  
Adorn his temples with a coronet ;  
And yet, in substance and authority,  
Retain but privilege of a private man?  
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

*Char.* 'T is known already that I am possess'd  
With more than half the Gallian territories,  
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king :  
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,  
Detract so much from that prerogative,  
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?  
No, lord ambassador ; I'll rather keep  
That which I have, than, coveting for more,  
Be cast from possibility of all.

*York.* Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret  
Used intercession to obtain a league ;  
And, now the matter grows to compromise,  
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?  
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,  
Of benefit proceeding from our king,  
And not of any challenge of desert,  
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

*Reig.* My lord, you do not well in obstinacy  
To cavil in the course of this contract :  
If once it be neglected, ten to one,  
We shall not find like opportunity.

*Alen.* To say the truth, it is your policy,  
To save your subjects from such massacre,  
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen  
By our proceeding in hostility :  
And therefore take this compact of a truce,  
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside, to CHARLES.*]

*War.* How say'st thou, Charles? shall our country  
stand?

*Char.* It shall :  
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest  
In any of our towns of garrison.

*York.* Then swear allegiance to his majesty ;  
As thou art knight, never to disobey,  
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,  
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*CHARLES, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*]  
So, now dismiss your army when ye please ;  
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still.  
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, *in conference with* SURVEYOR,  
GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

*K. Hen.* Your wondrous rare description, noble  
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :  
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,  
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart ;  
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts  
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,  
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,  
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive  
Where I may have fruition of her love.

*Suf.* Tush! my good lord! this superficial tale  
Is but a preface of her worthy praise :  
The chief perfections of that lovely dame  
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)  
Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
Able to ravish any dull conceit.  
And, which is more, she is not so divine,  
So full replete with choice of all delights,  
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,

it to be at your command ;  
 mean, of virtuous chaste intents,  
 honour Henry as her lord.  
 And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.  
 My lord protector, give consent  
 that may be England's royal queen.  
 Would I give consent to flatter sin.  
 My lord, your highness is betroth'd  
 to a lady of esteem ;  
 would you then dispense with that contract,  
 to disgrace your honour with reproach ?  
 Would you oath a ruler with unlawful oaths ;  
 that at a triumph having vow'd  
 strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
 to his adversary's odds :  
 that daughter is unequal odds,  
 she may be broke without offence.  
 What, I pray, is Margaret more than that ?  
 Is she no better than an earl,  
 whose glorious titles he excel.  
 My lord, her father is a king,  
 Naples and Jerusalem ;  
 whose great authority in France  
 will confirm our peace,  
 as the Frenchmen in allegiance.  
 Would so the earl of Armagnac may do,  
 as his near kinsman unto Charles.  
 Would he, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,  
 his richer sooner will receive than give.  
 My lords ! my lords ! disgrace not so your king,  
 would he should be so abject, base, and poor,  
 for wealth, and not for perfect love.  
 Would he to enrich his queen,  
 would he seek a queen to make him rich :  
 would he peasants bargain for their wives,  
 would he men for oxen, sheep, or horse.  
 Would he a matter of more worth  
 would he sell in by attorneyship ;  
 would he a man whose will, but whom his grace affects,  
 would he a companion of his nuptial bed :  
 would he, my lords, since he affects her most,  
 would he these reasons bindeth us,  
 would he as she should be preferr'd.  
 Would he a redlock forced but a hell,  
 would he a discord and continual strife ?  
 would he a contrary bringeth forth bliss,

And is a pattern of celestial peace.  
 Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,  
 But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?  
 Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
 Approves her fit for none but for a king ;  
 Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,  
 (More than in women commonly is seen,)  
 Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;  
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,  
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
 If with a lady of so high resolve  
 As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.  
 Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with me,  
 That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.  
*K. Hen.* Whether it be through force of your report,  
 My noble lord of Suffolk ; or for that  
 My tender youth was never yet attain'd  
 With any passion of inflaming love,  
 I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,  
 I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,  
 Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,  
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
 Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to France ;  
 Agree to any covenants ; and procure  
 That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
 To cross the seas to England and be crown'd  
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :  
 For your expenses and sufficient charge,  
 Among the people gather up a tenth.  
 Be gone, I say ; for, till you do return,  
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.  
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence :  
 If you do censure me by what you were,  
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
 This sudden execution of my will.  
 And so conduct me, where, from company,  
 I may revolve and ruminatè my grief. [*Exit.*]  
*Glo.* Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.  
 [*Exeunt GLOS. and EXETER.*]  
*Suf.* Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd ; and thus he goes,  
 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece ;  
 With hope to find the like event in love,  
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.  
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king ;  
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [*Exit.*]  
 \* *Censure*—judge.







## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS drama appears in the original folio edition of Shakspeare's plays under the title of 'The Second Part of Henry the Sixth, with the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey.' In the form in which it has been transmitted to us by the editors of that first collected edition of our author, it had not been previously printed. But in 1594 there appeared a separate play, in quarto, under the following title:—'The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey, and the Banishment and Death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical End of the proud Cardiuall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jack Cade, and the Duke of Yorkes first Claime unto the Crowne.' Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington.' This play, in the entire conduct of the scenes, and in a great measure in the dialogue, is 'The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.' But the alterations and additions are so considerable in amount that it has been doubted whether the original authorship belongs to Shakspeare. The whole dramatic conception is in the original play, and we, therefore, have no doubts upon the matter.

Sir Walter Scott somewhere speaks, through one of his characters, of the "Lancastrian prejudices" of Shakspeare. The great novelist had probably in his mind the delineation of Richard. But it would be difficult, we think, to have conducted the entire chronicle history of the 'Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster' with more rigid impartiality. This just and tolerant view of human events and characters constitutes one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the mind of Shakspeare. Let us turn to the very first scenes of these dramas, and we shall find the character of the Lancastrian Margaret gradually displaying itself in an aptitude for bold and dangerous intrigue, founded upon her pride and impatience of a rival in authority. The Duchess of Gloster is tempted by her own weak ambition to meddle with the "lime-twigs" that have been set for her. But it is the passionate hatred of Margaret, lending itself to schemes of treachery and bloodshed, that drives on the murder of the "good Duke Humphrey." With the accomplices of Margaret the retribution is instant and terrible. The banished Suffolk falls, not by the hand of the law, but by some mysterious agency which appears to have armed against him a power mightier than the law, which seizes upon its victim with an obdurate ferocity, and hurries him to death in the name of a wild and irregular justice. To the second great conspirator against the Protector the retribution is even more fearful—the death, not of violence, but of mental torture, far more

terrible than any bodily pain. The justice who slew the other conspirator against Humphrey had yet unsheathed its sword. His punishment was postponed till the battle-day of Wakefield.

The scenes of the first four acts of the Second 'Henry VI.' may appear to a superficial observer to be very slightly linked with the after-scenes of the contest of the Roses. But it was the object of it to show the beginnings of faction, continued on the same form from the previous drama. The Protectorship was essentially a government of the weak through the jealousies which it engendered and the intrigues by which it was surrounded. But the error of the Protector left the government more weakly supported as it then was to the capricious guidance and the imbecility of Henry and the violence of Margaret. Such a rule and popular commotions are the natural result. The author of the 'Contention,' with a depth of wisdom which Shakspeare invariably displays, prohibited the insurrection of Cade as a movement of the most brutal ignorance, instigated by a coarse and unscrupulous ambition upon promises which could be realised in no case of society, and for ends which proposed only such a state of anarchy and insecurity as would result from the overthrow of rule and order. Nor are these remarkable so much an episode only in this great dramatic history, as a necessary prelude, for York is in arms. The civil war is begun upon the popular tumult.

The civil war is begun. The Yorkists are in the field. The poet has delineated the character of the leader with a nice discrimination, and certainly without any of the coarseness of partisanship. He tells us that York is ambitious and courageous, but somewhat weak, and, to a great extent, a puppet in the hands of others. In the early scene in the Tower garden his ambition is rashly discovered, in a few words, commenced in accident and terminated in a less passion. The full development of his ambition is the result of his estimation of the character of the Protector and his sense of the advantage which he derives from the factions which grow out of an imbecile government. But he is still only a dissembler, exciting his passions with some shadowy visions of a crown, lending to the dark intrigues of his natural and avowed enemies, and calling up the terrible agency of popular vengeance, reckless of any consequences so that confusion might be produced. The schemes of York are successful, at length in arms. But he still dissembles. He precipitates that decided movement which prudence would have avoided; and the battle of Tewkesbury is the result.



# KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p><b>KING HENRY VI.</b> I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; 2. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 9. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.</p> <p><b>FRANCIS, Duke of Gloster, uncle to Henry VI.</b> I. sc. 1; sc. 2, sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the King.</b> I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.</p> <p><b>EDWARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.</b> I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.</p> <p><b>EDWARD, son to the Duke of York.</b> Appears, Act V. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>EDWARD, son to the Duke of York.</b> Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.</p> <p><b>ROBERT OF SOMERSET, of the King's party.</b> I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 9. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.</p> <p><b>ROBERT OF SUFFOLK, of the King's party.</b> I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>ROBERT OF BUCKINGHAM, of the King's party.</b> I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1 Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 8; sc. 9. Act V. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>ROBERT CLIFFORD, of the King's party.</b> I. Act IV. sc. 8; sc. 9. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.</p> <p><b>ROBERT CLIFFORD, son to Lord Clifford, of the King's party.</b> Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.</p> <p><b>ROBERT OF SALISBURY, of the York faction.</b> I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.</p> <p><b>ROBERT OF WARWICK, of the York faction.</b> I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.</p> <p><b>ROBERT DE SCALES, governor of the Tower.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 5.</p> <p><b>LORD SAY.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 7.</p> <p><b>SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.</p> <p><b>WILLIAM STAFFORD.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.</p> <p><b>SIR JOHN STANLEY.</b> Appears, Act II. sc. 4.</p> <p><b>Captain, Master, and Master's Mate.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>WALTER WHITMORE.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.</p>	<p><b>A Herald.</b> Appears, Act II. sc. 4.</p> <p><b>VAUX.</b> Appears, Act III. sc. 2.</p> <p><b>HUME, a priest.</b> Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 3.</p> <p><b>SOUTHWELL, a priest.</b> Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 3.</p> <p><b>BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.</b> Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.</p> <p><b>Spirit raised by Bolingbroke.</b> Appears, Act I. sc. 4.</p> <p><b>THOMAS HORNER, an armourer.</b> Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3.</p> <p><b>PETER, servant to Horner.</b> Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3.</p> <p><b>Clerk of Chatham.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.</p> <p><b>Mayor of St. Alban's.</b> Appears, Act II. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>SIMPCOX, an impostor.</b> Appears, Act II. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>Two Murderers.</b> Appears, Act III. sc. 2.</p> <p><b>JACK CADE, a rebel.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10.</p> <p><b>GEORGE, a follower of Jack Cade.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 7.</p> <p><b>JOHN, a follower of Jack Cade.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 7.</p> <p><b>DICK, a follower of Jack Cade.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.</p> <p><b>SMITH, the weaver, a follower of Jack Cade.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 7.</p> <p><b>MICHAEL, a follower of Jack Cade.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.</p> <p><b>ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.</b> Appears, Act IV. sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1.</p> <p><b>MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.</b> Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 9. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.</p> <p><b>ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloster.</b> Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4.</p> <p><b>MARGERY JOURDAIN, a witch.</b> Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.</p> <p><b>Wife to Simpcox.</b> Appears, Act II. sc. 1.</p> <p><i>Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Alder- men, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messen- gers, &amp;c.</i></p>
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## SCENE.—IN VARIOUS PARTS OF ENGLAND.

### ACT I.

*London. A Room of State in the Palace.*  
*Trumpets; then hautboys. Enter, on one  
side, HENRY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, SALISBURY,  
and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other,  
MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK,  
BUCKINGHAM, and others following.*  
By your high imperial majesty  
I beg my departure for France,  
As procurator to your excellence,  
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;  
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—  
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,  
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,  
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,—  
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:  
And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
In sight of England and her lordly peers,

Deliver up my title in the queen  
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance  
Of that great shadow I did represent;  
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

*K. Hen.* Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:  
I can express no kinder sign of love,  
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!  
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

*Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious lord,

The mutual conference that my mind hath had,  
By day, by night,—waking, and in my dreams,—  
In courtly company, or at my beads,—  
With you mine alder-liefest<sup>a</sup> sovereign,  
Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,  
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

*K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,  
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;  
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.  
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

*All.* [*kneeling.*] Long live queen Margaret, England's  
happiness!

*Q. Mar.* We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

*Suf.* My lord protector, so it please your grace,  
Here are the articles of contracted peace,  
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,  
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

*Glo.* [*Reads.*] "Imprimis, It is agreed between the  
French King, Charles, and William de la Poole, mar-  
quess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of Eng-  
land, that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Mar-  
garet, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia,  
and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere  
the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the  
duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be  
released and delivered to the king her father"—

*K. Hen.* Uncle, how now?

*Glo.* Pardon me, gracious lord:  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

*K. Hen.* Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

*Car.* "Item,—It is further agreed between them,  
that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released  
and delivered over to the king her father; and she  
sent over of the king of England's own proper cost  
and charges, without having any dowry."

*K. Hen.* They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel  
down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your grace from being regent  
In the parts of France, till term of eighteen months  
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.  
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.*]

*Glo.* Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,  
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief;  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?  
Did he so often lodge in open field,  
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,

<sup>a</sup> *Alder-liefest*—dearest of all.

To conquer France, his true inheritance?

And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
To keep by policy what Henry got?  
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?  
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,  
With all the learned council of the realm,  
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,  
Early and late, debating to and fro  
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe!  
And hath his highness in his infancy  
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?  
And shall these labours, and these honours, die!  
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?  
O peers of England, shameful is this league!  
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;  
Blotting your names from books of memory;  
Razing the characters of your renown;  
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;  
Undoing all, as all had never been!

*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse  
This peroration with such circumstance?

For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

*Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can:

But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roost,  
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine  
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

*Sal.* Now, by the death of him that died for all,  
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

*War.* For grief, that they are past recovery:  
For were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears:  
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
And are the cities that I got with wounds  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?  
Mort Dieu!

*York.* For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!  
France should have torn and rent my very heart  
Before I would have yielded to this league.  
I never read but England's kings have had  
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:  
And our king Henry gives away his own,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.

*Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,  
For costs and charges in transporting her!  
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France  
Before—

*Car.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot:  
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

*Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind:  
'T is not my speeches that you do dislike,  
But 't is my presence that doth trouble you.  
Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury: if I longer stay  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.  
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long.

*Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'T is known to you he is mine enemy:  
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;  
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.  
Consider, lords,—he is the next of blood,  
And heir apparent to the English crown;  
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.

lords; let not his smoothing words  
 sour hearts; be wise, and circumspect,  
 though the common people favour him,  
 im—<sup>a</sup> Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;  
 their hands, and crying with loud voice—  
 maintain your royal excellence!<sup>b</sup>  
 God preserve the good duke Humphrey!<sup>c</sup>  
 lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
 he found a dangerous protector.  
 Why should he then protect our sovereign,  
 of age to govern of himself?  
 Somerset, join you with me,  
 together with the duke of Suffolk,  
 tickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.  
 his weighty business will not brook delay;  
 the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.

kinsin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's  
 pride,  
 necessity of his place, be grief to us,  
 watch the haughty cardinal;  
 necessity is more intolerable  
 than the princes in the land beside;  
 he be displac'd, he'll be protector.  
 Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,  
 like Humphrey, or the Cardinal.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.  
 The duke went before, ambition follows him.  
 They do labour for their own preferment,  
 not us to labour for the realm.  
 I but Humphrey duke of Gloster  
 am like a noble gentleman.  
 I scorn the haughty cardinal—  
 a soldier than a man o' the church,  
 and proud as he were lord of all—  
 a ruffian, and demean himself  
 as ruler of a commonweal.  
 My son, the comfort of my age!  
 thy plainness, and thy housekeeping  
 the greatest favour of the commons,  
 none but good duke Humphrey.  
 For York, thy acts in Ireland,  
 bring them to civil discipline;  
 exploits, done in the heart of France,  
 I wert regent for our sovereign,  
 I thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:  
 together, for the public good;  
 I can, to bridle and suppress  
 of Suffolk, and the cardinal,  
 Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;  
 I may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds  
 I do tend the profit of the land.  
 O God help Warwick, as he loves the land,  
 on profit of his country!  
 And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.  
 I'll let 's make haste away, and look unto the  
 gain.

into the main! O father, Maine is lost;  
 he, which by main force Warwick did win,  
 I have kept, so long as breath did last:  
 he, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;  
 I'll win from France, or else be slain.

[Exit WAR. and SAL.  
 Maine and Maine are given to the French;  
 the state of Normandy  
 tickle\* point, now they are gone:  
 I chided on the articles;  
 I agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,  
 two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.  
 I name them all: What is 't to them?  
 they give away, and not their own.  
 I make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,  
 I see friends, and give to courtesans,  
 I beg, like lords, till all be gone:

\* *Tickle*—ascertain; the Saxon *thel*.

While as the silly owner of the goods  
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,  
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,  
 While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;  
 Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own,  
 So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,  
 While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.  
 Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,  
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood  
 As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,  
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.<sup>a</sup>  
 Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!  
 Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,  
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.  
 A day will come when York shall claim his own;  
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,  
 And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,  
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,  
 For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:  
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,  
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,  
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
 Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.  
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:  
 Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,  
 To pry into the secrets of the state;  
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,  
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,  
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:  
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;  
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster;  
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,  
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of  
 Gloster's House.*

*Enter GLOSTER and the DUCHESS.*

*Duch.* Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,  
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
 Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,  
 As frowning at the favours of the world?  
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
 What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,  
 Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?  
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
 Until thy head be circled with the same.  
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:  
 What, is 't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:  
 And, having both together heav'd it up,  
 We'll both together lift our heads to heav'n;  
 And never more abase our sight so low  
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

*Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,  
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:  
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,  
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!  
 My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

*Duch.* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll re-  
 quite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

*Glo.* Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,  
 Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,  
 But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;  
 And, on the pieces of the broken wand  
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,

<sup>a</sup> Meleager, the prince of Calydon, died in great torments  
 when his mother Althea threw into the flames the firebrand  
 upon the preservation of which his life depended.

And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.

This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

*Duch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument.

That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove  
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:

Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,

In the cathedral church of Westminster,

And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;

Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,

And on my head did set the diadem.

*Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:

Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!

Art thou not second woman in the realm?

And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?

Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

Above the reach or compass of thy thought?

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

To tumble down thy husband and thyself,

From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more.

*Duch.* What, what, my lord! are you so choleric

With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?

Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,

And not be check'd.

*Glo.* Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,

You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,

Whereas<sup>a</sup> the king and queen do mean to hawk.

*Glo.* I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

*Duch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*]

Follow I must, I cannot go before,

While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,

I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,

And smooth my way upon their headless necks.

And, being a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part in fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir John!<sup>b</sup> nay, fear not, man,

We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

*Enter HUME.*

*Hume.* Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

*Duch.* What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.

*Hume.* But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,  
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

*Duch.* What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet confer'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;

With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

*Hume.* This they have promised,—to show your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of underground,

That shall make answer to such questions

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

*Duch.* It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:

When from St. Alban's we do make return,

We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Ex. DUCH.*]

*Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?

Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witen.

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:

<sup>a</sup> *Whereas* is here used in the sense of *where*.

<sup>b</sup> *Sir John.* Hume was a priest, and receives the title common to his order.

I dare not say from the rich cardinal.

And from the great and new-made duke of Set

Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,

They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humors

Have hired me to undermine the duchess,

And buzz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, A crafty knave does need no broker

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,

Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack;

And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall:

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the*

*Enter PETER, and others, with petitions.*

*1 Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my protector will come this way by and by, and then deliver our supplications in the quill.<sup>a</sup>

*2 Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for be man! Jesu bless him!

*Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET.*

*1 Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the quill: I'll be the first, sure.

*2 Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of and not my lord protector.

*Suf.* How now, fellow? wouldst anything?

*1 Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I told my lord protector.

*Q. Mar.* [*Reading the superscription.*] "To protector!" are your supplications to his? Let me see them: What is thine?

*1 Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, and Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keep house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

*Suf.* Thy wife too? that's some wrong! What's yours?—What's here! [*Reads.*] "The duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the command ford."—How now, sir knave?

*2 Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner whole township.

*Peter.* [*Presenting his petition.*] Against ter, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke was rightful heir to the crown.

*Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the duke say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

*Peter.* That my master was? No, forsooth master said, That he was; and that the king usurper.

*Suf.* Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Tell fellow in, and send for his master with a presently:—we'll hear more of your matter to king.

*Q. Mar.* And as for you that love to be present Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the* Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

*All.* Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt P*

*Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the Is this the fashions in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,

Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

<sup>a</sup> *In the quill, or in quill, must mean written—petitions. In the same way in print means printed.*

n't a tilt in honour of my love,  
 at away the ladies' hearts of France,  
 king Henry had resembled thee,  
 e, courtship, and proportion:  
 is mind is bent to holiness,  
 er Ave-Maries on his beads:  
 pions are the prophets and apostles;  
 ons, holy saws of sacred writ;  
 r is his tilt-yard, and his loves  
 n images of canoniz'd saints.  
 the college of the cardinals  
 hoose him pope, and carry him to Rome,  
 he triple crown upon his head;  
 e a state fit for his holiness.  
 Madam, be patient: as I was cause  
 ousness came to England, so will I  
 nd work your grace's full content.  
 r. Beside the haughty protector, have we  
 Beaufort,  
 rious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,  
 bling York: and not the least of these  
 do more in England than the king.  
 and he of these that can do most of all  
 o more in England than the Nevils:  
 and Warwick are no simple peers.  
 e. Not all these lords do vex me half so much  
 mood dame, the lord protector's wife.  
 s it through the court with troops of ladies,  
 an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;  
 in court do take her for the queen:  
 a duke's revenues on her back,  
 er heart she scorns our poverty:  
 at live to be aveng'd on her?  
 nous base-born callat as she is,  
 ed 'mongst her minions t' other day,  
 train of her worst wearing-gown  
 e worth than all my father's lands,  
 dk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.  
 Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;  
 'd a quire of such enticing birds,  
 will light to listen to the lays,  
 r mouset to trouble you again.  
 rest: And, madam, list to me;  
 hold to counsel you in this:  
 we fancy not the cardinal,  
 we join with him, and with the lords,  
 we brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.  
 duke of York, this late complaint  
 e but little for his benefit:  
 come, we'll weed them all at last,  
 yourself shall steer the happy helm.

KING HENRY, YORK and SOMERSET conversing  
 with DUKE and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, CAR-  
 BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and  
 OCK.

For my part, noble lords, I care not which;  
 et, or York, all's one to me.  
 f York have ill demean'd himself in France,  
 im be deny'd\* the regentship.  
 Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
 we regent, I will yield to him.  
 Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,  
 t that: York is the worthier.  
 ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.  
 e cardinal's not my better in the field.  
 If in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.  
 arwick may live to be the best of all.  
 ce, son; and show some reason, Buckingham,  
 est should be prefer'd in this.

Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.  
 dant, the king is old enough himself  
 censure; these are no women's matters.  
 t—denied.

\* Censure—opinion.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace  
 To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;  
 And at his pleasure will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.  
 Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)  
 The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack:  
 The dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;  
 And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
 Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's  
 bags  
 Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,  
 Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,  
 Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,  
 And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,  
 If they were known, as the suspect is great,  
 Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit GLOSTER. The QUEEN drops her fan.  
 Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?

[Gives the DUCHESS a box on the ear.]

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:  
 Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
 I'd set my ten commandments<sup>a</sup> in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;  
 She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.  
 Though in this place most master wear no breeches,  
 She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[Exit DUCH.]

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,  
 And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:  
 She's tickled now: her fume needs no spurs,  
 She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [Ex. BUCK.]

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,  
 With walking once about the quadrangle,  
 I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,  
 Prove them, and I lie open to the law:  
 But God in mercy so deal with my soul,  
 As I in duty love my king and country!  
 But, to the matter that we have in hand:  
 I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man  
 To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave  
 To show some reason, of no little force,  
 That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:  
 Next, if I be appointed for the place,  
 My lord of Somerset will keep me here,  
 Without discharge, money, or furniture,  
 Till France be won into the dauphin's hands.  
 Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,  
 Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact  
 Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HONNOR and PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:  
 Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

<sup>a</sup> Ten commandments. This phrase, which might more worthily fill the mouth of a lady of the fish-market, was common to the dramatists who wrote before the date of this play, and after.

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the first son's heir, being dead,  
the next son should have reign'd.  
William of Hatfield died without an heir.  
third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose

rown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,  
Edmund Mortimer, earl of March :  
issue—Roger, earl of March :  
—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.  
Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,  
d, laid claim unto the crown ;  
Owen Glendower had been king,  
s in captivity till he died.

st.  
His eldest sister, Anne,  
wing heir unto the crown,  
ard earl of Cambridge ; who was son  
Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.  
m the kingdom : she was heir  
l of March ; who was the son  
Mortimer ; who married Philippe,  
r unto Lionel duke of Clarence ;  
e of the elder son  
re the younger, I am king.

at plain proceedings are more plain than  
? claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
n ; York claims it from the third.  
issue fails his should not reign :

st ; but flourishes in thee,  
ons, fair slips of such a stock.  
Salisbury, kneel we together ;  
private plot,\* be we the first  
late our rightful sovereign,  
of his birthright to the crown.  
g live our sovereign Richard, England's

st ! thank you, lords. But I am not your king  
en'd ; and that my sword be stain'd  
ood of the house of Lancaster ;  
st suddenly to be perform'd ;  
ice, and silent secrecy.

do, in these dangerous days,  
duke of Suffolk's insolence,  
pride, at Scmerset's ambition,  
am, and all the crew of them,  
st snar'd the shepherd of the flock,  
prince, the good duke Humphrey :  
r seek ; and they, in seeking that,  
ir deaths, if York can prophesy.  
ed, break we off ; we know your mind at

heart assures me that the earl of Warwick  
make the duke of York a king.  
Nevil, this I do assure myself,—  
live to make the earl of Warwick  
man in England but the king. [Exeunt.

III.—The same. A Hall of Justice.

scene. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MAR-  
GSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY ;  
SES OF GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN,  
L, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under

and furth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Glos-  
wife :  
nd, and us, your guilt is great ;  
entence of the law, for sins  
nd's book are adjudg'd to death.  
hence to prison back again ;

[To JOURD., &c.  
unto the place of execution :

\* *Plot*—spot.

The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,  
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.  
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,  
Despoiled of your honour in your life,  
Shall, after three days' open penance done,  
Live in your country here in banishment,  
With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

*Duch.* Welcome is banishment, welcome were my  
death.

*Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee ;  
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[Exeunt the *Duch.*, and the other prisoners, guarded.  
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground !  
I beseech your majesty give me leave to go ;  
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

*K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster : ere thou go  
Give up thy staff ; Henry will to himself  
Protector be : and God shall be my hope.  
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet ;  
And go in peace, Humphrey ; no less belov'd  
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

*Q. Mar.* I see no reason why a king of years  
Should be to be protected like a child.

God and king Henry govern England's helm :  
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

*Glo.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff :  
As willingly do I the same resign,

As ere thy father Henry made it mine ;  
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,  
As others would ambitiously receive it.  
Farewell, good king : when I am dead and gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [Exit.

*Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret  
queen ;

And Humphrey duke of Gloster scarce himself,  
That bears so shrewd a maim ; two pulls at once,—  
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off ;  
This staff of honour raught<sup>a</sup>—There let it stand,  
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

*Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his  
sprays ;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

*York.* Lords, let him go :—Please it your majesty,  
This is the day appointed for the combat ;  
And ready are the appellant and defendant,  
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,  
So please your highness to behold the fight.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord ; for purposely therefore  
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

*K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit  
Here let them end it, and God defend the right !

*York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,  
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours drink-  
ing to him so much that he is drunk ; and he enters  
bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it ; a  
drum before him : at the other side, PETER, with a  
drum and a similar staff ; accompanied by prentices  
drinking to him.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in  
a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do  
well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of char-  
neco.<sup>b</sup>

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer,  
neighbour : drink, and fear not your man.

*Hor.* Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all ;  
and a fig for Peter !

<sup>a</sup> *Raught* means here taken away.

<sup>b</sup> *Charneco*—the name of a wine.



1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

*Peter.* I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

*Sal.* Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

*Peter.* Peter, forsooth.

*Sal.* Peter! what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Sal.* Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

*Hor.* Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

*York.* Despatch;—this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound trumpets alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* They fight, and PETER strikes down his master.

*Hor.* Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

*York.* Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

*Peter.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

*K. Hen.* Go, take hence that traitor from our sight; For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt: And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully. Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

*Glo.* Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud; And after summer evermore succeeds Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold: So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet. Sirs, what's o'clock?

*Serv.* Ten, my lord.

*Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me, To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess; Unearth<sup>a</sup> may she endure the flinty streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook The abject people, gazing on thy face, With envious<sup>b</sup> looks still laughing at thy shame, That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels, When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets. But soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

*Serv.* So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

*Glo.* No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

*Duch.* Come you, my lord, to see my open shame? Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze! See, how the giddy multitude do point,

<sup>a</sup> Unearth—not easily.

<sup>b</sup> Envious—malicious.

And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee! Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks:

And in thy closet pent up rue my shame, And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

*Glo.* Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

*Duch.* Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife, And thou a prince, protector of this land, Methinks I should not thus be led along, Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back; And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet<sup>a</sup> groans. The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet; And when I start the envious people laugh, And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trowest thou that e'er I'll look upon the world;

Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;

And he a prince, and ruler of the land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,

As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock,

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;

Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.

For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,

And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,

Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

*Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry:

I must offend before I be attained:

And had I twenty times so many foes,

And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scath,<sup>b</sup>

So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,

But I in danger for the breach of law.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:

I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;

These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

*Her.* I summon your grace to his majesty's command, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

*Glo.* And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before! This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit Her.] My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,

Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

*Sher.* An't please your grace, here my commission stays:

And sir John Stanley is appointed now

To take her with him to the isle of Man.

*Glo.* Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

*Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

*Glo.* Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray

You use her well:

The world may laugh again; and I may live

To do you kindness, if you do it her.

And so, sir John, farewell.

*Duch.* What, gone, my lord; and bid me not well?

*Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.]

<sup>a</sup> Deep-fet—deep-fetched.

<sup>b</sup> Scath—harm.

Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,  
 abides with me: my joy is—death;  
 whose name I oft have been afraid,  
 wish'd this world's eternity.—  
 Prithce, go, and take me hence,  
 whither, for I beg no favour,  
 they me where thou art commanded.  
 Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;  
 as used according to your state.  
 That 's had enough, for I am but reproach:  
 I then be used reproachfully?  
 Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,  
 to that state you shall be used.

*Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare  
 Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!  
*Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.  
*Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.  
 Come, Stanley, shall we go?  
*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this  
 sheet,  
 And go we to attire you for our journey.  
*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my  
 sheet;  
 No, it will hang upon my richest robes,  
 And show itself, attire me how I can.  
 Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Abbey at Bury*

*The Parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET,  
 CARDINAL BRAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK,  
 GLOSTER, and others.*

*K.* I muse,\* my lord of Gloster is not come:  
 his wont to be the hindmost man,  
 occasion keeps him from us now.  
*C.* Can you not see? or will you not observe  
 the gentleness of his alter'd countenance?  
 that a majesty he bears himself;  
 that of late he is become,  
 as, presumptory, and unlike himself?  
 the time since he was mild and affable;  
 we did but glance a far-off look,  
 why he was upon his knee,  
 the court admir'd him for submission;  
 him now, and, be it in the morn,  
 my name will give the time of day,  
 his brow, and shows an angry eye,  
 as by with stiff unbowed knee,  
 the duty that to us belongs.  
 we are not regarded when they grin;  
 men tremble when the lion roars;  
 glory is no little man in England,  
 that he is near you in descent,  
 if you fall he is the next will mount.  
 then, it is no policy,—  
 what a rancorous mind he bears,  
 advantage following your decease,—  
 would come about your royal person,  
 stand to your highness' council.  
 hath he won the commons' hearts;  
 he please to make commotion,  
 wou'd they all will follow him.  
 the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;  
 now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,  
 his herbs for want of husbandry.  
 care I bear unto my lord  
 Hence these dangers in the duke.  
 call it a woman's fear;  
 if better reasons can supplant,  
 like and say—I wou'd the duke  
 Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—  
 allegation, if you can;  
 have my words effectual.  
 he hath your highness seen into this duke;  
 not been put to speak my mind,  
 wou'd have told your grace's tale,  
 by his subornation,  
 he, began her devilish practices:  
 we not privy to those faults,  
 sting of his high descent,

\* I muse—I wonder.

(As next the king he was successive heir,  
 And such high vaunts of his nobility,  
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,  
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.  
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;  
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
 The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.  
 No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man  
 Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.  
*Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done?  
*York.* And did he not, in his protectorship,  
 Levy great sums of money through the realm,  
 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?  
 By means whereof the towns each day revolted.  
*Buck.* Tut! These are petty faults to faults unknown,  
 Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Ham-  
 phrey.  
*K. Hen.* My lords, at once. The case you have of  
 us,  
 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
 Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?  
 Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent  
 From meaning treason to our royal person,  
 As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:  
 The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,  
 To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.  
*Q. Mar.* Ah, what 's more dangerous than this fond  
 alliance!  
 Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,  
 For he 's disposed as the hateful raven.  
 Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,  
 For he 's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.  
 Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?  
 Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all  
 Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter SOMERSET.*

*Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!  
*K. Hen.* Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from  
 France?  
*Som.* That all your interest in those territories  
 Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.  
*K. Hen.* Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will  
 be done!  
*York.* Cold news for me: for I had hope of France,  
 As firmly as I hope for fertile England.  
 Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,  
 And caterpillars eat my leaves away;  
 But I will remedy this gear ere long  
 Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*]

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the king!

Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

*Suf.* Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,  
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art :  
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

*Glc.* Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest ;  
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.  
The purest spring is not so free from mud  
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :  
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

*York.* 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay ;  
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

*Glc.* Is it but thought so ? What are they that think it ?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,  
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.  
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—  
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England !  
That doth that e'er I wrested from the king,  
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,  
Be brought against me at my trial day !  
No ! many a pound of mine own proper store,  
Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
Have I dispersed to the garrisons  
And never ask'd for restitution.

*Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.  
*Glc.* I say no more than truth, so help me God !

*York.* In your protectorship, you did devise  
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,  
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

*Glc.* Why, 't is well known, that whiles I was protector

Pity was all the fault that was in me ;  
For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.  
Unless it were a bloody murderer,  
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,  
I never gave them condign punishment :  
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd  
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

*Suf.* My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd :  
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.  
I do arrest you in his highness' name ;  
And here commit you to my lord cardinal  
To keep, until your further time of trial.

*K. Hen.* My lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope,  
That you will clear yourself from all suspects ;  
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

*Glc.* Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.  
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,  
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;  
Foul subornation is predominant,  
And equity exil'd your highness' land.  
I know their complot is to have my life ;  
And, if my death might make this island happy,  
And prove the period of their tyranny,  
I would expend it with all willingness :  
But mine is made the prologue to their play ;  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.  
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,  
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;  
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue  
The envious load that lies upon his heart ;  
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,  
By false accuse doth level at my life :  
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,  
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head .  
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up

My liefest\* liege to be mine enemy :

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together  
Myself had notice of your conventicles,  
And all to make away my guiltless life :  
I shall not want false witness to condemn ;  
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;  
The ancient proverb will be well affected,  
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

*Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable ;  
If those that care to keep your royal person  
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rap  
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,  
And the offender granted scope of speech,  
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your state.

*Suf.* Hath he not twit our sovereign lady  
With ignominious words, though clerkly  
As if she had suborned some to swear  
False allegations to o'erthrow his state ?

*Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave !  
*Glc.* Far truer spoke than meant : I lose  
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false  
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

*Buck.* He 'll wrest the sense, and hold us  
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

*Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and gush

*Glc.* Ah, thus king Henry throws away  
Before his legs be firm to bear his body :  
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw thee  
Ah, that my fear were false ! ah, that it were  
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with*

*K. Hen.* My lords, what to your wisest  
best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

*Q. Mar.* What, will your highness leave  
ment ?

*K. Hen.* Ay, Margaret ; my heart is drown'd  
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes  
My body round engirt with misery ;  
For what's more miserable than discontent  
Ah, uncle Humphrey ! in thy face I see  
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty ;  
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to go  
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy  
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,  
That these great lords, and Margaret our  
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life ?  
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man  
And as the butcher takes away the calf,  
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it  
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;  
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him  
And as the dam runs lowing up and down  
Looking the way her harmless young one  
And can do nought but wail her darling's  
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case  
With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dim  
Look after him, and cannot do him good ;  
So mighty are his vowed enemies.

His fortunes I will weep ; and, twixt each  
Say—" Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none !"

*Q. Mar.* Free lords, cold snow melts with  
hot beams.

Henry my lord is sold in great affairs,  
Too full of foolish pity : and Gloster's shame  
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;  
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,  
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting  
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.  
Believe me, lords, were none more woe than  
(And yet, herein I judge mine own wit good

\* *Liefest*—dearest.

er should be quickly rid the world,  
 from the fear we have of him.  
 at he should die is worthy policy :  
 want a colour for his death :  
 he be condemn'd by course of law.  
 it, in my mind, that were no policy :  
 till labour still to save his life ;  
 ons haply rise to save his life ;  
 e have but trivial argument,  
 mistrust, that shows him worthy death.  
 o that by this you would not have him die.  
 , York, no man alive so fain as I.  
 f is York that hath more reason for his death.  
 rd cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—  
 think, and speak it from your souls,—  
 all one, an empty eagle were set  
 be chicken from a hungry kite,  
 ke Humphrey for the king's protector ?  
 So the poor chicken should be sure of death.  
 dam, 't is true : and were 't not madness  
 en,  
 e fox surveyor of the fold ?  
 accus'd a crafty murderer,  
 ould be but idly posted over,  
 purpose is not executed.  
 die, in that he is a fox,  
 rov'd an enemy to the flock,  
 haps be stain'd with crimson blood,)  
 ey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.  
 stand on quilllets, how to slay him :  
 , by snares, by subtilty,  
 waking, 't is no matter how,  
 d ; for that is good deceit  
 \* him first that first intends deceit.  
 Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.  
 resolute, except so much were done ;  
 e often spoke, and seldom meant :  
 heart accordeth with my tongue,—  
 sed is meritorious,  
 rve my sovereign from his foe,—  
 ord, and I will be his priest  
 I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,  
 take due orders for a priest.  
 sent, and censure well<sup>b</sup> the deed,  
 ride his executioner,  
 e safety of my liege.  
 is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.  
 And so say I.  
 d I : and now we three have spoke it,  
 greatly who impugns our doom.

*Enter a Messenger.*

at lords, from Ireland am I come again,  
 sat rebels there are up,  
 Englishmen unto the sword :  
 s, lords, and stop the rage betime,  
 and do grow incurable ;  
 en there is great hope of help.  
 each that craves a quick expedient<sup>c</sup> stop !  
 I give you in this weighty cause ?  
 at Somerset be sent as regent thither ;  
 at lucky ruler be employ'd ;  
 fortune he hath had in France.  
 ork, with all his far-fet policy,  
 e regent there instead of me,  
 old have stay'd in France so long.  
 not to lose it all as thou hast done :  
 d have lost my life betimes,  
 e burthen of dishonour home,  
 here so long, till all were lost.  
 scar character'd on thy skin :  
 reserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

\* *Motes*—blasts—confounds.  
<sup>b</sup> *Expedient*—expedient.  
<sup>c</sup> *Expedient*—expedient.

*Q. Mar.* Nay then, this spark will prove a raging  
 fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :  
 No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still :  
 Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,  
 Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

*York.* What, worse than naught ? nay, then a shame  
 take all !

*Som.* And in the number, thee, that wishest shame !

*Car.* My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,  
 And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :  
 To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
 Collected choicely, from each county some,  
 And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

*York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

*Suf.* Why, our authority is his consent ;  
 And what we do establish he confirms :  
 Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

*York.* I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,  
 Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

*Suf.* A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd  
 But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

*Car.* No more of him ; for I will deal with him,  
 That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.  
 And so break off ; the day is almost spent :  
 Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

*York.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,  
 At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;  
 For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.

*Suf.* I 'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

*[Exeunt all but YORK.]*

*York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts  
 And change misdoubt to resolution :  
 Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art  
 Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying :  
 Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,  
 And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,  
 And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,  
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,  
 To send me packing with an host of men :  
 I fear me you but warm the starved snake,  
 Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me :  
 I take it kindly ; yet, be well assur'd  
 You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,  
 I will stir up in England some black storm  
 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell :

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage  
 Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like to the glorious son's transparent beams,  
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.<sup>a</sup>

And, for a minister of my intent,  
 I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,

John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,  
 Under the title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade  
 Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes ;  
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts  
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine ;

And, in the end being rescued, I have seen  
 Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,<sup>b</sup>

Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.  
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,  
 Hath he conversed with the enemy ;  
 And undiscover'd come to me again,

<sup>a</sup> *Flaw*—a sudden gust of wind.

<sup>b</sup> *Morisco*. This term probably points at the Moorish origin  
 of the morris-dance.

And given me notice of their villainies.  
This devil here shall be my substitute;  
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,  
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:  
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,  
How they affect the house and claim of York.  
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;  
I know no pain they can inflict upon him  
Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.  
Say, that he thrive, (as 't is great like he will,)  
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:  
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit

SCENE II.—Bury. A Room in the Palace

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know  
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.  
2 Mur. O, that it were to do!—What have we  
done?  
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 Mur. Here comes my lord.  
Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?  
1 Mur. Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.  
Suf. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my  
house;  
I will reward you for this venturesome deed.  
The king and all the peers are here at hand:—  
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,  
According as I gave directions?  
1 Mur. 'T is, my good lord.  
Suf. Away, be gone! [Exeunt Murderers.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL  
BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:  
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,  
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

K. Hen. Lords, take your places:—And, I pray you  
all

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,  
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,  
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,  
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!  
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words content  
me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?  
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night  
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[The KING swoons.

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the  
king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine  
eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again:—Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, com-  
fort!

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;  
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?  
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.  
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;  
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.  
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!  
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.  
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:  
Yet do not go away:—Come, basilisk,  
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:  
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;  
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk  
Although the duke was enemy to him,  
Yet he, most christianlike, laments his death:  
And for myself, foe as he was to me,  
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,  
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,  
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,  
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,  
And all to have the noble duke alive.  
What know I how the world may deem of me?  
For it is known we were-but hollow friends;  
It may be judg'd I made the duke away:  
So shall my name with slander's tongue be worn  
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.  
This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!  
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than  
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?  
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.

What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?  
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?  
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:  
Erect his statue then, and worship it,  
And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea;  
And twice by awkward wind from England's bay  
Drove back again unto my native clime?

What boded this, but well-forewarning wind  
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?

What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,  
And he that loos'd them forth their brazen covers,  
And bid them blow towards England's blessed bay  
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?

Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,  
But left that hateful office unto thee:  
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;  
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd as  
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness  
The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,  
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;  
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
Might in thy palace perish \* Margaret.

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,  
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,  
I stood upon the hatches in the storm:  
And when the dusky sky began to rob  
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,  
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—  
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—  
And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd it,  
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:  
And even with this I lost fair England's view,  
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;  
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles.

\* Perish; used actively, as destroy.

ken of Albion's wished coast.  
I have I tempted Suffolk's tongue  
(of thy foul inconstancy)  
witch me, as Ascanius did,  
to madding Dido would unfold  
his acts, commenc'd in burning Troy!  
witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?  
can no more! Die, Margaret!  
weep that thou dost live so long.

*Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.*

*The Commons press to the door.*

It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd  
and the cardinal Beaufort's means.  
sons, like an angry hive of bees,  
their leader, scatter up and down,  
not who they sting in his revenge.  
we calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
hear the order of his death.

That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too  
true;

He died, God knows, not Henry:  
chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
sent then upon his sudden death.  
That shall I do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,  
rude multitude, till I return.

*K. goes into an inner room, and SAL. retires.*  
O thou that judgest all things, stay my  
thoughts;

hands, that labour to persuade my soul  
ent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!

pect be false, forgive me, God;  
sent only doth belong to thee!  
did I go to chafe his paly lips  
sty thousand kisses, and to drain  
face an ocean of salt tears;  
y love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:  
vain are these mean obsequies;  
wey his dead and earthy image,  
it but to make my sorrow greater?

*ing doors of an inner chamber are thrown  
and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed:  
K. and others standing by it.*

hence hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

That is, to see how deep my grave is made:  
his soul fled all my worldly solace:  
him, I see my life in death.

as surely as my soul intends to live  
dread King, that took our state upon him  
from his Father's wrathful curse,  
that violent hands were laid  
ife of this thrice-famed duke.

breadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!  
nce gives lord Warwick for his vow?  
se, how the blood is settled in his face!

seen a timely-parted ghost,  
nblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,  
descended to the labouring heart;  
e conflict that it holds with death,  
e same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;  
e the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth  
ed beautify the cheek again.

face is black, and full of blood;  
is farther out than when he liv'd,  
ghastly like a strangled man:  
wear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;

parted ghost. The word *ghost* was used somewhat  
by old writers: it here undoubtedly means a body  
and from the soul.

give bloodless, by a licence of construction, includes  
in—the blood "being all descended," &c.

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.  
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;  
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,  
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.  
It cannot be but he was murder'd here,  
The least of all these signs were probable.

*Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to  
death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;

And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

*War.* But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's  
foes;

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:

'T is like you would not feast him like a friend;

And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

*Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen

As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

*War.* Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding  
fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,

But may imagine how the bird was dead,

Although the kite soar with unbloody beak?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

*Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk; where's your  
knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite; where are his talons?

*Suf.* I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;

But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart

That slanders me with murder's crimson badge;

Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,

That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt CARDINAL, SOM., and others.*]

*War.* What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare  
him?

*Q. Mar.* He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,

Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

*War.* Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;

For every word you speak in his behalf

Is slander to your royal dignity.

*Suf.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour.

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,

Thy mother took into her blameful bed

Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock

Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,

Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,

And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,

I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee

Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,

And say—It was thy mother that thou meant'st,

That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:

And, after all this fearful homage done,

Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,

Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

*Suf.* Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

*War.* Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,

And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

*K. Hen.* What stronger breastplate than a heart un  
tainted!

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

*Q. Mar.* What noise is this?

2 H 2

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.*

*K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn

Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—  
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

*Suf.* The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,  
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

*Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—  
[*Speaking to those within.*]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,  
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,  
Or banished fair England's territories,  
They will by violence tear him from your palace,  
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.  
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;  
They say, in him they fear your highness' death,  
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—  
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,  
As being thought to contradict your liking,—  
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.  
They say, in care of your most royal person,  
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,  
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,  
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;  
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,  
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,  
That slyly glided towards your majesty,  
It were but necessary you were wak'd;  
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,  
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:  
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
That they will guard you whe'r you will or no,  
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;  
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,  
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,  
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

*Commons.* [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

*Suf.* 'T is like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,  
Could send such message to their sovereign:  
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
To show how quaint an orator you are:  
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,  
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,  
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

*Commons.* [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in.

*K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,  
I thank them for their tender loving care;  
And had I not been 'cited so by them,  
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;  
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.  
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,  
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,  
He shall not breathe infection in this air  
But three days longer, on the pain of death. [*Exit SAL.*]

*Q. Mar.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

*K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.  
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him  
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.  
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;  
But when I swear, it is irrevocable:  
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found  
On any ground that I am ruler of,  
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.  
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;  
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K. HEN., WAR., Lords, &c.*]

*Q. Mar.* Mischance and sorrow go along with you!

Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,  
Be playfellows to keep you company!  
There's two of you; the devil make a third  
And threefold vengeance tend upon your sin.

*Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execration  
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

*Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and soft-beak!  
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

*Suf.* A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's  
I would invent as bitter searching terms,  
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate  
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave;  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest;  
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;  
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban,  
And even now my burthen'd heart would burst  
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink,  
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they drink,  
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees,  
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks,  
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' sting,  
Their music frightful as the serpents' hiss;  
And boding screech-owls make the concert  
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

*Q. Mar.* Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou hast curs'd thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst  
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,  
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

*Suf.* You bade me ban, and will you bid  
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

*Q. Mar.* O, let me entreat thee, cease! I'll kiss  
thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears,  
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
To wash away my woeful monuments.  
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,

[*Kiss*]  
That thou might'st think upon these by the way,  
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd,  
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief  
'T is but surmis'd whilst thou art standing  
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,  
Adventure to be banish'd myself:  
And banish'd I am, if but from thee.  
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—  
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends come,  
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand kisses,  
Lother a hundred times to part than die.  
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee.

*Suf.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banish'd  
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.  
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou there;  
A wilderness is populous enough,  
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:  
For where thou art there is the world itself,  
With every several pleasure in the world;  
And where thou art not, desolation.  
I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;  
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

*Enter VAUX.*

*Q. Mar.* Whither goes VAUX so fast? what's his business?

To signify unto his majesty  
 linal Beaufort is at point of death :  
 nly a grievous sickness took him,  
 as him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,  
 ing God, and cursing men on earth.  
 he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost  
 his aide : sometime, he calls the king,  
 pers to his pillow, as to him,  
 is of his overcharged soul :  
 sent to tell his majesty  
 now he cries aloud for him.  
 Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit VAUX.]

What is this world? what news are these?  
 fore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,  
 Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
 Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
 the southern clouds contend in tears;  
 the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?  
 hree hence : The king, thou know'st, is coming!  
 found by me thou art but dead.  
 I depart from thee I cannot live :  
 y sight to die, what were it else,  
 pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
 d I breathe my soul into the air,  
 nd gentle as the cradle-babe,  
 m mother's dug between its lips :  
 sm thy sight, I should be raging mad,  
 ut for thee to close up mine eyes,  
 ee with thy lips to stop my mouth;  
 t thou either turn my flying soul,  
 d breathe it so into thy body,  
 it liv'd in sweet Elysium.  
 thee were but to die in jest;  
 to die were torture more than death :  
 ay, befall what may befall.

Away! though parting be a fretful corsive,<sup>b</sup>  
 ed to a deathful wound.

weet Suffolk : Let me hear from thee;  
 oe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
 n Iris that shall find thee out.

And take my heart with thee  
 ewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask  
 lid contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;  
 This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [Ex. severally]

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal Beaufort's  
 Bedchamber.

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and  
 others. The CARDINAL in bed; Attendants with him.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to  
 thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's  
 treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,  
 So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
 Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, wher they will or no?—

O! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is;

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure

be!

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;

And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

I.—Kent. The Sea-shore, near Dover.

d at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Cap-  
 tain, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHIT-  
 more, and others; with them SUFFOLK, and other  
 men, prisoners.

gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day  
 the bosom of the sea;  
 and-bowling wolves arouse the jades  
 in tragic melancholy night,  
 air drowsy, slow, and flagging wings  
 men's graves, and from their misty jaws  
 contagious darkness in the air.  
 ring forth the soldiers of our prize;  
 our pinnace anchors in the Downs,  
 they make their ransom on the sand,  
 r blood stain this discolour'd shore.  
 prisoner freely give I thee;—  
 at art his mate, make boot of this;—  
 pointing to SUFFOLK], Walter Whitmore, is  
 y share.

or whereas. The words were convertible.  
 narrative.

1 Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand  
 crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

Cut both the villains' throats,—for die you shall.—

The lives of those which we have lost in fight

Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?\*

1 Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life

2 Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die; [To SUFF.]

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suff. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;

Rate me at what thou wilt thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

\* Upon the hesitation to pay ransom the captain exclaims,

"What, think you much," &c. He then, parenthetically

threatens death; and continues his half-interrogative sentence,

"What, 'The lives of those which we have lost in fight be coun-

terpois'd," &c.



*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.  
A cunning man did calculate my birth,  
And told me that by *Water*<sup>a</sup> I should die.  
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;  
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

*Whit. Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is I care not;  
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,  
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;  
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,  
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on SUFFOLK.*]

*Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,  
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

*Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

*Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;  
[*Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?*]

*Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,  
The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.  
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?  
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,  
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?  
How often hast thou waited at my cup,  
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,  
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?  
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;  
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:  
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,  
And duly waited for my coming forth?  
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,  
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

*Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

*Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

*Suf.* Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.  
*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side  
Strike off his head.

*Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.

[*Cap.* Yes, Poole.

*Suf.* Poole?]

*Cap.* Poole! Sir Poole! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt  
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.  
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,  
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:  
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground:  
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,  
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,  
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:  
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,  
For daring to affy<sup>b</sup> a mighty lord  
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,  
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.  
By devilish policy art thou grown great,  
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd  
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.  
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:  
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,  
Did claim to call us lord; and Picardy  
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,  
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.  
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,  
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,  
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:  
And now the house of York,—thrust from the crown,  
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,  
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—

<sup>a</sup> In the Incantation Scene in Act I. we have this prophecy:—

“What fates await the duke of Suffolk?  
By *water* shall he die, and take his end.”

It appears from this passage that *Water* was commonly pronounced *Water*.

<sup>b</sup> To affy—to betroth.

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful  
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shide  
Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus*.<sup>a</sup>  
The commons here in Kent are up in arms  
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,  
Is crept into the palace of our king,  
And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.

*Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth  
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!  
Small things make base men proud: this villain  
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
Than *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian pirate.  
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bees—  
It is impossible that I should die  
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in  
I go of message from the queen to France;  
I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

*Cap.* *Walter*,—

*Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to

*Suf.* *Penè gelidus timor occupat artus.*  
I fear.

*Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear be  
thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye

*I Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak

*Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern as  
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for  
Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit; no, rather let my head  
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to  
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king  
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole  
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.  
True nobility is exempt from fear:—  
More can I bear than you dare execute.

*Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk

*Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty  
That this my death may never be forgot!—  
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:<sup>b</sup>  
A Roman sworder and banditto slave  
Murther'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard he  
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,  
Pompey the great: and Suffolk dies by pit

[*Exit Suf., with Whit.*]

*Cap.* And as for these whose ransom we  
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—  
Therefore come you with us, and let him go

[*Execute all but the first*]

*Re-enter Whitmore, with Suffolk.*

*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless box  
Until the queen his mistress bury it.

*I Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle  
His body will I bear unto the king:  
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;  
So will the queen, that living held him dear

[*Exit, etc.*]

## SCENE II.—Blackheath.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HASTINGS.*

*Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though  
lath; they have been up these two days.

*John.* They have the more need to sleep.

*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade the clown  
dress the commonwealth, and turn it, as  
nap upon it.

*John.* So he had need, for 't is threadbare

<sup>a</sup> This is an allusion to the device of Edward II.  
according to Camden, “the rays of the sun dis-  
solves out of a cloud.”

<sup>b</sup> *Bezonian* was a term of contempt, of some  
derivation.

ever merry world in England since gentle-  
p.  
miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in  
men.

nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.  
more, the king's council are no good

se. And yet it is said, Labour in thy vo-  
h is as much to say as, let the magistrates  
men; and therefore should we be magis-

hast hit it: for there 's no better sign of a  
han a hard hand.

se them! I see them! There 's Best's son,  
Wingham;—

hall have the skins of our enemies, to make  
of.

Dick the butcher,—

is sin struck down like an ox, and  
out cut like a calf.

Smith the weaver.

their thread of life is spun.

ae, come, let 's fall in with them.

ster CADE, DICK the butcher, SMITH the  
eer, and others in great number.

John Cade, so termed of our supposed

ather, of stealing a cade of herrings.\*

[*Aside.*  
our enemies shall fall before us, inspired  
t of putting down kings and princes,—  
ence.

ice!

father was a Mortimer,—

was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

[*Aside.*

mother a Plantagenet,—

ew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

wife descended of the Lacies,—

was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold

[*Aside.*

t, now of late, not able to travel with her

be washes backs here at home. [*Aside.*

before am I of an honourable house.

by my faith, the field is honourable; and

horn, under a hedge; for his father had

but the cage. [*Aside.*

ant I am.

most needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

able to endure much.

question of that; for I have seen him

market days together. [*Aside.*

er neither sword nor fire.

need not fear the sword, for his coat is of

[*Aside.*

methinks he should stand in fear of fire,

the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

save then; for your captain is brave, and

tion. There shall be, in England, seven

ves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot

in hoops; and I will make it felony to

eer: all the realm shall be in common,

side shall my palfrey go to grass. And,

ing, (as king I will be)—

ave your majesty!

ank you, good people:—there shall be no

hall eat and drink on my score; and I

hem all in one livery, that they may agree

and worship me their lord.

first thing we do, let 's kill all the law-

verrings, according to an old monastic account,

sing somewhat more than half a barrel.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a la-  
mentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb  
should be made parchment? that parchment, being  
scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee  
stings: but I say 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal  
once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.  
How now? who 's there?

*Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.*

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and  
read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. H' as a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write  
court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man,  
of mine honour; unless I find him guilty he shall not  
die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What  
is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;—  
'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy  
name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest  
plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought  
up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he 's a  
villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: bang him with his  
pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

*Enter MICHAEL.*

Mich. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his  
brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down:  
He shall be encountered with a man as good as him-  
self: He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight  
presently: Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at  
him.

*Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his  
brother, with drum and Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,  
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,  
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;  
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,  
If you go forward: Therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;

It is to you, good people, that I speak,

Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;

For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;

And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of  
March,

Married the duke of Clarence' daughter:—Did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but, I say, 'tis true

The elder of them, being put to nurse,

Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,  
Became a bricklayer when he came to age :  
His son am I ; deny it if you can.

*Dick.* Nay, 't is too true ; therefore he shall be king.

*Smith.* Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it ; therefore, deny it not.

*Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what ?

*All.* Ay, marry, will we ; therefore get ye gone.

*W. Staf.* Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

*Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*—Go to, sirrah : Tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign ; but I 'll be protector over him.

*Dick.* And, furthermore, we 'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

*Cade.* And good reason, for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch : and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

*Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance !

*Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can : The Frenchmen are our enemies : go to them. I ask but this,—can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no ?

*All.* No, no ; and therefore we 'll have his head.

*W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,

Assail them with the army of the king.

*Staf.* Herald, away : and, throughout every town,  
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade ;  
That those which fly before the battle ends  
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,  
Be hang'd up for example at their doors :  
And you that be the king's friends follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*]

*Cade.* And you that love the commons follow me.  
Now show yourselves men, 't is for liberty.  
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman :  
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon ;  
For they are thrifty honest men, and such  
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

*Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

*Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Another part of Blackheath.

*Alarum.* The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.

*Cade.* Where 's Dick the butcher of Ashford ?

*Dick.* Here, sir.

*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house : therefore thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is ; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

*Dick.* I desire no more.

*Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear ; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

*Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

*Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let 's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the

Enter KING HENRY, reading a supplication, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and LORD SAY at a distance, QUEEN MARGARET, with SUFFOLK'S head.

*Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard that grief soft And makes it fearful and degenerate ; Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep, But who can cease to weep, and look on this Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast, But where 's the body that I should embrace ?

*Buck.* What answer makes your grace supplication ?

*K. Hen.* I 'll send some holy bishop to excommunicate For God forbid, so many simple souls Should perish by the sword ! And I myself Rather than bloody war shall cut them short, Will parley with Jack Cade their general. But stay, I 'll read it over once again.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains ! bath thou Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me : And could it not enforce them to relent, That were unworthy to behold the same ?

*K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade has sworn his head.

*Say.* Ay, but I hope your highness shall not.

*K. Hen.* How now, madam ? Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk I fear me, love, if that I had been dead, Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much.

*Q. Mar.* No, my love, I should not mourn for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

*K. Hen.* How now ! what news ? why comest thou with such haste ?

*Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark. First Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer, descended from the duke of Clarence' house, and calls your grace usurper, openly, and vows to crown himself in Westminster. His army is a ragged multitude of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless ; Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death hath given them heart and courage to proceed. All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, they call false caterpillars, and intend the death of us.

*K. Hen.* O graceless men ! they know not their duty.

*Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth, until a power be rais'd to put them down.

*Q. Mar.* Ah ! were the duke of Suffolk these Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

*K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee. Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

*Say.* So might your grace's person be in the sight of me is odious in their eyes ; And therefore in this city will I stay, And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

*2 Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London. The citizens fly and forsake their houses ; The rascal people, thirsting after prey, Join with the traitor ; and they jointly swear To spoil the city and your royal court.

*Buck.* Then linger not, my lord ; away.

*K. Hen.* Come, Margaret ; God, our heavenly father, bless our journey.

*Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk.

*K. Hen.* Farewell, my lord ; [*to London*]

not the Kentish rebels.

\* *Killingworth.* This is the old orthography and is still the local pronunciation.

nobody, for fear you be betray'd.  
 Just I have is in mine innocence,  
 am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt.

E V.—*The same.* *The Tower.*

CADE, and others, on the walls. *Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

Now? is Jack Cade slain?  
 My lord, nor likely to be slain; for they  
 bridge, killing all those that withstand  
 d mayor craves aid of your honour from  
 defend the city from the rebels.  
 aid as I can spare you shall command;  
 led here with them myself:  
 essay'd to win the Tower.  
 Smithfield, and gather head,  
 will send you Matthew Gough:  
 king, your country, and your lives;  
 I, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.

VI.—*The same.* *Cannon-street.*

DE, and his Followers. *He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

is Mortimer lord of this city. And here,  
 London-stone, I charge and command,  
 's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing  
 e this first year of our reign. And now,  
 t shall be treason for any that calls me  
 Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier, running.*

Cade! Jack Cade!  
 k him down there. [They kill him.  
 is fellow be wise, he'll never call you  
 e: I think he hath a very fair warning.  
 rd, there's an army gathered together in

then, let's go fight with them: But,  
 et London-bridge on fire; and, if you  
 tise Tower too. Come, let's away.  
 [Exeunt.

VII.—*The same.* *Smithfield.*

er, on one side, CADE and his company;  
 r, Citizens, and the KING'S Forces,  
 MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight; the  
 routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.*

ES:—Now go some and pull down the  
 to the inns of court; down with them

e a suit unto your lordship.

a lordship, thou shalt have it for that

that the laws of England may come out

't will be sore law then; for he was  
 mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole  
 [Aside

, John, it will be stinking law; for his  
 ith eating toasted cheese. [Aside.

e thought upon it, it shall be so. Away,  
 scorn of the realm; my mouth shall be  
 of England.

we are like to have biting statutes, un-  
 e pulled out. [Aside.

henceforward all things shall be in com-

*Enter a Messenger.*

rd, a prize, a prize! here 's the lord Say,  
 towns in France; he that made us pay

one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound,  
 the last subsidy.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.*

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—  
 Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now  
 art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal.  
 What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up  
 of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of  
 France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence,  
 even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom  
 that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou  
 art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth  
 of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas,  
 before, our forefathers had no other books but the score  
 and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and,  
 contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast  
 built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that  
 thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun,  
 and a verb; and such abominable words as no Christian  
 ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices  
 of peace, to call poor men before them about matters  
 they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put  
 them in prison; and because they could not read thou  
 hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause  
 they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on  
 a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear  
 a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose  
 and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for  
 example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'T is *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks  
 Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.  
 Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,

Is term'd the civill'st place of all this isle:

Sweet is the country, because full of riches;

The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;

Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;

Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

Justice with favour have I always done;

Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands?

Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book prefer'd me to the king,

And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,

You cannot but forbear to murder me.

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings

For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I

struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind

folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching<sup>a</sup> for your

good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make

'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the

pap of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

<sup>a</sup> For watching—in consequence of watching.

*Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

*Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

*Say.* Tell me, wherein have I offended most? Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak? Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold? Is my apparel sumptuous to behold? Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death? These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding. This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts. O, let me live!

*Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

*All.* It shall be done.

*Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

*Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye. [Exeunt some, with LORD SAY.] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

*Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?\*

*Cade.* Marry, presently.

*All.* O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of LORD SAY and his Son-in-law.

*Cade.* But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

*Alarum.* Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

*Cade.* Up Fish-street! down St. Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[A parley sounded, then a retreat.] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you; Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths? Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,

\* Upon our bills. This is an equivocal. The bills of Cade were not bills of debt (as bonds for the payment of money, executed in the simplest form, were anciently called), but the brown bills of the rabble soldiery.

Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty! Who hateth him, and honours not his father, Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

*Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe he will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White in Southwark? I thought ye would never have got out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards; I delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let me break your backs with burthens, take your bowms from your heads, ravish your wives and daughters from your faces: For me,—I will make shift for one; so—God's curse light upon you all!

*All.* We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

*Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth, That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him? Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of you earls and dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to; Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends, and us. Were 't not a shame that whilst you live at rest, The fearful French, whom you late vanquished, Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you? Methinks, already, in this civil broil, I see them lordling it in London streets, Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry, Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy: To France, to France, and get what you have lost; Spare England, for it is your native coast; Henry hath money, you are strong and manly; God on our side, doubt not of victory.

*All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford.

*Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown so and so as this multitude? The name of Henry the fifth hath done them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes them lands desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize me: my sword make way for me, for here I stay.—In despite of the devils and hell, have I come to the very midst of you! and heavens and honest witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, make me betake me to my heels.

*Buck.* What, is he fled? go some, and follow him; And he that brings his head unto the king Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[Exeunt some of the rebels.] Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IX.—Killingworth Castle.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and Forces, set, on the terrace of the Castle.

*K. Hen.* Was ever king that joy'd an earthly thing, And could command no more content than I? No sooner was I crept out of my cradle, But I was made a king, at nine months old: Was never subject long'd to be a king, As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

*Buck.* Health and glad tidings in your ear!

*K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor pris'd? Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

er, a great number of CADE's Followers, with  
halters about their necks.

He 's fled, my lord, and all his powers do  
fled;

ly thus, with halters on their necks,  
ur highness' doom, of life or death.

Then, Heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,  
in my vows of thanks and praise!—

his day have you redeem'd your lives,  
d how well you love your prince and country:

still in this so good a mind,  
y, though he be unfortunate,

rselves, will never be unkind;  
th thanks, and pardon to you all,

as you to your several countries.  
d save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

lease if your grace to be advertised,  
of York is newly come from Ireland:

s puissant and a mighty power,  
glasses and stout Kernes,

g hitherward in proud array;  
roclaimeth, as he comes along,

re only to remove from thee  
of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

Thus stands my state, twixt Cade and York  
stres'd;

ip, that having scap'd a tempest,  
ay calm'd and boarded with a pirate:

Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;  
York in arms to second him.

Backingham, go forth and meet him;  
n, what 's the reason of these arms.

'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—  
set, we will commit thee thither,

my be dismiss'd from him.  
lord,

ysself to prison willingly,  
th, to do my country good.

In any case, be not too rough in terms;  
ee, and cannot brook hard language.

will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal  
s shall redound unto your good.

Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern  
tier;

England curse my wretched reign.  
[Exeunt.]

ENE X.—Kent. Iden's Garden.  
Enter CADE.

e on ambition! lie on myself, that have a  
yet am ready to furnish! These five days

me in these woods; and durst not peep out,  
untry is lay'd for me. But now am I so

if I might have a lease of my life for a  
ars, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on

t have I climbed into this garden; to see if  
rass, or pick a sallot another while, which is

is cool a man's stomach this hot weather.  
s this word sallot was burn to do me good:

time, but for a sallot b my brain-pan had  
with a brown bill; and, many a time, when

dry, and bravely marching, it hath served  
of a quart-pot to drink in: And now the

\* must serve me to feed on.  
Enter IDEN, with Servants.

ed, who would live turmoiled in the court.

—just now.  
—called—a helmet.  
—called—a herb which is eaten salted—sallada.

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

This small inheritance my father left me  
Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.

I seek not to wax great by others' waning;  
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy;

Sufficieth that I have maintains my state,  
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me  
for a stray, for entering his fee simple without leave.

Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand  
crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but

I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my  
sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou be,  
I know thee not: Why then should I betray thee?

Is 't not enough to break into my garden,  
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,

Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,  
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever  
was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well:

I have eat no meat these five days: yet, come thou and  
thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a

door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.  
Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England

stands,  
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,

Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.  
Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes on mine,

See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.  
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;  
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;

My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;  
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,

Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.  
As for words, whose greatness answers words,

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.  
Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion

that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut  
not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere

thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees  
thou mayest be turned to hotnails. [They fight. CADE

falls.] O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath  
slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me,

and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I 'd  
defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a

burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, be-  
cause the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.  
Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous

traitor?  
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,

And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:  
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;

But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,  
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory:  
Tell Kent from me she hath lost her best man, and ex-

hort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never  
feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.  
[Dies.]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my  
judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!  
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.  
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,  
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;

Which I will bear in triumph to the king,  
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.  
[Exit, dragging out the body]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

*The KING's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours: his Forces at some distance.*

*York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,  
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:  
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;  
To entertain great England's lawful king.  
*Al,* *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?  
Let them obey that know not how to rule;  
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:  
I cannot give due action to my words,  
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.  
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,  
On which I'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?  
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,  
To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,  
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

*York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.  
O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,  
I am so angry at these abject terms;  
And how, like Ajax Telamonius,  
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!  
I am far better born than is the king;  
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:  
But I must make fair weather yet a while,  
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—

*[All the preceding is spoken aside.]*

Buckingham, I prithe thee pardon me,  
That I have given no answer all this while;  
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.  
The cause why I have brought this army hither,  
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,  
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part:  
But if thy arms be to no other end,  
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;  
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

*York.* Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

*Buck.* Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.  
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;  
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,  
You shall have pay, and everything you wish.  
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,  
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,  
As pledges of my fealty and love,  
I'll send them all as willing as I live;  
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have  
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

*Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission:  
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter KING HENRY, attended*

*K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend  
to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm  
*York.* In all submission and humility,  
York doth present himself unto your highness.

*K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces  
bring?

*York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from  
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade  
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter IDEN, with CADE's head*

*Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean estate  
May pass into the presence of a king,  
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,  
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

*K. Hen.* The head of Cade?—Great thanks  
art thou!

O, let me view his visage being dead,  
That living wrought me such exceeding dread.

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that  
*Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty.

*K. Hen.* How art thou call'd? and where  
grew?

*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that 's my name,  
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

*Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 't was  
He were created knight for his good service.

*K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down: [*He kneels*]  
knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks,  
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a boon,  
And never live but true unto his liege!

*K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset  
the queen;

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET*

*Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not  
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

*York.* How now! Is Somerset at liberty?  
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd  
And let thy tongue be equal with thy hands.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?  
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me?

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?  
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king.

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,  
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a  
That head of thine doth not become a crown.

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,  
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows,  
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' shield,  
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,  
And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place; by Heaven, thou shalt rule  
O'er him whom Heaven created for thy rule.

*Som.* O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee  
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.

Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

*York.* Wouldst have me kneel? first  
these.\*

\* He probably points to his sons, who are  
or, it may be, to his troops.

ok I bow a knee to man.  
 my sons to be my bail; [*Ex. an Attend.*]  
 y will have me go to ward,  
 their swords for my enfranchisement.  
 ll hither Clifford; bid him come amain,  
 [*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]  
 the bastard boys of York  
 ety for their traitor father.  
 ad-bespotted Neapolitan,  
 les, England's bloody scourge!  
 k, thy betters in their birth,  
 ther's bail; and hane to those  
 ety will refuse the boys.

and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with  
 side; at the other, with Forces also,  
 ID, and his Son.

come; I'll warrant they'll make it

here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.  
 and all happiness to my lord the king!

[*Kneels.*]  
 k thee, Clifford: Say, what news with

ht us with an angry look:  
 reign, Clifford, kneel again;  
 eg so we pardon thee.  
 my king, York, I do not mistake;  
 'st me much to think I do:—  
 him! is the man grown mad?  
 Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious hu-

se himself against his king.  
 traitor; let him to the Tower,  
 that factious pate of his.  
 is arrested, but will not obey;  
 s, shall give their words for him.  
 cost not, sons?  
 ble father, if our words will serve.  
 words will not, then our weapons shall.  
 hat a brood of traitors have we here!  
 is a glass, and call thy image so;  
 and thou a false-heart traitor.  
 se stake my two brave bears,  
 ery shaking of their chains,  
 ish these fell lurking curs;  
 nd Warwick come to me.

ter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with  
 Forces.

se thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to

se bearward in their chains,  
 ing them to the baiting-place.  
 ve I seen a hot o'erweening cur  
 site, because he was withheld;  
 fer'd with the bear's fell paw,  
 is tail between his legs, and cried:  
 ce of service will you do.  
 ourselves to match lord Warwick.  
 heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,  
 by manners as thy shape:  
 we shall heat you thoroughly anon.  
 eed, lest by your heat you burn your-

, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?  
 —shame to thy silver hair,  
 eader of thy brainsick son!—  
 on thy death-bed play the ruffian,  
 row with thy spectacles?  
 ? O, where is loyalty?  
 from the frosty head,  
 ind a harbour in the earth?—  
 ipped *with* was the cognizance of the Nevils.

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,  
 And shame thine honourable age with blood?  
 Why art thou old and want'st experience?  
 Or wherefore dost abuse it if thou hast it?  
 For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,  
 That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

*Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself  
 The title of this most renowned duke;  
 And in my conscience do repute his grace  
 The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

*K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

*Sal.* I have.

*K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such  
 an oath?

*Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;  
 But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.  
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
 To do a murtherous deed, to rob a man,  
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,  
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right;  
 And have no other reason for this wrong  
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

*Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

*K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

*York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,  
 I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

*Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true,  
*War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again,  
 To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm  
 Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;  
 And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,  
 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

*War.* Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,  
 The rampant bear, chain'd to the ragged staff,  
 This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,  
 (As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,  
 That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm.)  
 Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,  
 And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
 Despite the bearward that protects the bear.

*Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,  
 To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

*Rich.* Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,  
 For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

*Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatic,\* that's more than thou canst  
 tell.

*Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.  
 [*Exeunt severally*]

#### SCENE II.—Saint Alban's.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!  
 And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
 Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,  
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,  
 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!  
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
 Warwick is hourse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter YORK.*

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steel;  
 But match to match I have encounter'd him,  
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.

\* *Stigmatic.* This was the appellation of an offender who had  
 been branded—upon whom a stigma had been set. Young  
 Clifford insults Richard with the natural stigma of his dis-  
 formity.



York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,  
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou  
fight'st.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,  
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [Exit.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou  
pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,  
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,  
But that 't is shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,  
As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

[They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [Dies.

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art  
still.

Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will. [Exit.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;  
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,  
Whom angry Heavens do make their minister,  
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part  
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:  
He that is truly dedicate to war  
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself  
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,  
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,  
[Seeing his dead father.

And the promised flames of the last day  
Knit earth and heaven together!  
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,  
Particularities and petty sounds  
To cease!<sup>a</sup> Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,  
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve  
The silver livery of advised age,  
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus  
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,  
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 't is mine  
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;  
No more will I their babes: tears virginal  
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;  
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,  
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.  
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:  
Meet I an infant of the house of York,  
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,  
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:  
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.  
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;

[Taking up the body.

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,  
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;  
But then Æneas bare a living load,  
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET, fight-  
ing, and SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;—  
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,  
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset  
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.<sup>b</sup>  
Sword, hold thy temper: heart, be wrathful still:  
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

<sup>a</sup> To cease—actively—to stop.

<sup>b</sup> See the prediction in Act I.—

"Let him shun castleh."

Alarums: Excursions. Enter KING  
MARGARET, and others, retir

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are  
away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heav-  
garet, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? y  
nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defend  
To give the enemy way; and to secure  
By what we can, which can no more b

If you be ta'en, we then should see the  
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply s  
(As well we may, if not through your  
We shall to London get, where you ar  
And where this breach, now in our fort  
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on fly  
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you  
But fly you must; incurable discords  
Reigns in the hearts of all our present  
Away, for your relief! and we will  
To see their day, and then our fort  
Away, my lord, away!

SCENE III.—Fields near Sa

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; a  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK,  
with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report  
That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions and all brush of time,  
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth  
Repairs him with occasion? This hap  
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,  
Three times to-day I help him to his bed  
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him  
Persuaded him from any further act:  
But still where danger was, still there I  
And like rich hangings in a homely inn  
So was his will in his old feeble body.  
But, noble as he is, look where he comes

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast  
day;

By the mass, so did we all.—I thank y  
God knows how long it is I have to live  
And it hath pleas'd him that three times  
You have defended me from imminent  
Well, lords, we have not got that which  
'T is not enough our foes are this time  
Being opposites of such repairing nature

York. I know our safety is to follow  
For, as I hear, the king is fled to Leam  
To call a present court of parliament.  
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go for  
What says lord Warwick? shall we a

War. After them! nay, before them  
Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious  
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous  
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.  
Sound, drum and trumpets:—and to  
And more such days as these to us bef

<sup>a</sup> Parts—parties—party.



*Rich.* Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.  
 [Throwing down the DUKE OF SOMERSET'S head.]  
*York.* Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—  
 But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?  
*Norf.* Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!  
*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.  
*War.* And so do I, victorious prince of York.  
 Before I see thee seated in that throne  
 Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,  
 I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never close.  
 This is the palace of the fearful king,  
 And this the regal seat: possess it, York;  
 For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.  
*York.* Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will,  
 For hither we have broken in by force.  
*Norf.* We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.  
*York.* Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my  
 lords;—  
 And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.  
*War.* And when the king comes offer him no violence,  
 Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce. [They retire.]  
*York.* The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,  
 But little thinks we shall be of her council:  
 By words, or blows, here let us win our right.  
*Rich.* Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.  
*War.* The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,  
 Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;  
 And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice  
 Hath made us by-words to our enemies.  
*York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;  
 I mean to take possession of my right.  
*War.* Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,  
 The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,  
 Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.  
 I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—  
 Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.  
 [WAR. leads YORK to the throne, who seats himself.]  
*Flourish.* Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTH-  
 UMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others,  
 with red roses in their hats.  
*K. Hen.* My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,  
 Even in the chair of state! belike, he means  
 (Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer)  
 To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.  
 Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;  
 And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd  
 revenge  
 On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.  
*North.* If I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me!  
*Clif.* The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.  
*West.* What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him  
 down:  
 My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.  
*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.  
*Clif.* Patience is for poltroons, and such as he;  
 He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.  
 My gracious lord, here in the parliament  
 Let us assail the family of York.  
*North.* Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.  
*K. Hen.* Ah, know you not the city favours them,  
 And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?  
*Eze.* But when the duke is slain they'll quickly fly.  
*K. Hen.* Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  
 To make a shambles of the parliament-house!  
 Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,  
 Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—  
 [They advance to the Duke.]  
 Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,  
 And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;  
 I am thy sovereign.  
*York.* I am thine.  
*Eze.* For shame, come down; he made thee duke of  
 York.

*York.* It was my inheritance, as the  
*Eze.* Thy father was a traitor to the crown.  
*War.* Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown.  
 In following this usurping Henry.  
*Clif.* Whom should he follow but his  
*War.* True, Clifford; and that's Richard  
 York.  
*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit  
*York.* It must and shall be so.  
*Conte.* Warwick, let him be duke of Lancaster,  
 let him be  
*West.* He is both king and duke of  
 Lancaster.  
 And that the lord of Westmoreland shall  
*War.* And Warwick shall disprove it.  
 That we are those which chas'd you from  
 And slew your fathers, and with colours  
 March'd through the city to the palace gate.  
*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it  
 And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall  
 West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy  
 Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have  
 Than drops of blood were in my father's  
*Clif.* Urge it no more: lest that, instead  
 I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,  
 As shall revenge his death before I stir.  
*War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn  
 threats!  
*York.* Will you, we show our title to  
 If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.  
*K. Hen.* What title hast thou, traitor,  
 Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York.  
 Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer, earl of  
 I am the son of Henry the fifth,  
 Who made the dauphin and the French king  
 And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.  
*War.* Talk not of France, sith thou hast  
*K. Hen.* The lord protector lost it, and  
 When I was crown'd I was but nine months  
*Rich.* You are old enough now, and  
 you lose:—  
 Father, tear the crown from the usurper's  
*Eze.* Sweet father, do so; set it on your  
*Mont.* Good brother [to YORK], as I  
 honourest arms,  
 Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling.  
*Rich.* Sound drums and trumpets, and  
 fly.  
*York.* Sons, peace!  
*K. Hen.* Peace thou! and give king  
 speak.  
*War.* Plantagenet shall speak first:—  
 And be you silent and attentive too,  
 For he that interrupts him shall not live.  
*K. Hen.* Think'st thou that I will let  
 throne,  
 Wherein my grandsire and my father sat  
 No: first shall war unpeople this my realm,  
 Ay, and their colours—often borne in France  
 And now in England, to our hearts' great  
 Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why flint  
 My title's good, and better far than his.  
*War.* Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt  
*K. Hen.* Henry the fourth by conquest  
*York.* 'T was by rebellion against his  
*K. Hen.* I know not what to say; my  
 Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?  
*York.* What then?  
*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I laid  
 For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
 Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;  
 Whose heir my father was, and I am his  
*York.* He rose against him, being his  
 And made him to resign his crown perforce.  
*War.* Suppose, my lords, he did it  
 Think you 't were prejudicial to his cause?

for he could not so resign his crown,  
 next heir should succeed and reign.  
 Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?  
 is the right, and therefore pardon me.  
 I whisper you, my lords, and answer not?  
 conscience tells me he is lawful king.  
 All will revolt from me, and turn to him.  
 antagonist, for all the claim thou lay'st,  
 at Henry shall be so depos'd.  
 as'd he shall be, in despite of all.  
 you art deceiv'd: 't is not thy southern  
 er,  
 erfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—  
 e thee thus presumptuous and proud,—  
 uke up, in despite of me.  
 Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
 vows to fight in thy defence:  
 and gape, and swallow me alive,  
 I kneel to him that slew my father!  
 Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!  
 ry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:  
 you, or what conspire you, lords?  
 ight unto this princely duke of York;  
 the house with armed men,  
 chair of state, where now he sits,  
 title with usurping blood.  
 stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.  
 y lord of Warwick, hear me but one  
 ;—  
 as my lifetime, reign as king.  
 km the crown to me, and to mine heirs,  
 It reign in quiet while thou liv'st.  
 am content: Richard Plantagenet,  
 edom after my decease.  
 wrong is this unto the prince your son!  
 a good is this to England, and himself!  
 e, fearful, and despairing Henry!  
 hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!  
 mot stay to hear these articles.  
 I.  
 y cousin, let us tell the queen these news.  
 well, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
 blood no spark of honour bides.  
 thou a prey unto the house of York,  
 ends for this unmanly deed!  
 eadful war mayst thou be overcome!  
 ee, abandon'd, and despis'd!  
 [Exeunt NORTH, CLIF., and WEST.  
 this way, Henry, and regard them not.  
 seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.  
 e, Exeter!  
 Why should you sigh, my lord?  
 ot for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,  
 naturally shall disinherit.  
 t may:—I here entail  
 thee, and to thine heirs for ever;  
 that here thou take an oath  
 civil war, and, whilst I live,  
 as thy king and sovereign;  
 y treason, nor hostility,  
 me down, and reign thyself.  
 oaths I willingly take, and will perform.  
 [Coming from the throne.  
 live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace  
 ad long live thou, and these thy forward  
 York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.  
 as'd be he that seeks to make them foes!  
 [Senet. The Lords come forward.  
 well, my gracious lord; I'll to my  
 e.  
 I'll keep London, with my soldiers.  
 I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.  
 [Exeunt YORK and his Sons, WAR., NORF.,  
 MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.  
 K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.  
 Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES.  
 Exe. Here comes the queen, whose look bewray<sup>a</sup> her  
 anger:  
 I'll steal away.  
 K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [Going.  
 Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.  
 K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.  
 Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?  
 Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,  
 And never seen thee, never borne thee son,  
 Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!  
 Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?  
 Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;  
 Or felt that pain which I did for him once;  
 Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;  
 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
 Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,  
 And disinherited thine only son.  
 Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:  
 If you be king, why should not I succeed?  
 K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet  
 son;  
 The earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.  
 Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be  
 forc'd?  
 I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!  
 Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;  
 And given unto the house of York such head,  
 As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.  
 To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,  
 What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,  
 And creep into it far before thy time?  
 Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;  
 Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;  
 The duke is made protector of the realm;  
 And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds  
 The trembling lamb environed with wolves.  
 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
 The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,  
 Before I would have granted to that act.  
 But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:  
 And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,  
 Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,  
 Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,  
 Whereby my son is disinherited.  
 The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,  
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:  
 And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,  
 And utter ruin of the house of York.  
 Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;  
 Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.  
 K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.  
 Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; go:  
 thee gone.  
 K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with  
 me?  
 Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.  
 Prince. When I return with victory from the field  
 I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.  
 Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.  
 [Exeunt QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE.  
 K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son  
 Hath made her break out into terms of rage!  
 Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;  
 Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
 Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,  
 Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!  
 The loss of those three lords torments my heart:  
<sup>a</sup> Bewray—discover.

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—  
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

*Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.*

*Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.*

*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

*Edw.* No, I can better play the orator.

*Mont.* But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter YORK.*

*York.* Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?  
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

*Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

*York.* About what?

*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us;  
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

*York.* Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.

*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:  
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,  
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

*York.* I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

*Edw.* But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:  
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

*Rich.* No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

*York.* I shall be if I claim by open war.

*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

*York.* Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took  
Before a true and lawful magistrate,  
That hath authority over him that swears:  
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;  
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,  
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.  
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think  
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;  
Within whose circuit is Elysium,  
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,  
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed  
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

*York.* Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.  
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,  
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.  
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,  
And tell him privily of our intent.  
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:  
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,  
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,  
But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger.*

But, stay; What news? why com'st thou in such post?

*Mess.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your castle:  
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;  
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

*York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou  
that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;  
My brother Montague shall post to London:

While Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
As have left protectors of the king,  
Useful policy strengthen themselves,  
Not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

—of sound judgment—of good understanding.

*Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear  
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

*Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.*

*York.* Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, m  
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;  
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

*Sir John.* She shall lot need, we'll meet  
field.

*York.* What, with five thousand men?

*Rich.* Ay, with five hundred, father, for a  
A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A noise*]

*Edw.* I hear their drums; let's set our  
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

*York.* Five men to twenty!—though the od  
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,  
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;  
Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarums*]

SCENE III.—*Plains near Sandal Castle.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND  
Tutor.*

*Rut.* Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape the  
Ah, tutor! look where bloody Clifford come!

*Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.*

*Clif.* Chaplain, away! thy priesthood sa  
As for the brat of this accursed duke,  
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

*Tut.* And I, my lord, will bear him company.

*Clif.* Soldiers, away with him.

*Tut.* Ah, Clifford! murder not this innoc  
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off*]

*Clif.* How now! is he dead already? O  
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open

*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the  
That trembles under his devouring paws:

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;  
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,  
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:  
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;  
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

*Clif.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy;  
blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words  
*Rut.* Then let my father's blood open it  
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their lives  
Were not revenge sufficient for me;

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,  
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my hate  
The sight of any of the house of York

Is as a fury to torment my soul;  
And till I root out their accursed line,  
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—  
*Rut.* O, let me pray before I take my death

To thee I pray: Sweet Clifford, pity me!

*Clif.* Such pity as my rapier's point affords  
*Rut.* I never did thee harm: Why should  
me?

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.* But 't was ere I was  
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me!

Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—  
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days,

nor I give occasion of offence,  
nor me die, for now thou hast no cause.  
No cause?

He slew my father; therefore, die.

[CLIFFORD stabs him.]

*Non faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua!* [Dies.]  
Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!  
thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,  
upon my weapon, till thy blood,  
with this, do make me wipe off both. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

*Alarum. Enter YORK.*

The army of the queen hath got the field;  
both are slain in rescuing me;  
my followers to the eager foe  
and fly, like ships before the wind,  
pursued by hunger-starved wolves.  
God knows what hath bechanced them:  
I know,—they have demean'd themselves  
born to renown, by life, or death.  
As did Richard make a lane to me;  
I cried,—“Courage, father! fight it out!”  
As oft came Edward to my side,  
in the faultchion, painted to the hilt  
of those that had encounter'd him:  
the hardest warriors did retire,  
I led,—“Charge! and give no foot of ground!”  
—“A crown, or else a glorious tomb!  
or an earthly sepulchre!”  
we charg'd again: but, out, alas!  
again; as I have seen a swan  
ess labour swim against the tide,  
her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short alarum within.]

the fatal followers do pursue;  
faint, and cannot fly their fury:  
I strong I would not shun their fury:  
are number'd that make up my life;  
I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

My Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—  
quenchless fury to more rage;  
hast, and I abide your shot.  
Field to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.  
to such mercy as his ruthless arm,  
right payment, show'd unto my father.  
then hath tumbled from his car,  
evening at the noontide prick.  
My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth  
I will revenge upon you all:  
I hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
hate'er you can afflict me with.  
you not? what! multitudes, and fear?  
cowards fight, when they can fly no further;  
peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
invectives 'gainst the officers.  
Clifford, but bethink thee once again,  
thought o'erturn my former time:  
canst for blushing, view this face;  
my tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,  
then hath made thee faint and fly ere this.  
will not bandy with thee word for word;  
with thee blows, twice two for one. [Draws.]  
Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,  
along awhile the traitor's life:—  
kiss him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

Johnes would read budg'd. Steevens thinks that means “we juggled, made bad or bungling work of to rally.”

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:  
What valour were it when a cur doth grin  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?  
It is war's prize to take all vantages:  
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on YORK, who struggles]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK is taken prisoner]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty  
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him  
now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here;  
That raught<sup>a</sup> at mountains with outstretched arms  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.  
What! was it you that would be England's king?  
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,  
And made a preachment of your high descent?  
Where are your mess of sons, to back you now?  
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?  
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,  
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,  
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?  
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?  
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood  
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,  
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:  
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.  
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadlly,  
I should lament thy miserable state.  
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York,  
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,  
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?  
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;  
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.  
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.  
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;  
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.  
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.  
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!  
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;  
And this is he was his adopted heir.  
But how is it that great Plantagenet  
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?  
As I bethink me you should not be king  
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.  
And will you pale<sup>b</sup> your head in Henry's glory,  
And rob his temples of the diadem,  
Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
O, 't is a fault too, too unpardonable!  
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;  
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's near the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of  
France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!  
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex  
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,  
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!  
But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,  
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:  
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

<sup>a</sup> Raught. The ancient preterite of to reach.

<sup>b</sup> Pale—impale—encircle.

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not  
shameless.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,  
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,  
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.  
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?  
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen ;  
Unless the adage must be verified,  
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.  
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud ;  
But God he knows thy share thereof is small :  
'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd ;  
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at :  
'T is government that makes them seem divine ;  
The want thereof makes thee abominable :  
Thou art as opposite to every good  
As the Antipodes are unto us,  
Or as the south to the septentrion.  
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide !  
How wouldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?  
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;  
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
Bidd'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish :  
Wouldst have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy will :  
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
And when the rage allays the rain begins.  
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;  
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.  
*North.* Beshrew me, but his passions move me so  
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.  
*York.* That face of his the hungry cannibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have  
blood :

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable  
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.  
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :  
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my son  
And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this

[*He gives back the handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears.  
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears.  
And say,—Alas it was a piteous deed !—  
There, take the crown, and with the crown  
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee  
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !  
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world  
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your hands.  
*North.* Had he been slaughterman to all  
I should not for my life but weep with him  
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

*Q. Mar.* What, weeping-ripe, my lord  
land ?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,  
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.  
*Clif.* Here 's for my oath, here 's for my will

*Q. Mar.* And here 's to right our gentle

*York.* Open thy gate of mercy, gracious  
My soul flies through these wounds to seek

*Q. Mar.* Off with his head, and set it on  
So York may overlook the town of York.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

*Drums.* Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their  
Forces, marching.

*Educ.* I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd ;  
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,  
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit ;  
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news ;  
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news ;  
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my brother ? why is he so sad ?

*Rich.* I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd  
Where our right valiant father is become.  
I saw him in the battle range about ;  
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.  
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat :

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs ;  
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

So far'd our father with his enemies ;  
So fled his enemies my warlike father ;  
Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son.  
See how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !  
How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trim'd like a younker, prancing to his love !

*Educ.* Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun .  
Not separated with the racking clouds,  
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.  
See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
As if they vow'd some league inviolable :

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one  
In this the heaven figures some event.

*Educ.* 'T is wondrous strange, the like  
heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field ;  
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
Each one already blazing by our meeds,  
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights to  
And overshine the earth, as this the world.  
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I be  
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

*Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters ;—by  
speak it,

You love the breeder better than the male.

*Enter a Messenger.*

But what art thou, whose heavy looks fore  
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue

*Mess.* Ah, one that was a woeful looker  
When as the noble duke of York was slain  
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

*Educ.* O, speak no more ! for I have been  
*Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear.

*Mess.* Environed he was with many foes  
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd  
But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;  
And many strokes, though with a little axe  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak  
By many hands your father was subdued ;  
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen :  
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high  
Laugh'd in his face ; and, when with grief

\* *Moeis*—*merita*.

queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,  
 spied in the harmless blood  
 by Rutland, by rough Clifford slain;  
 many scorns, many foul taunts,  
 on his head, and on the gates of York  
 came; and there it doth remain,  
 spectacle that e'er I view'd.  
 O duke of York, our prop to lean upon,  
 now gone, we have no staff, no stay!  
 O glorious Clifford, thou hast slain  
 Europe for his chivalry;  
 how hast thou vanquish'd him,  
 and, had he would have vanquish'd thee!  
 His palace is become a prison:  
 O break from hence! that this my body  
 ground be closed up in rest:  
 O forth shall I joy again,  
 or, shall I see more joy.  
 O not weep; for all my body's moisture  
 to quench my furnace-burning heart:  
 O ungodly unload my heart's great burthen;  
 O wind, that I should speak withal,  
 O winds that fire all my breast,  
 O up with flames that tears would quench,  
 O make less the depth of grief:  
 O O babes; blows and revenge for me!—  
 O if thy name, I'll venge thy death,  
 O and by attempting it.  
 O come that valiant duke hath left with thee;  
 O and his chair with me is left.  
 O if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
 O rest by gazing 'gainst the sun:  
 O O stokeiom, throne and kingdom say;  
 O thine, or else thou wert not his.

Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with  
 Forces.

Now, fair lords? What fare? what news  
 and?  
 O lord of Warwick, if we should recount  
 news, and at each word's deliverance  
 in our flesh, till all were told,  
 O O add more anguish than the wounds.  
 O O, the duke of York is slain.  
 O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet  
 O O me dearly as his soul's redemption,  
 O O lord Clifford done to death.  
 O O days ago I drown'd these news in tears:  
 O O did more measure to your woes,  
 O O you things sith then befallen.  
 O O by fray at Wakefield fought,  
 O O rare father breath'd his latest gasp,  
 O O lightly as the posts could run,  
 O O me of your loss, and his depart.  
 O O how, keeper of the king,  
 O O soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,  
 O O appointed, as I thought,  
 O O as St. Alban's to intercept the queen,  
 O O me in my behalf along:  
 O O what news I was advertised  
 O O coming with a full intent  
 O O the decree in parliament,  
 O O Henry's oath and your succession.  
 O O make,—we at St. Alban's met,  
 O O O'd, and both sides fiercely fought:  
 O O it was the coldness of the king,  
 O O O'll gently on his warlike queen,  
 O O O y soldiers of their heated spleen;  
 O O O was report of her success;  
 O O common fear of Clifford's rigour,  
 O O to his captives—blood and death,  
 O O O but, to conclude with truth,  
 O O like to lightning came and went;  
 O O like the night-owl's lazy flight,

Or like a lazy thresher with a flail—  
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,  
 With promise of high pay and great rewards:  
 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,  
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,  
 So that we fled: the king unto the queen;  
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,  
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;  
 For in the marches here, we heard, you were  
 Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?  
 And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:  
 And for your brother, he was lately sent  
 From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,  
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:  
 Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
 But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear.  
 For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine  
 Can pluck the diadem from saint Henry's head,  
 And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,  
 Were he as famous and as bold in war,  
 As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick; blame me not  
 'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.  
 But, in this troublous time, what 's to be done?  
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,  
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
 Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?  
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?  
 If for the last, say, Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,  
 And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
 Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,  
 With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,  
 And of their feather many more proud birds,  
 Have wrought the easy melting king like wax.

He swore consent to your succession,  
 His oath enrolled in the parliament;  
 And now to London all the crew are gone,  
 To frustrate both his oath, and what beside  
 May make against the house of Lancaster.  
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:  
 Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,  
 With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,  
 Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,  
 Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,  
 Why, *Via!* to London will we march again;  
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
 And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!  
 But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick  
 speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day  
 That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;  
 And when thou fall'st (as God forbid the hour!)  
 Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;  
 The next degree is England's royal throne:  
 For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
 In every borough as we pass along;  
 And he that throws not up his cap for joy  
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.  
 King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,  
 Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,  
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,  
 (As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds.)  
 I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.



*Edw.* Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*War.* How now? what news?

*Mess.* The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me, The queen is coming with a puissant host; And craves your company for speedy counsel.

*War.* Why, then it sorts, brave warriors; Let 's away.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.*

*Q. Mar.* Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy That sought to be encompass'd with your crown: Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

*K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul. Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault, Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

*Clif.* My gracious liege, this too much lenity And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on;  
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,  
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:  
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;  
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,  
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
Which argued thee a most unloving father.  
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings  
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight)  
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
Offering their own lives in their youngs' defence?  
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!  
'Were it not pity that this goodly boy  
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;  
And long hereafter say unto his child,—  
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,  
My careless father fondly gave away?"  
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;  
And let his manly face, which promiseth  
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

*K. Hen.* Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear  
That things ill got had ever bad success?  
And happy always was it for that son,  
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
And 'would my father had left me no more!  
For all the rest is held at such a rate  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,  
Than in possession any jct of pleasure.  
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know  
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers!  
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son  
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him present  
Edward, kneel down.

*K. Hen.* Edward Plantagenet, arise  
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in!

*Prince.* My gracious father, by your king  
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,  
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

*Clif.* Why, that is spoken like a toward!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Royal commanders, be in readiness  
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,  
Comes Warwick backing of the duke of York  
And in the towns, as they do march along,  
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him;  
Darraign\* your battle, for they are at hand.

*Clif.* I would your highness would depart  
The queen hath best success when you are!

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord, and leave you  
tune.

*K. Hen.* Why, that 's my fortune too; 't  
stay.

*North.* Be it with resolution then to fight!

*Prince.* My royal father, cheer those nobles  
And hearten those that fight in your defence.  
Unsheathe your sword, good father;  
George!

*March.* *Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD OF WICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou  
And set thy diadem upon my head;  
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field!

*Q. Mar.* Go, rate thy minions, proud in  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,  
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king!

*Edw.* I am his king, and he should bow  
I was adopted heir by his consent:  
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I bear  
You, that are king though he do wear the crown,  
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament  
To blot out me and put his own son in.

*Clif.* And reason too;

Who should succeed the father but the son?

*Rich.* Are you there, butcher?—O, I can

*Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to  
Or any be the proudest of thy sort.

*Rich.* 'T was you that kill'd young Richard  
not?

*Clif.* Ay, and old York, and yet not so

*Rich.* For God's sake, lords, give signal

*War.* What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou  
crown?

*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongued  
dare you speak?

When you and I met at St. Alban's last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands.

*War.* Then 't was my turn to fly, and so

*Clif.* You said so much before, and yet

*War.* 'T was not your valour, Clifford  
thence.

*North.* No, nor your manhood that durst  
stay.

*Rich.* Northumberland, I hold thee revenged  
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain  
The execution of my big-swoln heart.  
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

*Clif.* I slew thy father: Call'st thou him

*Rich.* Ay, like a dastard, and a traitor  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland.  
But, ere sunset, I'll make thee curse the day

\* Darraign—prepare.

are done with words, my lords, and hear  
speak.

Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.  
Prishee, give no limits to my tongue;  
and privileg'd to speak.  
I beg, the wound that bred this meeting

'd by words; therefore be still.  
O, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:  
made us all, I am resolv'd  
his manhood lies upon his tongue.

Henry, shall I have my right or no?  
Men have broke their fasts to-day,  
I'll dine unless thou yield the crown.  
In deny, their blood upon thy head;  
Justice puts his armour on.

That be right which Warwick says is right,  
Wrong, but everything is right.  
I never got thee, there thy mother stands;  
I, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

That thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;  
I mis-shapen stigmatic,<sup>a</sup>  
Whose destinies to be avoided,  
Like lizards' dreadful stings.

Of Naples, hid with English guilt,  
Bears the title of a king,  
Which should be call'd the sea,  
Not knowing whence thou art extraught,  
I grieve to detect thy base-born heart?

Sp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,  
Whom nameless callet know herself.  
I was fairer far than thou,  
My husband may be Menelaus;  
Agamemnon's brother wrong'd  
A woman as this king by thee.

Thou'ld in the heart of France,  
A king, and made the dauphin stoop:  
I catch'd according to his state,  
I kept that glory to this day:  
I took a beggar to his bed,  
My poor sire with his bridal day,  
I saw sunshine brew'd a shower for him,  
I saw father's fortunes forth of France,  
I saw edition on his crown at home.

I broach'd this tumult but thy pride?  
I am meek, our title still had slept:  
I claim until another age.  
When we saw our sunshine made thy spring,  
I summer bred us no increase,  
I to thy usurping root:  
I the edge hath something hit ourselves,  
I us, since we have begun to strike,  
I have eave till we have beven thee down,  
I growing with our heated bloods.  
I in this resolution, I defy thee;  
I by longer conference,  
I I best the gentle king to speak.  
I us!—let our bloody colours wave!  
I story, or else a grave.  
I ay, Edward.  
I wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:  
I till cost ten thousand lives to-day.

See Note on 'Henry VI., Part II.,' Act V.,  
equivalent to what we now call a *kena*.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:  
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—  
Like to a dismal clangour heard from far.—  
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"  
So underneath the belly of their steeds,  
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood  
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage:  
And look upon, as if the tragedy  
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?  
Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
I'll never pause again, never stand still,  
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,  
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;  
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine;  
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,  
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,  
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!  
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands  
That to my foes this body must be prey,  
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may hope,  
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!  
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,  
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:  
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,  
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.  
War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.  
Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,  
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;  
And call them pillars that will stand to us;  
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards  
As victors wear at the Olympian games:  
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;  
For yet is hope of life, and victory.  
Fore-slow\* no longer, make we hence amain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The same. Another Part of the Field.  
Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.  
Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:  
Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,  
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,  
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.  
Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;  
\* Fore-slow—delay—tolter.

Rich. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;

Rich. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;

And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;  
 And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death,  
 And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,  
 To execute the like upon thyself ;  
 And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. WARWICK enters ; CLIFFORD flies.*]

*Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase ;  
 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.*

*K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,  
 When dying clouds contend with growing light ;  
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.  
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,  
 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;  
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea  
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :  
 Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind :  
 Now, one the better ; then, another best ;  
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
 Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :  
 So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
 Here on this molehill will I sit me down.  
 To whom God will, there be the victory !  
 For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
 Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both  
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
 'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so :  
 For what is in this world but grief and woe ?  
 O God ! methinks it were a happy life,  
 To be no better than a homely swain :  
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run :  
 How many make the hour full complete,  
 How many hours bring about the day,  
 How many days will finish up the year,  
 How many years a mortal man may live.  
 When this is known, then to divide the times :  
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;  
 So many hours must I take my rest ;  
 So many hours must I contemplate ;  
 So many hours must I sport myself ;  
 So many days my ewes have been with young ;  
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn ;  
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ;  
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,  
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
 Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !  
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?  
 O, yes it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.  
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father,  
 dragging in the dead body.*

*Son.* Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.  
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
 May be possessed with some store of crowns :  
 And I, that haply take them from him now,  
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them

To some man else, as this dead man doth we.  
 Who's this ?—O God ! it is my father's face,  
 Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.  
 O neavy times, begetting such events !  
 From London by the king was I press'd forth ;  
 My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,  
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;  
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,  
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.  
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did !  
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee !  
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;  
 And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

*K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle ! O bloody time !  
 Whiles lions war, and battle for their dens,  
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear,  
 And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,  
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

*Enter a Father who has killed his Son, with the  
 in his arms.*

*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold ;  
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.  
 But let me see :—is this our foeman's face ?  
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !  
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
 Throw up thine eye ; see, see, what showers are  
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !  
 O, pity, God, this miserable age !  
 What stratagems,<sup>a</sup> how fell, how butcherly,  
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !  
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,  
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !

*K. Hen.* Woe above woe ! grief more than  
 grief !

O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds !  
 O pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity !  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatal colours of our striving houses :  
 The one, his purple blood right well resembles ;  
 The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present :  
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !  
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

*Son.* How will my mother, for a father's death  
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied !

*Fath.* How will my wife, for slaughter of my  
 Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied !

*K. Hen.* How will the country, for these  
 chances,

Mis-think the king, and not be satisfied !

*Son.* Was ever son so rued a father's death ?

*Fath.* Was ever father so bemoan'd a son ?

*K. Hen.* Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' death ?  
 Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much.

*Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep  
 [*Exit, with the*]

*Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy weep  
 sheet ;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre ;  
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go  
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;  
 And so obsequious<sup>b</sup> will thy father be,  
 Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,  
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons.  
 I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will  
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.  
 [*Exit, with the*]

<sup>a</sup> *Stratagems* here means *disastrous events*—not means  
 events of war, its surprises and snares.

<sup>b</sup> *Obsequious*—performing obsequies.

Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
king more woeful than you are.

*Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET,  
PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.*

Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,  
ick rages like a chafed bull:  
death doth hold us in pursuit.  
Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post  
rain:

Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
fearful flying hare in sight,  
eyes, sparkling for very wrath,  
steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,  
sacks; and therefore hence amain.  
ay! for vengeance comes along with them:  
ot to expostulate, make speed;  
ie after, I'll away before.  
Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;  
ear to stay, but love to go  
queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

*Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.*

He burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,  
les it lasted, gave king Henry light.  
er! I fear thy overthrow,  
y body's parting with my soul.  
d fear, glued many friends to thee:  
fall, thy tough commixtures melt.  
Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,  
m people swarm like summer flies:]  
r fly the gnats but to the sun?  
ines now but Henry's enemies?  
hadst thou never given consent  
ou should check thy fiery steeds,  
g ear never had scorch'd the earth:  
hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,  
tber, and his father, did,  
round unto the house of York,  
then had sprung like summer flies;  
housand in this luckless realm,  
mourning widows for our death,  
ix day hadst kept thy chair in peace.  
th cherish weeds, but gentle air?  
akes robbers bold, but too much lenity?  
plaints, and careless are my wounds.  
y, nor strength to hold out flight;  
merciless, and will not pity;  
hands I have deserv'd no pity.  
got into my deadly wounds,  
effuse of blood doth make me faint:  
and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;  
our fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*]

*And retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE,  
D. MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

we breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us  
rise,  
the frowns of war with peaceful looks.  
pursue the bloody-minded queen;  
him Henry, though he were a king,  
ill, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
an argosy to stem the waves.  
ou, lords, that Clifford fled with them?  
s, 't is impossible he should escape:  
before his face I speak the words,  
er Richard mark'd him for the grave:  
wae'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*CLIFFORD groans, and dies.*]  
base soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

*Rich.* A deadly groan, like life and death's departing  
*Edw.* See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,  
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;  
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch  
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
But set his murdering knife unto the root  
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—  
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

*War.* From off the gates of York fetch down the  
head,

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:  
Instead whereof let this supply the room;  
Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house  
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:  
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,  
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the body forward.*]

*War.* I think his understanding is bereft:—  
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—  
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,  
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

*Rich.* O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;  
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,  
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

*Geo.* If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

*Rich.* Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

*Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

*War.* Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

*Geo.* While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

*Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

*Edw.* Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

*Geo.* Where 's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

*War.* They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast  
wont.

*Rich.* What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes  
hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:  
I know by that he 's dead: And, by my soul,  
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,  
That I in all despite might rail at him,  
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood  
Stifle the villain, whose unslaked thirst  
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

*War.* Ay, but he 's dead: Off with the traitor's head,  
And rear it in the place your father's stands.  
And now to London with triumphant march,  
There to be crowned England's royal king.

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France  
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:  
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;  
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.

First, will I see the coronation;

And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,  
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

*Edw.* Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:

For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;

And never will I undertake the thing  
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;

And George, of Clarence; Warwick, as ourself,  
Shall do, and undo, as him please best.

*Rich.* Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

*War.* Tut! that 's a foolish observation;

Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,  
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*]

\* *Enger—our—sharp.*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Chase in the North of England.

Enter Two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;

For through this laund<sup>a</sup> anon the deer will come;  
And in this covert will we make our stand,  
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow  
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befell me on a day.

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let 's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

*K. Hen.* From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,  
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress of thee;

For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:

This is the *quondam* king; let 's seize upon him.

*K. Hen.* Let me embrace these sour adversities;

For wise men say it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

*K. Hen.* My queen and son are gone to France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

To wife for Edward: If this news be true,

Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;

For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account, then, Margaret may win him;

For she 's a woman to be pitied much:

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn;

And Nero will be tainted with remorse,

To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.

Ay, but she 's come to beg; Warwick, to give:

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;

He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;

And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,

With promise of his sister, and what else,

To strengthen and support king Edward's place.

O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,

Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and

queens?

*K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be:

Men may talk of kings, and why not I?

*sp.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king,

*m.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that 's enough.

*p.* But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

*d.* (the same as *l.wn*) is, according to Camden, "a  
sing trees."

*K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not  
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones  
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content.  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd,  
Your crown content and you must be content  
To go along with us: for, as we think,  
You are the king king Edward hath depos'd  
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance  
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

*K. Hen.* But did you never swear and be

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor w

*K. Hen.* Where did you dwell when I  
England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country where we

*K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine mo

My father, and my grandfather, were king

And you were sworn true subjects unto me

And, tell me then, have you not broke you

1 *Keep.* No;

For we were subjects but while you were k

*K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not br

Ah, simple men, you know not what you s

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for, of that s

My mild entreaty shall not make you gull

Go where you will, the king shall be comm

And be you kings; command, and I'll ob

1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, l

*K. Hen.* So would you be again to Hen

If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name

king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

*K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your ki

obey'd:

And what God will, that let your king pe

And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

## SCENE II.—London. A Room in th

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLAR

LADY GREY.

*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at Saint Al

This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was s

His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;

Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

*Glo.* Your highness shall do well to gra

It were dishonour to deny it her.

*K. Edw.* It were no less; but yet I'll m

*Glo.* Yea! is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*Clar.* He knows the game: How true

wind!

*Glo.* Silence!

*K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of yo

And come some other time, to know our m

*L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot

May it please your highness to resolve me?

And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me

le.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all  
 r lands,  
 leases him shall pleasure you.  
 or good faith, you'll catch a blow.  
 r her not unless she chance to fall. [*Aside.*  
 forbid that! for he'll take vantages. [*Aside.*  
 How many children hast thou, widow?  
 me.  
 nk he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside.*  
 then whip me; he'll rather give her two.  
 [*Aside.*  
 Three, my most gracious lord.  
 shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.  
 [*Aside.*  
 If were pity they should lose their father's  
 l.  
 Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.  
 lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's  
 ood leave have you; for you will have leave  
 ke leave, and leave you to the crutch.  
 us and CLARENCE retire to the other side.  
 Now, tell me, madam, do you love your  
 dren?  
 ky, full as dearly as I love myself.  
 and would you not do much to do them  
 t?  
 o do them good I would sustain some harm.  
 hen get your husband's lands, to do them  
 l.  
 Therefore I came unto your majesty.  
 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.  
 So shall you bind me to your highness'  
 ice.  
 hat service wilt thou do me, if I give them?  
 hat you command that rests in me to do.  
 but you will take exceptions to my boon.  
 No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.  
 ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.  
 Why, then I will do what your grace com-  
 mds.  
 lies her hard; and much rain wears the  
 ble. [*Aside.*  
 d as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.  
 [*Aside.*  
 Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my  
 ?  
 in easy task; 't is but to love a king.  
 hat's soon perform'd, because I am a sub-  
 Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely  
 these.  
 take my leave with many thousand thanks.  
 ouch is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.  
 at stay thee, 't is the fruits of love I mean.  
 he fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.  
 y, but, I fear me, in another sense.  
 nk't thou I sue so much to get?  
 ly love till death, my humble thanks, my  
 ers;  
 ch virtue begs and virtue grants.  
 o, by my troth, I did not mean such love.  
 Why, then you mean not as I thought you  
 at now you partly may perceive my mind.  
 y mind will never grant what I perceive  
 aims at, if I aim aright.  
 o tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.  
 o tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.  
 by, then thou shalt not have thy hus-  
 's lands.  
 Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;  
 as I will not purchase them.  
 herein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

*L. Grey.* Herein your highness wrongs both them and  
 me.  
 But, mighty lord, this merry inclination  
 Accords not with the sadness\* of my suit;  
 Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.  
*K. Edw.* Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request:  
 No, if thou dost say no to my demand.  
*L. Grey.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.  
*Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.  
 [*Aside.*  
*Clar.* He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.  
 [*Aside.*  
*K. Edw.* [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete  
 with modesty;  
 Her words do show her wit incomparable.  
 All her perfections challenge sovereignty:  
 One way, or other, she is for a king;  
 And she shall be my love, or else my queen.  
 Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?  
*L. Grey.* 'T is better said than done, my gracious  
 lord:  
 I am a subject fit to jest withal,  
 But far unfit to be a sovereign.  
*K. Edw.* Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,  
 I speak no more than what my soul intends;  
 And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.  
*L. Grey.* And that is more than I will yield unto:  
 I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
 And yet too good to be your concubine.  
*K. Edw.* You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.  
*L. Grey.* 'T will grieve your grace my son should  
 call you father.  
*K. Edw.* No more than when my daughters call thee  
 mother.  
 Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;  
 And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,  
 Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing  
 To be the father unto many sons.  
 Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.  
*Glo.* The ghostly father now hath done his shrift!  
 [*Aside.*  
*Clar.* When he was made a shriver, 't was for shrift.  
 [*Aside.*  
*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what chat we two have  
 had.  
*Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.  
*K. Edw.* You'd think it strange if I should marry her.  
*Clar.* To whom, my lord?  
*K. Edw.* Why, Clarence, to myself.  
*Glo.* That would be ten days' wonder at the least.  
*Clar.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.  
*Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.  
*K. Edw.* Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both  
 Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.  
 Enter a Nobleman.  
*Nob.* My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
 And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.  
*K. Edw.* See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:  
 And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
 To question of his apprehension.  
 Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourable.  
 [*Exeunt K. EDW., LADY GREY, CLARENCE, and Lord.*  
*Glo.* Ay, Edward will use women honourably.  
 'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
 That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
 To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
 And yet, between my soul's desire and me,  
 (The lustful Edward's title buried,)  
 Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
 And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,  
 To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
 A cold premeditation for my purpose!

\* Sadness—seriousness.

Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty ;  
 Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye ;  
 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
 Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way ;  
 So do I wish the crown, being so far off ;  
 And so I chide the means that keep me from it ;  
 And so I say, I 'll cut the causes off,  
 Flattering me with impossibilities.  
 My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,  
 Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
 Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard ;  
 What other pleasure can the world afford ?  
 I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
 O miserable thought ! and more unlikely  
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns !  
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb :  
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe  
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;  
 To make an envious mountain on my back,  
 Where sits deformity to mock my body ;  
 To shape my legs of an unequal size ;  
 To disproportion me in every part,  
 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,  
 That carries no impression like the dam.  
 And am I then a man to be lov'd ?  
 O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !  
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me  
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
 As are of better person than myself,  
 I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown ;  
 And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,  
 Until my mis-shap'd trunk, that bears this head,  
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
 For many lives stand between me and home ;  
 And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,  
 That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,  
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;  
 Not knowing how to find the open air,  
 But toiling desperately to find it out,—  
 Torment myself to catch the English crown :  
 And from that torment I will free myself,  
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile :  
 And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;  
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
 And frame my face to all occasions.  
 I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;  
 I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;  
 I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor ;  
 Deceive more sily than Ulysses could ;  
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :  
 I can add colours to the cameleon ;  
 Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,  
 And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?  
 Tut ! were it farther off I 'll pluck it down. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—France. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, and LADY BONA, attended ; the KING takes his state. Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD her son, and the EARL OF OXFORD.*

*K. Lew.* Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret.  
 [Rising.]

Sit down with us ; it ill befits thy state  
 And birth that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.  
*Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France ; now Margaret

Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,  
 Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
 Great Albion's queen in former golden days ;  
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground ;  
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,  
 And to my humble seat conform myself.

*K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence spring  
 deep despair ?

*Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes  
 tears,

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in  
*K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself  
 And sit thee by our side : yield not thy neck

[Seats her by]  
 To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
 Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief ;  
 It shall be eas'd if France can yield relief.

*Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my  
 thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
 Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,  
 That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
 Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,  
 And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn ;  
 While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,  
 Usurps the regal title, and the seat  
 Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
 This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,  
 With this, my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,  
 Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid ;  
 And if thou fail us all our hope is done ;  
 Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help ;  
 Our people and our peers are both misled,  
 Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,  
 And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

*K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience cal  
 storm,  
 While we bethink a means to break it off.

*Q. Mar.* The more we stay the stronger grows

*K. Lew.* The more I stay the more I 'll succeed

*Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true  
 And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

*Enter WARWICK, attended.*

*K. Lew.* What 's he approacheth boldly to  
 sence ?

*Q. Mar.* Our earl of Warwick, Edward's  
 friend.

*K. Lew.* Welcome, brave Warwick ! What  
 thee to France ?

[Descending from his state. QUEEN MARGARET

*Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to  
 For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

*War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,  
 My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,  
 I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,  
 First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;  
 And then to crave a league of amity ;  
 And, lastly, to confirm that amity  
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafest to grant  
 That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,  
 To England's king in lawful marriage.

*Q. Mar.* If that go forward Henry's hope is dead

*War.* And, gracious madam [to BONA], in our  
 behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,  
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
 To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;  
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,  
 Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtues.

*Q. Mar.* King Lewis, and lady Bona, bear me  
 Before you answer Warwick. His demand

from Edward's well-meant honest love,  
 deceit, bred by necessity;  
 in tyrants safely govern home,  
 and they purchase great alliance?  
 in tyrant, this reason may suffice,  
 y' liveth still: but were he dead,  
 since Edward stands, king Henry's son,  
 ere, Lewis, that by this league and marriage  
 not on thy danger and dishonour:  
 usurpers sway the rule awhile,  
 is are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.  
 injurious Margaret!

And why not queen?  
 because thy father Henry did usurp;  
 o more art prince than she is queen.  
 in Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,  
 subdue the greatest part of Spain;  
 John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,  
 om was a mirror to the wisest;  
 that wise prince, Henry the fifth,  
 prowess conquered all France:  
 our Henry lineally descends,  
 ford, how haps it in this smooth discourse  
 t, how Henry the sixth hath lost  
 ich Henry the fifth had gotten?  
 these peers of France should smile at that.  
 rest, you tell a pedigree  
 e and two years; a silly time  
 escription for a kingdom's worth.  
 y, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy  
 age,

obeyedst thirty and six years,  
 wray thy treason with a blush?  
 in Oxford, that did ever fence the right,  
 or falsehood with a pedigree?  
 leave Henry, and call Edward king.  
 I him my king, by whose injurious doom  
 together, the lord Aubrey Vere,  
 o death? and more than so, my father,  
 downfall of his mellow'd years,  
 re brought him to the door of death?  
 ck, no; while life upholds this arm,  
 pholds the house of Lancaster.  
 nd I the house of York.

Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Ox-  
 ford,  
 at our request to stand aside,  
 e further conference with Warwick.  
 Heavens grant that Warwick's words be-  
 stich him not!

[Retiring with the PRINCE and OXFORD.]  
 Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy  
 conscience,

your true king? for I were loth  
 to him that were not lawful chosen.  
 because I pawn my credit and mine honour.

But is he gracious in the people's eye?  
 be more, that Henry was unfortunate.  
 Then further, all dissembling set aside,  
 truth the measure of his love  
 ster Bona.

Such it seems  
 seems a monarch like himself.  
 e often heard him say, and swear,  
 is love was an eternal plant,  
 e root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
 and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;  
 in envy, but not from disdain,  
 lady Bona quit his pain.

Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.  
 our grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—  
 es. [To WAR.] that often ere this day,  
 ve heard your king's desert recounted,  
 with tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be  
 Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
 Touching the jointure that your king must make,  
 Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:  
 Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness  
 That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device  
 By this alliance to make void my suit;  
 Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret;  
 But if your title to the crown be weak,  
 As may appear by Edward's good success,  
 Then 't is but reason that I be releas'd  
 From giving aid, which late I promised.  
 Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
 That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;  
 Where, having nothing, nothing he can lose.  
 And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,  
 You have a father able to maintain you;  
 And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,  
 peace;

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!  
 I will not hence till with my talk and tears,  
 Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold  
 Thy sly conveyance,\* and thy lord's false love;  
 For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[A horn sounded within.]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;  
 Sent from your brother, marquis Montague;—  
 These from our king unto your majesty;—  
 And, madam, these for you; from whom—I know not.

[To MARGARET. They all read their letters.]

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress  
 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were  
 nettled:  
 I hope all 's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,  
 fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?  
 And now, to soothe your forgery and his,  
 Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?  
 Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?  
 Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:  
 This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of Heaven,  
 And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
 That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;  
 No more my king, for he dishonours me;  
 But most himself, if he could see his shame.  
 Did I forget, that by the house of York  
 My father came untimely to his death?  
 Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?  
 Did I impale him with the regal crown?  
 Did I put Henry from his native right;  
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?  
 Shame on himself; for my desert is honour.  
 And to repair my honour lost for him,  
 I here renounce him, and return to Henry:  
 My noble queen, let former grudges pass,  
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor;  
 I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,  
 And replant Henry in his former state.

\* Concealment—juggling—artifice.



*Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,  
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend

*War.* So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,  
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us  
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,  
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,  
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.  
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him:  
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,  
He's very likely now to fall from him;  
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,  
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

*Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,  
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

*Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,  
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

*Bona.* My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

*War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

*K. Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,  
You shall have aid.

*Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

*K. Lew.* Then, England's messenger, return in post;  
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,  
To revel it with him and his new bride:  
Thou seest what 's past, go fear\* thy king withal.

*Bona.* Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

*Q. Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,  
And I am ready to put amour on.

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;  
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere 't be long.  
There 's thy reward; be gone. [Exit Mess.]

*K. Lew.* But, Warwick, thou,  
And Oxford, with five thousand men,  
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:  
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen  
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;  
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

*War.* This shall assure my constant loyalty:  
That if our queen and this young prince agree,  
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,  
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

*Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for  
motion:

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,  
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;  
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

*Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves  
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to Warwick.]  
*K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers  
be levied,

And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,  
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.

I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,  
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exit all but Warwick.]  
*War.* I came from Edward as ambassador,  
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,  
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale\* but me?  
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,  
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity Henry's misery,  
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [4

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE,  
and others.

*Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you  
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?  
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

*Clar.* Alas, you know, 't is far from hence to France;  
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

*Flourish.* Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY  
GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS,  
and others.

*Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our  
choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

*Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of  
Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,  
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

*K. Edw.* Suppose they take offence without a cause,  
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,  
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

*Glo.* And you shall have your will, because our king;  
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?  
*Glo.* Not I: no.

God forbid that I should wish them sever'd

\* Fear—affright.

Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 't were  
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns and your unlikes  
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey  
Should not become my wife, and England's queen,  
And you too, Somerset and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

*Clar.* Then this is my opinion, that king Lewis  
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him  
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

*Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

*K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick  
peas'd

By such invention as I can devise?

*Mont.* Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance  
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth  
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

*Hast.* Why, knows not Montague that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself?

*Mont.* Yes, but the safer when it is back'd  
France.

*Hast.* 'T is better using France than trusting France.  
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,  
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves;  
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

*Clar.* For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves  
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

*K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will and  
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

\* Stale—stalking-horse.

thinks, your grace hath not done well  
 for and daughter of lord Scales  
 her of your loving bride;  
 had have fitted me, or Clarence:  
 hide you bury brotherhood.  
 see you would not have bestow'd the heir  
 myville on your new wife's son,  
 or brothers to go speed elsewhere.  
 alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife  
 discontent? I will provide thee.  
 seeking for yourself you show'd your judg-  
 ment;  
 I shall give me leave  
 to make in mine own behalf;  
 and, I shortly mind to leave you.  
 save me, or tarry, Edward will be king,  
 and unto his brother's will.  
 My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty  
 to take to title of a queen,  
 I wish, and you must all confess  
 it ignoble of descent,  
 that I myself have had like fortune.  
 He honours me and mine,  
 and, to whom I would be pleasing,  
 goes with danger and with sorrow.  
 I love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:  
 or what sorrow can befall thee,  
 I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;  
 my sovereign, whom they must obey?  
 they shall obey, and love thee too,  
 I seek for hatred at my hands:  
 I do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
 I feel the vengeance of my wrath.  
 yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter a Messenger.*

Now, messenger, what letters or what news  
 from my sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,  
 without your special pardon,  
 I have to say to you.  
 So, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,  
 I would have words as near as thou canst guess them.  
 I have taken Lewis unto our letters?  
 I depart, these were his very words:  
 Edward, thy supposed king,  
 France is sending over maskers  
 to hide him and his new bride."  
 Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me  
 a coward.  
 Lady Bona to my marriage?  
 I were her words, utter'd with mild dis-  
 countenance.  
 I hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
 and I will give him a willow garland for his sake.  
 I blame not her, she could say little less;  
 I sing. But what said Henry's queen?  
 I said that she was there in place."  
 I told him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds  
 were on me,  
 I thought to put armour on."  
 I like she minds to play the Amazon.  
 Warwick to these injuries?  
 I have more incens'd against your majesty  
 than I can discharge with these words:  
 I wish, that he hath done me wrong,  
 I will uncrown him ere 't be long.  
 I wish I durst the traitor breathe out so proud  
 words.  
 I wish, that he were thus forewarn'd:  
 I would have wars, and pay for their presumption.  
 I wish, that Warwick friends with Margaret?

\* *In place*—there present.

*Mess.* Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in  
 friendship

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

*Clar.* Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the  
 younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,  
 For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;  
 That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage  
 I may not prove inferior to yourself.  
 You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*]

*Glo.* Not I.

My thoughts aim at a further matter;  
 I stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*]

*K. Edu.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;

And haste is needful in this desperate case.

Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf

Go levy men, and make prepare for war.

They are already, or quickly will be landed:

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exit PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:

Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;

But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.

*Mont.* So God help Montague, as he proves true!

*Hast.* And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

*K. Edu.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

*Glo.* Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

*K. Edu.* Why so; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,  
 Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

*Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other  
 Forces.*

*War.* Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;  
 The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.*

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;

Speak suddenly, my lords; are we all friends?

*Clar.* Fear not that, my lord.

*War.* Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;

And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice,

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;

Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:

But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be  
 thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:

That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,

With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;

So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,

At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,

And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him,

For I intend but only to surprise him.

You that will follow me to this attempt

Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry Hears!*]

Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort :  
For Warwick and his friends, God and St. George!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Edward's Camp near Warwick.

*Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand ;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed ?

1 *Watch.* Why, no : for he hath made a solemn vow  
Never to lie and take his natural rest

Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,  
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that  
That with the king here resteth in his tent ?

1 *Watch.* 'T is the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest  
friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it so ? But why commands the king  
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
While he himself keepeth in the cold field ?

2 *Watch.* 'T is the more honour, because more dan-  
gerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay ; but give me worship, and quietness,  
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
'T is to be doubted he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his pas-  
sage.

2 *Watch.* Ay ; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,  
But to defend his person from night-foes ?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET,  
and Forces.*

*War.* This is his tent ; and see, where stands his  
guard.

Courage, my masters : honour now, or never !  
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there ?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—Warwick !  
Warwick ! and set upon the Guard ; who fly,  
crying—Arm ! Arm ! WARWICK, and the  
rest, following them.*]

*The drum beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter  
WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the KING out in  
a gown, sitting in a chair : GLOSTER and HASTINGS  
fly.*

*Som.* What are they that fly there ?

*War.* Richard and Hastings : let them go, here is  
the duke.

*K. Edw.* The duke ! why, Warwick, when we parted  
last,

Thou call'dst me king

*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd :

When you disgrac'd me in my ambassade,

Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you duke of York.

Alas ! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors ;

Nor how to be contented with one wife ;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly ;

Nor how to study for the people's welfare ;

Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies ?

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too ?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,

Edward will always bear himself as king :

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,

My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel

*War.* Then, for his mind, be Edward Engl

[*Takes off*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown

And be true king indeed ; thou but the shadow

My lord of Somerset, at my request,

See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd

Unto my brother, archbishop of York.

When I have fought with Perobroke and his

I 'll follow you, and tell what answer

Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him :

Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York

*K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men

abide ;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit KING EDWARD, led out ; SOMERSET*

*Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us

But march to London with our soldiers ?

*War.* Ay, that 's the first thing that we

To free king Henry from imprisonment,

And see him seated in the regal throne.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS*

*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden

*Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet

What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward

*Riv.* What, loss of some pitch'd battle

wick ?

*Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own

*Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain ?

*Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares :

And, as I further have to understand,

Is new committed to the bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our

*Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may ;

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the

*Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope must hinder

And I the rather wean me from despair,

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb

This is it that makes me bridle passion,

And bear with mildness my misfortune's

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drop

King Edward's fruit, true heir to the Engl

*Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick this

*Q. Eliz.* I am inform'd that he is

London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's

Guess thou the rest ; king Edward's friend

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,

(For trust not him that hath once broken

I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,

To save at least the heir of Edward's right

There shall I rest secure from force and

Come therefore, let us fly, while we may

If Warwick take us we are sure to die.

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham  
Yorkshire.

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM  
and others.*

*Glo.* Now, my lord Hastings, and

Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither

Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case : You know our king

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose

He hath good usage and great liberty ;

attended with weak guard,  
 this way to disport himself.  
 'd him by secret means,  
 this hour, he make this way,  
 ear of his usual game,  
 And his friends, with horse and men,  
 from his captivity.

KING EDWARD, and a Huntsman.

way, my lord; for this way lies the game.  
 ay, this way, man; see where the hunts-  
 stand.

if Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,  
 s close to steal the bishop's deer?  
 t, the time and case requireth haste;  
 eds ready at the park corner.  
 at whither shall we then?  
 ynn, my lord; and ship from thence to  
 ders.

guess'd, believe me; for that was my  
 ting.

anley, I will requite thy forwardness.  
 erefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.  
 antsmen, what say'st thou? wilt thou go  
 t?

r do so than tarry and be hang'd.  
 hies, away; let 's have no more ado.  
 shop, farewell: shield thee from War-  
 's frown;

I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

E VI.—A Room in the Tower.

HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMER-  
 RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE,  
 of the Tower, and Attendants.

der lieutenant, now that God and friends  
 edward from the regal seat,  
 y captive state to liberty,  
 e, my sorrows unto joys,  
 resent what are thy due fees?  
 acts may challenge nothing of their sove-  
 s;

able prayer may prevail,  
 ardon of your majesty.

r what, lieutenant? for well using me?  
 sure, I 'll well requite thy kindness,

de my imprisonment a pleasure:  
 asure as incaged birds

n, after many moody thoughts,  
 tes of household harmony,  
 get their loss of liberty.

, after God, thou sett'st me free,  
 erefore I thank God and thee;

hor, thou the instrument.

I may conquer fortune's spite,  
 where fortune cannot hurt me;

people of this blessed land  
 nish'd with my thwarting stars;

ough my head still wear the crown,  
 ay government to thee,  
 rtunate in all thy deeds.

grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;  
 seem as wise as virtuous,

avoiding fortune's malice,  
 lightly temper with the stars:

thing let me blame your grace,  
 ne, when Clarence is in place.

Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
 Hearrens, in thy nativity,

live-branch, and laurel crown,  
 e bless'd in peace, and war,

yield thee my free consent

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your  
 hands;

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,  
 That no dissention hinder government:

I make you both protectors of this land;  
 While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,  
 To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's  
 will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
 For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content  
 We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow

To Henry's body, and supply his place;  
 I mean, in bearing weight of government,

While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.  
 And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,  
 And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.  
 War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,  
 Let me entreat (for I command no more)

That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward  
 Be sent for, to return from France with speed:

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
 My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all  
 speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,  
 Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.  
 K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: If secret

powers [Lays his hand on his head.  
 Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
 His looks are full of peaceful majesty,

His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,  
 His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself

Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.  
 Make much of him, my lords; for this is he

Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?  
 Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.  
 War. Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,  
 And the lord Hastings, who attended him\*

In secret ambush on the forest side,  
 And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;

For hunting was his daily exercise.  
 War. My brother was too careless of his charge.

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
 A salve for any sore that may betide.

[Exeunt. K. HEN., WAR., CLAR., Lieut., and Attendants.  
 Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's.

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help;  
 And we shall have more wars before 't be long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy  
 Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond;

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts  
 What may befall him, to his harm and ours:

Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
 Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,

Till storms be past of civil enmity.  
 Oxf. Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,

'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down  
 Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.

Come, therefore, let 's about it speedily. [Exeunt.  
 \* Attended him—waited for him.

SCENE VII.—*Before York.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest,  
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
And says, that once more I shall interchange  
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.  
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,  
And brought desired help from Burgundy:  
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd  
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,  
But that we enter as into our dukedom?

*Glo.* The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;  
For many men that stumble at the threshold  
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

*K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must not now  
affright us:  
By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
For hitner will our friends repair to us.

*Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more to summon  
them.

Enter on the walls the Mayor of York, and his brethren.

*May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,  
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;  
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

*K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,  
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

*May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my  
dukedom,  
As being well content with that alone.

*Glo.* But when the fox hath once got in his nose,  
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*]

*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?  
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

*May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.  
[*Exeunt from above.*]

*Glo.* A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

*Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were  
well,

So 't were not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,  
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

*K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be  
shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.  
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;  
[*Takes his keys.*]

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*Drum.* Enter MONTGOMERY, and Forces, marching.

*Glo.* Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

*K. Edw.* Welcome, sir John! But why come you in  
arms?

*Mont.* To help king Edward in his time of storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now  
forget

Our title to the crown; and only claim  
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

*Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again;  
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*]  
*Edw.* Nay, stay, sir John, awhile; and we'll  
debate  
that safe means the crown may be recover'd.

*Mont.* What talk you of debating? in fe  
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our kin  
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gon  
To keep them back that come to succour yo  
Why should we fight if you pretend no tith  
*Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on

*K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then  
our claim:

Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our me  
*Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now ar

*Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest u  
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand.  
The bruit\* thereof will bring you many fr

*K. Edw.* Then be it as you will: for 't  
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

*Mont.* Ay, now my sovereign speaketh  
And now will I be Edward's champion.

*Hast.* Sound, trumpet; Edward shall  
claim'd:

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclama  
[*Gives him a paper.*]

*Sold.* [*Reads.*] "Edward the fourth, by  
God, king of England and France, and  
land," &c.

*Mont.* And whosoe'er gainsays king Ed  
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down*  
*All.* Long live Edward the fourth!

*K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery;  
unto you all.

If fortune serve me I'll requite this kindn  
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in

And, when the morning sun shall raise his  
Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his  
For, well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it besee  
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and  
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the  
And that once gotten, doubt not of large p

SCENE VIII.—*London. A Room in*

Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,  
TAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

*War.* What counsel, lords? Edward  
With hasty Germans, and blunt Holland  
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow  
And with his troops doth march amain to  
And many giddy people flock to him.

*Oxf.* Let's levy men, and beat him he  
*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden on

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quen  
*War.* In Warwickshire I have true-br

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;  
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Cl

Shall stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in  
The knights and gentlemen to come with

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,  
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou com  
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well b

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friend  
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,

Like to his island girt in with the ocean,  
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,

Shall rest in London, till we come to him  
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to re

Farewell, my sovereign.  
*K. Hen.* Farewell, my Hector, and my Th

*Clar.* In sign of truth I kiss your high  
*K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be the

\* *Bruit*—report.

comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.  
 Thus [kissing HENRY'S hand] I seal my  
 lips, and bid adieu.  
 Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,  
 Fare ye well, once more a happy farewell.  
 Well, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.  
 [Exit WAR., CLAR., OXF., and MONT.]  
 Here at the palace will I rest a while.  
 What thinks your lordship?  
 Power that Edward hath in field  
 Is able to encounter mine.  
 Doubt is that he will seduce the rest.  
 But 's not my fear, my meed hath got me  
 Opp'd mine ears to their demands,  
 Their suits with slow delays;  
 Been balm to heal their wounds,  
 Hath allay'd their swelling griefs,  
 And dried their water-flowing tears:  
 Men desirous of their wealth,  
 Press'd them with great subsidies.  
 Of revenge, though they much err'd;  
 Would they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:  
 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.  
 [Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!  
 Exit. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?  
 Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.  
 K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him  
 Hence,  
 And once again proclaim us king of England.  
 You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow;  
 Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry  
 And swell so much the higher by their ebb.  
 Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.  
 [Exit some with KING HENRY  
 And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,  
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains:  
 The sun shines hot, and if we use delay  
 Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.  
 Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,  
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares:  
 Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [Exit

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—Coventry.

He walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry,  
 Two Messengers, and others.  
 'Tis the post that came from valiant Oxford?  
 'Tis thy lord, mine honest fellow?  
 'Tis this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.  
 'Tis far off is our brother Montague?  
 'Tis the post that came from Montague?  
 'Tis this at Dainty, with a puissant troop.  
 Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.  
 Somerville, what says my loving son?  
 Guess, how nigh is Clarence now?  
 With what rout I did leave him with his forces,  
 How nigh here some two hours hence.  
 [Drum heard.  
 Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.  
 'Tis not his, my lord; here Southam lies;  
 'Tis the honour bears marcheth from Warwick.  
 'Tis should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.  
 'Tis are at hand, and you shall quickly know.  
 Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces,  
 marching.  
 A trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.  
 How the surly Warwick mans the wall.  
 'Tis spite! is sportful Edward come?  
 'Tis our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,  
 'Tis I hear no news of his repair?  
 'Tis war, Warwick, wilt thou open the city gates,  
 'Tis forsake, and humbly bend thy knee,  
 'Tis king, and at his hands beg mercy?  
 'Tis partition thee these outrages.  
 'Tis rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
 'Tis 't these up and pluck'd thee down,  
 'Tis 't patron, and be penitent?  
 'Tis 't still remain the duke of York.  
 'Tis 't, at least, he would have said the king;  
 'Tis 't the jest against his will?  
 'Tis 't a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?  
 'Tis 't my faith, for a poor earl to give;  
 'Tis 't advice for so good a gift.  
 'Tis 't as I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.  
 'Tis 't, then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:  
 And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;  
 And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.  
 K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner.  
 And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,  
 What is the body when the head is off?  
 Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,  
 But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
 The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!<sup>a</sup>  
 You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,  
 And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.  
 K. Edw. 'T is even so; yet you are Warwick still.  
 Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,  
 Kneel down:  
 Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.  
 War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,  
 And with the other fling it at thy face,  
 Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.  
 K. Edw. Sail how thou caust, have wind and tide  
 Thy friend;  
 This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,  
 Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,  
 Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—  
 "Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.  
 Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.  
 War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes  
 Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!  
 [OXFORD and his Forces enter the City.  
 Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.  
 K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs,  
 Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,  
 Will issue out again and bid us battle:  
 If not, the city being but of small defence,  
 We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.  
 War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.  
 Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.  
 Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!  
 [He and his Forces enter the City.  
 Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason  
 Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.  
 K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:  
 My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

<sup>a</sup> Deck. A pack of cards was formerly called a deck.

*K. Edu.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

*Glo.* Why should she live to fill the world with words?

*K. Edu.* What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother; I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

Erre ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

*Clar.* What? what?

*Glo.* The Tower! the Tower! [Exit.]

*Q. Mar.* O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man: this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

*K. Edu.* Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

*Clar.* By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

*Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

*Clar.* Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

*Q. Mar.* Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.

What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,

Richard,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

*K. Edu.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

*Q. Mar.* So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!

[Exit, led out forcibly.]

*K. Edu.* Where's Richard gone?

*Clar.* To London, all in post; and, as I guess,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

*K. Edu.* He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares:

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.

KING HENRY is discovered sitting, with a book in his hand; the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

*Glo.* Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

*K. Hen.* Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say,

rather:

'T is sin to flatter, good was little better:

Good Gloster and good devil were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

*Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[Exit Lieutenant.]

*K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

*Glo.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*K. Hen.* The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye,

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

*Glo.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Cæsar,

That taught his son the office of a fowl;

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was down'd!

*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Ab, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,

Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

*Glo.* Think'st thou I am an executioner?

*K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;

If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

*K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou

presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—

Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',

And orphans for their parents' timeless death,\*—

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down tempests;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;

To wit, an indigest deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast lam,

To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

Thou cam'st—

*Glo.* I'll hear no more:—Die, prophet, in thy eyes!

[Stabs.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and for much more slaughter after!

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

*Glo.* What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mount'd

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

O, may such purple tears be always shed

From those that wish the downfall of our house!

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,—

[Stabs him.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say

I came into the world with my legs forward:

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right!

The midwife wonder'd: and the women cried,

"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"

And so I was; which plainly signified

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother:

And this word love, which greybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

\* We point this passage in the belief that "murder has

is connected not only with parents', but with husband's

sons'.

seek how to redress their harms.  
 the mast be now blown overboard  
 roke, the holding anchor lost,  
 or sailors swallow'd in the flood,  
 or pilot still: Is 't meet that he  
 e the helm, and, like a fearful lad,  
 d eyes add water to the sea,  
 ore strength to that which hath too much;  
 his moan, the ship splits on the rock,  
 istry and courage might have sav'd?  
 shame! ah, what a fault were this!  
 ck was our anchor; what of that?  
 gue our top-mast; what of him?  
 er'd friends the tackles; what of these?  
 Oxford here another anchor?  
 et another goodly mast?  
 of France our shrouds and tacklings?  
 a unskilful, why not Ned and I  
 low'd the skilful pilot's charge?  
 t from the helm, to sit and weep;  
 or course, though the rough wind say no,  
 s and rocks that threaten us with wrack.  
 chide the waves as speak them fair.  
 Edward but a ruthless sea?  
 ee, but a quicksand of deceit?  
 d, but a ragged fatal rock?  
 e enemies to our poor bark.  
 n swim; alas! 't is but a while:  
 e sand; why, there you quickly sink  
 rock; the tide will wash you off,  
 amish, that 's a threefold death.  
 l, lords, to let you understand,  
 e one of you would fly from us,  
 s no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,  
 eith ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.  
 ge, then! what cannot be avoided  
 dish weakness to lament or fear.  
 Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit  
 coward heard her speak these words,  
 reast with magnanimity,  
 ins, naked, foil a man at arms  
 this as doubting any here:  
 it suspect a fearful man,  
 ave leave to go away betimes;  
 need, he might infect another,  
 im of like spirit to himself.  
 be here, as God forbid!  
 part, before we need his help.  
 men and children of so high a courage!  
 s faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.  
 ng prince! thy famous grandfather  
 gain in thee: Long mayst thou live,  
 image, and renew his glories!  
 d be that will not fight for such a hope  
 best, and, like the owl by day,  
 be mock'd and wonder'd at.  
 Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford,  
 anks.  
 And take his thanks that yet hath nothing  
 se.

*Enter a Messenger.*

spare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,  
 dit; therefore be resolute.  
 ought no less: it is his policy  
 us fast, to find us unprovided.  
 t he 's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.  
 This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.  
 We pitch our battle; hence we will not budg.

*Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD,  
CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny  
 rod,

Which, by the Heavens' assistance, and your strength,  
 Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.  
 I need not add more fuel to your fire,  
 For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:  
 Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

*Q. Mar.* Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I  
should say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,  
 Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.  
 Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,  
 Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,  
 His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,  
 His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;  
 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.  
 You fight in justice; then, in God's name, lords,  
 Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

*[Exeunt both armies.]*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the same.*

*Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a retreat.  
Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER,  
and Forces; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD,  
and SOMERSET, prisoners.*

*K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.  
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:  
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

*Oxf.* For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

*Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

*[Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.]*

*Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,  
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

*K. Edw.* Is proclamation made, that who finds  
Edward

Shall have a high reward, and be his life?

*Glo.* It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

*Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.*

*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

*Prince.* Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;

Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

*Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

*Prince.* Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

*Glo.* By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

*Glo.* For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-back

rather.

*K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

*Prince.* I know my duty, you are all undutiful

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjurd George,

And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are;

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

*K. Edw.* Take that, the likeness of this railer here.

*[Stabs him.]*

*Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

*[GLO. stabs him.]*

*Clar.* And there 's for twitting me with perjury.

*[CLAR. stabs him.]*

*Q. Mar.* O, kill me too!

*Glo.* Marry, and shall. *[Offers to kill.]*







RICHARD III.

served between the last of these four dramas, which everybody admits to be the work of the "greatest name in all literature," in an unbroken link with the previous drama, which some have been in the habit of assigning to some obscure and very inferior writer. We are taught to open the 'Life and Death of King Richard III.,' and to look upon the extraordinary being who utters the opening lines as some new creation, set before us in the perfect completeness of self-formed villainy. We have not learnt to trace the growth of the mind of this bold bad man; to see how his bravery became gradually darkened with ferocity; how his prodigious talents insensibly allied themselves with cunning and hypocrisy; how, in struggling for his house, he ultimately proposed to struggle for himself; how, in fact, the bad ambition would be naturally kindled in his mind, to seize upon the power which was sliding from the hands of the voluptuous Edward, and the "simple, plain Clarence."

The poet of the 'Richard III.' goes straightforward to his object; for he has made all the preparation in the previous dramas. No gradual development is wanting of the character which is now to sway the action. The struggle of the houses up to this point has been one only of violence; and it was therefore anarchical. "The big-boned" Warwick, and the fiery Clifford, alternately presided over the confusion. The power which changed the

"Dreadful marches to delightful measures,"

seemed little more than accident. But Richard proposed to himself to subject events to his domination, not by courage alone, or activity, or even by the legitimate exercise of a commanding intellect, but by the clearest and coolest perception of the strength which he must inevitably possess who unites the deepest sagacity to the most thorough unscrupulousness in its exercise, and is an equal master of the weapons of force and of craft.

uous in common with Iago. But labour with a "motiveless malignity." He has no vague suspicions, no petty remembrance of slight affronts, to stir disproportioned and unnatural vengeance. He does not *hate* his victims; but they stand as he does not *love* them, they perish. The blackest die disguise their crimes even as Richard shrinks not from their avowed purpose.

It is the result of the peculiar organization of his mind, formed as it had been by circumstances, as by nature, that he invariably puts on the attitude of one who is playing a part. The distance which makes the character (clearly not been made by the joinery of Cibber) stand out on the stage. It cannot be over-acted.

It is only in the actual presence of the character that Richard displays any portion of his character. His bravery required no display to hold it. In his last battle-field he employs the resources of his intellect in a worthy cause. Retribution is fast approaching. It was not the offended justice that he should die as a martyr, but the tortures of conscience were to precede. The drama has exhibited all it could do to present the pable images of terror haunting a man who is participating the end. "Ratcliff, I fear, is the revelation of the true inward man." But the terror is but momentary:—

"Let not our babbling dreams afflict us." To the last the poet exhibits the supreme intellect, his ready talent, and his spirit. The tame address of Richmond to his troops, the spirited exhortation of Richard, could not result of accident.



# KING RICHARD III.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- KING EDWARD IV.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1.*
- PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King Edward V., son to the King.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 1.*
- DUKE OF YORK, son to the King.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.*
- DUKE OF CLARENCE, brother to the King.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4.*
- DUKE OF GLOSTER, afterwards King Richard III., brother to the King.**  
*Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.*
- A young Son of Clarence.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 2.*
- EARL OF RICHMOND, afterwards King Henry VII.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.*
- ALAN BOUCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 1.*
- ROBERT ROTHESAM, Archbishop of York.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 4.*
- JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 4.*
- DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.**  
*Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.*
- DUKE OF NORFOLK.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.*
- DUKE OF SURREY, son to the Duke of Norfolk.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 3.*
- EDWARD IV., brother to King Edward's Queen.**  
*Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3.*
- ROBERT OF DORSET, son to King Edward's Queen.**  
*Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.*
- ROBERT GREY, son to King Edward's Queen.**  
*Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.*
- EARL OF OXFORD.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*
- LORD HASTINGS.**  
*Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.*
- LORD STANLEY.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*
- LORD LEVEL.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 4; sc. 5.*
- SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 3.*
- SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.*
- SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.*
- SIR JAMES TYRREL.**  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.*
- SIR JAMES BLOUNT.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 2.*
- SIR WALTER HERBERT.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 2.*
- SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.*
- CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.**  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 5.*
- A Priest.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 2.*
- Lord Mayor of London.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7.*
- Sheriff of Wiltshire.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 1.*
- ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.*
- MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4.*
- DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.*
- LADY ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI., afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.*
- A young Daughter of Clarence.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.*
- Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scribe, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.*

## SCENE.—ENGLAND.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter GLOSTER.*

Now is the winter of our discontent  
 Looms summer by this sun of York;  
 A cloud that low'd upon our house  
 Besom of the ocean buried.  
 My brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
 My arms hung up for monuments;  
 Myalarms chang'd to merry meetings;  
 My vision to the cozenance of Edward IV., which  
 Was the battle of Mortimer's Cross:—  
 Dazzle mine eyes or do I see three suns?"

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
 Grim-visag'd war bath smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
 And now, instead of mounting barbed<sup>a</sup> steeds,  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;—  
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;—  
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,

<sup>a</sup> *Barbed.* Barbed and barbed appear to have been differently applied to a caparisoned horse.



way to make the wench amends  
her husband and her father :  
I : not all so much for love  
secret close intent,  
her, which I must reach unto.  
before my horse to market :  
breathes ; Edward still lives and reigns ;  
gone then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

*Procession of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, borne  
in coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to  
and LADY ANNE as mourner.*

down, set down your honourable load,—  
y be shrouded in a hearse,—  
hile obsequiously lament  
fall of virtuous Lancaster.  
figure of a holy king!  
the house of Lancaster!  
as remnant of that royal blood!  
that I invoke thy ghost,  
amentations of poor Anne,  
Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,  
se self-same hand that made these wounds!  
windows that let forth thy life,  
hyleless balm of my poor eyes :  
the hand that made these holes!  
part that had the heart to do it!  
ood that let this blood from hence!  
hap betide that hated wretch,  
as wretched by the death of thee,  
fish to adders, spiders, toads,  
sing venom'd thing that lives!  
ve child, abortive be it,  
nd untimely brought to light,  
and unnatural aspect  
se hopeful mother at the view ;  
hair to his unhappiness!  
ve wife, let her be made  
ble by the death of him,  
made by my young lord, and thee!  
ward Chertsey with your holy load,  
Paul's to be interred there ;  
you are weary of the weight,  
siles I lament king Henry's corpse.  
*The bearers take up the corpse, and advance.*

*Enter GLOSTER.*

you that bear the corpse, and set it down.  
hat black magician conjures up this fiend,  
ted charitable deeds?  
sins, set down the corpse ; or, by Saint Paul,  
cease of him that disobeys!  
y lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.  
anner'd dog! stand thou when I command :  
hallend higher than my breast,  
Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
gan thee, beggar, for thy boldness.  
[*The bearers set down the coffin.*]  
hat, do you tremble? are you all afraid?  
e you not; for you are mortal,  
eyes cannot endure the devil.  
a dreadful minister of hell!  
ut power over his mortal body,  
a canst not have; therefore be gone.  
et saint, for charity, be not so curst.  
al devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble  
not ;  
t made the happy earth thy hell.  
a cursing cries, and deep exclams.  
ht to view thy heinous deeds,  
pattern of thy butcheries.

*Obsequiously—performing obsequies*

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;  
For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;  
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.  
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!  
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!  
Either, Heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead!  
Or, earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!  
*Glo.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.  
*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;  
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.  
*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.  
*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!  
*Glo.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry!  
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed crimes to give me leave,  
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.  
*Anne.* Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,  
For these known evils but to give me leave,  
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.  
*Glo.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.  
*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst  
make  
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.  
*Glo.* By such despair I should accuse myself.  
*Anne.* And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.  
*Glo.* Say, that I slew them not.  
*Anne.* Then say, they were not slain.  
But dead they are, and devilish slave, by thee.  
*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.  
*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.  
*Glo.* Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.  
*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou liest; queen Margaret  
saw  
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.  
*Glo.* I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.  
*Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dream'st on aught but butcheries:  
Didst thou not kill this king?  
*Glo.* I grant ye.  
*Anne.* Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant  
me too,  
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!  
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.  
*Glo.* The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.  
*Anne.* He is in heaven, woe thou shalt never come.  
*Glo.* Let him thank me that help to send him thither;  
For he was fitter for that place than earth.  
*Anne.* And thou unfit for any place but hell.  
*Glo.* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.  
*Anne.* Some dungeon.  
*Glo.* Your bed-chamber.  
*Anne.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!  
*Glo.* So will it, madam, till I lie with you.  
*Anne.* I hope so.  
*Glo.* I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall somewhat into a slower method,  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?  
*Anne.* Thou wast the cause, and most accurst effect,



my person all this while :  
 she finds, although I cannot,  
 a marvellous proper man.  
 argues for a looking-glass;  
 in a score or two of tailors  
 lions to adorn my body :  
 kept in favour with myself,  
 ain it with some little cost.  
 ll turn you' fellow in<sup>s</sup> his grave;  
 am lamenting to my love.  
 ir sun, til I have bought a glass,  
 see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and  
 LORD GREY.

patience, madam; there's no doubt his  
 jesty  
 cover his accustom'd health.  
 that you brook it ill it makes him worse :  
 God's sake, entertain good comfort,  
 grace with quick and merry words.  
 f he were dead, what would betide on me?  
 other harm but loss of such a lord.  
 The loss of such a lord includes all harms.  
 Heavens have bless'd you with a goodly  
 omforter when he is gone.  
 h, he is young; and his minority  
 he trust of Richard Gloster,  
 ores not me, nor none of you.  
 concluded he shall be protector?  
 t is determin'd, not concluded yet :  
 st be if the king miscarry.

ter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY

re come the lords of Buckingham and  
 nley.  
 d time of day unto your royal grace!  
 I make your majesty joyful as you have  
 n!  
 The countess Richmond, good my lord of  
 nley,  
 I prayer will scarcely say amen.  
 notwithstanding she's your wife,  
 t me, be you, good lord, assur'd  
 n for her proud arrogance.  
 beseech you, either not believe  
 slanders of her false accusers;  
 accus'd on true report,  
 weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
 rd sickness, and no grounded malice.  
 w you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?  
 now, the duke of Buckingham and I  
 m visiting his majesty.  
 That likelihood of his amendment, lords?  
 lam, good hope; his grace speaks cheer-  
 y.  
 od grant him health! did you confer with  
 ?  
 madam: he desires to make atonement  
 duke of Gloster and your brothers,  
 them and my lord chamberlain;  
 earn<sup>b</sup> them to his royal presence.  
 Would all were well!—but that will never  
 ppiness is at the height.

GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

do me wrong, and I will not endure it :

—*Exit.*

Who are they that complain unto the king,  
 That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?  
 By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly  
 That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.  
 Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,  
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,  
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
 I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
 Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,  
 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd  
 By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?  
*Grey.* To whom in all this presence speaks your  
 grace?

*Glo.* To thee, that has, nor honesty nor grace.  
 When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—  
 Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?  
 A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—  
 Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—  
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,  
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

*Q. Eliz.* Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter :  
 The king, of his own royal disposition,  
 And not provok'd by any suitor else ;  
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
 That in your outward action shows itself  
 Against my children, brothers, and myself,  
 Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather  
 The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

*Glo.* I cannot tell :—The world is grown so bad  
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch :  
 Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, we know your meaning, bro-  
 ther Gloster ;  
 You envy my advancement, and my friends' ;  
 God grant we never may have need of you!

*Glo.* Meantime, God grants that we have need of  
 you :

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,  
 Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility  
 Held in contempt; while great promotions  
 Are daily given, to ennoble those  
 That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

*Q. Eliz.* By Him that rais'd me to this careful  
 height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,  
 I never did incense his majesty  
 Against the duke of Clarence, but have been  
 An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
 My lord, you do me shameful injury  
 Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Glo.* You may deny that you were not the mean  
 Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord; for—

*Glo.* She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not  
 so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that :  
 She may help you to many fair preferments ;  
 And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
 And lay those honours on your high desert.  
 What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may  
 she,—

*Riv.* What, marry, may she?

*Glo.* What, marry, may she? marry with a king.  
 A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too :  
 I wis your grandam had a worsè match.

*Q. Eliz.* My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne  
 Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs :  
 By Heaven, I will acquaint his majesty  
 Of those gross taunts that oft I have endure'd.  
 I had rather be a country servant-maid  
 Than a great queen, with this condition,  
 To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at :  
 Small joy have I in being England's queen.



*Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.*

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

*Glo.* What? threaten you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'T is time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

*Q. Mar.* Out, devil! I do remember them too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

*Glo.* Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a packhorse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends;

To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

*Glo.* In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—

And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been, ere this, and what you are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Q. Mar.* A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

*Glo.* Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge!

*Glo.* To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:

I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's,

Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine;

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,

Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

*Riv.* My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,

We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;

So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Glo.* If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar;

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

*Q. Eliz.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose

You should enjoy, were you this country's king;

As little joy you may suppose in me

That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

*Q. Mar.* A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;

For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*]

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out

In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:

Which of you trembles not that looks on me?

If not, that I being queen you bow like subjects,

Yet that by you depos'd you quake like rebels?—

Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

*Glo.* Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;

That will I make,\* before I let thee go.

*Glo.* Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

*Q. Mar.* I was; but I do find more pain in banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—

And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,

\* The double acceptance of the verb *make* is also exemplified in *As You Like It*:—

"Now, sir, what *make* you here?

Nothing: I am not taught to *make* anything."

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,

And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a cloot,

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland:—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;

And God, not we, hath plaign'd thy bloody deed.

*Q. Eliz.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Hast.* O, 't was the foulest deed, to slay that babe

And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was report

*Dor.* No man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buck.* Northumberland, then present, wept to see

*Q. Mar.* What! were you snarling all, before I came

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,

Should all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick cur

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,

For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,

Die in his youth by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long mayst thou live, to wait thy children's death,

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death;

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen;

Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—

And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him

That none of you may live your natural age,

But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

*Glo.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd!

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou

hear me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,

And then hurl down their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,

Unless it be while some tormenting dream

Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The slave of nature, and the son of hell!

Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!

Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!

Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

*Glo.* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* Richard!

*Glo.* Ha?

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glo.* I cry thee mercy then; for I did think

That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

*Q. Mar.* Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply

O, let me make the period to my curse.

*Glo.* 'T is done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

*Q. Eliz.* Thus have you breath'd your curse against

yourself.

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my

tune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider.

by web ensnareth thee about?  
 thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.  
 I come that thou shalt wish for me  
 to curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.  
 se-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,  
 arm thou move our patience.  
 foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd  
 me.  
 e you well serv'd, you would be taught  
 or duty.  
 y serve me well, you all should do me duty,  
 he your queen, and you my subjects;  
 well, and teach yourselves that duty.  
 ate not with her, she is lunatic.  
 Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:  
 stamp of honour is scarce current:  
 young nobility could judge  
 to lose it, and be miserable!  
 nd high have many blasts to shake them;  
 all they dash themselves to pieces.  
 counsel, marry; learn it, learn it, marquis.  
 aches you, my lord, as much as me.  
 and much more: But I was born so high,  
 bldeth in the cedar's top,  
 with the wind, and scorns the sun.  
 nd turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!  
 son, now in the shade of death:  
 out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
 all darkness folded up.  
 bldeth in our airy's nest;  
 eest it, do not suffer it;  
 s with blood, lost be it so!  
 ce, peace, for shame, if not for charity.  
 ege neither charity nor shame to me;  
 with me have you dealt,  
 lly my hopes by you are butcher'd.  
 outrage, life my shame,—  
 ame still live my sorrow's rage!  
 e done, have done.  
 princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,  
 goe and amity with thee:  
 ll thee and thy noble house!  
 are not spotted with our blood,  
 in the compass of my curse.  
 no one here; for curses never pass  
 ese that breathe them in the air.  
 will not think but they ascend the sky,  
 ake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
 m, take heed of yonder dog;  
 e fawns he bites; and, when he bites,  
 oth will rankle to the death:  
 lo with him, beware of him;  
 d hell have set their marks on him;  
 ministers attend on him.  
 cloth she say, my lord of Buckingham?  
 ing that I respect, my gracious lord.  
 hat, dost thou scorn me for my gentle  
 asel,  
 e devil that I warn thee from?  
 ber this another day,  
 I split thy very heart with sorrow;  
 Margaret was a prophetess.  
 you the subjects to his hate,  
 ex, and all of you to God's! [Exit  
 hair cloth stand on end to hear her curses.  
 o cloth mine; I muse why she 's at liberty.  
 ot blame her, by God's holy mother;  
 too much wrong, and I repent  
 of, that I have done to her.  
 never did her any, to my knowledge.  
 u have all the rantage of her wrong.  
 o do somebody good,  
 d in thinking of it now.  
 Clarence, he is well repaid;

He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains;  
 God pardon them that are the cause thereof!  
*Riv.* A virtuous and a christianlike conclusion,  
 To pray for them that have done scath to us.  
*Glo.* So do I ever, being well advis'd:—  
 For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [Aside.

Enter CATESBY.

*Cates.* Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—  
 And for your grace,—and you, my noble lord.  
*Q. Eliz.* Catesby, I come:— Lords, will you go with  
 me?  
*Riv.* We wait upon your grace. [Ex. all but GLOS.  
*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad  
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.  
 Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,—  
 I do beweepe to many simple gulls;  
 Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;  
 And tell them, 't is the queen and her allies  
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.  
 Now they believe it; and withal whet me  
 To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Grey:  
 But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,  
 Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:  
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
 With odd old ends, stolen forth of holy writ;  
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.  
 How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates  
 Are you now going to despatch this thing?  
*1 Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the  
 warrant,  
 That we may be admitted where he is.  
*Glo.* Well thought upon, I have it here about me:  
 [Gives the warrant.  
 When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.  
 But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,  
 Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;  
 For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,  
 May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.  
*1 Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to  
 prate;  
 Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd  
 We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.  
*Glo.* Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall  
 tears:  
 I like you, lads,—about your business straight;  
 Go, go, despatch.  
*2 Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [Exit

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRACKENBURY.

*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?  
*Clar.* O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
 That, as I am a christian faithful man,  
 I would not spend another such a night,  
 Though 't were to buy a world of happy days  
 So full of dismal terror was the time.  
*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord? I pray you  
 tell me.  
*Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the Tower  
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;  
 And in my company my brother Gloster:  
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
 Upon the hatches; there we look'd toward England,  
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
 During the wars of York and Lancaster  
 That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along  
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches

Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;  
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.  
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,  
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death  
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had; and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood  
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

*Clar.* No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;  
O, then began the tempest to my soul!  
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood  
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;  
Who spake aloud,—“What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?”  
And so he vanish'd: Then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—  
“Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—  
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—  
Seize on him, furies, take him unto torment!”—  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise  
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,  
Could not believe but that I was in hell;  
Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;  
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—  
That now give evidence against my soul,—  
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!  
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,  
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone;  
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!  
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord: God give your grace good  
rest!—

[*CLAR. retires.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,—  
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.  
Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour for an inward toil;  
And, for unfelt imaginations,  
They often feel a world of restless cares:  
So that, between their titles, and low name,  
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

*1 Murd.* Ho! who 's here?

*Brak.* What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st  
thou hither?

*1 Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came  
hither on my legs.

*Brak.* What, so brief?

*2 Murd.* 'T is better, sir, than to be  
him see our commission, and talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to Brak.*]

*Brak.* I am, in this, commanded to deli-  
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning  
There lies the duke asleep,—and there, the  
I 'll to the king; and signify to him  
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

*1 Murd.* You may, sir; 't is a point of  
Fare you well.

*2 Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he

*1 Murd.* No; he 'll say 't was done as  
he wakes.

*2 Murd.* Why, he shall never wake un-  
judgment-day.

*1 Murd.* Why, then he 'll say we  
sleeping.

*2 Murd.* The urging of that word, ju-  
bred a kind of remorse in me.

*1 Murd.* What! art thou afraid?

*2 Murd.* Not to kill him, having a wit-  
be damned for killing him, from the which  
can defend me.

*1 Murd.* I thought thou hadst been res-  
*2 Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

*1 Murd.* I 'll back to the duke of Gl-  
him so.

*2 Murd.* Nay, I prithee, stay a little  
passionate humour of mine will change  
to hold me but while one tells twenty.

*1 Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

*2 Murd.* Some certain dregs of conscience  
within me.

*1 Murd.* Remember our reward, when  
done.

*2 Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot to

*1 Murd.* Where 's thy conscience now?

*2 Murd.* Oh, in the duke of Gloster's pur-  
se.

*1 Murd.* When he opens his purse to g-  
ward, thy conscience flies out.

*2 Murd.* 'T is no matter; let it go; it  
none, will entertain it.

*1 Murd.* What if it come to thee again?

*2 Murd.* I 'll not meddle with it, [it is  
thing,] it makes a man a coward; a man  
but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear  
him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour  
detects him: 'T is a blushing shame-face  
mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full  
it made me once restore a purse of gold that  
I found; it beggars any man that keeps it  
out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing  
man that means to live well endeavours to  
self, and live without it.

*1 Murd.* It is now even at my elbow, p-  
not to kill the duke.

*2 Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind  
him not: he would insinuate with thee,  
thee sigh.

*1 Murd.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot  
me.

*2 Murd.* Spoken like a tall fellow that  
reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

*1 Murd.* Take him on the costard with  
thy sword, and then throw him into the  
in the next room.

*2 Murd.* O excellent device! and make

*1 Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

*2 Murd.* Strike.

*1 Murd.* No, we 'll reason with him.

*Clar.* Where art thou, keeper? give me

You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.  
God's name, what art thou?

A man, as you are.

Not, as I am, royal.

Nor you, as we are, loyal.

My voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

My voice is now the king's, my looks mine

low darkly, and how deadly, dost thou  
weak!

Do menace me: Why look you pale?

Go hither? Wherefore do you come?

To, to, to—

to murder me?

Yes, ay, ay.

Can scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

we cannot have the hearts to do it.

My friends, have I offended you?

Offended us you have not, but the king.

shall be reconcil'd to him again.

Never, my lord; therefore, prepare to die.

Are you drawn forth among a world of men,

innocent? What is my offence?

Is there evidence that doth accuse me?

Has the quest have given their verdict up

to a wrong judge? or who pronounc'd

the sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Am I convict by course of law,

or am I condemn'd with death as most unlawful.

Or, as you hope for any goodness,

spare, and lay no hands on me;

or, if you undertake is damnable.

What we will do we do upon command.

And he that hath commanded is our king.

Is he not the noble vassal! the great King of kings

whose table of his law commanded,

that he do no murder: Will you then

obey his edict, and fulfil a man's?

For he holds vengeance in his hand,

and will smite their heads that break his law.

And that same vengeance doth he hurl on

us,

swearing, and for murder too:

Let us receive the sacrament to fight

for the house of Lancaster.

And, like a traitor to the name of God,

didst thou swear that vow; and with thy treacherous blade

didst thou cut the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

How canst thou urge God's dreadful law

against us,

that broke it in such dear degree?

Was it for whose sake did I that ill deed?

Was it for my brother, for his sake:

or is it not to murder me for this;

or is his sin he is as deep as I.

Why should he be avenged for the deed,

and yet he doth it publicly;

and yet he quarrel from his powerful arm;

and yet he doth it by indirect or lawless course,

and yet he doth it to those that have offended him.

Who made thee then a bloody minister,

and yet thou springing, brave Plantagenet,

thyself a novice, was struck dead by thee?

Was it for my brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

Was it for my brother's love, our duty, and thy

self,

or is it rather now to slaughter thee.

Why should I love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster;

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates  
you.

*Clar.* O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear;

Go you to him from me.

Both *Murd.* Ay, so we will.

*Clar.* Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

[And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,]

He little thought of this divided friendship:

Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

*Clar.* O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you de-

ceive yourself:

'T is he that sends us to destroy you here.

*Clar.* It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,

That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you

From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die,

my lord.

*Clar.* Have you that holy feeling in your souls,

To counsel me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your own souls so blind,

That you will war with God, by murdering me?

Oh, sirs, consider, they that set you on

To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

*Clar.* Relent, and save your souls.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,

Being pent from liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,

Would not entreat for life,—as you would beg

Were you in my distress?

1 *Murd.* Relent! No. 'T is cowardly and wo-

manish.

*Clar.* Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:

A begging prince, what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [Stabs him.]

[Exit, with the body.]

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous murder!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou

help'st me not?

By Heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have

been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his bro-

ther!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the duke is slain.

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward as thou art. [Exit.]

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,

Till that the duke give order for his burial;

And when I have my meed, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING EDWARD, (*led in sick*), QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.

*K. Edw.* Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:  
I every day expect an embassy  
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;  
And more to peace my soul shall part to heaven, ]  
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.  
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;  
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

*Riv.* By Heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

*Hast.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

*K. Edw.* Take heed you dally not before your king;  
Lest He that is the supreme King of kings  
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end.

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

*Riv.* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

*K. Edw.* Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—  
Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—  
You have been factious one against the other.  
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;  
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Q. Eliz.* There, Hastings;—I will never more remember  
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

*K. Edw.* Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord  
marquis.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

*Hast.* And so swear I. [*Embraces DORSET.*]

*K. Edw.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this  
league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
And make me happy in your unity.

*Buck.* Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate  
Upon your grace [*to the QUEEN*], but with all duteous  
love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,  
And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he unto me! this do I beg of Heaven,

When I am cold in love to you or yours.

[*Embracing RIVERS, &c.*]

*K. Edw.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,

To make the blessed period of this peace.

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Good morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;  
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

*K. Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:

Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity;

Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,

Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

*Glo.* A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.—

Among this princely heap, if any here,

By false intelligence or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe;

If unwittingly, or in my rage,

Have aught committed that is hardly borne

By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace;

'T is death to me to be at enmity;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my duteous service;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;

Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset—

That all without desert have frown'd on me;—

Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you,—

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all,

I do not know that Englishman alive

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,

More than the infant that is born to-night;

I thank my God for my humility.

*Q. Eliz.* A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter

I would to God all strifes were well compounded.

My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness

To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

*Glo.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence?

Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all*

You do him injury to scorn his corpse.

*K. Edw.* Who knows not he is dead! who knows  
he is?

*Q. Eliz.* All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!

*Buck.* Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

*K. Edw.* Is Clarence dead? the order was given

*Glo.* But he, poor man, by your first order died,

And that a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

That came too lag to see him buried:

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,

Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,

And yet go current from suspicion!

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* A boon, my sovereign, for my services done

*K. Edw.* I prithee, peace; my soul is full of sin

*Stan.* I will not rise unless your highness hear me

*K. Edw.* Then say at once, what is it thou requestest

*Stan.* The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,

Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

*K. Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slayer?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,

And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?

Who told me in the field at Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king!"

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garments; and did give himself

All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But, when your carters, or your waiting-women

a drunken slaughter, and defac'd  
 a image of our dear Redeemer,  
 t are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;  
 astly too, must grant it you :—  
 brother not a man would speak,  
 racious) speak unto myself  
 or soul. The proudest of you all  
 beholden to him in his life ;  
 you would once plead for his life.  
 ear thy justice will take hold  
 you, and mine, and yours, for this.  
 ings, help me to my closet.  
 Clarence !  
 KING, QUEEN, HAST., RIV., DOR., and GREY.  
 s is the fruit of rashness ! Mark'd you not  
 se guilty kindred of the queen  
 , when they did hear of Clarence' death ?  
 d urge it still unto the king :  
 venge it. Come, lords ; will you go,  
 Edward with our company ?  
 e wait upon your grace. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

he DUCHESS OF YORK, with a Son and  
 Daughter of CLARENCE.

nd grandam, tell us, is our father dead ?  
 o, boy.  
 Why do you weep so oft ? and beat your  
 east ;  
 " O Clarence, my unhappy son !"  
 y do you look on us, and shake your head,  
 orphans, wretches, castaways,  
 noble father were alive ?  
 y pretty cousins, you mistake me both ;  
 t the sickness of the king,  
 ose him, not your father's death :  
 sorrow to wail one that 's lost.  
 en you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.  
 y uncle is to blame for this :  
 venge it ; whom I will importune  
 st prayers all to that effect.  
 And so will I.  
 eace, children, peace ! the king doth love  
 ou well ;  
 and shallow innocents,  
 i guess who caus'd your father's death.  
 andam, we can : for my good uncle Gloster  
 se king, provok'd to 't by the queen,  
 eachments to imprison him :  
 my uncle told me so, he wept,  
 me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;  
 ly on him as on my father,  
 old love me dearly as his child.  
 Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle  
 apes,  
 virtuous visor hide deep vice !  
 me, ay, and therein my shame,  
 y dugs he drew not this deceit.  
 nk you my uncle did dissemble, grandam ?  
 y, boy.  
 annot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

EN ELIZABETH, *distractedly* ; RIVERS and  
 DORSET *following her.*

Ah ! who shall hinder me to wail and weep ?  
 y fortune, and torment myself ?  
 th black despair against my soul,  
 elf become an enemy.  
 hat means this scene of rude impatience ?  
 To make an act of tragic violence.  
 y lord, thy son, our king, is dead.  
 the branches when the root is gone ?  
 elations—kinsfolks. They are her grandchildren

Why wither not the leaves that want their sap ?  
 If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;  
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's ;  
 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him  
 To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

*Duch.* Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,  
 As I had title in thy noble husband !  
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
 And liv'd by looking on his images :  
 But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance  
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death ;  
 And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
 Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,  
 And hast the comfort of thy children left ;  
 But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms  
 And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,  
 Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I  
 (Thine being but a moiety of my moan)  
 To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries !

*Son.* Ah, aunt ! you wept not for our father's death,  
 How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

*Daugh.* Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd ;  
 Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept !

*Q. Eliz.* Give me no help in lamentation ;  
 I am not barren to bring forth complaints :  
 All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
 That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,  
 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world !  
 Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !

*Chil.* Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence !

*Duch.* Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Cla-  
 rence !

*Q. Eliz.* What stay had I but Edward ? and he 's  
 gone.

*Chil.* What stay had we but Clarence ? and he 's  
 gone.

*Duch.* What stays had I but they ? and they are  
 gone.

*Q. Eliz.* Was never widow had so dear a loss.

*Chil.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

*Duch.* Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas ! I am the mother of these griefs ;  
 Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.  
 She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;  
 I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she ;  
 These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I ;  
 I for an Edward weep, so do not they :—  
 Alas ! you three on me, threefold distress'd,  
 Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,  
 And I will pamper it with lamentations.

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother : God is much displeas'd  
 That you take with unthankfulness his doing ;  
 In common worldly things 't is called ungrateful,  
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,  
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;  
 Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,  
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Riv.* Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,  
 Of the young prince your son : send straight for him,  
 Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives :  
 Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,  
 And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS  
 RATCLIFF, and others.

*Glo.* Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause  
 To wail the dimming of our shining star ;  
 But none can help our harms by wailing them.  
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,  
 I did not see your grace :—Humbly on my knee  
 I crave your blessing.

*Duch.* God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast !  
 Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

*Glo.* Amen; and make me die a good old man!  
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;  
I marvel that her grace did leave it out. [*Aside.*]

*Buck.* You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,  
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love:  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancour of your high sworn hates,  
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together  
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young king be fet  
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

*Riv.* Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:  
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glo.* I hope the king made peace with all of us;  
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

*Riv.* And so in me; and so, I think, in all:  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:  
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Hast.* And so say I.

*Glo.* Then be it so; and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.  
Madam, and you my sister, will you go  
To give your censures\* in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCK, and GLOSTER*]

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:  
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,  
As index to the story we late talk'd of,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

*Glo.* My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:  
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:  
I fear, I fear, 't will prove a giddy world.

*Enter another Citizen.*

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;

That in his nonage council under him,  
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,

\* *Censures*—opinions.

No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good  
wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politic grave counsel; then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his  
mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his

Or, by his father, there were none at all:

For emulation who shall now be nearest

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;

And the queen's sons and brothers haught

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst;

well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen wise men

cloaks;

When great leaves fall then winter is at hand

When the sun sets who doth not look for it

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth

All may be well; but, if God sort it so,

'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full

You cannot reason\* almost with a man

That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust

Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see

The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.

But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young*  
*YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the*  
*YORK.*

*Arch.* Last night, I hear, they lay at N  
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see

I hope he is much grown since last I saw

*Q. Eliz.* But I hear, no; they say, my

Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother, but I would not have

*Duch.* Why, my good cousin? it is good

*York.* Grandam, one night, as we did

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother; "Ay," quoth my

"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do

And since, methinks, I would not grow so

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds

*Duch.* 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying

In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was

So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be

*Arch.* And so, no doubt, he is, my

*Duch.* I hope he is; but yet let mothers

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had been

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout

To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd

*Duch.* How, my young York? I

hear it.

*York.* Marry, they say, my uncle grew

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours

\* *Reason*—censure

so years ere I could get a tooth.  
 a would have been a biting jest.  
 thee, pretty York, who told thee this?  
 madam, his nurse.  
 nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast  
 a.  
 were not she, I cannot tell who told me.  
 parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.  
 madam, be not angry with the child.  
 witchers have ears.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Here comes a messenger:

h news, my lord, as grieves me to report.  
 ow doth the prince?  
 Well, madam, and in health.  
 at is thy news?  
 d Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,  
 m sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.  
 o hath committed them?  
 mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.  
 what offence?  
 sum of all I can I have disclos'd;  
 what, the nobles were committed,  
 en to me, my gracious lord.  
 Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;  
 Insulting tyranny begins to jut  
 Upon the innocent and awless throne:  
 Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre  
 I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*Duch.* Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
 How many of you have mine eyes beheld!  
 My husband lost his life to get the crown;  
 And often up and down my sons were toss'd,  
 For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:  
 And being seated, and domestic broils  
 Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,  
 Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,  
 Blood to blood, self against self: O, preposterous  
 And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen:  
 Or let me die, to look on death no more!

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary  
 Madam, farewell.

*Duch.* Stay, I will go with you.

*Q. Eliz.* You have no cause.

*Arch.* My gracious lady, go,  
 [To the QUEEN.]

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep: And so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours!

Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

*Drum sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES,  
 BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOUCHIER, and*

elcome, sweet prince, to London, to your  
 mber.

come, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:  
 ay hath made you melancholy.

Go, uncle; but our crosses on the way

it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:

uncles here to welcome me.

prince, the untainted virtue of your years  
 div'd into the world's deceit:

you distinguish of a man

outward show; which, God he knows,

ever jumpeth with the heart.

which you want were dangerous;

attended to their sugar'd words,

ot on the poison of their hearts:

a from them, and from such false friends!

od keep me from false friends! but they  
 re none.

lord, the mayor of London comes to greet  
 a.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.*

I bless your grace with health and happy  
 ys!

I thank you, good my lord;—and thank  
 you all.— [Exeunt Mayor, &c.]

y mother and my brother York

ere this have met us on the way:

dug is Hastings! that he comes not

hether they will come, or no.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

al its good time, here comes the sweating  
 d.

Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother  
 me?

*Hast.* On what occasion, God he knows, not I,  
 The queen your mother, and your brother York,  
 Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince  
 Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,  
 But by his mother was perforce withheld.

*Buck.* Fie! what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace

Persuade the queen to send the duke of York

Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,

And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Card.* My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the duke of York,

Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate

To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid

We should infringe the holy privilege

Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land

Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

*Buck.* You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,

Too ceremonious and traditional:

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted

To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,

And those who have the wit to claim the place:

This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:

Then, taking him from thence that is not there,

You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;

But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

*Card.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

*Hast.* I go, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you

may. [Exeunt CARDINAL and HASTINGS.]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,

Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

*Glo.* Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two

Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:



Then where you please, and<sup>a</sup> shall be thought most fit  
For your best health and recreation.

*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place :—  
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord ?

*Glo.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;  
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince.* Is it upon record ? or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

*Buck.* Upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd ;  
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,  
As 't were retail'd<sup>b</sup> to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.

*Glo.* So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

[*Aside.*

*Prince.* What say you, uncle ?

*Glo.* I say, without characters,<sup>c</sup> fame lives long.

Thus, like the formal Vice Iniquity, }  
I moralize two meanings in one word.<sup>d</sup> }

[*Aside.*

*Prince.* That Julius Caesar was a famous man :

With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his valour live :  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—  
I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

*Buck.* What, my gracious lord ?

*Prince.* An if I live until I be a man,  
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

*Glo.* Short summers lightly<sup>e</sup> have a forward spring.

[*Aside.*

*Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.*

*Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the duke of  
York.

*Prince.* Richard of York ! how fares our noble bro-  
ther ?

*York.* Well, my dread<sup>f</sup> lord ; so must I call you now.

*Prince.* Ay, brother ; to our grief, as it is yours ;  
Too late<sup>g</sup> he died, that might have kept that title,  
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

*Glo.* How fares our cousin, noble lord of York ?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,  
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth ;  
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

*Glo.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle ?

*Glo.* O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then he is more beholden to you than I.

*Glo.* He may command me, as my sovereign ;  
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glo.* My dagger, little cousin ? with all my heart.

*Prince.* A beggar, brother ?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;  
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

*Glo.* A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.

*York.* A greater gift ? O, that 's the sword to it.

*Glo.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

*York.* O then, I see, you will part but with light  
gifts ;

<sup>a</sup> Where is understood here ; if it were repeated, there would be no difficulty in the construction of the sentence.

<sup>b</sup> Retail'd. Retail and detail, according to Tooke, are both derived from tale—the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb tell-an, to tell. The truth "retail'd to all posterity" is the truth retold to all posterity.

<sup>c</sup> Without characters—without the help of letters.

<sup>d</sup> The equivocation which Richard uses consists in the repetition of the words "live long," which the Prince has caught, but with a different "meaning." He has moralized "two meanings" by retaining the same conclusion of his sentence, or "word."

<sup>e</sup> Lightly—commonly.

<sup>f</sup> Dread, most dread, was a kingly epithet—*Rex metuentissimus.*

<sup>g</sup> Late—lately.

In weightier things you 'll say a beggar, u

*Glo.* It is too weighty for your grace to

*York.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier

*Glo.* What, would you have my weapon

*York.* I would, that I might thank you  
me.

*Glo.* How ?

*York.* Little.

*Prince.* My lord of York will still be c  
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with

*York.* You mean, to bear me, not to bea  
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me  
Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on you  
*Buck.* With what a sharp-provided wit

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,  
He prettily and aptly taunts himself :  
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

*Glo.* My lord, will 't please you pass al  
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome y  
*York.* What, will you go unto the Tow

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will ha

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the

*Glo.* Why, what should you fear ?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry  
My grandam told me he was murder'd th

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glo.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.* An if they live, I hope I need  
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy hea  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Ex. PRIN., YORK, HAST., CARD., and*

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little p  
Was not incens'd<sup>a</sup> by his subtle mother

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously  
*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt : O, 't is a pa

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable ;  
He 's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest.

Come hither, Catesby ; thou art sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceal what we impart ;

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the w

What think'st thou ? is it not an easy mat

To make William lord Hastings of our mi

For the instalment of this noble duke

In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

*Cate.* He, for his father's sake, so loves

That he will not be won to aught against

*Buck.* What think'st thou then of Stanl  
he ?

*Cate.* He will do all in all as Hastings

*Buck.* Well then, no more but this :  
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord H  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reason  
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination :

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

*Glo.* Commend me to lord William

Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;

And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,  
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the morn

<sup>a</sup> Incens'd—incited.

ood Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.  
y good lords both, with all the heed I can.  
ll we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?  
u shall, my lord.

Crusby-house, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

ow, my lord, what shall we do, if we per-  
ive  
ngs will not yield to our complots?  
p off his head;—something we will deter-  
me:—

hen I am king, claim thou of me  
n of Hereford, and all the moveables  
king my brother was possess'd.  
'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.  
I look to have it yielded with all kindness.  
s sup betimes; that afterwards  
gest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*]

E II.—*Before Lord Hastings's House.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

y lord, my lord! [*Knocking.*]  
[*Within.*] Who knocks?  
se from the lord Stanley.  
[*Within.*] What is 't o'clock?  
on the stroke of four.

*Enter* HASTINGS.

annot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious  
ghts?

it appears by that I have to say.  
mends him to your noble self.  
hat then?  
en certifies your lordship, that this night  
the boar had ras'd off his helm:  
says, there are two councils kept;  
ay be determin'd at the one,  
e make you and him to rue at th' other.  
e sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—  
presently take horse with him,  
ll speed post with him toward the north,  
e danger that his soul divines.  
e fellow, go, return unto thy lord:  
t fear the separated councils:  
and myself are at the one,  
other is my good friend Catesby;  
ing can proceed that toucheth us  
hall not have intelligence.  
is fears are shallow, without instance:  
s dreams, I wonder he 's so simple  
e mockery of unquiet slumbers:  
ear, before the boar pursues,  
euse the boar to follow us,  
pursuit where he did mean no chase.  
e master rise and come to me;  
ll both together to the Tower,  
hall see, the boar will use us kindly.  
ll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* CATESBY.

my good morrows to my noble lord!  
od morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:  
what news, in this our tottering state?  
is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;  
ve will never stand upright  
d wear the garland of the realm.  
ve! wear the garland! dost thou mean the  
own?  
e, my good lord.  
ll have this crown of mine cut from my  
oulders

*An instance signifies here, as in other passages of  
example, fact in proof, corroboration.*

Before I 'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

*Cate.* Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward  
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:  
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—  
That, this same very day, your enemies,  
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

*Hast.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still my adversaries:  
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

*Cate.* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,  
That they which brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,  
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.

*Cate.* 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous! and so 't will do  
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 't will do  
With some men else, who think themselves as safe  
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

*Cate.* The princes both make high account of you,—  
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside*]

*Hast.* I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

*Enter* STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?  
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

*Stan.* My lord, good morrow; and good morrow,  
Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I.

*Hast.* My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;  
And never, in my days, I do protest,  
Was it so precious to me as 't is now:  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

*Stan.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from  
London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,  
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;  
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.  
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

*Hast.* Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what,  
my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

*Stan.* They, for their truth, might better wear their  
heads,

Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let 's away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Hast.* Go on before, I 'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt* STANLEY and CATESBY.]

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

*Purs.* The better that your lordship please to ask.

*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now,

Than when thou mett'st me last where now we meet:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;

But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than e'er I was.

*Purs.* God bold it, to your honour's good content!

*Hast.* Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his purse.*]

*Purs.* I thank your honour. [*Exit* Pursuivant.]

*Enter a Priest.*

*Pr.* Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

*Hast.* I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart. I am in your debt for your last exercise; Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*Pr.* I'll wait upon your lordship.  
*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Buck.* What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?  
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the priest;  
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
The men you talk of came into my mind.  
What, go you toward the Tower?

*Buck.* I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:  
I shall return before your lordship thence.

*Hast.* Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck.* And supper too, although thou know'st it not.  
[*Aside.*]

Come, will you go?

*Hast.* I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, to execution.*

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

*Grey.* God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned bloodsuckers.

*Vaugh.* You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

*Rat.* Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,  
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!  
Within the guilty closure of thy walls  
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:  
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,  
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

*Grey.* Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,  
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

*Riv.* Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, God,  
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!  
And for my sister, and her princely sons,  
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,  
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

*Rat.* Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.<sup>a</sup>

*Riv.* Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a table: *Officers of the council attending.*

*Hast.* Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met is to determine of the coronation:

in God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

*Buck.* Are all things ready for that royal time?

*Stan.* They are; and wants but nomination.

*Ely.* To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

*Buck.* Who knows the lord protector's mind herein? most inward<sup>b</sup> with the noble duke?

<sup>a</sup> *Expiate*—expired.

<sup>b</sup> *Inward*—intimate—in confidence.

*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should sooner mind.

*Buck.* We know each other's faces: for he knows no more of mine than I of yours; Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine: Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Hast.* I thank his grace, I know he loves: But, for his purpose in the coronation, I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd His gracious pleasure any way therein: But you, my honourable lords, may name the And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Ely.* In happy time, here comes the duke

*Glo.* My noble lords and cousins all, good I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust, My absence doth neglect no great design, Which by my presence might have been con-

*Buck.* Had you not come upon your cue, William lord Hastings had pronounc'd you I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the

*Glo.* Than my lord Hastings no man bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me: My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn I saw good strawberries in your garden there I do beseech you send for some of them.

*Ely.* Marry and will, my lord, with all

*Glo.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with [Take]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our busi- And finds the testy gentleman so hot That he will lose his head, ere give consent His master's child, as worshipfully he term: Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go [Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM]

*Stan.* We have not yet set down this day To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden For I myself am not so well provided, As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.*

*Ely.* Where is my lord the duke of Gloster sent for these strawberries.

*Hast.* His grace looks cheerfully and morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well: When that he bids good morrow with such I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom Can lesser hide his love or hate than he; For by his face straight shall you know his

*Stan.* What of his heart perceive you in? By any livelihood<sup>c</sup> he show'd to-day?

*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he For were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM*

*Glo.* I pray you all, tell me what they do That do conspire my death with devilish Of damned witchcraft; and that have pre Upon my body with their bellish charms

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace Makes me most forward in this princely To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be: I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glo.* Then be your eyes the witness of: Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up: And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous

<sup>c</sup> *Livelihood*—liveliness—cheerfulness

with that harlot, strumpet Shore,  
 for witchcraft thus have marked me.  
 they have done this deed, my noble lord,—  
 thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
 is to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor :—  
 head :—now, by saint Paul I swear,  
 line until I see the same!  
 Ratcliff, look that it be done;  
 if love me, rise, and follow me.  
 Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.  
 Oe, woe for England! not a whit for me;  
 and, might have prevented this:  
 dream the boar did rase his helm;  
 corn it, and disdain'd to fly.  
 to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
 when he look'd upon the Tower,  
 ear me to the slaughterhouse.  
 and the priest that spake to me:  
 if I told the pursuivant,  
 sphing, how mine enemies  
 tomfret bloodily were butcher'd,  
 if secure in grace and favour.  
 t, Margaret! now thy heavy curse  
 a poor Hastings' wretched head.  
 ae, come, despatch, the duke would be at  
 inner;  
 it shrift, he longs to see your head.  
 momentary grace of mortal men,  
 more hunt for than the grace of God!  
 his hope in air of your good looks,  
 a drunken sailor on a mast;  
 every nod, to tumble down  
 all bowels of the deep.  
 oe, come, despatch; 't is bootless to exclaim.  
 bloody Richard!—miserable England!  
 the fearfull'st time to thee  
 wretched age hath look'd upon.  
 me to the block, bear him my head:  
 at me who shortly shall be dead. [Exeunt.

E. V.—*The same. The Tower Walls.*

ETER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour,  
*marvellous ill-favoured.*  
 ne, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy  
 colour,  
 thy breath in middle of a word,  
 gain begin, and stop again,  
 vert distraught and mad with terror?  
 at, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
 look back, and pry on every side,  
 and start at wagging of a straw,  
 deep suspicion: ghastly looks  
 service, like enforced smiles;  
 we ready in their offices,  
 ye, to grace my stratagems.  
 Catesby gone?  
 is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.  
 ter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY  
 and mayor,—  
 k to the drawbridge there.  
 ark! a drum.  
 mby, o'erlook the walls.  
 and Mayor, the reason we have sent—  
 k back, defend thee, here are enemies.  
 ed and our innocency defend and guard us!  
 EL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS'S head.  
 patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.  
 e is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
 he quaint stage direction of the folio edition of  
 —pretending.

The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.  
 I took him for the plainest harmless creature  
 That breath'd upon the earth a christian;  
 Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
 The history of all her secret thoughts:  
 So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,  
 That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—  
 I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—  
 He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor  
 That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,  
 (Were 't not that, by great preservation,  
 We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor  
 This day had plotted, in the council-house,  
 To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?  
 Or that we would, against the form of law,  
 Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,  
 But that the extreme peril of the case,  
 The peace of England, and our persons' safety,  
 Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;  
 And your good graces both have well proceeded,  
 To warn false traitors from the like attempts.  
 I never look'd for better at his hands,  
 After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Glo. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,  
 Until your lordship came to see his end;  
 Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
 Something against our meaning, hath prevented:  
 Because, my lord, we would have had you heard  
 The traitor speak, and timorously confess  
 The manner and the purpose of his treasons;  
 That you might well have signified the same  
 Unto the citizens, who, haply, may  
 Misconster us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall  
 serve

As well as I had seen and heard him speak:  
 And do not doubt, right noble princes both,  
 But I 'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
 With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,  
 To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,  
 Yet witness what you hear we did intend:  
 And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
 The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:  
 There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
 Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:  
 Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,  
 Only for saying he would make his son  
 Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,  
 Which by the sign thereof was termed so.  
 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
 And bestial appetite in change of lust;  
 Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,  
 Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,  
 Without control lusted to make a prey.  
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—  
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
 Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,  
 My princely father, then had wars in France;  
 And, by true computation of the time,  
 Found that the issue was not his begot;  
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father:  
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;  
 Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

*Buck.* Doubt not, my lord: I'll play the orator,  
As if the golden fee for which I plead  
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.  
*Glo.* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's  
castle;  
Where you shall find me well accompanied  
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.  
*Buck.* I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,  
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]  
*Glo.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw.  
Go thou [*to* CATE.] to friar Penker;—bid them both  
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.  
[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]  
Now will I go, to take some privy order  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;  
And to give order, that no manner person<sup>a</sup>  
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Street.**Enter a Scrivener.*

*Scriv.* Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;  
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:  
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,  
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;  
The precedent was full as long a doing;  
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,  
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.  
Here 's a good world the while! Who is so gross  
That cannot see this palpable device?  
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?  
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,  
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.**Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.*

*Glo.* How now, how now? what say the citizens?  
*Buck.* Now by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The citizens are mum, say not a word.  
*Glo.* Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?  
*Buck.* I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,  
And his contract by deputy in France:  
The insatiate greediness of his desire,  
And his enforcement of the city wives;  
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,  
As being got, your father then in France;  
And his resemblance being not like the duke.  
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,  
Being the right idea of your father,  
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;  
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;  
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose  
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.  
And, when my oratory grew toward<sup>b</sup> end,  
I bade them that did love their country's good  
Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal king!"  
*Glo.* And did they so?  
*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word;  
But, like dumb statues<sup>c</sup> or breathing stones,  
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.  
Which when I saw I reprehended them;  
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:

<sup>a</sup> *No manner person.* This is the reading of the folio, and is a common idiom of our old language.

<sup>b</sup> *Toward,* in the folio; the quartos, *to an.*

<sup>c</sup> *Statues.* The word here, as well as in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" (Act IV. Scene 4), probably means *picture.*

His answer was, the people were not used  
To be spoke to but by the recorder.  
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—  
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke  
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine  
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their cap  
And some ten voices cried, "God save king  
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—  
"Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends," quoth  
"This general applause, and cheerful shout  
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Rich  
And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glo.* What tongueless blocks were they  
they not speak?  
Will not the mayor then and his brethren  
*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand: intend  
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:  
And look you, get a prayer-book in your hand  
And stand between two churchmen, good man  
For on that ground I'll make a holy descent  
And be not easily won to our requests;  
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and  
*Glo.* I go: And if you plead as well for  
As I can say nay to thee for myself,  
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

*Buck.* Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor  
[*Exit.*]  
*Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and*  
Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance  
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter from the castle, CATESBY.*  
Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my  
*Cate.* He doth entreat your grace, my lord,  
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers  
Divinely bent to meditation:  
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buck.* Return, good Catesby, to the grace  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen  
In deep designs, in matter of great moment  
No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his

*Cate.* I'll signify so much unto him  
*Buck.* Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not  
He is not lulling on a lewd love-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation;  
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,  
But meditating with two deep divines;  
Not sleeping, to engross<sup>a</sup> his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:  
Happy were England would this virtuous  
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof:  
But, sure, I fear we shall not win him to it.

*May.* Marry, God defend his grace  
may!

*Buck.* I fear he will: Here Catesby comes  
*Re-enter CATESBY.*

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?  
*Cate.* He wonders to what end you have  
Such troops of citizens to come to him,  
His grace not being warn'd thereof before;  
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

*Buck.* Sorry I am my noble cousin should  
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:  
By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love  
And so once more return and tell his grace,  
When holy and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 't is much to draw them  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

<sup>a</sup> *Engross*—to make gross.

seen, in a gallery above, between Two  
 Bishops. CATBY returns.  
 where his grace stands 'tween two clergy-  
 !  
 props of virtue for a Christian prince,  
 rom the fall of vanity :  
 ok of prayer in his hand ;  
 ts to know a holy man.  
 agenet, most gracious prince,  
 de ear to our requests ;  
 s the interruption  
 n and right Christian zeal.  
 rd, there needs no such apology ;  
 our grace to pardon me,  
 n the service of my God,  
 sitation of my friends.  
 is, what is your grace's pleasure ?  
 i that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,  
 men of this ungovern'd isle.  
 spect I have done some offence,  
 gracious in the city's eye ;  
 come to reprehend my ignorance.  
 have, my lord : Would it might please  
 grace,  
 ies, to amend your fault !  
 herefore breathe I in a christian land ?  
 e, then, it is your fault, that you resign  
 eat, the throne majestical,  
 ffice of your ancestors,  
 betune, and your due of birth,  
 ry of your royal house,  
 ion of a blemish'd stock :  
 mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
 re waken to our country's good,)  
 doth want her proper limbs ;  
 'd with scars of infamy,  
 k graft with ignoble plants,  
 oalder'd in the swallowing gulf  
 fulness and deep oblivion.  
 re we heartily solicit  
 self to take on you the charge  
 ervention of this your land :  
 e, steward, substitute,  
 r for another's gain ;  
 ively, from blood to blood,  
 irth, your empery, your own,  
 rted with the citizens,  
 shipful and loving friends,  
 ebement instigation,  
 se come I to move your grace.  
 ot tell, if to depart in silence,  
 peak in your reproof,  
 degree, or your condition :  
 e, you might haply think,  
 abition, not replying, yielded  
 den yoke of sovereignty,  
 you would here impose on me ;  
 as for this suit of yours,  
 h your faithful love to me,  
 her side, I check'd my friends.  
 speak, and to avoid the first ;  
 eaking, not to incur the last,—  
 as I answer you.  
 ves my thanks ; but my desert  
 uns your high request.  
 iacles were cut away,  
 sth were even to the crown,  
 use and due of birth ;  
 my poverty of spirit,  
 as many, my defects,  
 ither hide me from my greatness,  
 ebrook no mighty sea,  
 satzness covet to be hid,

And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;  
 (And much I need to help you, were there need ;)  
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
 Will well become the seat of majesty,  
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
 On him I lay that you would lay on me,  
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,  
 Which God defend that I should wring from him !

*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;  
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
 All circumstances well considered.  
 You say that Edward is your brother's son ;  
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :  
 For first was he contract to lady Lucy,—  
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;  
 And afterwards by substitute betroth'd  
 To Bona, sister to the king of France.  
 These both put off, a poor petitioner,  
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,  
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,  
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree  
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy ;  
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got  
 This Edward, whom our manners call the prince  
 More bitterly could I expostulate,  
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,  
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity :  
 If not to bless us and the land withal,  
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
 From the corruption of abusing time,  
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

*May.* Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

*Cate.* O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

*Glo.* Alas, why would you heap this care on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,

Loth to depose the child, your brother's son,

As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And equally, indeed, to all estates,—

Yet know, wher you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house.

And in this resolution here we leave you ;—

Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

*Glo.* O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exeunt BUCK, and Citizens.*]

*Cate.* Call them again, sweet prince, accept their

suit ;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

*Glo.* Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?

Call them again ; I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [ *Exit CATE* ]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To bear her burthen, wher I will or no,

I must have patience to endure the load :

But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,

Attend the sequel of your imposition,

Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me

From all the impure blots and stains thereof:  
For God doth know, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.

*May.* God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

*Glo.* In saying so you shall but say the truth.

*Buck.* Then I salute you with this royal title,—  
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

*All.* Amen.

*Buck.* To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd.  
*Glo.* Even when you please, for you will be so.

*Buck.* To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace,  
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

*Glo.* Come, let us to our holy work again:—

[*To the B*  
Farewell, my cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

*Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUIS OF DORSET; on the other, ANNE DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young daughter.*

*Duch.* Who meets us here?—my niece<sup>a</sup> Plantagenet,  
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?

Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,  
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.  
Daughter, well met.

*Anne.* God give your graces both  
A happy and a joyful time of day!

*Q. Eliz.* As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

*Anne.* No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

*Q. Eliz.* Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

*Enter BRAKENBURY.*

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.  
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

*Brak.* Right well, dear madam: By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

*Q. Eliz.* The king! who's that?

*Brak.* I mean the lord protector.

*Q. Eliz.* The Lord protect him from that kingly title!  
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?  
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

*Duch.* I am their father's mother, I will see them.

*Anne.* Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:  
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

*Brak.* No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;  
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,  
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,  
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.  
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.*

There to be crown'd Richard's royal queen.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, cut my lace asunder!  
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,  
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

*Anne.* Despiteful tidings! O displeasing news!

*Dor.* Be of good cheer: Mother, how fares your grace?  
*Q. Eliz.* O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,  
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children:  
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.  
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughterhouse,

<sup>a</sup> Niece—grand-daughter. In 'Othello' nephews are put for grandchildren.

Lest thou increase the number of the dead;  
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,  
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

*Stan.* Full of wise care is this your counsel,  
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;  
You shall have letters from me to my son  
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Duch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery!  
O my accursed womb, the bed of death:  
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavoyd eye is murderous!

*Stan.* Come, madam, come; I in all haste  
*Anne.* And I with all unwillingness will go.  
O, would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow  
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!

Anointed let me be with deadly venom;  
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

*Q. Eliz.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy grief  
To feed my humour: wish thyself no harm.

*Anne.* No! why?—When he that is my husband  
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his  
Which issued from my other angel husband,  
And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd  
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,  
This was my wish,—“Be thou,” quoth I, “a  
For making me, so young, so old a widow!  
And when thou wedd'st let sorrow haunt thy life  
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)  
More miserable by the life of thee,  
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death.  
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Within so small a time, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,  
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,  
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:  
For never yet one hour in his bed  
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.  
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Q. Eliz.* Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaint.  
*Anne.* No more than with my soul I mourn for thee.  
*Dor.* Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of plagues!

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of me!  
*Duch.* Go thou to Richmond, and good farewell  
thee!

[*To the B*  
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!

[*To the B*  
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

[*To the B*  
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me,  
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,  
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of morn'<sup>a</sup>

*Q. Eliz.* Stay; yet look back, with me, to  
Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes

<sup>a</sup> Tears—sorrow.

ath immur'd within your walls!  
for such little pretty ones!  
nurse! old sullen playfellow  
aces, use my babies well!  
ow bids your stones farewell. [Exit.]

L.—A Room of State in the Palace.

*Knocks.* RICHARD, as King, upon his  
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and

and all apart. Cousin of Buckingham,—  
gracious sovereign.

Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy  
ce,

ance, is king Richard seated:  
wear these glories for a day?

last, and we rejoice in them?  
live they, and for ever let them last!

Oh, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,<sup>a</sup>  
be current gold, indeed:

ard lives:—Think now what I would  
c.

on, my loving lord.  
Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.

Oh, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.  
Oh! am I king? 'T is so: but Edward

Oh, noble prince.

O bitter consequence,  
still should live!—True, noble prince!—

fast not wont to be so dull:  
in? I wish the bastards dead;

have it suddenly perform'd.  
You now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Oh, grace may do your pleasure.  
But, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness

es:  
Oh, consent that they shall die?

Give me some little breath, some pause, dear

Oh, I speak in this:  
You herein presently. [Exit BUCK.]

king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.  
[Aside.]

will converse with iron-witted fools,  
[Descends from his throne.]

Oh, give boys; none are for me  
me with considerate eyes.

Buckingham grows circumspect.

Oh, I know'st thou not any whom corrupting

Oh, into a close exploit of death?  
Oh, now a discontented gentleman,

Oh, means match not his haughty spirit:  
Oh, good as twenty orators,

Oh, doubt, tempt him to anything.  
Oh, what is his name?

Oh, His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

Oh, partly know the man: Go, call him hi-  
boy. [Exit Page.]

Oh, wing witty Buckingham  
Oh, be the neighbour to my counsels:

Oh, eg held out with me untir'd,  
Oh, how for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

Oh, Stanley? what 's the news?  
Oh, my loving lord,

Oh, <sup>a</sup> Touch—touchstone.  
Oh, <sup>b</sup> Unrespective—inconsiderate

The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled  
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad  
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;

I will take order for her keeping close.  
Inquire me out some mean, poor gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter.—  
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out  
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:

About it; for it stands me much upon,  
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[Exit CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!  
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?  
Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?  
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?  
Tyr. Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,  
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon:  
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come  
hither, Tyrrel:

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:  
[Whispers.]

There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [Exit.]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
The late request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Rich-  
mond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.  
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well look  
unto it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,  
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;

The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,  
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey  
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?  
K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth

Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—  
Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that  
time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?  
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,

And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,  
Because a bard of Ireland told me once

I should not live long after I saw Richmond.  
Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what 's o'clock?  
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind

Of what you promis'd me.



*K. Rich.* Well, but what 's o'clock ?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why, let it strike ?

*K. Rich.* Because that, like a Jack,<sup>a</sup> thou keep'st the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.

*K. Rich.* Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and Train.*]

*Buck.* And is it thus ? repays he my deep service  
With such contempt ? made I him king for this ?

O, let me think on Hastings ; and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter TYRREL.*

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,  
Wept like to children, in their death's sad story.  
" O thus," quoth Dighton, " lay the gentle babes,"—  
" Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, " girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms ;  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
And, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay :  
Which once," quoth Forrest, " almost chang'd my mind ;  
But, O, the devil"—there the villain stopp'd ;  
When Dighton thus told on,—" we smothered  
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,  
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."—  
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse ;  
They could not speak : and so I left them both,  
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

*Enter KING RICHARD.*

And here he comes :—All health, my sovereign lord !

*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy news ?

*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done.

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead ?

*Tyr.* I did, my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;  
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,  
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.  
Farewell till then.

*Tyr.* I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

*K. Rich.* The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;  
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom ;  
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.  
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,  
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

*Rat.* My lord !

*K. Rich.* Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so  
bluntly ?

<sup>a</sup> The " Jack of the Clock-house " was an automaton, which struck the hour upon a bell.

*Rat.* Bad news, my lord : Morton is  
mond ;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hard  
Is in the field, and still his power increas'd

*K. Rich.* Ely with Richmond troubles  
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied  
Come,—I have learn'd that fearful commotion  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;  
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd be  
Then fiery expedition be my wing,  
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !  
Go, muster men : my counsel is my shield  
We must be brief when traitors brave the

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before*

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death  
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd  
To watch the waning of mine enemies.  
A dire induction am I witness to,  
And will to France ; hoping the consequence  
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical  
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret ! w

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the Duke*

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my  
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweet  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings,  
And hear your mother's lamentation !

*Q. Mar.* Hover about her ; say, that  
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged

*Duch.* So many miseries have cras'd  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still an  
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

*Q. Mar.* Plantagenet doth quit Plant  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

*Q. Eliz.* Wilt thou, O God, fly from  
lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the  
When didst thou sleep when such a de

*Q. Mar.* When holy Harry died, am  
*Duch.* Dead life, blind sight, poor

ghost,  
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due  
Brief abstract and record of tedious day  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful ea

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, that thou wouldst as soon  
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat ;  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest th  
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but

[*Sings*]  
*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most  
Give mine the benefit of seniority,<sup>a</sup>

And let my griefs frown on the upper lip  
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting*]  
[*Tell o'er your woes again by viewing*]  
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd  
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd  
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard  
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kil

*Duch.* I had a Richard too, and thou  
I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill

*Q. Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too,  
kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath  
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to de  
That dog, that had his teeth before his ey

<sup>a</sup> Seniority—seniority.

be, and lap their gentle blood ;  
 acer of God's handiwork,  
 galled eyes of weeping souls ;  
 t grand tyrant of the earth,  
 t loose, to chase us to our graves.  
 st, and true-disposing God,  
 nk thee, that this carnal cur  
 ssue of his mother's body,  
 e pew-fellow<sup>a</sup> with others' moan !  
 Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes ;  
 ith me, I have wept for thine.  
 ear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,  
 oy me with beholding it.  
 he is dead that kill'd my Edward ;  
 ward dead, to quit my Edward ;  
 he is but boot,<sup>b</sup> because both they  
 high perfection of my loss.  
 he is dead that stabb'd my Edward ;  
 ders of this frantic play,  
 e Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
 ther'd in their dusky graves.  
 ves, hell's black intelligencer ;  
 their factor, to buy souls,  
 n thither : But at hand, at hand,  
 sons and unpitied end :  
 sell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
 suddenly convey'd from hence :  
 ad of life, dear God, I pray,  
 ve to say, the dog is dead !  
 thou didst prophesy the time would come  
 wish for thee to help me curse  
 pider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.  
 ll'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune ;  
 hen, poor shadow, painted queen ;  
 on of but what I was,  
 index of a direful pageant,  
 high, to be hurl'd down below :  
 mock'd with two fair babes ;  
 hat thou wast ; a garish flag,  
 of every dangerous shot ;  
 ity, a breath, a bubble ;  
 st, only to fill the scene.  
 husband now ? where be thy brothers ?  
 two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?  
 I kneels, and says—God save the queen ?  
 bending peers that flatter'd thee ?  
 thronging troops that follow'd thee ?  
 is, and see what now thou art.  
 e, a most distressed widow ;  
 her, one that wails the name ;  
 sued to, one that humbly sues ;  
 ery caitiff crown'd with care ;  
 orn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;  
 fear'd of all, now fearing one ;  
 nding all, obey'd of none.  
 course of justice whirl'd about,  
 ut a very prey to time ;  
 re but thought of what thou wast,  
 the more, being what thou art.  
 up my place, and dost thou not  
 proportion of my sorrow ?  
 neck bears half my burthen'd yoke ;  
 en here I slip my wearied head,  
 burthen of it all on thee.  
 's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—  
 woes shall make me smile in France.  
 thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,  
 how to curse mine enemies.  
 sbear to sleep the night, and fast the  
  
 happiness with living woe ;  
 companion—occupiers of the same seat.  
 gain the phrase to boot, something added ; into  
 e also still say.

Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,  
 And he that slew them fouler than he is ;  
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse ;  
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Q. Eliz.* My words are dull, O quicken them with thine !

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [Exit *Q. Mar.*]

*Duch.* Why should calamity be full of words ?

*Q. Eliz.* Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,  
 Poor breathing orators of miseries !

Let them have scope : though what they do impart  
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

*Duch.* If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with me,  
 And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother  
 My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Trumpet within.]  
 The trumpet sounds,—be copious in exclams.

*Enter KING RICHARD, and his Train, marching.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

*Duch.* O, she that might have intercepted thee,  
 By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

*Q. Eliz.* Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,  
 The slaughter of the prince that ow'd<sup>a</sup> that crown,  
 And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers ?  
 Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children ?

*Duch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

*Q. Eliz.* Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ?

*Duch.* Where is kind Hastings ?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets !—strike alarum, drums !

Let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed : Strike, I say.

[Flourish. Alarums.]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,  
 Or with the clamorous report of war  
 Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Duch.* Art thou my son ?

*K. Rich.* Ay ; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

*Duch.* Then patiently hear my impatience.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
 That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Duch.* O, let me speak.

*K. Rich.* Do, then ; but I 'll not hear.

*Duch.* I will be mild and gentle in my words.

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

*Duch.* Art thou so hasty ? I have stay'd for thee,  
 God knows, in torment and in agony.

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you ?

*Duch.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,  
 Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me ;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous ;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company ?

*K. Rich.* 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hower, that  
 call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—

Strike up the drum.

<sup>a</sup> *Uu d*—owned.

*Duch.* I prithee, hear me speak.

*K. Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Duch.* Hear me a word,  
For I shall never speak to thee again.

*K. Rich.* So.

*Duch.* Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,  
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;  
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,  
And never more behold thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse;  
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more  
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight:  
And there the little souls of Edward's children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;  
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*]

*Q. Eliz.* Though far more cause, yet much less  
spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her. [*Going.*]

*K. Rich.* Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

*Q. Eliz.* I have no more sons of the royal blood  
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,  
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;  
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*K. Rich.* You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

*Q. Eliz.* And must she die for this? O, let her live,  
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;  
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;  
Throw over her the veil of infamy:

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

*K. Rich.* Wrong not her birth, she is a royal princess.

*Q. Eliz.* To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her life is safest only in her birth.

*Q. Eliz.* And only in that safety died her brothers.

*K. Rich.* Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

*Q. Eliz.* No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

*K. Rich.* All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

*Q. Eliz.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny:  
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,  
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

*K. Rich.* You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

*Q. Eliz.* Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd  
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life,  
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:  
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,  
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief fame,  
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys  
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;  
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,  
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,  
And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
As I intend more good to you and yours,  
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd!

*Q. Eliz.* What good is cover'd with the face of  
heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good?

*K. Rich.* The advancement of your children, gentle  
lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

*K. Rich.* Unto the dignity and height of fortune,  
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Q. Eliz.* Flatter my sorrow with report of it;

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,  
thou demise to any child of mine?

*Ch.* Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,

Will I withal endow a child of thine;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those  
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

*Q. Eliz.* Be brief, lest that the process of  
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

*K. Rich.* Then know, that, from my soul  
daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* My daughter's mother thinks it

*K. Rich.* What do you think?

*Q. Eliz.* That thou dost love my daughter  
soul:

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her  
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound us  
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter  
And do intend to make her queen of England

*Q. Eliz.* Well then, who dost thou mean  
king?

*K. Rich.* Even he that makes her queen  
should be?

*Q. Eliz.* What, thou?

*K. Rich.* Even so: How thinkest thou?

*Q. Eliz.* How canst thou woo her?

*K. Rich.* That I would

As one being best acquainted with her humors

*Q. Eliz.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*K. Rich.* Madam, with all my heart.

*Q. Eliz.* Send to her, by the man that  
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave  
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she

Therefore present to her,—as sometime Marston  
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood

A handkerchief; which, say to her, did she  
The purple sap from her sweet brother's blood

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.

If this inducement move her not to love,

Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;

Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence  
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,

Mad'st quick conveyance with her good son  
*K. Rich.* You mock me, madam; this is  
To win your daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* There is no other way

Unless thou couldst put on some other shape  
And not be Richard that hath done all this

*K. Rich.* Say, that I did all this for love

*Q. Eliz.* Nay, then indeed, she cannot  
hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody price  
*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot be undone

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter  
A grandam's name is little less in love

Than is the doting title of a mother;  
They are as children but one step below.

Even of your mettle, of your very blood;  
Of all one pain,—save for a night of grief

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like some  
Your children were vexation to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.  
The loss, you have, is but a son being king.

And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen  
I cannot make you what amends I would.

Therefore accept such kindness as I can.  
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,

Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,  
This fair alliance quickly shall call home

emotions and great dignity :  
 hat calls your beauteous daughter wife,  
 shall call thy Dorset brother ;  
 you be mother to a king,  
 ruins of distressful times  
 th double riches of content,  
 have many goodly days to see :  
 drops of tears that you have shed  
 again, transform'd to orient pearl :  
 or their loan, with interest  
 a double gain of happiness.  
 y mother, to thy daughter go ;  
 her bashful years with your experience ;  
 ears to hear a wooer's tale ;  
 tender heart the aspiring flame  
 ov'reignty ; acquaint the princess  
 rest silent hours of marriage joys :  
 his arm of mine hath chastised  
 bel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,  
 triumphant garlands will I come,  
 y daughter to a conqueror's bed ;  
 will retail my conquest won,  
 ll be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.  
 What were I best to say ? her father's brother  
 er lord ? Or shall I say, her uncle ?  
 dew her brothers and her uncles ?  
 title shall I woo for thee,  
 he law, my honour, and her love,  
 seem pleasing to her tender years ?  
 Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.  
 Which she shall purchase with still lasting  
 ar.

Tell her, the king, that may command,  
 treats.

That at her hands which the king's King  
 bids.

Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.  
 To wail the title, as her mother doth.

Say, I will love her everlastingly.  
 But how long shall that title, ever, last ?  
 Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

But how long fairly shall her sweet life last ?  
 As long as Heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.  
 Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

But she, your subject, loathes such sov-  
 gnty.

Be eloquent in my behalf to her.  
 An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.  
 Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.  
 O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;—

d dead, poor infants, in their graves.  
 Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.

Harp on it still shall I, till heartstrings break.  
 Now, by my George, my garter, and my

own,—  
 profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.  
 I swear.

By nothing : for this is no oath.  
 profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour ;

blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;  
 usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory ;

thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,  
 or something that thou hast not wrong'd.

Then, by myself,—  
 Thyself is self-misused.

Now, by the world,—  
 T is full of thy foul wrongs.

My father's death,—  
 Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

Why then, by Heaven,—  
 Heaven's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with Him,  
 The unity the king my husband made  
 Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.  
 If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,  
 The imperial metal, circling now thy head,  
 Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;  
 And both the princes had been breathing here,  
 Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,  
 Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.  
 What canst thou swear by now ?

*K. Rich.* The time to come.

*Q. Eliz.* That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast ;  
 For I myself have many tears to wash

Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.  
 The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age ;  
 The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.  
 Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast

Misused ere used, by times ill-used o'er-past.  
*K. Rich.* As I intend to prosper, and repent,

So thrive I in my dangerous affairs  
 Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !

Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours !  
 Day, yield me not thy light, nor night, thy rest !

Be opposite all planets of good luck  
 To my proceeding ! if, with dear heart's love,

Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !

In her consists my happiness, and thine ;  
 Without her, follows to myself, and thee,

Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,  
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay :

It cannot be avoided but by this ;  
 It will not be avoided but by this.

Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)  
 Be the attorney of my love to her.

Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;  
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :

Urge the necessity and state of times,  
 And be not peevish found in great designs.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?  
*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I forget myself, to be myself ?  
*K. Rich.* Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong your-

self.  
*Q. Eliz.* Yet, thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I bury them  
 Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed

Selves of themselves to your recomforture.  
*Q. Eliz.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.  
*Q. Eliz.* I go.—Write to me very shortly,

And you shall understand from me her mind.  
*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiss, and so fare-

well. [*Kissing her.* Exit *Q. Eliz.*  
 Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman !  
 How now ? what news ?

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

*Rat.* Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast  
 Rideth a puissant navy to our shores

Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
 Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back :

'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral ;  
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.  
*K. Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the duke of

Norfolk :—  
 Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby ; where is he ?

*Cate.* Here, my good lord.  
*K. Rich.* Catesby, fly to the duke.

*Cate.* I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.  
*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, come hither : Post to Salisbury ;

When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmiadful villain,  
 [To CATESBY.]  
 Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

*Cate.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* O, true, good Catesby:—Bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power that he can make,  
 And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

*Cate.* I go. [Exit.]

*Rat.* What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

*K. Rich.* Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?

*Rat.* Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

*K. Rich.* My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

*Stan.* None good, my liege, to please you with the bearing;

Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

*K. Rich.* Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about,

When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

*Stan.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

*Stan.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, as you guess?

*Stan.* Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,  
 He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

*K. Rich.* Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

*Stan.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

*K. Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

*Stan.* No, my good lord, therefore mistrust me not.

*K. Rich.* Where is thy power then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe conducting the rebels from their ships?

*Stan.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

*K. Rich.* Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

*Stan.* They have not been commanded, mighty king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,

Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

*K. Rich.* Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:

But I'll not trust thee.

*Stan.* Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;

I never was, nor never will be, false.

*K. Rich.* Go then, and muster men. But leave behind

Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stan.* So deal with him as I prove true to you.

[Exit STANLEY.]

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well advertised,

Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate

Rashop of Exeter, his elder brother,

With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

*2 Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guillon

And every hour more competitors\*

Flock to the rebels, and their power grow

Enter another Messenger.

*3 Mess.* My lord, the army of great B

*K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing

death?

There, take thou that, till thou bring bett

*3 Mess.* The news I have to tell your

Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of w

Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scat

And he himself wander'd away alone,

No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* I cry thee mercy

There is my purse, to cure that blow of t

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd

Reward to him that brings the traitor in!

*3 Mess.* Such proclamation hath be

liege.

Enter another Messenger.

*4 Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord r

'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in

But this good comfort bring I to your hig

The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempe

Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a ban

Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks

If they were his assistants, yea, or no;

Who answer'd him, they came from Bnc

Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,

Hois'd sail, and made his course again f

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since

arms;

If not to fight with foreign enemies,

Yet to beat down these rebels here at hon

Enter CATESBY.

*Cate.* My liege, the duke of Buckingh

That is the best news. That the earl of

Is with a mighty power landed at Milfor

Is colder news, but yet they must be told

*K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury; w

here

A royal battle might be won and lost:

Some one take order Buckingham be hro

To Salisbury;—the rest march on with a

SCENE V.—A Room in Lord Stanl

Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER

*Stan.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond th

That, in the sty of this most bloody bear,

My son George Stanley is frank'd up in l

If I revolt, off goes young George's head;

The fear of that holds off my present aid.

So, get thee gone; commend me to thy lie

Withal, say, that the queen hath heartily

He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

But, tell me, where is princely Richmond

*Chris.* At Pembroke, or at Harford-we

*Stan.* What men of name resort to him?

*Chris.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned

Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;

Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James El

And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant cre

And many other of great name and we

And towards London do they bend their p

If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Stan.* Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss

My letter will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell.

\* Competitors—associates.

## ACT V.

E. I.—Salisbury. *An open place.*

With the Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Not king Richard let me speak with him?  
My good lord: therefore be patient.  
Kings, and Edward's children, Grey, and  
Mary, and thy fair son Edward,  
All that have miscarried  
Corrupted foul injustice!  
Noble discontented souls  
Behold this present hour,  
Which mocks my destruction!  
This day, fellow, is it not?  
My lord.

Then All-Souls' day is my body's  
Sad day.

Which, in king Edward's time,  
Fell on me, when I was found  
A traitor, and his wife's allies:  
Wherein I wish'd to fall  
From him whom most I trusted:  
All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,  
To'd respite of my wrongs.  
Where which I dallied with  
My feigned prayer on my bead,  
Earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
Once the swords of wicked men  
Went points on their masters' bosoms:  
My curse falls heavy on my neck,—  
"Faith she," "shall split thy heart with  
"Margaret was a prophetess."—  
My officers, to the block of shame;  
I did wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

E. II.—*Plain near Tamworth.*

With the colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD,  
BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and  
Forces, marching.

Arise in arms, and my most loving friends,  
To smother the yoke of tyranny,  
Which bows the bowels of the land  
To'd on without impediment;  
Which we from our father Stanley  
Received comfort and encouragement.  
Ours is bloody, and usurping boar,  
Which on summer fields and fruitful vines,  
Runs blood like wash, and makes his trough  
With hell'd bosoms,—this foul swine  
Lies in the centre of this isle,  
Which men of Leicester, as we learn:  
Which thither is but one day's march.  
Which cheerly on, courageous friends,  
To rest of perpetual peace  
Noble trial of sharp war.  
Which man's conscience is a thousand men,  
Which doth this bloody homicide.

Which doth not but his friends will turn to us,  
Which doth no friends but what are friends for

Which nearest need, will fly from him.  
Which for our vantage. Then, in God's name,  
Which doth:

Which doth visit, and flies with swallow's wings,  
Which doth gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD and Forces; the DUKE OF  
NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth  
field.

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk!

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: Ha! must  
we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent*

But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR  
WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords.

Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,  
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford, you, sir William Brandon,

And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:  
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;<sup>a</sup>

Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,  
And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent:

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;

Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,

(Which well I am assur'd I have not done,)

His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,

Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,  
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,  
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;

In to my tent, the dew is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK,  
RATOLIFF, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord;

It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.

<sup>a</sup> Keeps his regiment. The word *regiment* is several times  
used in this scene in the sense of a body of men, under the com-  
mand (regiment) of a particular captain.

Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was?

And all my armour laid into my tent?

*Cate.* It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff!

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power

Before sunrise, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch!<sup>a</sup> [*To CAT.*

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northum-

berland?

*Rat.* Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,

Much about cock-shut<sup>b</sup> time, from troop to troop,

Went through the army cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my guard watch; leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent,

And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*K. RICH. retires into his tent. Exit RAT. and CATE.*

*RICHMOND'S tent opens, and discovers him and his*

*Officers, &c.*

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm.* All comfort that the dark night can afford

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me how fares our noble mother?

*Stan.* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good:

So much for that. The silent hours steal on,

And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,

Prepare thy battle early in the morning;

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement

Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.

I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot,)

With best advantage will deceive the time,

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:

But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George

Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,

And ample interchange of sweet discourse,

Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;

God give us leisure for these rites of love!

Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!

*Richm.* Good lords, conduct him to his regiment

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;

Lest leaden slumber peise<sup>c</sup> me down to-morrow,

<sup>a</sup> *A watch.* The verb *give*—and the subsequent expression “bid my guard watch”—show that Richard is not asking for a sentinel, as some have supposed. The *watch* is the *watch-light*. The night-candle was divided by marks to indicate how long it had burned.

<sup>b</sup> *Cock-shut.* We incline to think that *cock-shut time* is equivalent to *cock-roost time*—the hour at which the cock goes to rest. As morning is *cock-crow*, evening may by a parallel image be *cock-shut*.

<sup>c</sup> *Peise me down*—weigh me down.

When I should mount with wings of victory

Once more, good night, kind lords and gentle

men! [*Exit Lords, &c., with*

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,

Look on my forces with a gracious eye;

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of war

That they may crush down with a heavy fall

The usurping helmets of our adversaries!

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy victory!

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;

Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!

*The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to HENRY*

*SIXTH, rises between the two tents.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.

[*To KING RICHARD.*

Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime

At Tewksbury: Despair therefore, and die!

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wrongs

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:

King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*The Ghost of KING HENRY THE SIXTH rises.*

*Ghost.* When I was mortal, my anointed

son, King Richard, did me wrong.

[*To KING RICHARD.*

By thee was punched full of deadly holes.

Think on the Tower and me: Despair, and die!

Harry the sixth bids thee despair, and die!

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,

Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: Live, and reign!

*The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.

[*To KING RICHARD.*

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome water,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:

Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and reign!

*The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise.*

*Riv.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.

[*To KING RICHARD.*

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy sword

fall: Despair, and die!

*Vaugh.* Think upon Vaughan; and, with me,

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!

*All.* Awake! and think, our wrongs will

conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

*The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.*

*Ghost.* Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake!

[*To KING RICHARD.*

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake!

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

*The Ghosts of the two young Princes of Wales rise.*

*Ghosts.* Dream on thy cousins smooth sleep,

And bid thee bid within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die!

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and with thee

Good angels guard thee from the hour of attack!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings!

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish!

*The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE rises.*

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,  
Lest a quiet hour with thee,  
I sleep with perturbations:  
In the battle think on me,  
Edgeless sword: Despair, and die!—  
Thou soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;  
[To RICHM.]  
Success and happy victory;  
My wife doth pray for thee.

*The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.*

The first was I that help'd thee to the crown:  
[To K. RICH.]

I that felt thy tyranny:  
Noble think on Buckingham,  
Error of thy guiltiness!  
Ream on, of bloody deeds and death!  
Despair; despairing, yield thy breath!  
I hope, ere I could lend thee aid: [To RICHM.]  
My heart, and be thou not dismay'd:  
I'd angels fight on Richmond's side;  
I fall in height of all his pride. [The  
twink.] K. RICH. starts out of his dream.

Give me another horse,—bind up my  
wounds,—

Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.  
In science, how dost thou afflict me!  
My blue.—It is now dead midnight.  
Drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
Fear myself? there's none else by:  
'Tis Richard; that is, I am I.  
Wherever here? No;—Yes; I am:  
What, from myself? Great reason: Why?  
None. What? Myself upon myself?  
Myself. Wherefore? for any good  
I have done unto myself?  
I rather hate myself,  
Deeds committed by myself.  
None: Yet I lie, I am not.  
If speak well:—Fool, do not flatter,  
He hath a thousand several tongues,  
Whom brings in a several tale,  
Who condemns me for a villain.  
Nay, in the high'st degree,  
A smurrer, in the dirt'st degree;  
None, all used in each degree,  
None, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!  
None.—There is no creature loves me;  
None shall pity me:—  
None should they? since that I myself  
If so pity to myself.  
None souls of all that I had murder'd  
First: and every one did threat  
Vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

Richard!  
Who's there?  
Ratcliff, my lord; 't is I. The early village  
gave me salutation to the morn;  
I am up, and buckle on their armour.  
O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful  
dream!—  
Tell thou, will our friends prove all true?  
Nay, my lord.  
Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—  
I beseech my lord, be not afraid of shadows,  
By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Shall move terror to the soul of Richard,  
The substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
Of, and led by shallow Richmond.  
My lord, come, go with me:

Under our tents I'll play the eavesdropper,  
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exit KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.*]

*RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and others.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, Richmond.  
*Richm.* Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,  
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.  
*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord?  
*Richm.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,  
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,  
Have I since your departure had, my lords.  
Methought, their souls whose bodies Richard murder'd,  
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!  
I promise you, my heart is very jocund  
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.  
How far into the morning is it, lords?

*Lords.* Upon the stroke of four.  
*Richm.* Why, then 't is time to arm, and give direc-  
tion.— [He advances to the troops.]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—  
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side:  
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,  
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;  
Richard except, those whom we fight against  
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.  
For what is he they follow? truty, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;  
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him:  
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy:  
Then if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;  
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;  
If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children quit it in your age.  
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:  
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;  
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;  
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory! [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.*

*K. Rich.* What said Northumberland, as touching  
Richard?  
*Rat.* That he was never trained up in arms.  
*K. Rich.* He said the truth: And what said Surrey  
then?  
*Rat.* He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.  
*K. Rich.* He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.  
[*Clock strikes.*]  
Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—  
Who saw the sun to-day?  
*Rat.* Not I, my lord.  
*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book  
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:  
A black day will it be to somebody.—  
*Ratcliff.*—  
*Rat.* My lord?  
*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day



The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.  
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.  
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,  
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven  
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

*Enter NORFOLK.*

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle:—Caparison my horse;—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:  
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,  
And thus my battle shall be ordered.  
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,  
Consisting equally of horse and foot;  
Our archers shall be placed in the midst;  
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,  
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.  
They thus directed, we will follow  
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side  
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.  
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou,  
Norfolk?

*Nor.* A good direction, warlike sovereign.  
This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll.*]

*K. Rich.* [*Reads.*] "Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,  
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

A thing devised by the enemy.—  
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:  
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;  
For conscience is a word that cowards use,  
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.  
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?  
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,  
A scum of Britagnes, and base lackey peasants,  
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth  
To desperate ventures, and assur'd destruction.  
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;  
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,  
They would restrain the one, distain the other.  
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?  
A milksop, one that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?  
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;  
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,  
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;  
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,  
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.  
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,  
And not these bastard Britagnes, whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bob'd, and thump'd,  
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.  
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?  
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight boldly, yeomen!  
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!  
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;  
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

*Mess.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head!

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;  
After the battle let George Stanley die.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;  
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Ex.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK and Forces to him CATESBY.*

*Cate.* Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!  
The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
Daring an opposite to every danger;  
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:  
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*Cate.* Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse!

*K. Rich.* Slave, I have set my life upon a horse,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die:  
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;  
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:  
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Ex.*]

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD and Forces they fight; RICHARD is slain.*

*Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND and Forces.*

*Richm.* God, and your arms, be prais'd, victors and friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

*Stan.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou done to thee!

Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties,  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,  
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;  
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say, amens, to thee!  
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

*Stan.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester;  
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either side?

*Stan.* John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Fitzwalter,  
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brakenbury.

*Richm.* Inter their bodies as becomes their rank;  
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us;  
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red;  
Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!  
What traitor bears me, and says not amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd with blood;  
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;

All this divided York and Lancaster,  
Divided in their dire division.

O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true successors of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!  
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,  
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
That would reduce these bloody days again,

And make poor England weep in streams of blood!  
Let them not live to taste this land's increase.

That would with treason wound this fair land's peace,  
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;

That she may long live here, God say—Amen! [*Ex.*]

<sup>a</sup> They fight; Richard is slain. This is the stage-direction in all the old copies, and it is important to preserve it, in order to follow the course of the dramatic action. In the modern edition we have, "Enter King Richard and Richmond; and they fight."

<sup>b</sup> Reduce—bring back; the Latin form of the word.



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE famous 'History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth' was first published in the folio collection of Shakspeare's works in 1623. The text, taken as a whole, is singularly correct: it contains, no doubt, some few typographical errors, but certainly not so many as those which deform the ordinary reprints.

The date of the original production of this drama has been a subject of much discussion. The opinions in favour of its having been produced in the reign of Elizabeth are far more numerous than those which hold it to be a later production. But the accomplished Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on the 6th of July, 1613, gives a minute and graphic account of the fire at the Globe in that year:—"Now to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The king's players had a *new play*, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale." Here, then, is a *new play* described, "representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII.;" and further, the passage of Shakspeare's play in which the "chambers" are discharged, being the "entry" of the king to the "mask at the cardinal's house," is the same to the letter. But the title which Sir Henry Wotton gives the *new play* is '*All is True*.' Other persons call the play so represented 'Henry VIII.' Howes, in his continuation of Stow's Chronicle, so calls it. He writes some time after the destruction of the Globe, for he adds to his account of the fire, "and the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner than before." He speaks of the title of the play as a familiar thing:—"the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz. of Henry the Eighth." When Howes wrote, was the title '*All is True*' merged in the more obvious title derived from the subject of the play, and following the character of the titles of Shakspeare's other historical plays?

The commentators also hold that the Prologue was written by Ben Jonson, to allow him an occasion of sneering at Shakspeare's fools and battle-scenes. But we hold that the Prologue is a complete exposition of the *idea* of this drama. The Prologue is fastened upon

Jonson, upon the theory that he wrote it upon Shakspeare's retirement from the stage, when the play was revived in his absence. We believe in the external evidence,—that a 'Henry VIII.' was written in 1613, when the Globe was burned; that this title agrees with the idea upon which the play was written; that it was then called '*All is True*;' that this title agrees with the idea upon which the play was written. Those who believe written in the time of Elizabeth have to rely upon a piece of external evidence. We further believe in the internal evidence, that the play, as it was written in the time of James I., and that it received it in its original form. Those who are contrary have to resort to the hypothesis of a later date, and, further, have to explain how many of the allusions are, to a plain understanding, inconsistent. The theory, may be interpreted, by great ingenuity, to be consistent. We believe that Shakspeare, in his latest dramas, constructed an historical drama to complete his great series,—one that was agreeable to the tone of his mind after his fiftieth year:—

"Sad, high, and working, full of state and  
Those who take the opposite view hold that the play of the poet was to produce something which was acceptable to Queen Elizabeth. Our belief is in the one; the contrary belief may be the more correct.

Shakspeare has in this play closed his great series of 'Chronicle Histories.' This last of them was high, and working." It has laid bare the poet's worldly glory; it has shown the heavy "burden" of much honour." It has given us a picture of the world which succeeded the feudal strifes of the 'Chronicles.' Were they better times? To the poet the age of corruption was as "sad" as the age of justice, wielding a power more terrible than the sword. The poet's consolation is to be found in his prophetic views of the future.

We have a few words to add on the style of the drama. It is remarkable for the elliptical construction of many of the sentences, and for an occasional licence in the versification, which is not found in other of Shakspeare's works.

A theory has been set up that Jonson was consulted with the versification. We hold this notion untenable; for there is no play of Shakspeare's which has a more decided character of unity, no one in which any passage could be less easily struck out. We hold that Shakspeare worked in this particular upon the theory of art which he had proposed to himself, that wherever the nature of the scene would admit of it, he would use the elliptical construction, and the licence of the dialogue, whenever the speaker was necessarily rhetorical, closer to the language of life. Of all his historical plays, the '*Henry VIII.*' is nearest in its story to his own times. It professes to be a "truth." It belongs to his own country, and to his own poetical indistinctness about it, either of its own or all is defined. If the diction and the versification had been more artificial, it would have been less

# KING HENRY VIII.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- KING HENRY VIII.**  
I. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.
- CARDINAL WOLSEY.**  
I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III.  
sc. 1; sc. 2.
- CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.**  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.  
*ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*  
*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2.
- LANMER, archbishop of Canterbury.**  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.
- DUKE OF NORFOLK.**  
Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.
- DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1.
- DUKE OF SUFFOLK.**  
Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act V.  
sc. 1; sc. 2.
- EARL OF SURREY.**  
*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.
- Lord Chamberlain.**  
I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.  
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.
- Lord Chancellor.**  
*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2.
- GARDINER, bishop of Winchester.**  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.
- BISHOP OF LINCOLN.**  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4.
- LORD ABERGAVENNY.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.
- LORD SANDS.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1.
- SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4.
- SIR THOMAS LOVELL.**  
I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.  
Act V. sc. 1.
- SIR ANTHONY DENNY.**  
*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1.
- SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.**  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1.  
Secretaries to Wolsey.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.
- CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.**  
*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.
- GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.**  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2.  
Three Gentlemen.  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.
- DOCTOR BUTTS, physician to the King.**  
*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2.
- Garter King at Arms.**  
*Appears*, Act V. sc. 4.
- Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2.
- BRANDON.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.  
A Sergeant at Arms.  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.
- Door-Keeper of the Council Chamber.**  
*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2.
- Porter, and his Man.**  
*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3.
- Page to Gardiner.**  
*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1.  
A Crier.  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4.
- QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.
- ANNE BULLEN, maid of honour to Queen Katharine, and afterwards Queen.**  
*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.
- An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.**  
*Appears*, Act II. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.
- PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.**  
*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2.
- Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants*

SCENE.—CHIEFLY IN LONDON AND WESTMINSTER; ONCE, AT KIMBOLTON.

## PROLOGUE.

No more to make you laugh; things now,  
A weighty and a serious brow,  
And working, full of state and woe,  
The scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
Present. Those that can pity, here  
They think it well, let fall a tear;  
It will deserve it. Such as give  
They out of hope they may believe,  
And truth too. Those that come to see  
One or two, and so agree  
They pass, if they be still and willing,  
They may see away their shilling  
Two short hours. Only they  
To hear a merry, bawdy play,  
Targets; or to see a fellow  
Mudley cost, guarded with yellow,

Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,  
(To make that only true we now intend.)  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and, as you are known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make you: Think, ye see  
The very persons of our noble story,  
As they were living; think, you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat  
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery!  
And if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.*

*Buck.* Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,

Since last we saw in France?

*Nor.* I thank your grace: Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when Those suns of glory, those two lights of men, Met in the vale of Andren.<sup>a</sup>

*Nor.* Twixt Guynes and Arde: I was then present, saw them salute on horseback; Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung In their embracement as they grew together; Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

*Buck.* All the whole time I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost The view of earthly glory: Men might say, Till this time pomp was single, but now married To one above itself. Each following day Became the next day's master, till the last Made former wonders its: To-day, the French, All clinquant,<sup>b</sup> all in gold, like heathen gods, Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they Made Britain, India: every man that stood Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too, Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear The pride upon them, that their very labour Was to them as a painting: Now this mask Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings, Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst, As presence did present them; him in eye Still him in praise: and, being present both, 'Twas said they saw but one; and no discernor Durst wag his tongue in censure.<sup>c</sup> When these suns (For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd The noble spirits to arms, they did perform Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit, That Bevis was believ'd.

*Buck.* O, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect In honour honesty, the tract of everything Would by a good discourser lose some life, Which action's self was tongue to.

*Buck.* All was royal; To the disposing of it nought rebell'd, Order gave each thing view; the office did Distinctly his full function. Who did guide? I mean, who set the body and the limbs Of this great sport together?

<sup>a</sup> *Andren.* So the original; so the Chroniclers. But the modern editors write "the vale of Arde." *Arde*, or *Ardes*, is the town, which in the next line is spelt *Arde* in the original. *Andren*, or *Arden*, is the village near the place of meeting.

<sup>b</sup> *Clinquant*—bright with glistening ornaments.

<sup>c</sup> *Censure*—comparison.

*Nor.* As you guess: One, certes, that promises no element<sup>a</sup> In such a business.

*Buck.* I pray you, who, my lord? *Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discernor Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him! no man's pie is From his ambitious finger. What had he To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder That such a keech<sup>b</sup> can with his very bulk Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun, And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.* Surely, sir, There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon For high feats done to the crown; neither allied To eminent assistants; but spider-like, Out of his self-drawing web,—O! give us note: The force of his own merit makes his way; A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys A place next to the king.

*Aber.* I cannot tell What heaven hath given him, let some graver pierce into that; but I can see his pride Peep through each part of him: Whence has he If not from hell the devil is a niggard, Or has given all before, and he begins A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil, Upon this French going-out, took he upon him, Without the privity o' the king, to appoint Who should attend on him? He makes up the Of all the gentry; for the most part such To whom as great a charge as little honour He meant to lay upon: and his own letter (The honourable board of council out) Must fetch him in his papers.

*Aber.* I do know Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have By this so sicken'd their estates, that never They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O, many Have broke their backs with laying manners on: For this great journey. What did this vanity, But minister communication of A most poor issue?

*Nor.* Grievingly I think, The peace between the French and us not valuing The cost that did conclude it.

*Buck.* Every man, After the hideous storm that follow'd, was A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting broke Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest, Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded The sudden breach on 't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out: For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath our Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*Aber.* Is it thus?

*Nor.* The ambassador is silenc'd?

*Aber.* A proper title of a peace; and prodigious

At a superfluous rate!

<sup>a</sup> *Element*—constituent quality of mind. The Night' (Act III. Sc. 4) Malvolio says, "Go to, all! you are idle shallow things. I am not of you." <sup>b</sup> *Keech*. A "keech" is a lump of fat; and here denounces Wolsey as an overgrown blubber.

Why, all this business  
cardinal carried.

Like it your grace,  
notice of the private difference  
and the cardinal. I advise you,  
from a heart that wishes towards you  
lenient safety,) that you read  
malice and his potency  
consider further, that  
hatred would effect wants not  
his power. You know his nature,  
vengeful; and I know his sword  
edge: it's long, and 't may be said,  
and where 't will not extend,  
its it. Bosom up my counsel,  
wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock  
your shunning.

*NAL. WOLSEY, (the purse borne before  
in of the Guard, and Two Secretaries  
The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth  
BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him,  
disdain.*

like of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?  
examination?

Here, so please you.  
in person ready?

Ay, please your grace.  
we shall then know more; and Buck-  
am  
his big look.

*[Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.*  
butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
power to muzzle him; therefore, best  
in his slumber. A beggar's book  
noble's blood.

What, are you chaf'd?  
emperance; that's the appliance only  
disease requires.

I read in his looks  
t me; and his eye revil'd  
ect object: at this instant  
with some trick: He's gone to the king;  
nd out-stare him.

Stay, my lord,  
reason with your choler question  
go about: To climb steep hills  
pace at first: Anger is like  
e; who being allow'd his way  
e him. Not a man in England  
like you: be to yourself  
to your friend.

I'll to the king:  
south of honour quite cry down  
fellow's insolence; or proclaim  
ence in no persons.

Be advis'd.  
races for your foe so hot  
re yourself: We may outrun,  
fitness, that which we run at,  
ever-running. Know you not  
mounts the liquor till it run o'er,  
augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:  
ere is no English soul  
so direct you than yourself;  
of reason you would quench,  
the fire of passion.

Sir,  
to you: and I'll go along  
fiction:—but this top-proud fellow,  
he flow of gall I name not, but  
outsons,<sup>b</sup>) by intelligence,

his—thru's. So in the 'Winter's Tale' \* \* Now  
e moon with her mainmast."  
others.

And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.* Say not treasonous.

*Buck.* To the king I'll say 't; and make my vouch  
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous  
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,  
As able to perform it: his mind and place  
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally.)  
Only to show his pomp as well in France  
As here at home, suggests<sup>a</sup> the king our master  
To this last costly treaty, the interview,  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i' the rinsing.<sup>b</sup>

*Nor.* Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning  
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew  
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,  
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,  
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-car-  
dinal

Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,  
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,  
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
To the old dam, treason.)—Charles the emperor,  
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,  
(For 't was, indeed, his colour; but he came  
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:  
His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
England and France might, through their amity,  
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league  
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily  
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—  
Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor  
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted  
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,  
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,  
That he would please to alter the king's course,  
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,  
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal  
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
And for his own advantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry

To hear this of him; and could wish he were  
Something mistaken<sup>c</sup> in 't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable;  
I do pronounce him in that very shape  
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him and  
two or three of the Guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, sergeant; execute it.

*Serg.* Sir,  
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl  
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most sovereign king.

*Buck.* Lo you, my lord,  
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish  
Under device and practice.<sup>d</sup>

*Bran.* I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present: 'T is his highness' pleasure,  
You shall to the Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,

<sup>a</sup> Suggests—excites.

<sup>b</sup> Rinsing—in the original *wrenching*.

<sup>c</sup> Mistaken—misapprehended.

<sup>d</sup> Practice—artifice. So in 'Othello:—

" Fallen in the practice of a cruel's slaves."

Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—  
O my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company:—The king  
[To ABERGAVENNY.]

Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the duke said,  
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
By me obey'd.

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

*Buck.* So, so;  
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.

*Bran.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O, Michael Hopkins?

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal  
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lords, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Council-Chamber.*

*Cornets.* Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY,  
the Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL,  
Officers, and Attendants. The KING enters, leaning  
on the CARDINAL'S shoulder.

*K. Hen.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level  
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us  
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person  
I'll bear him his confessions justify;  
And point by point the treasons of his master  
He shall again relate.

The KING takes his State. The Lords of the Council  
take their several places. The CARDINAL places  
himself under the KING'S feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen! Enter  
the QUEEN, ushered by the DUKES OF NORFOLK and  
SUFFOLK: she kneels. The KING riseth from his  
State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

*Q. Kath.* Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.  
*K. Hen.* Arise, and take place by us:—Half your  
suit

Never name to us; you have half our power;  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;  
Repeat your will, and take it.

*Q. Kath.* Thank your majesty.  
That you would love yourself, and, in that love,  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

*K. Hen.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Q. Kath.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions  
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,  
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes  
not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
and rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears,  
It doth appear: for, upon these exactions,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And Danger serves among them.

*K. Hen.* Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal  
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

*Wol.* Please you, sir,  
I know but of a single part, in aught  
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.

*Q. Kath.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others: but you frame  
Things, that are known alike, which are not what  
To those which would not know them, and yet  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear them  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say  
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*K. Hen.* Still exaction!  
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction?

*Q. Kath.* I am much too venturesome  
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd  
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes  
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out; and cold hearts  
Allegiance in them; their curses now  
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass  
This tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incens'd will. I would your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer baseness.

*K. Hen.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this, than by  
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but  
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know  
My faculties, nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say  
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through. We must not stand  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as all,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at.  
We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
State statutes only.

*K. Hen.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fault  
Things done without example, in their want  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission? I believe not any

\* Once is here used in the sense of *one*.

and our subjects from our laws,  
 in our will. Sixth part of each?  
 contribution! Why, we take  
 the lop, bark, and part o' the timber;  
 we leave it with a root, thus hack'd  
 sink the saw. To every county,  
 question'd, send our letters, with  
 each man that has denied  
 his commission: Pray, look to 't;  
 our care.

A word with you. [*To the Secretary*  
*others writ to every shire,*  
*grace and pardon.* The griev'd commons  
 ve of me; let it be nois'd,  
 our intercession this revokement  
 mes: I shall anon advise you  
 proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

*Enter Surveyor.*

I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham  
 displeasure.

It grieves many:  
 is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,  
 more bound; his training such  
 smish and instruct great teachers,  
 for aid out of himself. Yet see  
 noble benefits shall prove  
 'd, the mind growing once corrupt,  
 cious forms, ten times more ugly  
 were fair. This man so complete,  
 I'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
 wish'd list'ning, could not find  
 each a minute; he, my lady,  
 strous habits put the graces  
 his, and is become as black  
 in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear  
 gentleman in trust) of him  
 honour sad.—Bid him recount  
 practices; whereof  
 too little, hear too much,  
 forth; and with bold spirit relate what

eful subject, have collected  
 of Buckingham.

Speak freely  
 it was usual with him, every day  
 his speech, That if the king  
 issue die, he'd carry it so  
 eptre his: These very words  
 m utter to his son-in-law,  
 ; to whom by oath he menac'd  
 the cardinal.

Please your highness, note  
 conception in this point.  
 y his wish, to your high person  
 malignant; and it stretches  
 your friends.

My learn'd lord cardinal,  
 a charity.

Speak on:  
 he his title to the crown,  
 to this point hast thou heard him  
 eak ought?

He was brought to this  
 becy of Nicholas Henton,  
 at was that Henton?

Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
 who fed him every minute  
 sovereignty.

How know'st thou this?  
 ong before your highness sped to France,  
 at the Rose, within the parish  
 e Poultney, did of me demand  
 speech among the Londoners

Concerning the French journey: I replied,  
 Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,  
 To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
 Said, "T was the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,  
 "T would prove the verity of certain words  
 Spoke by a holy monk: "that off," says he,  
 "Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
 John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
 To hear from him a matter of some moment:  
 Whom after under the confession's seal  
 He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,  
 My chaplain to no creature living, but  
 To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
 This pausingly ensued—Neither the king, nor his heirs,  
 (Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive  
 To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke  
 Shall govern England."

*Q. Kath.* If I know you well,  
 You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
 On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed  
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
 And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;  
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

*K. Hen.* Let him on—  
 Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
 I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
 The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 't was dangerous  
 for him

To ruminate on this so far, until  
 It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
 It was much like to do: He answer'd, "Tush!  
 It can do me no damage;" adding further,  
 That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
 The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
 Should have gone off.

*K. Hen.* Ha! what so rank? Ah, ha!  
 There's mischief in this man: Canst thou say further?  
*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Proceed.  
*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,  
 After your highness had reprov'd the duke  
 About sir William Blomer,—

*K. Hen.* I remember  
 Of such a time—Being my sworn servant,  
 The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What herce?  
*Surv.* "If," quoth he, "I for this had been com-  
 mitted,

As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd  
 The part my father meant to act upon  
 The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,  
 Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,  
 As he made semblance of his duty, would  
 Have put his knife into him."

*K. Hen.* A giant traitor!  
*Wol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,  
 And this man out of prison?

*Q. Kath.* God mend all!  
*K. Hen.* There's something more would out of thee if  
 what say'st?

*Surv.* After—"the duke his father,"—with "the  
 knife,"—

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger  
 Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,  
 He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour  
 Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo  
 His father, by as much as a performance  
 Does an irresolute purpose.

*K. Hen.* There's his period,  
 To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd:  
 Call him to present trial; if he may  
 Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,  
 Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night,  
 He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and LORD SANDS.*

*Cham.* Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?<sup>a</sup>

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;  
For when they hold them, you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

*Sands.* They have all new legs, and lame ones; one  
would take it,

That never saw them pace before, the spavin,  
A springhalt reign'd among them.

*Cham.* Death! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now?  
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

*Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

*Lov.* Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

*Cham.* What is 't for?  
*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cham.* I am glad 't is there; now I would pray our  
monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

*Lov.* They must either  
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants  
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance,  
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,  
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men;  
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'T is time to give them physic, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities!

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;  
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're  
going;

(For, sure, there's no converting of them;)—now,  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plainsong,  
And have an hour of bearing; and, by'r lady,  
Held current music too.

*Cham.* Well said, lord Sands;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a going?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's;  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O, 't is true:  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,

<sup>a</sup> *Mysteries*—artificial fashions.

To many lords and ladies; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous  
deed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds  
His dewes fall everywhere.

*Cham.* No doubt he's rich  
He had a black mouth that said other of

*Sands.* He may, my lord; he has worn  
him,

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doing.  
Men of his way should be most liberal,  
They are set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they  
But few now give so great ones. My hat  
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good  
We shall be late else; which I would not  
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildenstern  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I am your

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber*

*Hautboys.* A small table under a state  
DINING, a longer table for the guests.  
*door ANNE BULLEN, and divers Ladies,  
Gentlewomen, as guests; at another  
HENRY GUILDFORD.*

*Guild.* Ladies, a general welcome from  
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates  
To fair content, and you: none here, but  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with  
One care abroad: he would have all as  
As first-good company, good wine, good  
Can make good people. O, my lord, you

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS,  
THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You are young, sir Harry Guildenstern  
*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the care  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of  
Should find a running banquet ere they  
I think would better please them: By my  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

*Lov.* O, that your lordship were but  
To one or two of these!

*Sands.* I would I were;  
They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* Faith, how  
*Sands.* As easy as a down-bed would

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you  
Place you that side, I'll take the charge  
His grace is eut'ring.—Nay, you must not  
Two women plac'd together makes cold  
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith  
And thank your lordship.—By your leave,

[*Sits himself between Anne Bullen  
and another lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir?  
*Sands.* O, very mad, exceeding mad.

But he would bite none; just as I do now  
He would kiss you twenty with a tooth.

*Cham.* Well said,  
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little company  
Let me alone.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended; and  
takes his state.

are welcome, my fair guests; that noble  
ly,

is, that is not freely merry,  
send: This, to confirm my welcome;  
all good health.

[Drinks.]  
Your grace is noble:—  
such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
e so much talking.

My lord Sands,  
em to you: cheer your neighbours.  
are not merry;—Gentlemen,  
is this?

The red wine first must rise  
cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them  
hence.

You are a merry gamester,  
sir.

Yes, if I make my play.  
our ladyship: and pledge it, madam,  
such a thing,—

You cannot show me.  
told your grace they would talk anon.  
Drum and trumpets within: Chambers  
discharged.

What's that?  
sok out there, some of ye. [Exit a Servant.]  
What warlike voice?  
end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;  
cwa of war ye are privileged.

Re-enter Servant.  
ow now? what is 't?

A noble troop of strangers;  
em; they have left their barge, and landed;  
make, as great ambassadors  
princes.

Good lord chamberlain,  
em welcome, you can speak the French  
gue;  
ceive them nobly, and conduct them  
ence, where this heaven of beauty  
t fall upon them:—Some attend him.—  
rit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and  
tables removed.

r a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.  
tion to you all: and, once more,  
come on you;—Welcome all.

Enter the KING, and twelve others, as  
abited like shepherds, with sixteen torch-  
ashed by the Lord Chamberlain. They  
ly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully

any! what are their pleasures?  
ecause they speak no English, thus they  
y'd  
grace:—That, having heard by fame  
ole and so fair assembly  
meet here, they could do no less,

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay  
them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.  
[Ladies chosen for the dance. The KING  
chooses ANNE BULLEN.]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee. [Music. Dance

Wol. My lord.  
Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:  
There should be one amongst them, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.  
[Cham. goes to the company, and returns.]

Wol. What say they?  
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,  
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—  
[Comes from his state.]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; Here I'll make  
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:  
[Unmasking]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:  
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad  
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,  
Prithee, come hither: What fair lady 's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's  
daughter,  
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,  
I were unmannerly to take you out,  
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,  
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much

Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet  
partner,

I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry;—  
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead them once again; and then let's dream  
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[Exeunt, with trumpets.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

Whither away so fast?

O,—God save you!  
I'll, to hear what shall become  
duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent.

I'll save you

That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gent. Were you there?

1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gent. Pray speak what has happen'd

1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?  
 1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.  
 2 *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.  
 1 *Gent.* So are a number more.  
 2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?  
 1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
 Came to the bar; where to his accusations  
 He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd  
 Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
 The king's attorney, on the contrary,  
 Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
 Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd  
 To have\* brought, *vid voce*, to his face:  
 At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;  
 Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,  
 Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,  
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.  
 2 *Gent.* That was he  
 That fed him with his prophecies?  
 1 *Gent.* The same.  
 All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain  
 Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:  
 And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
 He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all  
 Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.  
 2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?  
 1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, to hear  
 His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd  
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
 And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:  
 But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
 In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.  
 2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.  
 1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,  
 He never was so womanish; the cause  
 He may a little grieve at.  
 2 *Gent.* Certainly  
 The cardinal is the end of this.  
 1 *Gent.* 'T is likely,  
 By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainer,  
 Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,  
 Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
 Lest he should help his father.  
 2 *Gent.* That trick of state  
 Was a deep envious one.  
 1 *Gent.* At his return,  
 No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,  
 And generally, whoever the king favours,  
 The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
 And far enough from court too.  
 2 *Gent.* All the commons  
 Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
 Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much  
 They love and dote on; call him bounteous Bucking-  
 ham,  
 The mirror of all courtesy.  
*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tipstaves  
 before him; the axe with the edge towards him;  
 halberds on each side; accompanied with SIR THOMAS  
 LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM  
 SANDS, and common people.*  
 1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,  
 And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.  
 2 *Gent.* Let 's stand close, and behold him.  
*Buck.* All good people,  
 You that thus far have come to pity me,  
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
 And by that name must die: Yet, heaven bear witness,  
 And if I have a conscience let it sink me,  
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!

The law I bear no malice for my death,  
 It has done, upon the premises, but justice:  
 But those that sought it I could wish more christen'd  
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:  
 Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,  
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against them  
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies  
 More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd  
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
 His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave  
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
 And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's  
*Lov.* I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
 If ever any malice in your heart  
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.  
*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you  
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all:  
 There cannot be those numberless offences  
 'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with:  
 No black envy shall make my grave.  
 Commend me to his grace;  
 And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,  
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers  
 Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,  
 Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
 Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!  
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!  
*Lov.* To the water side I must conduct your grace  
 Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
 Who undertakes you to your end.  
*Vaux.* Prepare them,  
 The duke is coming; see the barge be ready;  
 And fit it with such furniture as suits  
 The greatness of his person.  
*Buck.* Nay, sir Nicholas,  
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.  
 When I came hither I was lord high constable,  
 And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward  
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
 That never knew what truth meant: I now seal  
 And with that blood will make them one day  
 for 't.  
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
 And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!  
 Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
 Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes  
 A little happier than my wretched father:  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes.—Both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most  
 A most unnatural and faithless service!  
 Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that bear me  
 This from a dying man receive as certain:  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,  
 Be sure you be not loose; for those you make free  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good peo-

\* In the original. "to him brought."

! I must now forsake ye; the last hour  
weary life is come upon me.

you would say something that is sad,  
I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!  
[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,  
many curses on their heads  
the authors.

If the duke be guiltless,  
woe: yet I can give you inkling  
ing evil, if it fall,  
is this.

Good angels keep it from us!  
it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?  
This secret is so weighty, 't will require  
th to conceal it.

Let me have it;  
t much.

I am confident;  
ir: Did you not of late days hear  
of a separation  
king and Katharine?

Yes, but it held not:  
king once heard it, out of anger  
mand to the lord mayor, straight  
umour, and allay those tongues  
isperse it.

But that slander, sir,  
uth now: for it grows again  
er it was; and held for certain  
l venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
at him near, have, out of malice  
queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
do her: To confirm this too,  
npeius is arriv'd, and lately;  
for this business.

'T is the cardinal;  
to revenge him on the emperor,  
wing on him, at his asking,  
ppric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.  
think you have hit the mark: But is 't not  
el

did feel the smart of this? The cardinal  
will, and she must fall.

'T is woful.

pen here to argue this;  
n private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

*FL.—An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*e Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.*

The horses your lordship sent for, with all the  
re well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They  
l handsome; and of the best breed in the north.  
s ready to set out for London, a man of my lord  
mmission, and main power, took 'em from me;  
—His master would be serv'd before a subject,  
king; which stopped our mouths, sir."

I, indeed: Well, let him have them:  
all, I think.

*DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

met, my lord chamberlain.  
sd day to both your graces.  
is the king employ'd?

I left him private,  
oughts and troubles.

What 's the cause?  
seems the marriage with his brother's wife  
near his conscience.

No, his conscience  
near another lady.

'T is so:

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.  
*Suf.* Pray God he do! he'll never know himself  
else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business!  
And with what zeal! For now he has crack'd the league  
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew:  
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:  
And out of all these to restore the king,  
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:  
Of her that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with; even of her  
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls  
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'T is  
most true

These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks them,  
And every true heart weeps for 't: All that dare  
Look into these affairs see this main end,—  
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open  
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance;  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages: all men's honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,  
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed:  
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
If the king please; his curses and his blessings  
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.  
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him  
To him that made him proud, the pope.

*Nor.* Let 's in;  
And, with some other business, put the king  
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:  
My lord, you'll bear us company?

*Cham.* Excuse me;  
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,  
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:  
Health to your lordships.

*Nor.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The KING is dis-  
covered sitting, and reading pensively.*

*Suf.* How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.  
*K. Hen.* Who is there? ha?

*Nor.* Pray God, he be not angry.  
*K. Hen.* Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust  
yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

*Nor.* A gracious king, that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way  
Is business of estate; in which, we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*K. Hen.* You are too bold;  
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey  
The quiet of my wounded conscience,  
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS*]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom ;  
Use us, and it :—My good lord, have great care  
I be not found a talker. [To WOLSEY.]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.  
I would your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy ; go.  
[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him ?  
Suf. Not to speak of ;  
I would not be so sick though, for his place :  
But this cannot continue. } Aside.  
Nor. If it do,  
I 'll venture one ;—have at him. }

Suf. I another.  
[Exit NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :  
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,  
Have their free voices—Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius ;  
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him  
welcome,  
And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;  
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd  
for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'  
loves,  
You are so noble : To your highness' hand  
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,  
(The court of Rome commanding,) you, my lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,  
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-  
quainted,  
Forthwith, for what you come :—Where 's Gardiner ?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
A woman of less place might ask by law,  
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my  
favour  
To him that does best ; God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Prithee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;  
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand : much joy and favour to  
you ;  
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [Aside.]  
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.]  
Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.  
Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?  
Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread then  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?  
Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him ;  
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still ; which se griev'd him,  
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be  
That 's christian care enough : for living men  
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;  
For he would needs be virtuous : That good  
If I command him, follows my appointment  
I will have none so near else. Learn this,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.  
K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the

[Exit]  
The most convenient place that I can think  
For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars ;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, O,  
't is a tender place, and I must leave her

SCENE III.—An Antechamber in the  
Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an old man

Anne. Not for that neither :—Here 's  
pinches :  
His highness having liv'd so long with her  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing ;—O now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—  
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than  
'T is sweet at first to acquire,—after this  
To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most ha-  
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will !  
She ne'er had known pomp : though it be  
Yet, if that quarrel<sup>a</sup> fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance, pang  
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor la-  
She 's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in contest,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content  
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maid-  
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I w-  
And venture maidenhead for 't ; and so w-  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on ;  
Have too a woman's heart : which ever ye  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings : and w-  
(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril<sup>b</sup> conscience would m-  
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, go-  
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You w-  
queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under  
Old L. 'T is strange : a three-pence  
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it : But, I pray you  
What think you of a duchess ? have you  
To bear that load of title ?

<sup>a</sup> Quarrel is an arrow.

<sup>b</sup> Cheveril—kid-skin. So in ' Romeo and Julia  
a wit of cheveril, that stretcheth from an inch to  
broad."

No, in truth.  
When you are weakly made: Pluck off a  
le;—  
be a young count in your way,  
in blushing comes to: if your back  
unsafe this burden, 't is too weak  
boy.

How you do talk!  
I would not be a queen  
world.

In faith, for little England  
is an emballing: I myself  
Hampshire, although there 'long'd  
be crown but that. Lo, who comes here?  
*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to  
now  
your conference?

My good lord,  
mand; it values not your asking:  
sorrows we were pitying,  
was a gentle business, and becoming  
of good women: there is hope  
tell.

Now I pray God, amen!  
to bear a gentle mind, and heavenly bless-  
creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
speak sincerely, and high note 's  
many virtues, the king's majesty  
is good opinion of you to you, and  
honour to you no less flowing  
ness of Pembroke; to which title  
sound a-year, annual support,  
ance he adds.

I do not know  
of my obedience I should tender,  
y all is nothing; nor my prayers  
a duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
than empty vanities; yet prayers, and  
bes,

return. Beseech your lordship,  
speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
washing handmaid to his highness;  
and royalty I pray for.

Lady,  
to improve the fair conceit  
of you.—I have perus'd her well; [*Aside.*  
honour in her are so mingled,  
we caught the king: and who knows yet,  
if lady may proceed a gem  
I this isle!—I'll to the king,  
poke with you.

My honour'd lord.  
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*  
by, this it is; see, see!  
begging sixteen years in court,  
rather beggarly,) nor could  
twixt too early and too late,  
of pounds: and you, (O fate!)  
flash here, (fie, fie, fie upon  
'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up  
pen it.

This is strange to me.  
now tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no,  
lady once, ('t is an old story,  
not be a queen, that would she not,  
and in Egypt:—Have you heard it?  
me, you are pleasant.

With your theme, I could  
be lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!  
a little—descend a little: You refuse to be a  
see, try a count.

A thousand pounds a-year! for pure respect;  
No other obligation: By my life,  
That promises more thousands: Honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,  
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.* Good lady,  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being  
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me  
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver  
What here you have heard, to her.

*Old L.* What do you think me? [*Exeunt*

## SCENE IV.—A Hall in Blackfriars.

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, Two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then Two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then Two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the Two CARDINALS WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; Two Noblemen with the sword and mace. [Then enter the KING and QUEEN, and their Trains.] The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the Two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place at some distance from the KING. The BISHOPS place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the BISHOPS. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*K. Hen.* What 's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may then spare that time.

*Wol.* Be 't so:—Proceed.  
*Scribe.* Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Henry king of England, &c.  
*K. Hen.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Katharine queen of England, &c.  
[*The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the KING, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

*Q. Kath.* Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;  
And to bestow your pity on me: for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable:  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,  
I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you: If, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,  
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many  
A year before: It is not to be question'd  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly  
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel  
I will implore; if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

*Wol.* You have here, lady,  
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men  
Of singular integrity and learning,  
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled  
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,  
That longer you desire the court; as well  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the king.

*Cam.* His grace  
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,  
It's fit this royal session do proceed;  
And that, without delay, their arguments  
Be now produc'd, and heard.

*Q. Kath.* Lord cardinal,  
To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam?  
*Q. Kath.* Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that  
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.  
*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble; nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge  
You shall not be my judge: for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,  
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
Refuse you<sup>a</sup> for my judge: whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess  
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'er topping woman's power. Malara, you do me  
wrong:  
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice

<sup>a</sup> Sir W. Blackstone, who contributed a few notes to Shak-  
spere, says that *abhor* and *refuse* are, in such a case, technical  
terms of the canon-law—*Detestor* and *Recuso*. The very words  
occur in Holinshed. *Challenge* has been previously used by the  
queen technically.

For you, or any: how far I have proceed  
Or how far further shall, is warrant'd  
By a commission from the consistory,  
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You  
That I have blown this coal: I do deny  
The king is present: if it be known to him  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he we  
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as m  
As you have done my truth. If he know  
That I am free of your report, he know  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in h  
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to  
Remove these thoughts from you: The w  
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your  
And to say so no more.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, my lon  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You are meel  
mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full  
With meekness and humility: but your  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and  
You have, by fortune, and his highness'  
Gone slightly o'er low steps: and now a  
Where powers are your retainers: and y  
Domestics to you, serve your will, as t  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must  
You tender more your person's honour th  
Your high profession spiritual: That ag  
I do refuse you for my judge; and here  
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holine  
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the KING, and e*  
*Cam.* The queen is o  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by it; 't is not we  
She's going away.

*K. Hen.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Katharine queen of England,  
court.

*Grif.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Q. Kath.* What need you note it?  
your way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the  
They vex me past my patience:—pray  
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,  
Upon this business, my appearance mak  
In any of their courts.

[*Exit QUEEN, GRIFFITH*  
*Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Go thy ways, Ka  
That man i' the world who shall report h  
A better wife, let him in nought be trust  
For speaking false in that: Thou art, al  
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleless,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like govern  
Obeying in commanding,—and thy part  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak the  
The queen of earthly queens:—She is m  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.* Most gracious  
In humblest manner I require your high  
That it shall please you to declare, in be  
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd  
There must I be unloos'd; although not  
At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever  
Did broach this business to your highness  
Laid any scruple in your way, which mig  
Induce you to the question on't? or ever  
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for  
A royal lady,—spake one the least word th

justice of her present state,  
her good person ?

My lord cardinal,  
you; yea, upon mine honour,  
an 't. You are not to be taught  
re many enemies, that know not  
e so, but, like to village curs,  
their fellows do: by some of these  
put in anger. You are excus'd:  
be more justified? you ever  
the sleeping of this business; never  
be stir'd: but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
made toward it:—on my honour,  
poor lord cardinal to this point,  
clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,  
d with time, and your attention:—  
the inducement. Thus it came;—give  
to 't:

ce first receiv'd a tenderness,  
prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
p of Bayonne, then French ambassador;  
n hither sent on the debating  
twixt the duke of Orleans and  
r Mary: 't the progress of this business,  
inate resolution, he  
bishop) did require a respite;  
might the king his lord advertise  
daughter were legitimate,  
his our marriage with the dowager,  
or brother's wife. This respite shook  
f my conscience, enter'd me,  
splitting power, and made to tremble  
f my breast; which forc'd such way,  
max'd considerations did throng,  
in with this caution. First, methought,  
n the smile of heaven; who had  
nature, that my lady's womb,  
d a male child by me, should  
offices of life to 't, than  
ses to the dead: for her male issue  
e they were made, or shortly after  
ad air'd them: Hence I took a thought  
adgment on me; that my kingdom,  
the best heir o' the world, should not  
in 't by me: Then follows, that  
r danger which my realms stood in  
sue's fail: and that gave to me  
ning three. Thus hulling in

The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together; that's to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private  
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember  
How under my oppression I did reek,  
When I first mov'd you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.

*K. Hen.* I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to  
say

How far you satisfied me.

*Lin.* So please your highness,  
The question did at first so stagger me,—  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,  
And consequence of dread,—that I committed  
The daring st counsel which I had, to doubt;  
And did entreat your highness to this course,  
Which you are running here.

*K. Hen.* I then mov'd you,  
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave  
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this court;  
But by particular consent proceeded,  
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;  
For no dislike 't the world against the person  
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
That's paragon'd o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your highness,  
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness,  
That we adjourn this court till further day:  
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

*K. Hen.* I may perceive, [*Aside.*]  
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Crammer,  
Prithee, return! with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:  
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

## ACT III.

—*Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the  
Queen's Apartment.*

*Exit, and some of her Women, at work.*

Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad  
In troubles:  
Disperse them if thou canst: leave working.

## SONG.

hears with his lute made trees,  
In the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing:  
His ivy-rose, plants and flowers  
Sprung: as sun and showers  
Have had made a lasting spring.  
Nothing that heard him play,  
In the billows of the sea,  
Lung their heads, and then lay by  
Sweet made is such art:  
Sling care and grief of heart  
All asleep, or, hearing, die.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Q. Kath.* How now?

*Gent.* An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals  
Wait in the presence.

*Q. Kath.* Would they speak with me?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Q. Kath.* Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their  
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?  
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,  
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous,  
But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPERUS.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness.

*Q. Kath.* Your graces find me here part of a house-  
wife;



I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Q. Kath.* Speak it here;  
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner: 'Would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!  
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy  
Above a number,) if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,  
Envy and base opinion set against them,  
I know my life so even: If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,*—

*Q. Kath.* O good my lord, no Latin;  
I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-  
picious;  
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank  
you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;  
Believe me she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,  
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
May be absolv'd in English.

*Wol.* Noble lady,  
I am sorry my integrity should breed,  
And service to his majesty and you,  
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;  
You have too much, good lady: but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the king and you; and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,  
And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam,  
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;  
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel.

*Q. Kath.* To betray me. [*Aside.*]  
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;  
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,  
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men, or such business.  
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,  
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;  
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with these  
fears;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Q. Kath.* In England  
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out\* my afflictions,  
that my trust must grow to, live not here:

\* Weigh out—outweigh.

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence  
In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would your graces  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Q. Kath.*  
*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's  
He's loving, and most gracious; 't will be  
Both for your honour better, and your cause  
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,  
You 'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you right.  
*Q. Kath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for but  
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge  
That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistaketh  
*Q. Kath.* The more shame for ye; I  
thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues  
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear  
Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this yet  
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd,  
I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye  
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest  
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Q. Kath.* Ye turn me into nothing: We  
And all such false professors! Would ye  
(If you have any justice, any pity;  
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits)  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hath  
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already.  
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lord,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me above this wretchedness? all your  
Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.* Your fears are  
*Q. Kath.* Have I liv'd thus long—(I  
myself,

Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true  
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven

him?  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, but  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his part  
And to that woman, when she has done me wrong  
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, I dare not make myself  
To give up willingly that noble title  
Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray, hear.

*Q. Kath.* Would I had never trod this earth  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows  
What will become of me now, wretched lady!  
I am the most unhappy woman living.  
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your friends?

[*To*]  
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no port  
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for  
Almost no grave allow'd me:—Like the fish  
That once was mistress of the field and sea  
I 'll hang my head and perish.

If your grace  
 e brought to know our ends are honest,  
 more comfort : why should we, good lady,  
 cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places,  
 our profession is against it ;  
 are such sorrows, not to sow them.  
 i' sake, consider what you do ;  
 ay hurt yourself, ay, utterly  
 he king's acquaintance, by this carriage.  
 f princes kiss obedience,  
 y love it ; but to stubborn spirits  
 and grow as terrible as storms.  
 have a gentle, noble temper,  
 en as a calm : Pray think us  
 fess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.  
 dam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your  
 tues  
 weak women's fears. A noble spirit,  
 s put into you, ever casts  
 as false coin, from it. The king loves you ;  
 lose it not : For us, if you please  
 n your business, we are ready  
 tmost studies in your service.  
 Do what ye will, my lords : And, pray,  
 give me,  
 d myself\* unmannerly ;  
 am a woman, lacking wit  
 eemly answer to such persons.  
 service to his majesty :  
 heart yet ; and shall have my prayers.  
 I have my life. Come, reverend fathers,  
 counsels on me : she now begs,  
 ought, when she set footing here,  
 ave bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

—*Antechamber to the King's Apartment.*

DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK,  
 OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

ou will now unite in your complaints  
 hem with a constancy, the cardinal  
 I under them : If you omit  
 his time, I cannot promise  
 shall sustain more new disgraces,  
 ou bear already.

I am joyful  
 least occasion, that may give me  
 e of my father-in-law, the duke,  
 'd on him.

Which of the peers  
 enn'd gone by him, or at least  
 flected ? when did he regard  
 nobleness in any person,  
 H ?

My lords, you speak your pleasures :  
 erve of you and me I know ;  
 i do to him, (though now the time  
 us,) I much fear. If you cannot  
 e to the king, never attempt  
 him ; for he hath a witchcraft  
 g in his tongue.

O, fear him not ;  
 that is out : the king hath found  
 at him, that for ever mars  
 f his language. No, he 's settled,  
 off, in his displeasure.

Sir,  
 glad to hear such news as this  
 sur.

\*—deported myself.  
 some. So in 'Measure for Measure :—

"Has he affections in him  
 we can make him bite the law by the nose,  
 e would force it ?"

Nor. Believe it, this is true,  
 In the divorce, his contrary proceedings  
 Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,  
 As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came  
 His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how ?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,  
 And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,  
 How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
 To stay the judgment o' the divorce : For if  
 It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive,  
 My king is tangled in affection to  
 A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen."

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he  
 coasts,

And hedges, his own way. But in this point  
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
 After his patient's death ; the king already  
 Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !  
 For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to 't !

Nor. All men's !

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation :

Marry, this is yet but young, and may be le<sup>d</sup>  
 To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,  
 She is a gallant creature, and complete  
 In mind and feature ; I persuade me, from her  
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
 In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king

Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?

The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no ;

There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,  
 Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
 Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;  
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and  
 Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
 To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
 The king cried, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him

And let him cry ha, louder !

Nor. But, my lord,

When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions ; which  
 Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
 Together with all famous colleges  
 Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,  
 His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
 Her coronation. Katharine no more  
 Shall be call'd queen ; but princess dowager,  
 And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer 's  
 A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
 In the king's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him  
 For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'T is so.

The cardinal—

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

Nor. Observe, observe, he 's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king !

*Crom.* To his own hand, in his bedchamber.  
*Wol.* Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?  
*Crom.* Presently  
 He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,  
 He did it with a serious mind; a heed  
 Was in his countenance: You, he bade  
 Attend him here this morning.  
*Wol.* Is he ready  
 To come abroad?  
*Crom.* I think, by this he is.  
*Wol.* Leave me a while.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*]  
 It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,  
 The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—  
 Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:  
 There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!  
 No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish  
 To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!  
*Nor.* He's discontented.  
*Suf.* May be, he hears the king  
 Does what his anger to him.  
*Sur.* Sharp enough,  
 Lord, for thy justice!  
*Wol.* The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's  
 daughter,  
 To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—  
 This candle burns not clear; 't is I must snuff it;  
 Then, out it goes.—What though I know her vir-  
 tuous,  
 And well deserving? yet I know her for  
 A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to  
 Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
 Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up  
 An heretic, an arch one, Crammer; one  
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
 And is his oracle.  
*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.  
*Suf.* I would 't were something that would fret the  
 string,  
 The master-cord of his heart!  
*Enter the KING, reading a schedule; and Lovell.*  
*Suf.* The king, the king.  
*K. Hen.* What piles of wealth hath he accumu-  
 lated  
 To his own portion! and what expense by the hour  
 Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,  
 Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,  
 Saw you the cardinal?  
*Nor.* My lord, we have  
 Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion  
 Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;  
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
 Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,  
 Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,  
 Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts  
 His eye against the moon: in most strange postures  
 We have seen him set himself.  
*K. Hen.* It may well be;  
 There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning  
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
 As I requir'd: And wot you what I found  
 There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?  
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—  
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which  
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
 Possession of a subject.  
*Nor.* It's heaven's will:  
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet  
 To bless your eye withal.  
*K. Hen.* If we did think  
 His contemplation were above the earth,  
 And fix'd on spiritua' object, he should still  
 Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,

His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
 His serious considering.  
 [*He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell  
 goes to WOLSEY.*]  
*Wol.* Heaven forgive me!  
 Ever God bless your highness!  
*K. Hen.* Good my lord,  
 You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the due  
 Of your best graces in your mind; the which  
 You were now running o'er; you have scarce  
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span  
 To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that  
 I deem you an ill husband; and am glad  
 To have you therein my companion.  
*Wol.* Sir,  
 For holy offices I have a time; a time  
 To think upon the part of business, which  
 I bear i' the state; and nature does require  
 Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
 I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
 Must give my tendance to.  
*K. Hen.* You have said  
*Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke tag  
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
 With my well-saying!  
*K. Hen.* 'T is well said again;  
 And 't is a kind of good deed to say well:  
 And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd  
 He said he did; and with his deed did crown  
 His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
 I have kept you next my heart; have not alien  
 Employ'd you where high profits might come  
 But par'd my present havings, to bestow  
 My bounties upon you.  
*Wol.* What should this mean  
*Sur.* The Lord increase this business!  
*K. Hen.* Have I not  
 The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me  
 If what I now pronounce you have found true  
 And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
 If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?  
*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess, your royal grace  
 Shower'd on me daily, have been more than  
 My studied purposes requite; which went  
 Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours  
 Have ever come too short of my desires,  
 Yet, fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends  
 Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
 To the good of your most sacred person, and  
 The profit of the state. For your great graces  
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;  
 My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,  
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
 Till death, that winter, kill it.  
*K. Hen.* Fairly answer'd;  
 A loyal and obedient subject is  
 Therein illustrated: The honour of it  
 Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,  
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume  
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour  
 On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,  
 Your brain, and every function of your power,  
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty  
 As 't were in love's particular, be more  
 To me, your friend, than any.  
*Wol.* I do profess  
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
 More than mine own; that am, have, and will be  
 Though all the world should crack their oyes  
 And throw it from their soul; though fables did  
 Abound, as thick as thought could make them  
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty.

against the chiding flood,  
 approach of this wild river break,  
 drunken yours.

'T is nobly spoken :  
 words, he has a loyal breast,  
 seen him open 't.—Read o'er this ;  
 [Giving him papers.  
 and then to breakfast, with  
 you have.  
 NO, *frowning upon* CARDINAL WOLSEY :  
 Nobles *throng after him, smiling, and*  
*peering.*

What should this mean ?  
 anger 's this ? how have I reap'd it ?  
 bring from me, as if ruin  
 is eyes : so looks the chafed lion  
 against huntsman that has gall'd him ;  
 in nothing. I must read this paper :  
 of his anger.—'T is so :  
 undone me : 'T is the account  
 of wealth I have drawn together  
 ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
 ends in Rome. O negligence,  
 fall by ! What cross devil  
 his main secret in the packet  
 ? Is there no way to cure this ?  
 to beat this from his brains ?  
 stir him strongly ; Yet I know  
 to be right, in spite of fortune  
 to set off again. What 's this—<sup>a</sup> To the

live, with all the business  
 lines. Nay then, farewell !  
 the highest point of all my greatness :  
 full meridian of my glory,  
 my setting. I shall fall  
 exhalation in the evening,  
 to me more.

DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the  
 CURRY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

the king's pleasure, cardinal : who com-  
 s you  
 se great seal presently  
 ; and to confine yourself  
 , my lord of Winchester's,  
 rather from his highness.

Stay,  
 commission, lords ? words cannot carry  
 rightly.

Who dare cross them,  
 g's will from his mouth expressly ?  
 find more than will, or words, to do it,  
 malice,) know, officious lords,  
 to deny it. Now I feel  
 metal ye are moulded,—envy.  
 follow my disgraces,  
 and how sleek and wanton  
 everything may bring my ruin !  
 vicious courses, men of malice ;  
 than warrant for them, and, no doubt,  
 ed their fit rewards. That seal  
 uch a violence, the king,  
 or master,) with his own hand gave me :  
 it, with the place and honours,  
 , and, to confirm his goodness,  
 as patent : Now, who 'll take it ?  
 ag, that gave it.

It must be himself then.  
 at a proud traitor, priest.

Proud lord, thou liest ;  
 thy hours Surrey durst better  
 t tongue than said so.

Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :  
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals  
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)  
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !  
 You sent me deputy for Ireland :  
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him :  
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else  
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
 I answer is most false. The duke by law  
 Found his deserts : how innocent I was  
 From any private malice in his end,  
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,  
 You have as little honesty as honour,  
 That in the way of loyalty and truth  
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,  
 Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel  
 My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,  
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?  
 And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely  
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
 Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,  
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness  
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness  
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;  
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,  
 You writ to the pope, against the king : your goodness  
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.  
 My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
 As you respect the common good, the state  
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,  
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—  
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
 Collected from his life :—I 'll startle you  
 Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench  
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this  
 man,

But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's  
 hand :

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,  
 And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,  
 When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :  
 I thank my memory, I yet remember  
 Some of these articles ; and out they shall.  
 Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,  
 You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;  
 I dare your worst objections : if I blush,  
 It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Suf. I 'd rather want those than my head. Have at  
 you.

First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,  
 You wrought to be a legate ; by which power  
 You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
 To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*  
 Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king  
 To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge  
 Either of king or council, when you went

Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,  
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

*Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,  
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are:  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O my lord,  
Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue:  
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—  
Because all those things, you have done of late  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Ereunt all but WOLSEY.*]

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory;  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;  
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.—

*Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What, amaz'd  
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder  
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace?

*Wol.* Why, well;  
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,  
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

\* *Mere*—absolute.

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour  
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made  
of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have: I am able now, my  
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel.)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless

*Crom.* The next is, that sir Thomas More  
Lord chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's some  
But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on  
What more?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marr'd  
This day was view'd in open, as his queen  
Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd  
Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me; all my glory  
In that one woman I have lost for ever:  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honour  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,  
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king  
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have  
What, and how true thou art: he will add  
Some little memory of me will stir him,  
(I know his noble nature,) not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O, my lord,

Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord  
The king shall have my service; but my part  
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me  
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me,  
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no more  
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught  
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of hell,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise!  
A sure and safe one, though thy master misdeed  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me,  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it!  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's

and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
 thee, lead me in:  
 an inventory of all I have,  
 penny; 't is the king's: my robe,  
 tegrity to heaven, is all  
 call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.  
*Wol.* So I have. Farewell!  
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

*Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.*

You are well met once again.

And so are you.

You come to take your stand here, and be-  
 hold

mine pass from her coronation?

'T is all my business. At our last encounter,  
 of Buckingham came from his trial.

'T is very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;  
 and joy.

'T is well: The citizens,  
 have shown at full their royal minds,  
 to have their rights, they are ever forward,  
 in this day with shows,  
 and sights of honour.

Never greater,  
 assure you, better taken, sir.  
 May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
 in your hand?

Yes; 't is the list  
 of the coronation.  
 of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
 steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,  
 and marshal: you may read the rest.  
 I thank you, sir; had I not known those cus-  
 toms,

we been beholding\* to your paper.  
 Tell you, what 's become of Katharine,  
 the dowager? how goes her business?  
 That I can tell you too. The archbishop  
 try, accompanied with other  
 of reverend fathers of his order,  
 a court at Dunstable, six miles off  
 thill, where the princess lay; to which  
 she cited by them, but appear'd not:  
 absent, for not appearance, and  
 late scruple, by the main assent  
 of learned men she was divorc'd,  
 her marriage made of none effect:  
 now, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,  
 remains now, sick.

Alas, good lady!— [*Trumpets.*  
 They stand: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

*With flourish of Trumpets: then, enter,  
 the Chancellor, with the purse and mace before  
 the King, and the Duke of Suffolk  
 singing.*

[*Music.*  
*of London bearing the mace. Then Garter,  
 his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt cop-  
 er crown.*

*the Duke of Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his  
 head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the  
 Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with  
 the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Col-  
 lars of SS.*

*6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet  
 on his head, bearing a long white wand, as  
 high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk,  
 with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his  
 head. Collars of SS.*

*7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under  
 it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly  
 adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of  
 her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*

*8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold,  
 wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

*9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of  
 gold without flowers.*

*2 Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—  
 Who 's that that bears the sceptre?

*1 Gent.* Marquis Dorset:  
 And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

*2 Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: and that should be  
 The duke of Suffolk.

*1 Gent.* 'T is the same; high-steward.

*2 Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

*1 Gent.* Yes.

*2 Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the QUEEN.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;  
 Our king has all the Indies in his arms,  
 And more, and richer, when he strains that lady;  
 I cannot blame his conscience.

*1 Gent.* They that bear  
 The cloth of honour over her, are four barons  
 Of the Cinque-ports.

*2 Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are  
 near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train  
 Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

*1 Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

*2 Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, in  
 deed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

*1 Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter a Third Gentleman.*

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

*3 Gent.* Among the crowd in the abbey; where a finger  
 Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled  
 With the mere rankness of their joy.

*2 Gent.* You saw the ceremony?

*3 Gent.* That I did.

*1 Gent.* How was it?

*3 Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

*2 Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

*3 Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream  
 Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen

\*—This is not a corrupt word, but one constantly  
 written of Shakspeare's day. We have an example  
 in his 'Great's Worth of Wit.'

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her : while her grace sat down  
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man : which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,  
Doublets, I think, flew up : and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams<sup>a</sup>  
In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make them reel before them. No man living  
Could say, "This is my wife," there ; all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, what follow'd ?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest  
paces  
Came to the altar : where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :  
When by the archbishop of Canterbury  
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,  
Laid nobly on her ; which perform'd, the choir,  
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
And with the same full state pac'd back again  
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir,  
You must no more call it York-place, that is past :  
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost ;  
'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it,  
But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops  
Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one, of Win-  
chester,  
(Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary.)  
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester  
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that :  
However, yet there 's no great breach ; when it comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell,  
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly  
A worthy friend.—The king  
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,  
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.  
3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt  
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests ;  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I 'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

THARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between GRIF-  
FITH and PATIENCE.

How does your grace ?

O, Griffith, sick to death :  
† laden branches, bow to the earth,

<sup>a</sup> Rams—battering-rams.

Willing to leave their burden : reach a chair—  
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me  
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey  
Was dead ?

*Grif.* Yes, madam ; but I think your grace  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

*Kath.* Prithce, good Griffith, tell me how he  
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For after the stout earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward  
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas, poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads, he came to Le  
Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot  
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;  
To whom he gave these words,—“ O father abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity !”  
So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, (which he himself  
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*Kath.* So may he rest ; his faults lie gently  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak his  
And yet with charity :—He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion  
Tied all the kingdoms : simony was fair play ;  
His own opinion was his law : 't the presence  
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning : He was new  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now ?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith,  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;  
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;  
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as honey  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely : Ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,  
Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtues.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little :  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other weak  
No other speaker of my living actions.

honour from corruption.  
 honest chronicler as Griffith.  
 it hated living, thou hast made me,  
 icious truth, and modesty,  
 shes honour: Peace be with him!  
 near me still; and set me lower.  
 ng to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,  
 musicians play me that sad note  
 cnell, whilst I sit meditating  
 tial harmony I go to.

*Sad and solemn music.*

is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down  
 t.  
 ake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

*Enter, solemnly tripping one after another  
 Personages, clad in white robes, wearing  
 ads garlands of bays, and golden vizards  
 faces; branches of bays, or palm, in  
 le. They first congee unto her, then  
 d at certain changes, the first two hold a  
 and over her head; at which, the other  
 reverend curtsies; then the two that held  
 d deliver the same to the other next two,  
 ve the same order in their changes, and  
 e garland over her head: which done,  
 r the same garland to the last two, who  
 hervee the same order: at which, (as it  
 spiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of  
 and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and  
 e dancing vanish, carrying the garland  
 . The music continues.*

its of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?  
 e here in wretchedness behind ye?  
 lam, we are here.

It is not you I call for:  
 enter, since I slept?

None, madam.  
 ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
 a banquet; whose bright faces  
 d beams upon me, like the sun?  
 'd me eternal happiness;  
 : me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
 rthy yet to wear: I shall,

a most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
 fancy.

Bid the music leave,  
 sh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Do you note,  
 ver grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
 e face is drawn? How pale she looks,  
 rthy cold? Mark her eyes!  
 is going, wench; pray, pray.  
 Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger.*  
 't like your grace,—

You are a saucy fellow:  
 so more reverence?

You are to blame,  
 e will not lose her wonted greatness,  
 de behaviour: go to, kneel.  
 umbly do entreat your highness' pardon;  
 e me unmannerly: There is staying  
 s, sent from the king, to see you.  
 mit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow  
 : see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

*Enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,

You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
 My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

*Cap.* Madam, the same, your servant.  
*Kath.* O my lord,  
 The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely  
 With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
 What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
 First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
 The king's request that I would visit you;  
 Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
 Sends you his princely commendations,  
 And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Kath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too  
 late;

'T is like a pardon after execution:  
 That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;  
 But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
 How does his highness?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he ever do! and ever flourish.  
 When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
 Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter  
 I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

*Pat.* No, madam. [*Giving it to KATH.*]

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
 This to my lord the king.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
 The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:  
 The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—  
 Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;

(She is young, and of a noble modest nature:  
 I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little  
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,  
 Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
 Is, that his noble grace would have some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long  
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:  
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
 (And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,  
 For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
 For honesty, and decent carriage,  
 A right good husband, let him be a noble;

And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.  
 The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,  
 But poverty could never draw them from me;—  
 That they may have their wages duly paid them,  
 And something over to remember me by;

If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,  
 And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,  
 By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
 To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By heaven, I will;

Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
 In all humility unto his highness:

Say, his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,  
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,  
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;  
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,  
 Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over  
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,  
 Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like  
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
 I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading KATH.*]



## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!  
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero  
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the  
matter?

It seems you are in haste; an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business: Affairs that walk  
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature, than the business  
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,  
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,  
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with,  
I pray for heartily; that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could  
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—  
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman  
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—  
'T will not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—  
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master  
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade<sup>a</sup> of more preferments,  
With which the time will load him: The archbishop  
Is the king's hand and tongue: And who dare speak  
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,  
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd  
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,  
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have  
Insens'd the lords o' the council, that he is  
(For so I know he is, they know he is)  
A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd,  
Have broken with<sup>b</sup> the king; who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace  
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,  
To-morrow morning to the council-board

<sup>a</sup>—habitual course, path trodden.—See 'Richard II.,'

<sup>b</sup>—communicated with. So in the 'Two Gentle-  
men':—

'I am to break with thee of some affairs.'

He be convented.<sup>a</sup> He's a rank weed, sir  
And we must root him out. From your  
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I  
want. [Exeunt GARDINER

As LOVELL is going out, enter the KING  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to  
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for  
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my pl  
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the

Lov. I could not personally deliver to  
What you commanded me, but by her w  
I sent your message; who return'd her th  
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd yo  
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?  
Lov. So said her woman; and that her su  
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lad

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden,  
With gentle travail, to the gladdening of  
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'T is midnight

Prithee to bed; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me  
For I must think of that, which company  
Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness

A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.

[Exeunt

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the  
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'T is true: Where is

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure

K. Hen. [Exit DENNY.]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop  
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CHAMBERLAIN

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[LOVELL

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [Exeunt LOVELL

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns  
'T is his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do  
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury,  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together  
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give  
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late

<sup>a</sup> Convented—summoned

jevous, I do say, my lord,  
aints of you; which, being consider'd,  
and our council, that you shall  
ome before us; where, I know,  
h such freedom purge yourself,  
rther trial in those charges  
sire your answer, you must take  
o you, and be well contented  
onse our Tower: You a brother of us,  
succeed, or else no witness  
ainst you.

I humbly thank your highness;  
lad to catch this good occasion  
to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
fly asunder: for, I know  
unds under more calumnious tongues  
poor man.

Stand up, good Canterbury;  
thy integrity, is rooted  
I: Give me thy hand, stand up;  
ilk. Now, by my holy-dame,  
f man are you? My lord, I look'd  
given me your petition, that  
en some pains to bring together  
ur accusers; and to have heard you  
nce further.

Most dread liege,  
d on is my truth and honesty;  
l, I, with mine enemies,  
er my person; which I weigh not,  
irtues vacant. I fear nothing  
d against me.

Know you not  
stands i' the world, with the whole world?  
e many, and not small; their practices  
me proportion; and not ever  
the truth o' the question carries  
erdict with it: At what ease  
inds procure knaves as corrupt  
t you? such things have been done.  
oppos'd; and with a malice

When you of better luck,  
s'd witness, than your master,  
you are, whiles here he liv'd  
dy earth? Go to, go to;  
pice for no leap of danger,  
wn destruction.

God, and your majesty,  
sistence, or I fall into  
for me!

Be of good cheer;  
ore prevail, than we give way to.  
you; and this morning see  
efore them; if they shall chance,  
with matters, to commit you,  
ions to the contrary  
and with what vehemency  
ill instruct you: if entreaties  
no remedy, this ring  
d your appeal to us  
re them.—Look, the good man weeps!  
mine honour. God's blest mother!  
e-hearted; and a soul  
y kingdom.—Get you gone,  
e hid you.—[*Exit CRANMER*] He has  
el  
his tears.

*Enter an old Lady.*

[*L.*] Come back. What mean you?  
t come back; the tidings that I bring  
oldness manners.—Now, good angels  
I head, and shade thy person  
et wings!

*K. Hen.* Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?  
Say, ay; and of a boy.

*Lady.* Ay, ay, my liege,  
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven  
Both now and ever bless her—'t is a girl,  
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger; 't is as like you  
As cherry is to cherry.

*K. Hen.* Lovell,—

*Enter LOVELL.*

*Lov.* Sir.

*K. Hen.* Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the  
queen. [*Exit KING.*]

*Lady.* An hundred marks! By this light, I 'll have  
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this the girl is like to him?  
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now  
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c.,  
attending.*

*Cran.* I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentle-  
man,  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—  
Hoo!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

*D. Keep.* Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why?

*D. Keep.* Your grace must wait till you be call'd for

*Enter Doctor BUTTS.*

*Cran.* So.

*Butts.* This is a piece of malice. I am glad,  
I came this way so happily: The king  
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

*Cran.* [*Aside.*] 'T is Butts,  
The king's physician; as he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,  
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice.)  
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me  
Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor,  
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter, at a window above, the KING and BUTTS.*

*Butts.* I 'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

*K. Hen.* What 's that, Butts?

*Butts.* I think your highness saw this many a day.

*K. Hen.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

*K. Hen.* Ha! 'T is he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?  
'T is well there's one above them yet. I had thought  
They had parted\* so much honesty among them,  
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer  
A man of his place, and so near our favour,  
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery;  
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;  
We shall bear more anon. [*Exeunt.*]

\* Parted—squared.

*The Council-Chamber.*

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk, Earl of Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, master secretary : Why are we met in council ?

*Crom.* Please your honours, The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it ?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there ?

*D. Keep.* Without, my noble lords ?

*Gar.* Yes.

*D. Keep.* My lord archbishop ;

and has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D. Keep.* Your grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer approaches the council-table.*

*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry To sit here at this present, and behold That chair stand empty : But we all are men, In our own natures frail, and capable Of our flesh ; few are angels : out of which frailty, And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us, Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little, Toward the kin first, then his laws, in filling The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains, (For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions, Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies, And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden too, My noble lords : for those that tame wild horses Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle ; But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them, Till they obey the manage. If we suffer (Out of our easiness, and childish pity To one man's honour) this contagious sickness, Farewell, all physic ; and what follows then ? Commotions, uproars, with a general taint Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours, The upper Germany, can dearly witness, Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress Both of my life and office, I have labour'd, And with no little study, that my teaching, And the strong course of my authority, Might go one way, and safely ; and the end Was ever to do well : nor is there living (I speak it with a single heart, my lords) A man that more detests, more stirs against, Both in his private conscience and his place, Defacers of a public peace, than I do. Pray heaven the king may never find a heart With less allegiance in it ! Men, that make Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment, Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships, That, in this case of justice, my accusers, Be what they will, may stand forth face to face, And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord, That cannot be ; you are a counsellor, And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

*Gar.* My lord, because we have business of more moment,

We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure, And our consent, for better trial of you, From hence you be committed to the Tower, Where, being but a private man again,

You shall know many dare accuse you boldly, More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I think You are always my good friend ; if your will pass, I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, You are so merciful : I see your end, 'T is my undoing : Love and meekness, lord, Become a churchman better than ambition ; Win straying souls with modesty again, Cast none away. That I shall clear myself, Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience, I make as little doubt, as you do conscience, In doing daily wrongs. I could say more, But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss deceives

To men that understand you, words and weakness. *Crom.* My lord of Winchester, you are a little, By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble, However faulty, yet should find respect For what they have been : 't is a cruelty, To load a falling man.

*Gar.* Good master secretary, I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord ?

*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favourer Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound ?

*Gar.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.* 'Would you were half so honest !

Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Ha.

Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gar.* I have done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner ;

There to remain, till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us : Are you all agreed, lords ?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

*Gar.* What else ?

Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

*Cran.* For me !

Must I go like a traitor thither ?

*Gar.* Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lord,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords,

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Chan.* This is the king's ring.

*Suf.* 'T is no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'T is the right ring, by heaven : I told you

When we first put this dangerous stoue a rolling,

'T would fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lord,

The king will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd ?

*Chan.* 'T is now too certain

How much more is his life in value with him ?

'Would I were fairly out on 't.

*Crom.* My mind pass'd

In seeking tales and informations

MAN, (whose honesty the devil  
pleas only envy at,)  
ere that burns ye: Now have at ye.  
so, *fronning on them; takes his seat.*  
I sovereign, how much are we bound to  
ren  
ks, that gave us such a prince;  
d and wise, but most religious;  
ill obedience, makes the church  
of his honour; and, to strengthen  
ty, out of dear respect,  
in judgment comes to hear,  
wixt her and this great offender.  
u were ever good at sudden commendations,  
nchester. But know, I come not  
flattery now; and in my presence,  
thin and base to hide offences.  
innot reach; you play the spaniel,  
th wagging of your tongue to win me;  
er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,  
rue nature, and a bloody.

o CRANMER] sit down. Now let me see  
proudest  
most, but wag his finger at thee:  
holy, he had better starve,  
e think his place becomes thee not.  
it please your grace,—  
No, sir, it does not please me.  
I had had men of some understanding  
of my council; but I find none.  
ion, lords, to let this man,  
n, (few of you deserve that title,)  
an, wait like a lousy footboy  
or? and one as great as you are?  
shame was this! Did my commission  
forget yourselves? I gave ye  
as a counsellor to try him,  
n; There's some of ye, I see,  
alice than integrity,  
n to the utmost, had ye mean;  
I never have, while I live.

Thus far,  
I sovereign, may it like your grace  
gue excuse all. What was purpos'd  
e imprisonment, was rather  
th in men) meant for his trial,  
ation to the world, than malice;  
me.

Well, well, my lords, respect him;  
use him well, he's worthy of it.  
e much for him, if a prince  
ten to a subject, I  
ve and service, so to him.  
nse ado, but all embrace him;  
e name, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,  
which you must not deny me;  
young maid that yet wants baptism,  
godfather, and answer for her.  
greatest monarch now alive may glory  
our: How may I deserve it,  
er and humble subject to you?  
me, come, my lord, you 'd spare your  
as; you shall have  
ness with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,  
quis Dorset: Will these please you?  
y lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
love this man.

With a true heart,  
we, I do it.

And let heaven  
hear I hold this confirmation.  
eal man, those joyful tears show thy true  
e  
oice, I see, is verified  
says thus. "Do my lord of Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—  
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long  
To have this young one made a christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; Do  
you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves,  
leave your gaping.\*

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you  
rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen  
crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches  
to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing  
christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you  
rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 't is as much impossible  
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)  
To scatter them, as 't is to make them sleep

On May-day morning; which will never be:  
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot  
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,  
to mow them down before me: but, if I spare any that  
had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she,  
cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a  
chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master  
puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down  
by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or  
have we some strange Indian with the great tool come  
to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a  
fry of fornication is at door! On my christian con-  
science, this one christening will beget a thousand;  
here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is  
a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier  
by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-  
days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are  
under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-  
drake<sup>b</sup> did I hit three times on the head, and three  
times was his nose discharged against me; he stands  
there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a  
haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed  
upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for  
kindling such a combustion in the state. I mis'd the  
meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs!*  
when I might see from far some forty truncheoners  
draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand,  
where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good  
my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to  
me; I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys  
behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of peb-  
bles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let  
them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I  
think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-  
house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience,  
but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-  
house, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have  
some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like

\* *Gaping*—shouting. The "gaping pig" of Shylock meant probably the roaring pig.

<sup>b</sup> *Fire-drake*. An *ignis-fatuus* was so called; and the name was also given to any artificial firework.

to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beattles, that is to come.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows. There 's a trim rabble let in: Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

*Port.* An 't please your honour We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule them.

*Cham.* As I live, If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves; And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,\* when Ye should do service.—Hark, the trumpets sound; They are come already from the christening: Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I 'll find A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow, stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

*Port.* You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I 'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

*Enter trumpets, sounding; then Two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, Two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then Four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

*Flourish. Enter KING and Train.*

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;— All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye!

*K. Hen.* Thank you, good lord archbishop, What is her name?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, lord.—

[*The KING kisses the child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! Into whose hands I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen.

*K. Hen.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal: I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

*Cran*

Let me

For heaven now bids me; and the words Let none think flattery, for they 'll find it This royal infant, (heaven still move above Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessing Which time shall bring to ripeness: She (But few now living can behold that good A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed: Saba was no More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue, Than this pure soul shall be: all princel That mould up such a mighty piece as th With all the virtues that attend the good Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn And hang their heads with sorrow: Good In her days, every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine, what he plants; and The merry songs of peace to all his neigh God shall be truly known; and those ab From her shall read the perfect ways of And by those claim their greatness, not Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix Her ashes new create another heir, As great in admiration as herself; So shall she leave her blessedness to one, (When heaven shall call her from this clo Who, from the sacred ashes of her hano Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as s And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, That were the servants to this chosen inf Shall then be his, and like a vine grow t Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall His honour, and the greatness of his nam Shall be, and make new nations: He sh And, like a mountain cedar, reach his b To all the plains about him:—Our chil Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*K. Hen.*

Thou spe

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of An aged princess; many days shall see And yet no day without a deed to crow: Would I had known no more! but she t She must, the saints must have her; yet A most unspotted lily shall she pass To the ground, and all the world shall t

*K. Hen.*

O lord archbishop, Thou hast made me now a man; never, This happy child, did I get anything: This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me, That, when I am in heaven, I shall desi To see what this child does, and praise I thank ye all,—to you, my good lord n And you, good brethren, I am much oblig I have receiv'd much honour by your pr And ye shall find me thankful. Lead t Ye must all see the queen, and she must She will be sick else. This day, no man He has business at his house; for all this This little one shall make it holiday.

#### EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one, this play can never please All that are here: Some come to take their ease, And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear, We have frighted with our trumpets; so 't is clear, They 'll say 't is naught: others, to hear the city Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—“that 's witty!”

\* *Bumbards*—ale-barre s.

Which we have not done neither: that, I All the expected good we are like to best For this play at this time, is only in The merciful construction of good women For such a one we show'd them: If they And say, 't will do, I know, within a win All the best men are ours; for 't is ill but If they told, when their ladies bid them t





## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'ROMEO AND JULIET' was first printed in the year 1597. The second edition was printed in 1599. The title of that edition declares it to be "Newly corrected, augmented, and amended." There can be no doubt whatever that the corrections, augmentations, and emendations were those of the author. We know of nothing in literary history more curious or more instructive than the example of minute attention, as well as consummate skill, exhibited by Shakspeare in correcting, augmenting, and amending the first copy of this play.

"Of the truth of Juliet's story, they (the Veronese) seem teracious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love." Byron thus described the tomb of Juliet to his friend Moore, as he saw it at the close of autumn, when withered leaves had dropped into the decayed sarcophagus, and the vines that are trailed above it had been stripped of their fruit. His letter to Moore, in which this passage occurs, is dated the 7th November. But this wild and desolate garden only struck Byron as appropriate to the legend—to that simple tale of fierce hatreds and fatal loves which tradition has still preserved, amongst those who may never have read Luigi da Porto or Bandello, the Italian romancers who give the tale, and who, perhaps, never heard the name of Shakspeare. To the legend only is the blighted place appropriate. For who that has ever been thoroughly imbued with the story of Juliet, as told by Shakspeare,—who that has heard his "glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennoble the soul and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul,"\*—who that, in our great poet's matchless delineation of Juliet's love, has perceived "whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose," †—who, indeed, that looks upon the tomb of the Juliet of Shakspeare, can see only a shapeless ruin amidst wildness and desolation?

"—— A grave? O, no, a lantern,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light."

In 'Romeo and Juliet' the principle of limiting the pathetic according to the degree in which it is calculated to produce emotions of pleasure, is interwoven with the whole structure and conduct of the play. The tragical part of the story, from the first scene to the last, is held in subjection to the beautiful. It is not only that the beautiful comes to the relief of the tragic, as in 'Lear' and 'Othello,' but here the tragic is only a mode of exhibiting the beautiful under its most striking aspects. Shakspeare never intended that the story of 'Romeo and Juliet' should lacerate the heart. When Mrs. Inchbald, therefore, said, in her preface to the acted play, "'Romeo and Juliet' is called a pathetic tragedy, but it is a reality—it charms the understanding and the imagination, without melting, though it

touches the heart,"—she paid the highest tribute to Shakspeare's skill as an artist, for he had thus worked out his own idea.

Coleridge has described the homogeneous totality of interest—which is the great characteristic of this play, by one of those beautiful analogies which could only proceed from the pen of a true poet.

"Whence arises the harmony that strikes the eye in the wildest natural landscapes,—in the relative positions of rocks, the harmony of colours in the hues of the lichens, the leaves of the beech and the stems and rich brown branches of the birch, the mountain trees, varying from verging autumn to the turning spring,—compared with the visual effect of the greater number of artificial plantations, and the result is this, that the natural landscape is effected, not by a single energy modified *ab intra* in each element part. And, as this is the particular example of the Shaksperian drama generally, so is it characteristic of the 'Romeo and Juliet.'"\*

Schlegel carried out the proofs of this *Essay on 'Romeo and Juliet'*; † in which, in his own words, he "went through the whole of the play, and demonstrated the inward connection of each with reference to the whole; showed the particular circle of characters and relations around the two lovers; explained the signs of the mirth here and there scattered; and justified the use of the occasional heightening given to the colours." ‡ Schlegel wisely did this to exhibit more remarkably in Shakspeare than in any other poet "the thorough formation of a work, even in the minutest part, according to a leading idea—the animating spirit over all the mechanism." § The general criticism of Schlegel upon 'Romeo and Juliet' is based upon a perfect comprehension of this great principle upon which Shakspeare has written. The following is the close of a celebrated passage in 'Romeo and Juliet,' which has often been quoted as it is altogether so true and so beautiful, that it resists the pleasure of circulating it still more.

"Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose, breathed into this poem. But, even more than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay on from the first timidly-bold declaration of love and modest return, to the most unlimited passion and irrevocable union; then, amidst alternating rapture and despair, to the death of the two lovers, still appear enviable as their love survives them, and by their death they have obtained a triumph over the separating power. The sweetest and the bitterest, and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, embraces and sepulchres, the fulness of life and the void of desolation, are all here brought close to each other, and all these contrasts are so blended in the harmonious and wonderful work into a unity of impression, that which the whole leaves behind in the mind is a single but endless sigh." ||

\* Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 128.

† Charakteristiken und Kritiken.

‡ Lectures. § Ibid.

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**MONTAGUE**, *Prince of Verona.*  
Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.  
*Young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*  
Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5.  
Act V. sc. 3.  
*Head of a house, at variance with the  
house of Capulet.*  
Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.  
*Head of a house, at variance with the  
house of Montague.*  
Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.  
Act V. sc. 3.  
*Old Man, uncle to Capulet.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 5.*  
**ROMEO**, *son to Montague.*  
Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2;  
sc. 6. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V.  
*Young man to the Prince and friend to Romeo.*  
Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.  
*Friend to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*  
Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.  
Act III. sc. 1.  
**MERCUTIO**, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*  
Act I. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1.  
**BENVOLIO**, *a Franciscan.*  
Act II. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1;  
sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
**FRANCISCO**, *a Franciscan.*  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 2.*  
**TRUPEL**, *servant to Romeo.*  
Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.  
**TRUPEL**, *servant to Capulet.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

**GREGORY**, *servant to Capulet.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*  
**ABRAM**, *servant to Montague.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*  
*An Apothecary.*  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 1.*  
*Three Musicians.*  
*Appear, Act IV. sc. 5.*  
**CHORUS.**  
*Appears, Act I.*  
**BOY.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 1.*  
**PAGES TO PARIS.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 3.*  
**PETER.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 5.*  
**AN OFFICER.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 1.*  
**LADY MONTAGUE**, *wife to Montague.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.*  
**LADY CAPULET**, *wife to Capulet.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV.  
sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.*  
**JULIET**, *daughter to Capulet.*  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6.  
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*  
**NURSE TO JULIET.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III.  
sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.*  
*Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, re-  
lations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen,  
and Attendants.*

ACTING THE GREATER PART OF THE PLAY, IN VERONA; ONCE (IN THE FIFTH ACT) AT MANTUA.

## PROLOGUE.

Beholds, both alike in dignity,  
Two households, whose feud breeds  
In Verona, where we lay our scene,  
Ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Which civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
The fatal loins of these two foes  
From star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
The death-mark'd love-bonds which their  
Disadvantage's piteous overthrows  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could  
remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to  
mend.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—A public Place.

**MONTAGUE** and **GREGORY**, *armed with swords  
and bucklers.*  
**Greg.** O' my word, we'll not carry coals.  
**Mont.** Then we should be colliers.  
**Greg.** Ay, if we be in choler, we'll draw.  
**Mont.** If you live, draw your neck out of the  
collar.  
**Greg.** I'll not draw you out of the  
collar, being moved.  
**Mont.** You are not quickly moved to strike.  
**Greg.** I'll strike you, if the house of Montague  
moves me.  
**Mont.** It was not till you said so, that  
my coals was to submit to servile offices.

**Gre.** To move is to stir; and to be valiant, is to  
stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.  
**Sam.** A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I  
will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.  
**Gre.** That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest  
goes to the wall.  
**Sam.** True; and therefore women, being the weaker  
vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will  
push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his  
maids to the wall.  
**Gre.** The quarrel is between our masters, and us  
their men.  
**Sam.** 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:  
2 O



when I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids, and cut off their heads.

*Gre.* The heads of the maids?

*Sam.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*Gre.* They must take it sense, that feel it.

*Sam.* Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and 't is known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*Gre.* 'T is well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.\* Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of Montagues.

*Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.*

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

*Gre.* How? turn thy back, and run?

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry: I fear thee!

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?

*Gre.* No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

*Sam.* If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, sir.

*Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.*

*Gre.* Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

*Sam.* Yes, better.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.<sup>b</sup>

*Ben.* Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*They fight.*]

[*Beats down their swords.*]

*Enter TYBALT.*

*Tyb.* What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

*Tyb.* What, draw, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

*Enter several partisans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.*

*Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and LADY CAPULET.*

*Cap.* What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

*La. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

\* *Poor John*—bake, dried and salted.

<sup>b</sup> The swashing blow was a blow upon the buckler.

*Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.*

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let

*La. Mon.* Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a

*Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you boys!

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground

And hear the sentence of your moved prince. Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;

And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,

To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate

If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away: You, Capulet, shall go along with me;

And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our farther pleasure in this case,

To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt PRINCE and Attendants; CAPULET, CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.*]

*Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad? Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:

I drew to part them; in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;

Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, He swung about his head, and cut the winds,

Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn: While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Came more and more, and fought on part and part Till the prince came, who parted either part.

*La. Mon.* O, where is Romeo?—saw you his last night? Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,

That westward rooteth from this city's side, So early walking did I see your son:

Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood:

I, measuring his affections by my own,— That most are busied when they are most alone,—

Pursued my humour, not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs; But all so soon as the all-cheering sun

Should in the farthest east begin to draw The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,

Away from light steals home my heavy son, And private in his chamber pens himself;

Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out, And makes himself an artificial night:

Black and portentous must this humour prove, Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

*Mon.* I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

*Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?

*Mon.* Both by myself, and many others, friends But he, his own affections' counsellor,

—I will not say, how true—  
 if so secret and so close,  
 sounding and discovery,  
 d bit with an envious worm,  
 pread his sweet leaves to the air,  
 his beauty to the sun.  
 t learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
 s willingly give cure, as know.

*Enter ROMEO, at a distance.*

where he comes : So please you, step aside ;  
 is grievance, or be much denied.  
 ould thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
 shrift.—Come, madam, let 's away.

[*Exit MONTAGUE and Lady.*  
*d morrow, cousin.*

Is the day so young?  
 new struck nine.

Al me ! sad hours seem long.  
 y father that went hence so fast ?  
 s :—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours ?  
 t having that, which, having, makes them  
 rt.

ove ?  
 t—  
 ove ?  
 t of her favour, where I am in love.  
 s, that love, so gentle in his view,  
 tyrannous and rough in proof !  
 s, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
 out eyes, see pathways to his will !  
 we dine ?—O me !—What fray was here ?  
 not, for I have heard it all.  
 s to do with hate, but more with love :—  
 ) brawling love ! O loving hate !  
 of nothing first created !  
 stress ! serious vanity !  
 chaos of well-seeming forms !  
 ad, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !  
 sleep, that is not what it is !—  
 d I, that feel no love in this.  
 t laugh ?

No, coz, I rather weep.  
 el heart, at what ?  
 At thy good heart's oppression.  
 y, such is love's transgression.—  
 ne own lie heavy in my breast ;  
 wilt propagate, to have it press'd  
 f thine : this love, that thou hast shown,  
 ore grief to too much of mine own.  
 like made with the fume of sighs ;  
 I, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;  
 a sea nourish'd with loving tears :  
 ise ? a madness most discreet,  
 all, and a preserving sweet.

y coz. [ *Going.*  
 Soft, I will go along ;  
 ave me so, you do me wrong.  
 t, I have lost myself ; I am not here ;  
 Romeo, be 's some other where.  
 me in sadness, who is that you love.  
 at, shall I groan, and tell thee ?  
 Groan ? why, no ;  
 ll me, who.  
 I a sick man in sadness make his will :—  
 urg'd to one that is so ill !—  
 cousin, I do love a woman.  
 m'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.  
 ght good marksman !—And she 's fair I love.  
 ight fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.  
 dI, in that hit, you miss : she 'll not be hit  
 's arrow, she hath Dian's wit ;  
 ng proof of chastity well arm'd,  
 weak childish bow she lives unarm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,  
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :  
 O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor  
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.<sup>a</sup>

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn, that she will still live  
 chaste ?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,  
 For beauty, starv'd with her severity,  
 Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
 She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,  
 To merit bliss by making me despair :  
 She hath forsworn to love ; and, in that vow,  
 Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O teach me how I should forget to think.

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;  
 Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'T is the way  
 To call hers, exquisite, in question more :  
 These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
 Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;  
 He that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :  
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note  
 Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair ?  
 Farewell : thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I 'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.  
 [ *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

*Cap.* And 's Montague is bound as well as I,  
 In penalty alike ; and 't is not hard, I think,  
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both ;  
 And pity 't is, you liv'd at odds so long.  
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before :  
 My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;  
 Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.  
*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,  
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth.<sup>b</sup>  
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
 My will to her consent<sup>c</sup> is but a part ;  
 An she agree, within her scope of choice  
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
 Such as I love ; and you, among the store,  
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
 At my poor house, look to behold this night  
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :  
 Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel  
 When well apparell'd April on the heel  
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
 Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,  
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be :

<sup>a</sup> The scene ends here in (*A*) ; and the three first lines in the  
 next scene are also wanting. (*B*) has them.

<sup>b</sup> so (*D*). The folio omits *And*.

<sup>c</sup> *Lady of my earth.* *File de terre* being the French phrase for  
 an heiress, Steevens thinks that Capulet speaks of Juliet in  
 this sense ; but Shakspeare uses earth for the mortal part, as in  
 the 146th Sonnet :—

" Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth."

<sup>d</sup> *My will to her consent.* In proportion to, or with reference  
 to, her consent.

Which on more view of many, mine, being one,  
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
Come, go with me;—Go, sirrah, trudge about  
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,  
Whose names are written there, [*gives a paper.*] and to  
them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*]

*Serv.* Find them out, whose names are written here?  
It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with  
his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his  
pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to  
find those persons, whose names are writ, and can never  
find what names the writing person hath here writ. I  
must to the learned:—In good time.

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:  
Take thou some new infection to the eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

*Rom.* Your plaitain-leaf is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee?

*Rom.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad?  
*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

*Serv.* God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:

But I pray, can you read anything you see?

*Rom.* Ay, in I know the letters, and the language.

*Serv.* Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

*Rom.* Stay, fellow: I can read.

[*Reads.*]

*Signor Martino, and his wife and daughters;  
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady  
widow of Vitruvio; Signor Placentio, and his lovely  
nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine  
uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece  
Rosaline; Livia; Signor Valerio, and his cousin  
Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.*

A fair assembly; [*gives back the note.*] Whither should  
they come?

*Serv.* Up.

*Rom.* Whither to supper?

*Serv.* To our house.

*Rom.* Whose house?

*Serv.* My master's.

*Rom.* Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

*Serv.* Now I'll tell you without asking: My master  
is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house  
of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.  
Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;

With all the admired beauties of Verona:

Go thither: and, with unattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!

And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,

Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:

But in that crystal scales,<sup>a</sup> let there be weigh'd

You lady's love against some other maid

<sup>a</sup> Scales—used as a singular noun.

That I will show you, shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well, that now shows  
*Rom.* I'll go along, no such sight to be shown  
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.*

*La. Cap.* Nurse, where 's my daughter?  
Nurse, I have not seen her  
forth to me.

*Nurse.* Now by my maidenhead,—at twelve  
old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-like?  
God forbid!—where 's this girl?—what, Juliet!

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* How now, who calls?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

*La. Cap.* This is the matter:—Nurse, give  
awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again:  
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our cousin  
Thou know'st, my daughter 's of a pretty age.

*Nurse.* Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

*La. Cap.* She 's not fourteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my  
And yet to my teen<sup>a</sup> be it spoken, I have but fourteen

She is not fourteen.—How long is it now  
To Lammas-tide?

*La. Cap.* A fortnight, and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen?

Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me: But, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—

Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,

My lord and you were then at Mantua:—

Nay, I do bear a brain:<sup>b</sup>—but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.

Shake, quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I tell  
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the moon,

She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband—God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man!—took up the child:

Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wits:

Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy dam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said—Ay:

To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it; Wilt thou not, Jule? quoth

And, pretty fool, it stinted,<sup>c</sup> and said—Ay.

*La. Cap.* Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

*Nurse.* Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but  
To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay!

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

<sup>a</sup> Teen—sorrow.

<sup>b</sup> Bear a brain—have a memory—a common expression.

<sup>c</sup> It stinted—it stopped.

knock; and it crieth bitterly.  
 my husband, fall'st upon thy face?  
 all backward, when thou com'st to age;  
 not, Jule? it stinted, and said—Ay.  
 I stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.  
 Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his  
 ace!  
 the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:  
 I live to see thee married once,  
 wish.

Marry, that marry is the very theme  
 alk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
 your disposition to be married?  
 an honour that I dream not of.  
 in honour! were not I thine only nurse,  
 as hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.  
 Well, think of marriage now; younger  
 an you,  
 coma, ladies of esteem,  
 dready mothers: by my count,  
 her much upon these years  
 re now a maid. Thus, then, in brief:—  
 Paris seeks you for his love.  
 k man, young lady! lady, such a man,  
 reeld—Why, he's a man of wax.

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.  
 Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

What say you? can you love the gentle-  
 an?  
 you shall behold him at our feast;  
 re volume of young Paris' face,  
 slight writ there with beauty's pen;  
 ery several lineament,  
 r one another lends content;  
 escur'd in this fair volume lies,  
 n in the margin of his eyes.  
 as book of love, this unbound lover,  
 f him, only lacks a cover:  
 ea in the sea; and 't is much pride,  
 bout the fair within to hide:  
 in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
 d clasps locks in the golden story;  
 n share all that he doth possess,  
 him, making yourself no less.  
 No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.  
 Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?  
 I look to like, if looking liking move:  
 re deep will I endart mine eye,  
 consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

adam, the guests are come, supper served up,  
 my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed  
 try, and everything in extremity. I must  
 sit; I beseech you, follow straight.

We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.  
 Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with Five or  
 Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and others.

What, shall this speech be spoke for our  
 cause?  
 e on without apology?  
 e date is out of such prolixity:  
 e no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,  
 Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
 e ladies like a crow-keeper;  
 heat-book prologue, faintly spoke  
 omputer, for our entrance:  
 re measure us by what they will,  
 ndom—a corruption of the word perilous.

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.  
 Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;  
 Being but heavy I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.  
 Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,  
 With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,  
 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
 And soar with them above a common bound.  
 Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,  
 To soar with his light feathers; and to bound—  
 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
 Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love:  
 Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
 Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
 Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  
 Give me a case to put my visage in:

[Putting on a mask.

A visor for a visor!—what care I,  
 What curious eye doth quote<sup>a</sup> deformities?  
 Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,  
 But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons light of heart,  
 Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;  
 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—  
 I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—  
 The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own  
 word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire  
 Of this, sir reverence, love, wherein thou stick'st  
 Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.  
 Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, lights, lights, by day.  
 Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits  
 Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;  
 But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?  
 Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.  
 Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.  
 Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.  
 She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
 Her traces of the smallest spider's web;  
 Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams;  
 Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film;  
 Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues.  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.

<sup>a</sup> Quote—observe.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :<sup>a</sup>  
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice :  
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon  
Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;  
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage.  
This is she—

*Rom.* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air ;  
And more inconstant than the wind who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

*Ben.* This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves ;  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear, too early : for my mind misgives  
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
With this night's revels ; and expire the term  
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death :  
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail !—On, lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.*

*1 Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take  
away ? he shift a trencher ! he scrape a trencher !

*2 Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or  
two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is a foul  
thing.

*1 Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-  
cupboard, look to the plate :—good thou, save me a  
piece of marchpane ;<sup>b</sup> and, as thou lovest me, let the  
porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony !  
and Potpan !

*2 Serv.* Ay, boy ; ready.

*1 Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for,  
and sought for, in the great chamber.

*2 Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly,  
boys ; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*]

*Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests, and the Maskers.*

*Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen ! ladies, that have their  
toes

Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you :—

Ah ha, my mistresses ! which of you all

Will now deny to dance ? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns ; Am I come near ye now ?

Welcome, gentlemen ! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor ; and could tell

<sup>a</sup> *A suit.* A court solicitation was called a suit.

<sup>b</sup> *Marchpane*—a kind of sweet cake or biscuit, sometimes called almond-cake. Our macaroons are diminutive march-  
panes.

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please ; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone,  
You are welcome, gentlemen !—Come, musicians,  
A hall ! a hall ! give room, and foot it, gnik.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves ; and turn the tables up,  
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin<sup>c</sup> Capulet ;

For you and I are past our dancing days ;

How long is 't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask ?

*2 Cap.* By 'r lady, thirty years.

*1 Cap.* What, man ! 't is not so much, 't is  
much :

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five-and-twenty years ; and then we mask'd.

*2 Cap.* 'T is more, 't is more : his son is older,

His son is thirty.

*1 Cap.* Will you tell me that ?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* What lady's that, which doth em-  
brace  
hand

Of yonder knight ?

*Serv.* I know not, sir.

*Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn  
bright !  
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night  
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear ;  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now ? forswear it, sight !  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy :—What ? dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,  
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity ?

Now by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

*1 Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman ? wherefore  
do you  
so ?

*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe ;  
A villain, that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

*1 Cap.* Young Romeo is 't ?

*Tyb.* 'T is he, that villain !

*1 Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone ;  
He bears him like a portly gentleman ;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth ;  
I would not for the wealth of all this town,  
Here in my house, do him disparagement ;  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
It is my will ; the which if thou respect,  
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

*Tyb.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest ;  
I'll not endure him.

*1 Cap.* He shall be endur'd.  
What, goodman boy !—I say, he shall !—Go to !  
Am I the master here, or you ? go to.

You'll not endure him !—God shall mend my soul,  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests !  
You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

*1 Cap.* Go to, go to,  
You are a saucy boy : Is 't so indeed ?  
This trick may chance to scath<sup>b</sup> you ;—I know it.

<sup>c</sup> *Good cousin Capulet.* The worst cousin is usually  
applied to any collateral relation of whatever degree.

<sup>b</sup> *To scath*—to injure.

contrary<sup>a</sup> me!—marry, 't is time—  
my hearts!—You are a princox;<sup>b</sup> go:—  
—More light, more light.—For shame!—  
you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.  
ence performe with wilful choler meeting  
lesh tremble in their different greeting.  
raw: but this intrusion shall,  
ig sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.  
I profane with my unworthiest hand

[To JULIET.  
My shrine, the gentle sin is this,—  
o blushing pilgrims ready stand  
oth that rough touch with a tender kiss.  
d pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too  
uch,  
manuenerly devotion shows in this;  
ave hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
dm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.  
ive not saints lips, and holy palmers too?  
pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.  
hem, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.  
as do *not* move, though grant for prayers'  
ke.  
en move not, while my prayers' effect I take.  
ny lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.  
[Kissing her.  
a have my lips the sin that they have took.  
s from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!  
y sin again.  
You kiss by the book.  
adam, your mother craves a word with you.  
hat is her mother?  
Marry, bachelor,  
is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:  
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal.  
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,  
Shall have the chinks.  
Rom. Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.  
Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.  
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.  
I Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.  
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—  
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.  
Ah, sirrah, [To 2 Cap.] by my fay, it waxes late;  
I'll to my rest. [Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE  
Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yof gentleman?  
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.  
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?  
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruccio.  
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not  
dance?  
Nurse. I know not.  
Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.  
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.  
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.  
Nurse. What's this? What's this?  
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now.  
Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, JULIET.  
Nurse. Anon, anon:—  
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
ung affection gazes to be his heir;  
for which love groan'd for, and would die,  
nder Juliet match'd, is now not fair.  
seo is below'd, and loves again,  
witchard by the charm of looks;  
a foe suppos'd he must complain,  
e steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new-beloved anywhere:  
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,  
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.

ACT II.

L.—An open Place adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

I go forward, when my heart is here?  
fall earth, and find thy centre out.  
climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.  
Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.  
seo! my cousin Romeo!  
He is wise;  
life, hath stolen him home to bed.  
ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall:  
MERCUTIO.

Nay, I'll conjure too.  
ours! madman! passion! lover!  
in the likeness of a sigh,  
se rhyme, and I am satisfied.

Sir Philip Sidney, and many other old writers,  
etc.  
sixcomb.

Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but love and dove;  
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,  
Young Abraham<sup>b</sup> Cupid, he that shot so trim,  
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
The ape<sup>c</sup> is dead, and I must conjure him.—  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.  
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.  
Mer. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him

<sup>a</sup> Towards—ready; at hand.  
<sup>b</sup> All the old copies have "Abraham." This has been changed to "Adam," supposing the allusion was to the Adam, Bell of the old Ballad. The "Abraham" Cupid is the cheat—the "Abraham man" of our old statutes.  
<sup>c</sup> The ape—an expression of kindly familiarity, applied to a young man.

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;  
That were some spite: my invocation  
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
To be consorted with the humorous<sup>a</sup> night:  
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,  
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—  
Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:  
Come, shall we go?

*Ben.* Go, then; for 't is in vain  
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

*Rom.* He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—  
[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*]  
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:  
Be not her maid,<sup>b</sup> since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—  
It is my lady: O, it is my love:  
O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?  
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—  
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright,  
That birds would sing and think it were not night.  
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

*Jul.* Ah me!  
*Rom.* She speaks:—  
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?  
[*Aside.*]

*Jul.* 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;—  
Thou art thyself though,<sup>c</sup> not a Montague.  
What's Montague? it is nor hand nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet;

<sup>a</sup> Humorous, dewy,—vaporous.

<sup>b</sup> Be not a votary to Diana.

<sup>c</sup> Juliet places his personal qualities in opposition to what  
she thought evil of his family.

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;  
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Jul.* What man art thou, that thus becomest  
night,  
So stumblest on my counsel?

*Rom.* By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am;  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee;  
Had I it written I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

*Rom.* Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike<sup>d</sup>  
*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me! and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-punch  
walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.  
*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.  
*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from  
eyes;

And, but thou love me,<sup>e</sup> let them find me here:  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?  
*Rom.* By love, that first did prompt me to say  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!<sup>f</sup>  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;  
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou may'st think my behaviour light;  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant  
lunatic, that changes in her circle every  
hour and do.

*Rom.* Do not swear by the moon, thine inconstant  
lunatic, that changes every hour and do.

*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant  
lunatic, that changes every hour and do.

*Rom.* Do not swear by the moon, thine inconstant  
lunatic, that changes every hour and do.

*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant  
lunatic, that changes every hour and do.

*Rom.* Do not swear by the moon, thine inconstant  
lunatic, that changes every hour and do.

*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant  
lunatic, that changes every hour and do.

<sup>d</sup> Dislike—displease.

<sup>e</sup> But thou love me—So thou do but love me.

<sup>f</sup> Farewell compliment—farewell respect for Romeo.

y changes in her circled orb,  
 r love prove likewise variable.  
 at shall I swear by ?  
 Do not swear at all ;  
 vilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
 t god of my idolatry,  
 lieve thee.  
 If my heart's dear love—  
 t, do not swear : although I joy in thee,  
 r of this contract to-night :  
 , too unadvise'd, too sudden ;  
 lightning, which doth cease to be,  
 say—It lightens ! Sweet, good night !  
 love, by summer's ripening breath,  
 e beauteous flower when next we meet.  
 good night ! as sweet repose and rest  
 heart, as that within my breast !  
 wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?  
 t satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?  
 t exchange of thy love's faithful vow for  
 ne.  
 e thee mine before thou didst request it :  
 ould it were to give again.  
 uldst thou withdraw it ? for what purpose,  
 e ?  
 o be frank, and give it thee again.  
 ish but for the thing I have :  
 s as boundless as the sea,  
 leep ; the more I give to thee,  
 ave, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.  
 noise within ; Dear love, adieu !  
 nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.  
 ttle, I will come again. [Exit.  
 blessed blessed night ! I am afeard,  
 ht, all this is but a dream,  
 t sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.  
 e words, dear Romeo, and good night, in-  
 d.  
 ent of love be honourable,  
 n marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
 t 'll procure to come to thee,  
 hat time, thou wilt perform the rite ;  
 fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,  
 ee my lord throughout the world.  
 [Within.] Madam.  
 ee, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,  
 thee—  
 [Within.] Madam.

By and by, I come :—  
 strife and leave me to my grief :  
 ill I send.  
 So thrive my soul,—  
 a thousand times good night ! [Exit.  
 ward love, as schoolboys from their books ;  
 a love, as school school with heavy looks.  
 [Retiring slowly.

Re-enter JULIET, above.  
 Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's voice,  
 assel-gentle back again !  
 curse, and may not speak aloud ;  
 tear the cave where echo lies,  
 r airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
 en of my Romeo.  
 t my soul, that calls upon my name :  
 weet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
 music to attending ears !  
 so.

My—  
 [Within.] Madam.

Jul. What o'clock to-morrow  
 Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.  
 Jul. I will not fail ; 't is twenty years till then.  
 I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.  
 Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
 Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
 Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone ;  
 And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;  
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I :  
 Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
 Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
 That I shall say good night, till it be morrow. [Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy  
 breast !—  
 'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !  
 Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell ;  
 His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,  
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;  
 And flecked\* darkness like a drunkard reels  
 From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels :  
 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,  
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,  
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.  
 The earth, that 's nature's mother, is her tomb ;  
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb :  
 And from her womb children of divers kind  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find :  
 Many for many virtues excellent,  
 None but for some, and yet all different.  
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies  
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :  
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,  
 But to the earth some special good doth give ;  
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;  
 And vice sometime 's by action dignified.  
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower  
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power  
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
 In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will ;  
 And, where the worse is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !  
 Fri. Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—  
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,  
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :  
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;  
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign ;  
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,  
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'ration,

\* Flecked—dappled.



Or if not so, then here I hit it right—

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*Fri.* That 's my good son: But where hast thou been then?

*Rom.* I 'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy;

Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,

That 's by me wounded; both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physic lies;

I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

*Rom.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

And all combin'd, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,

We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,

I 'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

*Fri.* Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline!

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;

And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—

Women may fall, when there 's no strength in men.

*Rom.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Fri.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And had'st me bury love.

*Fri.* Not in a grave

To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;

The other did not so.

*Fri.* O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I 'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

*Rom.* O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

*Fri.* Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A Street.

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*Mer.* Where the devil should this Romeo be?—  
Came he not home to-night?

*Benv.* Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that  
Rosaline,

is so, that he will sure run mad.

Alas, that the kinsman of old Capulet,

Should thus affront to his father's house,

Should thus challenge, on my life,

That Romeo will answer it.

How shall we answer him, that can write, may answer a letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's man  
dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead  
with a white wench's black eye; shot through  
with a love-song; the very pin<sup>a</sup> of his heart  
pierces the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; And is he a  
counter Tybalt?

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* More than prince of cats,<sup>b</sup> I can tell  
he is the courageous captain of compliments  
as you sing prick-song,<sup>c</sup> keeps time, distant  
portion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, as  
in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk bl-  
ellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first  
of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal  
puncto reverso! the hay!

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of such antic, lisping, affect-  
ed ticks; these new tuners of accents!—By Jove,  
good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good  
Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand  
should be thus afflicted with these strange  
fashionmongers, these *pardon-mes*, who stand  
on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease  
on the bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

*Enter ROMEO*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried herring  
flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for  
that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady  
kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better  
rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a g-  
and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a  
so,<sup>d</sup> but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo  
there 's a French salutation to your French  
gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What  
did I give you?

*Mer.* The slip, sir, the slip: can you not  
constrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my business  
great; and, in such a case as mine, a man  
courtesy.

*Mer.* That 's as much as to say—such a  
constrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom.* Meaning—to court'sy.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my pump well flow-  
ing.

*Mer.* Sure wit. Follow me this jest no  
hast worn out thy pump; that, when the shoe  
is worn, the jest may remain, after the wear  
singular.

*Rom.* O single-soled jest, solely sing-  
singleness!

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio; I  
will not be a match.

*Rom.* Switch and spurs, switch and spurs,  
cry a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose  
have done; for thou hast more of the wild-  
of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my  
Was I with you there for the goose?

<sup>a</sup> The centre of the target, where the pin fastens.  
<sup>b</sup> Tybert is the name given to the cat in the story of the Fox.

<sup>c</sup> Prick-song, music pricked, or noted, down, according to rule; in contradistinction to music ear, or sung from memory.

<sup>d</sup> The grey eye—the blue eye—was the most beautiful in the 'Venus and Adonis.' Venus says, 'Thine eye is like the grey eye of a cat.'

<sup>e</sup> Slip was the common name for counterlets in the pump was the shoe. We relate the wits in the pump were shaped as flowers.

ou wast never with me for anything, when  
at there for the goose.

ill bite thee by the ear for that jest.

y, good goose, bite not.

r wit is a very bitter sweeting;<sup>a</sup> it is a most

d is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

ere's a wit of cheverel,<sup>b</sup> that stretches from

ow to an ell broad!

stretch it out for that word—broad: which

e goose, proves thee far and wide a broad

y, is not this better now than groaning for

rt thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now

rt thou art, by art as well as by nature: for

ag love is like a great natural, that runs

id down to hide his bauble in a hole.

ere there, stop there.

u desired me to stop in my tale against

u wouldst else have made thy tale large.

thou art deceived, I would have made it

was come to the whole depth of my tale:

indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

e's goodly geer!

*Enter NURSE and PETER.*

ill, a sail, a sail!

y, two; a shirt, and a smock.

ster!

an?

y fan, Peter.

i Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the

al ye good morrow, gentlemen.

ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

it good den?

no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand

now upon the prick of noon.

st upon you! what a man are you?

y, gentlewoman, that God hath made him-

r my troth, it is well said;—For himself to

a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me

find the young Romeo?

an tell you; but young Romeo will be

ou have found him, than he was when you

I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault

as say well.

is the worst well? very well took, i' faith;

you be he, sir, I desire some confidence

will indite him to some supper.

ed, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

at hast thou found?

are, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie,

sing stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hairs hoar

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent

But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score.

When it hoars ere it be spent.—

you come to your father's? we'll to din-

ll follow you.

well, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady,

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

ry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy

this, that was so full of his ropery?

gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself

e name of an apple.

d leather—from cheverell—a roebuck.

talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will  
stand to in a month.

*Nurse.* An 'a speak anything against me, I 'll take

him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty

such Jacks; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall.

Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none

of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and

suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

*Pet.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had,

my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant

you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see oc-

casione in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*Nurse.* Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every

part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir,

a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me

inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to

myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her

into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross

kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is

young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with

her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentle-

woman, and very weak dealing.

*Rom.* Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.

I protest unto thee,—

*Nurse.* Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as

much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not

mark me.

*Nurse.* I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest;

which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

*Rom.* Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell

Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No, truly, sir; not a penny.

*Rom.* Go to; I say, you shall.

*Nurse.* This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

*Rom.* And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair:

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I 'll quite thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

*Nurse.* Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

*Rom.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

*Nurse.* Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady

—Lord, lord!—when 't was a little prating thing,—

O, there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would

fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve

see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her some-

times, and tell her that Paris is the properer man: but

I 'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as

any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and

Romeo begin both with a letter?

*Rom.* Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

*Nurse.* Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is

for the dog.\* No; I know it begins with some other

letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of

you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit*

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

*Pet.* Anon?

*Nurse.* Before, and apace. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse,

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

\* R was called the dog's letter—because it "birreth in the sound."

Perchance, she cannot meet him :—that 's not so.—  
O, she 's lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:  
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
Now is the sun upon the highest hill  
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve  
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.  
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,  
She 'd be as swift in motion as a ball;  
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
And his to me:  
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

*Enter NURSE and PETER.*

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*]

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st  
thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou shalt be the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*Nurse.* I am weary, give me leave a while;  
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

*Jul.* I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

*Nurse.* Jesu, what haste? can you not stay a while?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:  
Let me be satisfied, Is 't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice; you  
know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he;  
though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg  
excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a  
body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are  
past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but,  
I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways,  
wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

*Jul.* No, no: But all this did I know before;  
What says he of our marriage? what of that!

*Nurse.* Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces,  
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—  
Bestrew your heart, for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

*Jul.* I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

*Nurse.* Your love says like an honest gentleman,  
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,  
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

*Jul.* Where is my mother?—why, she is within;  
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:  
*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—  
Where is your mother?*

*Nurse.* O, God's lady dear  
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;  
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here 's such a coil,—Come, what says E

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to friar Laurence  
There stays a husband to make you a wife:  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,  
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.  
Hie you to church; I must another way.  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:  
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, fare

#### SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

*Fri.* So smile the heavens upon this holy act  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.* Amen! but come what comes  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri.* These violent delights have violent ends  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest morsel  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady;—O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:  
A lover may bestride the gossamers  
That idle in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us

*Jul.* As much to him, else are his thanks but  
*Rom.* Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
Braggs of his substance; not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their wealth;  
But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

*Fri.* Come, come, with me, and we will make  
work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—A public Place.

MERCUTIO, BRNOLIO, Page, and Servants.

ay thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;  
I am not for this Capulet's abroad.  
Meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For ever hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows, that  
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his  
upon the table, and says, *God send me no more  
and, by the operation of the second cup draws*  
the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?  
*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in the

thy in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and soon moody to be moved.

Mer. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt reel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy cheek is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man laughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy head that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not cut with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before me? with another, for tying his new shoes with old laces? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Mer. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour's quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others.

Mer. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Mer. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Mer. Good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it something; make it a word and a blow.

Mer. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without me?

Mer. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels! thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but words: here 's my fiddlestick; here 's that shall make dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Mer. We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Withdraw unto some private place,

Reason coldly of your grievances,

Then depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Mer. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I 'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery: go before to field, he 'll be your follower; worship in that sense, may call him—man.

Mer. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Mer. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Excuse the appertaining rage

With a greeting:—Villain am I none;

Hence, farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Mer. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

Thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Mer. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;

Love thee better than thou canst devise,

Whom shalt know the reason of my love:

Go, good Capulet,—which name I tender

Early as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Mer. \* carries it away. [Draws.

Mer. rat-catcher, will you walk?

Mer. at wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. d king of cats, nothing, but one of your

Mer. hat I mean to make bold withal, and, as

Mer. —the Italian term of art for the thrust with a

you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher\* by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage;

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt—good Mercutio—

[Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.

Mer. I am hurt.—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—What, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses,

They have made worm's meat of me:

I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses.

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt

In my behalf; my reputation stain'd

With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour

Hath been my cousin.—O sweet Juliet,

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth

depend;

This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,

That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company;

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him

here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight; TYBALT falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—

Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,

If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. Oh! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [Exit ROM.

\* Scabbard.

P perchance, she cannot meet him :—that 's not so.—  
 O, she 's lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,  
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
 Driving back shadows over lowering hills:  
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
 And therefore bath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
 Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve  
 Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.  
 Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,  
 She 'd be as swift in motion as a ball;  
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
 And his to me:  
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and Peter.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?  
 Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter]  
 Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why art  
 thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
 If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news,  
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while  
 Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt 's this!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I  
 Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good!

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not  
 Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when I  
 To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make is  
 Is longer than the tale thou dost declare.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer me  
 Say either, and I'll stay the while;  
 Let me be satisfied, Is 't good?

Nurse. Well, you have killed some time  
 know not how to choose my words,  
 though his face be better than the sun's;

excels all men's; and his little body,  
 body,—though they be many times his measure;

past compare: He is not like the image  
 I'll warrant him, as like a peacock's  
 wench; serve God.—What news?

Jul. No, no: But, as I told you, once  
 What says he of our marriage?

Nurse. Lord, he is mad as the  
 It beats as it would burst:—My back o' t' other

Heshrew your lady's kinsman's daughter,  
 To catch my death;—but, as I told you, once

Jul. I feel him so, I feel him so,  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,

Nurse. You are a shrewish creature,  
 And a contumacious one:—But, as I told you, once

Jul. O, she is dead, she is dead,  
 What news? what news? what news?

Nurse. Are you so hot?—Alas, she is dead,  
 Is this the good news that you tell me?

Henceforward she is dead, and true,  
 Jul. Here is a letter from my dear lord,

Nurse. He is dead, he is dead,  
 Jul. I feel him so, I feel him so,

Nurse. You are a shrewish creature,  
 These are the good news that you tell me.

Now you are a shrewish creature,  
 These are the good news that you tell me.

His face is like the image of his father,  
 To catch my death;—but, as I told you, once

Me, that I feel him so, I feel him so,  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,

Nurse. You are a shrewish creature,  
 And a contumacious one:—But, as I told you, once

Jul. O, she is dead, she is dead,  
 What news? what news? what news?

Nurse. Lord, he is mad as the  
 It beats as it would burst:—My back o' t' other

Heshrew your lady's kinsman's daughter,  
 To catch my death;—but, as I told you, once

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 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,

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 And a contumacious one:—But, as I told you, once

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 What news? what news? what news?

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 It beats as it would burst:—My back o' t' other

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 To catch my death;—but, as I told you, once

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 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,

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 And a contumacious one:—But, as I told you, once

Jul. O, she is dead, she is dead,  
 What news? what news? what news?

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 It beats as it would burst:—My back o' t' other

Heshrew your lady's kinsman's daughter,  
 To catch my death;—but, as I told you, once

Jul. I feel him so, I feel him so,  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,

Nurse. You are a shrewish creature,  
 And a contumacious one:—But, as I told you, once

Jul. O, she is dead, she is dead,  
 What news? what news? what news?

Nurse. Lord, he is mad as the  
 It beats as it would burst:—My back o' t' other

Heshrew your lady's kinsman's daughter,  
 To catch my death;—but, as I told you, once

Jul. I feel him so, I feel him so,  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,

Nurse. You are a shrewish creature,  
 And a contumacious one:—But, as I told you, once

Jul. O, she is dead, she is dead,  
 What news? what news? what news?

Nurse. Lord, he is mad as the  
 It beats as it would burst:—My back o' t' other

Heshrew your lady's kinsman's daughter,  
 To catch my death;—but, as I told you, once

Jul. I feel him so, I feel him so,  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,

Nurse. You are a shrewish creature,  
 And a contumacious one:—But, as I told you, once

Come, cord; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;  
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!  
 Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo  
 To comfort you—I wot well where he is.  
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;  
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.  
 Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,  
 And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*  
*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.*  
*Fri.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful  
 man;  
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
 And thou art wedded to calamity.  
*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?  
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
 That I yet know not?  
*Fri.* Too familiar  
 Is my dear son with such sour company:  
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.  
*Rom.* What less than dooms-day is the prince's  
 doom?  
*Fri.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
 Not body's death, but body's banishment.  
*Rom.* Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death.  
 For exile hath more terror in his look,  
 Much more than death: do not say—banishment.  
*Fri.* Here from Verona art thou banished:  
 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.  
*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,  
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
 Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
 And world's exile is death:—then banished  
 Is death mis-term'd. Calling death banishment,  
 Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
 And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.  
*Fri.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
 Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
 Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
 And turn'd that black word death to banishment.  
 This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.  
*Rom.* 'T is torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
 Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,  
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
 Live here in heaven, and may look on her,  
 But Romeo may not.—More validity,  
 More honourable state, more courtship lives  
 In carrion flies, than Romeo; they may seize  
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
 This may flies do, when I from this must fly—  
 (And say't thou yet, that exile is not death)—  
 But Romeo may not, he is banished.  
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife  
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
 But—banished—to kill me; banished?  
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
 Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,  
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
 To mangle me with that word—banished?  
*Fri.* Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.  
*Rom.* O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.  
*Fri.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;  
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.  
*Rom.* Yet banished!—Hang up philosophy!  
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;  
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Come, cord; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;  
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!  
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Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
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It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

*Fri.* O, then I see that madmen have no ears.  
*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.  
*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel: Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, An hour but married, Tybalt murdered, Doting like me, and like me banished, Then might'st thou speak, thou might'st thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Fri.* Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.  
[Knocking within.]

*Rom.* Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [Knocking.]

*Fri.* Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;  
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while;—stand up;

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!  
What simpleness is this?—I come, I come. [Knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

*Nurse.* [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

*Fri.* Welcome then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

*Fri.* There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

*Nurse.* O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case!

*Fri.* O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament!

*Nurse.* Even so lies she,  
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing:—  
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

*Rom.* Nurse!

*Nurse.* Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.

*Rom.* Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth not she think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own?

Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

*Nurse.* O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;  
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again.

*Rom.* As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy

Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion. [Draws his sword.]

*Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!  
And ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!

Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.

Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;  
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed

Which would bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a man:

Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,  
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;

There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy:

The law, that threaten'd death, became thy friend,  
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy:

A pack of blessing lights upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
Thou puttest up thy fortune and thy love:

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;

But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;

Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

Go, before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:

Romeo is coming.

*Nurse.* O Lord, I could have staid here all the night  
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*Nurse.* Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, so  
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [Exit Nurse.]

*Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

*Fri.* Go hence: Good night; and here stands  
your state;

Either begone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:

Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time  
Every good hap to you, that chances here:

Give me thy hand; 't is late: farewell; good night!

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief so brief to part with thee:

Farewell. [Exit Friar.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Capulet's House.

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.*

*Cap.* Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I:—Well; we were born to die—  
'T is very late, she'll not come down to-night:

I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*Par.* These times of woe afford no time to  
Madam, good night: commend me to your  
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind  
morrow;

To-night she's mew'd<sup>a</sup> up to her chamber.

<sup>a</sup> Another term of falconry. The mew is the hawk's cage.

aris, I will make a desperate tender  
love: I think she will be rul'd  
by me: nay more, I doubt it not.  
to her ere you go to bed;  
here of my son Paris' love;  
mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
what day is this?

Monday, my lord.  
ay! ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,  
let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,  
married to this noble earl:—  
eady? do you like this haste?  
o great ado;—a friend, or two:—  
Tybalt being slain so late,  
might we held him carelessly,  
man, if we revel much:  
I have some half a dozen friends,  
and. But what say you to Thursday?  
lord, I would that Thursday were to-  
morrow.

get you gone:—O' Thursday be it then:—  
let ere you go to bed,  
wife, against this wedding-day.—  
lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!  
so very late, that we  
ry by and by:—Good night. [Exeunt.]

V.—*Loggia to Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

you be gone? it is not yet near day:  
the lark, and not the lark,  
the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
sings on you pomegranate-tree:  
ere, it was the nightingale.  
ere the lark, the herald of the morn,  
ere; look, love, what envious streaks  
of evening clouds in yonder east:  
ere are burnt out, and jocund day  
ere the misty mountain's tops;  
ere and live, or stay and die.  
ereight is not day-light, I know it, I:  
erear that the sun exhales,  
erehis night a torch-bearer,  
ereon thy way to Mantua:  
ereyet, thou need'st not to be gone.  
erehe be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
ereso thou wilt have it so,  
ereprey is not the morning's eye,  
erehe reflex of Cynthia's brow;  
ere the lark, whose notes do beat  
ereaven so high above our heads:  
ereare to stay than will to go;—  
ereand welcome!—Juliet wills it so.—  
ere soul? let's talk, it is not day.  
ere t is, hie hence, be gone, away;  
ere hat sings so out of tune,  
ere discords, and unpleasing sharps.  
ere lark makes sweet division;<sup>a</sup>  
ere so, for she divideth us:  
ere lark and loathed toad change eyes;  
ere all they had chang'd voices too!  
ere n arm that voice doth us affray,  
ere hence with hunts-up to the day.  
ere ere; more light and light it grows.  
ere light and light!—more dark and dark  
ere does.

Enter NURSE.

dam!  
ere lady mother's coming to your chamber:  
ere sike; be wary, look about. [Ex. Nurse.]  
ere. A division in music is a number of quick  
ere syllable; a kind of warbling.

Jul. Then, window, let day in and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

Rom. descends.

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ay—husband!  
friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days:  
O! by this count I shall be much in years,  
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[Exit ROMEO.]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

La. Cap. [Within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:

Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for  
his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he be many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead—

Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd:

Madam; if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such  
a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.



*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needy time:  
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;  
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,  
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,  
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter too,  
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

*La. Cap.* Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,  
And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET and NURSE.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son,  
It rains downright.—

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—  
Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*La. Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you  
thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

*Cap.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.  
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have;  
Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?  
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow face!

*La. Cap.* Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face;

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,

That God had lent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her;

Out on her, hilding!

*Nurse.* God in heaven bless her!—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,  
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* O, God ye good den!

*Nurse.* May not one speak?

*Cap.*

Peace, you mumbling

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her match'd; and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer—I 'll not wed,—I cannot love,

I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—  
But, an you will not wed, I 'll pardon you:

Graze where you will, you shall not house with a

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:

An you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend;

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets

For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:

'Trust to 't, bethink you, I 'll not be forsworn.

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I 'll not speak a

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

*Jul.* O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevent

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;

How shall that faith return again to earth,

Unless that husband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagem

Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

*Nurse.* 'Faith, here 't is: Romeo

Is banished; and all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.

O, he 's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo 's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,

As living here and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nurse.* From my soul.

Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurse.* What?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,

To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare

So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor!

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twin—

I 'll to the friar, to know his remedy;

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.*

Thursday, sir? the time is very short.  
 My father Capulet will have it so;  
 And so will he; he will not slack his haste.  
 Say, you do not know the lady's mind;  
 My course, I like it not.  
 Moderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
 And she have I little talk'd of love;  
 And she smiles not in a house of tears.  
 My father counts it dangerous,  
 And so gives her sorrow so much sway;  
 In wisdom, hastes our marriage,  
 And in inundation of her tears;  
 Which much minded by herself alone,  
 Is from her by society;  
 I know the reason of this haste.  
 Alas! I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[*Aside.*]

And she comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET.*

Quickly met, my lady, and my wife!  
 It may be, sir, when I may be a wife.  
 It may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.  
 It must be shall be.

That 's a certain text.  
 For you to make confession to this father?  
 I never that, I should confess to you.  
 Not deny to him, that you love me.  
 I confess to you, that I love him.  
 Will you, I am sure, that you love me,  
 Do so, it will be of more price,  
 Behind your back, than to your face.  
 For soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.  
 The tears have got small victory by that;  
 And not enough, before their spite,  
 A wrong'st it, more than tears, with that  
 art.  
 It is no slander, sir, which is a truth;  
 And spake, I spake it to my face.  
 Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.  
 Why should I be so, for it is not mine own.—  
 Assure, holy father, now;  
 Assure me to you at evening mass?  
 Assurance serves me, pensive daughter, now:—  
 I must entreat the time alone.  
 My shield, I should disturb devotion!—  
 Wednesday early will I rouse you:  
 Come! and keep this holy kiss. [*Ex. PARIS*  
 at the door! and when thou hast done so,  
 With me: Past hope, past care, past help!  
 Lie, I already know thy grief;  
 And past the compass of my wits:  
 I must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
 And next be married to this county.  
 Say me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
 Tell me how I may prevent it:  
 I swear, thou canst give no help,  
 And shall my resolution wise,  
 And my knife I'll help it presently.  
 My heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
 And hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
 And seal'd to another deed,  
 Soart with treacherous revolt,  
 And stabs, this shall slay them both:  
 And of thy long-experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel; or, behold,  
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
 Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that  
 Which the commission of thy years and art  
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri.* Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
 If, rather than to marry county Paris,  
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake  
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
 That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;  
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;  
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,  
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble  
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*Fri.* Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
 To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;  
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber;  
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,  
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off:  
 When presently, through all thy veins shall run  
 A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse  
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.  
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;  
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
 To pale ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,  
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death,  
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
 Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,  
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
 Then (as the manner of our country is,  
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,  
 Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave,  
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,  
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;  
 And hither shall he come; and he and I  
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;  
 If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

*Jul.* Give me, give me! O tell not me of fear.

*Fri.* Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
 In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed  
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*Jul.* Love, give me strength! and strength shall help  
 afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[Exit Servant.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[Exit Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her: A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this; I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell; And gave him what becom'd<sup>a</sup> love I might, Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well,—stand up: This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county;

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet, To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [Exit JULIET and NURSE.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision; 'T is now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife;

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;

I'll not to bed to-night:—let me alone;

I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—

They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself

To county Paris, to prepare him up

Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;

For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,

Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you;

<sup>a</sup> *Becom'd*—becoming.

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all, In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exit LADY CAPULET and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me;—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[Laying down a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear, it is, and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man:

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes?

And there die strangl'd ere my Romeo comes!

O, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

I lie fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort;—

Alack, alack! it is not like, that I,

So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—

O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environ'd with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains!

O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo,—here's a drink—I drink!

[She throws herself on the dagger.]

SCENE IV.—*Capulet's Hall.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch me some nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock-crow'd.

The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:—

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica!

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,

Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow

For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in time:

watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET and NURSE.  
jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,  
are?

Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

Things for the cook, sir; but I know not  
that.

Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 *Serv.*]  
—Hurry, fetch drier logs;

He will show thee where they are.

I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,  
trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Alas, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,  
be logger-head.—Good father, 't is day:  
I will be here with music straight,

[*Music within.*  
As he would. I hear him near:—  
Juliet!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

*Enter* NURSE.

Juliet, go, and trim her up;  
I have a word to say to Paris:—Hie, make haste,  
for the bridegroom he is come already:  
I say. [*Exeunt.*]

—Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.

*Enter* NURSE.

Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I  
arrant her, she:—

Why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—  
I say!—madam! sweetheart!—why,  
hide!

What word?—you take your pennyworths now;  
I warrant, for the next night, I warrant,

Paris hath set up his rest,  
and shall rest but little.—God forgive me,  
I am sure! how sound is she asleep!

Will you wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!  
I warrant, take you in your bed;

Get you up, in faith.—Will it not be?  
'T is so! and in your clothes! and down again!

Will you wake you: Lady! lady! lady!  
—Help! help! my lady's dead!—  
Alas, that ever I was born!

Juliet, ho!—my lord! my lady!

*Enter* LADY CAPULET.

What noise is here?  
O lamentable day!

What is the matter?  
Look, look! O heavy day!

O me, O me!—my child, my only life,  
is up, or I will die with thee!—  
—call help.

*Enter* CAPULET.

Alas, what shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is  
gone.

Juliet's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the  
day!

Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,  
she's dead.

I'll let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;  
her breath is settled, and her joints are stiff;

her lips have long been separated:  
her eyes like an untimely frost  
have fallen on the daisies of the field.

O lamentable day!  
O woful time!

Alas, that hath ta'en her hence to make me  
wail,  
and tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter* Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

*Fri.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath death lain with thy wife:—There she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,

And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's  
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*La. Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

*Nurse.* O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day! most woful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woful day, O woful day!

*Par.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

*Cap.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now

To murder, murder, our solemnity?

O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!

Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead!

And, with my child, my joys are buried!

*Fri.* Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death;

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion;

For 't was your heaven, she should be advanc'd;

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married that lives married long;

But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church:

For though some nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Cap.* All things that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—

And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave.

The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;

Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAP., L. CAP., PARIS, and FRIAR

1 *Mus.* Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be

gone.

*Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit* NURSE

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended

\* *Some nature*—some impulses of nature—some part of our nature.

Enter PETER.

*Pet.* Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease*; O, an you will have me live, play *heart's ease*.

*1 Mus.* Why *heart's ease*?

*Pet.* O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full*: O play me some merry dump,<sup>a</sup> to comfort me.

*2 Mus.* Not a dump we; 't is no time to play now.

*Pet.* You will not then?

*Mus.* No.

*Pet.* I will then give it you soundly.

*1 Mus.* What will you give us?

*Pet.* No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.

*1 Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

*Pet.* Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you;<sup>b</sup> Do you note me?

*1 Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

*2 Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

*Pet.* Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat

you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music, with her silver sound;

Why, silver-sound? why music with her silver sound?  
What say you, Simon Catling?<sup>c</sup>

*1 Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

*Pet.* Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebeck?<sup>d</sup>

*2 Mus.* I say—silver sound, because musicians are called for silver.

*Pet.* Pretty too! What say you, James Soudy?

*3 Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.

*Pet.* O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer will say for you. It is—music with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for their wages:—

Then music with her silver sound,  
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit, singing.*]

*1 Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

*2 Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in to tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;  
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)  
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How doth my lady Juliet? That I ask again,  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.  
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you:  
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—  
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* I do beseech you, sir, have patience.  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush, thou art deceiv'd:  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Bal.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter: get thee gone  
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

<sup>a</sup>—a tune so called.

<sup>b</sup>you, I'll *re* you. *Re* and *fa* are the syllables, or  
is to solmization, or sol-fa-ing to the sounds *D* and *F*  
of the scale.

Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,—  
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted  
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.  
Noting this penury, to myself I said—  
And if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;  
And this same needy man must sell it me.  
As I remember, this should be the house:  
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—  
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

*Ap.* Who calls so loud?

*Rom.* Come hither, man.—I see that thou art  
Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have  
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear  
As will disperse itself through all the veins,  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;  
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath  
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua  
Is death to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

<sup>c</sup> *Catling*—a lute string.

<sup>d</sup> *Rebeck*—the three-stringed viola.

poverty, but not my will, consents.  
 pray thy poverty, and not thy will.  
 this in any liquid thing you will,  
 it off; and, if you had the strength  
 men, it would despatch you straight.  
 here is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,  
 murder in this loathsome world,  
 poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:  
 poison, thou hast sold me none.  
 my food, and get thyself in flesh.—  
 al, and not poison; go with me  
 grave, for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.]

ENE II.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar JOHN.*

ly Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter Friar LAURENCE.*

same should be the voice of friar John.—  
 on Mantua: What says Romeo?  
 ind be writ, give me his letter.  
 ing to find a bare-foot brother out,  
 order, to associate me,  
 city visiting the sick,  
 him,—the searchers of the town,  
 hat we both were in a house  
 affection pestilence did reign,  
 doors, and would not let us forth;  
 speed to Mantua there was stay'd.  
 o bare my letter then to Romeo?  
 ould not send it,—here it is again,  
 assenger to bring it thee;  
 ere they of infection.  
 appy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
 as not nice,\* but full of charge  
 ort; and the neglecting it  
 ch danger: Friar John, go hence;  
 rom crow, and bring it straight  
 ].  
 ther, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.]  
 r must I to the monument alone;  
 three hours will fair Juliet wake.  
 drew me much, that Romeo  
 notice of these accidents;  
 rite again to Mantua,  
 r at my cell till Romeo come.  
 cose, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.]

IL.—*A Church-yard; in it, a Monument  
 belonging to the Capulets.*

, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—  
 it, for I would not be seen.  
 ew-trees lay thee all along,  
 e ear close to the hollow ground;  
 ot upon the church-yard tread  
 (unfirm, with digging up of graves),  
 It hear it: whistle then to me,  
 if thou hear'st something approach.  
 e flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.  
 m almost afraid to stand alone  
 urch-yard; yet I will adventure. [Retires.]  
 t flower, with flowers thy bridal-bed I strew:  
 anopy is dust and stones,  
 sweet water nightly I will dew,  
 hat, with tears distill'd by moans;  
 s that I for thee will keep,  
 I be, to strew thy grave and weep.

[The Boy whistles.]

s warning, something doth approach.

\* Nice—trivial.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
 To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rite?  
 What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while. [Retires.]

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch,  
 mattock, &c.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron  
 Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
 Give me the light; Upon thy life I charge thee,  
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
 And do not interrupt me in my course.  
 Why I descend into this bed of death,  
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:  
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger  
 A precious ring; a ring, that I must use  
 In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—  
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
 In what I further shall intend to do,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:  
 The time and my intents are savage-wild;  
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou  
 that:

Live and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

*Bal.* For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;  
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Retires.]

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
 Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,  
 [Breaking open the door of the monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

*Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
 That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,  
 It is supposed the fair creature died,—  
 And here is come to do some villainous shame  
 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—[Advances]  
 Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.  
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?  
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:  
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.  
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,  
 Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;  
 Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,  
 Put not another sin upon my head,  
 By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!  
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:  
 Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—  
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy thy commiseration,  
 And apprehend thee for a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,  
 boy. [They fight.]

*Page.* O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.  
 [Exit Page.]

*Par.* O, I am slain! [Falls.]—If thou be merciful,  
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies]

*Rom.* In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face,—  
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—  
 What said my man, when my betossed soul  
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think,  
 He told me Paris should have married Juliet:  
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
 To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,  
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—  
 A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,  
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying PARIS in the monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry? which their keepers call  
A lightning before death: O, how may I  
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O, what more favour can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,  
To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous;  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again; here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest;  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here 's to my love!—[Drinks.] O, true apothecary;  
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies.]

Enter at the other end of the church-yard, Friar LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who 's there?  
Bal. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you  
well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,  
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls; as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there 's my master,  
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir;

My master knows not but I am gone hence;  
And fearfully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;  
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!—[Advances.]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[Enters the monument.]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?  
And in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour  
Hath this lamentable chance!

[Juliet wakes and stirs.]  
Uncomfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am:—where is my Romeo? [Noise]

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;  
A greater Power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come, away!  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.  
Come, go, good Juliet,—[Noise again.]  
longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not stir  
What 's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—  
O churl! drink all; and left no friendly drop  
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative.  
Thy lips are warm!

1 Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy:—What

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I 'll be brief.—[Exit]

This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself.] there  
me die. [Falls on ROMEO'S bosom.]

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the

1 Watch. The ground is bloody; Search

church-yard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.  
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;  
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead;  
Who here hath lain these two days buried.  
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,  
Raise up the Montagues,—some others see

[Exit others]  
We see the ground whereon these woes do  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes  
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALFOUR.

2 Watch. Here 's Romeo's man, we find  
the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety till the  
hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that tremble  
weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from  
As he was coming from this church-yard.

1 Watch. A great suspicion; Stay the

Enter the PRINCE and ATTENDANTS.

Prince. What misadventure is so early  
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so sh

La. Cap. The people in the streets cry—  
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all

With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this  
comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd  
With instruments upon them, fit to open  
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how she  
bleeds!

This dagger hath mist'aken,—for, lo! his

the back of Montague, —  
 dashed in my daughter's bosom.  
 O me! this sight of death is as a bell,  
 To ring up old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and others.*

Montague; for thou art early up,  
 And heir now early down.  
 My liege, my wife is dead to-night;  
 My exile hath stopp'd her breath:  
 What woe conspires against my age?  
 O, and thou shalt see.  
 Thou untaught! what manners is in this,  
 To lay thy father to a grave?  
 I'll up the mouth of outrage for a while,  
 And fear these ambiguities,  
 To spring their head, their true descent;  
 I'll be general of your woes,  
 And even to death: Meantime forbear  
 To be slave to patience.—  
 O parties of suspicion,  
 Thou the greatest, able to do least,  
 Delected, as the time and place  
 Against me, of this direful murder;  
 And, both to impeach and purge  
 My guilt and myself excus'd.  
 O, say at once what thou dost know in this.  
 Be brief, for my short date of breath  
 Is as a tedious tale.  
 He dead, was husband to that Juliet,  
 And she, dead, that Romeo's faithful wife;  
 My son and her, my daughter-in-law,  
 My son-in-law, whose untimely death  
 My new-made bridegroom from this city  
 Did not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.  
 O, that siege of grief from her,  
 Would have married her perforce  
 To me:—Then comes she to me;  
 And looks, bid me devise some means  
 To live in this second marriage,  
 Or else there would she kill herself.  
 O, so tutor'd by my art,  
 My son; which so took effect  
 For it wrought on her  
 Death: meantime I writ to Romeo,  
 To hither come as this dire night,  
 To take her from her borrow'd grave,  
 That the potion's force should cease.  
 I bore my letter, friar John,  
 An accident; and yesternight  
 Deliver'd it back: Then all alone,  
 An hour of her waking,  
 I took her from her kindred's vault,  
 And kept her closely at my cell,  
 The dagger was worn at the back.

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:  
 But when I came (some minute ere the time  
 Of her awaking), here untimely lay  
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.  
 She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,  
 And bear this work of heaven with patience.  
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,  
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.  
 All this I know; and to the marriage  
 Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this  
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,  
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for a holy man.—  
 Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

*Bal.* I brought my master news of Juliet's death;  
 And then in post he came from Mantua,  
 To this same place, to this same monument.  
 This letter he early bid me give his father:  
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,  
 If I departed not, and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter, I will look on it.—  
 Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?  
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,  
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:  
 Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;  
 And, by and by, my master drew on him;  
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the friar's words:  
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death;  
 And here he writes—that he did buy a poison  
 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.  
 Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—  
 See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!  
 And I, for winking at your discords too,  
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

*Cap.* O, brother Montague, give me thy hand.  
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
 Can I demand.

*Mon.* But I can give thee more:  
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold;  
 That whiles Verona by that name is known,  
 There shall no figure at that rate be set,  
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie:  
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

*Prince.* A glooming peace this morning with it brings  
 The sun for sorrow will not show his head:  
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;  
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:  
 For never was a story of more woe  
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt



This vault a feasting  
Death, lie thou thus.

How oft when men are  
Have they been seen  
A lightning before thee  
Call this a lightning  
Death, that hath no power  
Hath had no power  
Thou art not crimson  
Is crimson in thy face  
And death's pale flag  
Tybalt, liest thou  
O, what more favour  
Than with that hand  
To sunder his throat  
Forgive me, coz  
Why art thou pale  
That unsubstantial air  
And that the world  
Thee here in death  
For fear of death  
And never from  
Depart again  
With worms that  
Will I set up  
And shake the  
From this world  
Arms, take  
The doors of  
A dateless  
Come, little  
Thou deepest  
The dashing  
Here 's to  
Thy drops

*Enter at the*

*Fri. 1st*

Have my

*Bal. 1st*

*Fri. 2nd*

What

To grave

It were

*Bal. 2nd*

One

*Fri. 3rd*

*Bal. 3rd*

*Fri. 4th*

*Bal. 4th*

*Fri. 5th*

*Bal. 5th*

*Fri. 6th*

*Bal. 6th*

*Fri. 7th*

*Bal. 7th*

*Fri. 8th*

*Bal. 8th*

*Fri. 9th*

*Bal. 9th*

*Fri. 10th*

*Bal. 10th*







Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,  
The hell then beating one,—

*Mar.* Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes  
again!

*Enter Ghost.*

*Ber.* In the same figure, like the king that 's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.<sup>a</sup>

*Ber.* Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

*Hor.* Most like;—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

*Ber.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Question it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that fair and warlike form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Ber.* See! it stalks away.

*Hor.* Stay; speak: speak I charge thee, speak.

*Mar.* 'T is gone, and will not answer. [*Exit Ghost.*]

*Ber.* How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look  
pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on 't?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this believe,  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the king?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,  
When he the ambitious Norway combated;  
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,  
He smote the sledded Polacks<sup>b</sup> on the ice.  
'T is strange.

*Mar.* Thus, twice before, and just at this dead hour,  
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work, I know  
not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that  
knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land?

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war:

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week:

What might be toward<sup>c</sup> that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;

Who is 't that can inform me?

*Hor.* That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,

Which he stood seiz'd on, to the conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety competent

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant

And carriage of the article design'd,

His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

<sup>a</sup> Exorcisms were usually performed in Latin—the language of the church-service.

<sup>b</sup> Polacks—Poles.

<sup>c</sup> What might be in preparation. To-ward, to-ward, is the Anglo-Saxon participle, equivalent to coming, about to come.

Of unimproved<sup>a</sup> mettle hot and full,

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,

Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,

For food and diet, to some enterprize

That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other

(And it doth well appear unto our state,)

But to recover of us, by strong hand,

And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands

So by his father lost: And this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations;

The source of this our watch; and the chief head

Of this post-haste and romage<sup>b</sup> in the land.

*Ber.* I think it be no other, but even so:

Well may it sort, that this portentous figure

Comes armed through our watch: so like the king

That was, and is, the question of these wars.

*Hor.* A moth it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,

Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,<sup>c</sup>

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,

Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

And even the like precurse of fierce events,

As harbingers preceding still the fates,

And prologue to the omen<sup>d</sup> coming on,

Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

Unto our climatures and countrymen.

*Re-enter Ghost.*

Eut, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!

I 'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,

That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Maresius!

*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.

*Ber.* 'T is here!

*Hor.* 'T is here!

*Mar.* 'T is gone!

We do it wrong, being so majestical,

To offer it the show of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

*Ber.* It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

The extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine: and of the truth herein

This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawn singeth all night long:

<sup>a</sup> Unimproved. Improve was originally used for reprob.

<sup>b</sup> Romage. The stowing of a ship is the romage; the sea is the romager.

<sup>c</sup> The moist star is the moon.

<sup>d</sup> Omen is here put for "portentous event."

ry say, no spirit can walk abroad ;  
re wholesome ; then no planets strike,  
s,\* nor witch hath power to charm,  
and so gracious is the time.  
ve I heard, and do in part believe it.  
: morn, in russet mantle clad,  
e dew of you high eastern hill :  
watch up ; and, by my advice,  
t what we have seen to-night  
Hamlet : for, upon my life,  
amb to us, will speak to him :  
at we shall acquaint him with it,  
our loves, fitting our duty ?  
s do 't, I pray : and I this morning know  
ll find him most conveniently. [Exeunt.]

—The same. A Room of State in the same.

KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTI-  
MAND, CORNELIUS, and Lords Attend-

ugh yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death  
be green ; and that it us befitted  
arts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
ted in one brow of woe ;  
h discretion fought with nature,  
wisest sorrow think on him,  
remembrance of ourselves.  
sometime sister, now our queen,  
jointress of this warlike state,  
t were, with a defeated joy,  
picious and one dropping eye ;  
s funeral, and with dirge in marriage  
s, weighing delight and dole,  
: : nor have we herein barr'd  
isdoms, which have freely gone  
tir along :—For all, our thanks,  
s, that you know, young Fortinbras,  
suk supposal of our worth ;  
by our late dear brother's death,  
se disjoint and out of frame,  
with the dream of his advantage,  
fall'd to pester us with message,  
s surrender of those lands  
ather, with all bonds of law,  
valiant brother.—So much for him.  
elf, and for this time of meeting.  
he business is : We have here writ  
uncle of young Fortinbras,  
nt and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
pshaw's purpose, to suppress  
ait<sup>b</sup> herein ; in that the levies,  
l full proportions, are all made  
bjeet :<sup>c</sup> and we here despatch  
ornelius, and you, Voltimand,  
of this greeting to old Norway ;  
u no further personal power  
sith the king, more than the scope  
ted articles allow.

ed let your haste commend your duty.  
In that, and all things, will we show our  
y.

doubt it nothing ; heartily farewell.  
[Exeunt Vol. and Cor.]  
ertes, what 's the news with you ?  
of some suit ? What is 't, Laertes ?  
speak of reason to the Dane,  
s voice : What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,  
d be my offer, not thy asking ?  
not more native to the heart,

<sup>a</sup>—*scizum* with disease.  
<sup>b</sup>—*levies*, the act of going.  
<sup>c</sup> *his subject*—out of those subject to him.

The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes ?

Laer. Dread my lord,  
Your leave and favour to return to France ;  
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,  
To show my duty in your coronation ;  
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France,  
And how them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave ? What says  
Polonius ?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,  
By laboursome petition ; and, at last,  
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent :  
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be thine,  
And thy best graces spend it at thy will !

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.<sup>a</sup>

[Aside.]

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you ?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly colour off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust :  
Thou know'st, 't is common ; all that lives must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,  
Why seems it so particular with thee ?

Ham. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,  
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,  
That can denote me truly : These, indeed, seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play ;  
But I have that within which passeth show ;  
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature,  
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :  
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;  
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound  
In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious<sup>b</sup> sorrow : But to persevere  
In obstinate condolement, is a course  
Of impious stubbornness ; 't is unmanly grief :  
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven ;  
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,  
An understanding simple and unschool'd :

For what, we know, must be, and is as common  
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
Take it to heart ? Fye ! 't is a fault to heaven,  
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
To reason most absurd ; whose common theme  
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
From the first corse, till he that diel to-day,

" This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth  
This unprevailing woe ; and think of us  
As of a father : for let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our throne,  
And, with no less nobility of love,

<sup>a</sup> The King has called him "my cousin Hamlet." He says, in a suppressed tone, "A little more than kin"—a little more than cousin. The King adds, "and my son." Hamlet says, "less than kind ;"—I am little of the same nature with you. *Kind* is constantly used in the sense of nature by Ben Jonson and other contemporaries of Shakspeare.

<sup>b</sup> *Obsequious sorrow*—funereal sorrow.—from *obsequet*.

Than that which dearest father bears on son,  
Do I impart towards you. For your intent  
In going back to school in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire :

And, we beseech you, bend you to remain  
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;  
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

*King.* Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply;  
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;  
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet  
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,  
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;  
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,  
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Ex. KING, QUEEN, LORDS, &c., POL., and LAERTES.*]

*Ham.* O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!  
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seems to me all the uses of this world!

Fye on 't! O fye! 't is an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,  
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two;  
So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,  
That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—  
Let me not think on 't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—  
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she,—  
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,<sup>a</sup>  
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine

uncle,  
My father's brother; but no more like my father,  
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,  
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;  
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;  
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

*Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.*

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship!

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well:  
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I 'll change that name  
with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—  
Marcellus?

*Mar.* My good lord,

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you; good even, sir,—  
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not have your enemy say so;  
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,  
To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.  
But what is your affair in Elsinore?  
We 'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

<sup>a</sup> *Discourse of reason* is the *discussion* of reason—the faculty of pursuing a train of thought, or of passing from one thought to another.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student:  
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift,<sup>a</sup> Horatio! the funeral bawls  
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!—

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

*Hor.*

O, where,

My lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Hor.* I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw! who?

*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.

*Ham.*

The king my father

*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear; till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

*Ham.* For heaven's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead waste and middle of the night,  
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,  
Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé,

Appears before them, and, with solemn march,  
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,  
By their oppress'd and fear-surpriz'd eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, lest they  
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did;

And I with them the third night kept the watch:

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes: I knew your father;

These hands are not more like.

*Ham.*

But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we watch.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.*

My lord, I did.

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,

It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak:

But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanish'd from our sight.

*Ham.*

'T is very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty,  
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

*All.*

We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?<sup>b</sup>

*All.*

Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.*

From top to toe?

*All.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.*

Then saw you not

His face.

*Hor.* O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.*

A countenance

In sorrow than in anger.

<sup>a</sup> *Thrift, thrift.* It was a frugal arrangement,—a *thrifty* proceeding.

<sup>b</sup> "Arm'd, say you?" without doubt, is asked with reference to the Ghost, who has been described by Horatio as

"Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pé."

Pale, or red ?  
 very pale.  
 And fix'd his eyes upon you ?  
 constantly.  
 I would I had been there.  
 could have much amaz'd you.

Very like,  
 say'd it long ?  
 the one with modern haste might tell a  
 dread.

Longer, longer  
 when I saw it.  
 His beard was grizly <sup>9</sup> no.  
 as, as I have seen it in his life,  
 'd.

I will watch to-night ;  
 will walk again.

I warrant it will  
 assume my noble father's person,  
 it, though hell itself should gape,  
 sold my peace. I pray you all,  
 hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
 be in your silence still ;  
 ere else shall hap to-night,  
 understanding, but no tongue ;  
 your loves. So, fare ye well :  
 form, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

Our duty to your honour.  
 for love, as mine to you : Farewell.

[*Exeunt* HOR., MAR., and BEN.  
 spirit in arms ! all is not well ;  
 foul play : 'would the night were come !  
 still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,  
 ere earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*

### III.—A Room in Polonius' House.

*Enter* LAERTES and OPHELIA.

necessaries are embark'd ; farewell :  
 the winds give benefit,  
 the assistant, do not sleep,  
 far from you.

Do you doubt that ?  
 Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,  
 honour, and a toy in blood ;  
 the youth of primy nature,  
 permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
 and suppliance of a minute ;

no more but so ?

Think it no more :  
 present, does not grow alone  
 balk ; but, as this temple waxes,  
 the vice of the mind and soul  
 that. Perhaps, he loves you now ;  
 all, our caution, doth besmirch <sup>a</sup>  
 his will : but, you must fear,  
 weigh'd, his will is not his own ;  
 'tis subject to his birth :  
 as unvalued persons do,  
 self ; for on his choice depends  
 the health of the whole state ;  
 must his choice be circumscrib'd  
 and yielding of that body,  
 the head : Then if he says, he loves you,  
 whom so far to believe it,  
 secular sect and force  
 saying deed ; which is no further,  
 a voice of Denmark goes withal.  
 that loss your honour may sustain,  
 at ; *castel*, a crafty way to deceive ; *besmirch*, to

If with too credent ear you list his songs ;  
 Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open  
 To his unmaster'd importunity.  
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;  
 And keep within the rear of your affection,  
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
 The chariest <sup>a</sup> maid is prodigal enough,  
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon :  
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes :  
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;  
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
 Be wary then : best safety lies in fear ;  
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

*Oph.* I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,  
 As watchmen to my heart : But, good my brother,  
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;  
 Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
 And recks not his own read.<sup>b</sup>

*Laer.* O fear me not.  
 I stay too long ;—But here my father comes.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace ;  
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

*Pol.* Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame ;  
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
 And you are staid for. There, my blessing with you

[*Laying his hand on LAERTES' head*

And these few precepts in thy memory  
 See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel : but, being in,  
 Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :  
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;  
 And they in France of the best rank and station  
 Are of a most select and generous chief in that.<sup>c</sup>  
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
 This above all,—To thine ownself be true ;  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
 Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.  
*Pol.* The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.

*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well  
 What I have said to you.

*Oph.* 'T is in my memory lock'd,  
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell. [*Exit* LAERTES.

*Pol.* What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the lord  
 Hamlet.

*Pol.* Marry, well bethought :  
 'T is told me, he hath very oft of late  
 Given private time to you : and you yourself

<sup>a</sup> *Chariest*—most cautious.      <sup>b</sup> *Road*—counsel doctrine.  
<sup>c</sup> *Chief*, *Chef*, literally the head, here signifies eminence,  
 superiority. Those of the best rank and station are of a most  
 select and generous superiority in the indication of their dignity  
 by their apparel.



Have of your audience been most free and bounteous :  
If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,  
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,  
You do not understand yourself so clearly,  
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour :  
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders  
Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection ? puh ! you speak like a green girl,  
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

*Pol.* Marry, I 'll teach you : think yourself a baby ;  
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,  
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,  
Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,  
Roaming it thus,) you 'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,  
In honourable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech, my  
lord,

With all the vows of heaven.

*Pol.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,  
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Gives the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter,  
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,  
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—  
You must not take for fire. From this time, daughter,  
Be somewhat scanted of your maiden presence ;  
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,  
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,  
Believe so much in him, that he is young ;  
And with a larger tether may he walk,  
Than may be given you : In few, Ophelia,  
Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers ;—  
Not of the eye which their investments show,  
But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,  
The better to beguile. This is for all,—  
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,  
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,  
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.  
Look to 't, I charge you ; come your ways.

*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly. Is it very cold ?

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.

*Ham.* What hour now ?

*Hor.* I think, it lacks of twelve.

*Mar.* No, it is struck.

*Hor.* Indeed ? I heard it not ; then it draws near  
the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance  
shot off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord ?

*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night, and takes his  
rouse,

Keeps wassels, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;  
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom ?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is 't :

And to my mind, though I am native here,  
And to the manner born, it is a custom  
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.  
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,  
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations :  
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition ; and, indeed, it takes  
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,  
The pith and marrow of our attribute.  
So, oft it chanceth in particular men,  
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,  
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,  
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)  
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,  
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;  
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens  
The form of plausive manners ; that these men,  
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect ;  
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,  
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as man may undergo,)  
Shall in the general censure take corruption  
From that particular fault : The dram of ill  
Doth all the noble substance often dout,  
To his own scandal.

*Enter GHOST.*

*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes !

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend !  
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from  
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee ; I 'll call thee, Hamlet,  
King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me :  
Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,  
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,  
So horribly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?  
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action  
It wafts you to a more removed ground :  
But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak ; then will I follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;  
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself ?

It waves me forth again ;—I 'll follow it.

*Hor.* What, if it tempt you toward the flood,  
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea ?  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,  
And draw you into madness ? think of it :  
The very place puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain,  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It wafts me still :—  
Go on, I 'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be rul'd, you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—  
[*Ghost*]

call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;  
*[Breaking from them.]*  
 I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—  
 Go on, I'll follow thee.  
*[Exeunt GHOST and HAMLET.]*  
 waxes desperate with imagination.  
 't is not fit thus to obey him.  
 To what issue will this come?  
 something is rotten in the state of Denmark.  
 heaven will direct it.

Nay, let's follow him. *[Exeunt.]*

V.—*A more remote Part of the Platform.*

*Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET.*

Where wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no farther.

Mark me.

I will.

My hour is almost come,  
 sulphurous and tormenting flames  
 are up myself.

Alas, poor ghost!  
 't is my duty to lend thee serious hearing  
 shall unfold.

Speak, I am bound to hear.  
 So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt see.

What?  
 I am thy father's spirit;  
 a certain term to walk the night;  
 a day, confin'd to fast in fires,  
 for crimes, done in my days of nature,  
 and purg'd away. But that I am forbid  
 secrets of my prison-house,  
 to unfold, whose lightest word  
 blow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;  
 so eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;  
 and combined locks to part,  
 no artificial hair to stand an end,  
 upon the fretful porcupine;  
 no blazon must not be  
 wash and blood:—List, Hamlet, O list!—  
 I ever thy dear father love,—  
 heaven!

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.  
 further?  
 further most foul, as in the best it is;  
 at foul, strange, and unnatural.  
 bid me to know it; that I, with wings as fast  
 as fire,  
 as, or the thoughts of love,  
 to my revenge.

I find thee apt;  
 shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
 self in ease on Lethe wharf,  
 as not stir in this. Now Hamlet, hear:  
 out, that sleeping in mine orchard,  
 hang me; so the whole ear of Denmark  
 ed process of my death  
 'd: but know, thou noble youth,  
 that did sting thy father's life,  
 his crown.

My prophetic soul! mine uncle!  
 y, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
 craft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,  
 wit, and gifts, that have the power  
 I won to his shameful lust  
 my most seeming virtuous queen:  
 what a falling-off was there!  
 case love was of that dignity,  
 hand in hand even with the vow  
 in marriage; and to decline

\* *Let's me*—obstructs me.

Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
 To those of mine!  
 But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,  
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;  
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
 And prey on garbage.  
 But soft! methinks, I scent the morning's air;  
 Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,  
 My custom always in the afternoon,  
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
 The leperous distilment; whose effect  
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;  
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset  
 And curd, like aigre droppings into milk,  
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
 And a most instant tetter bak'd about,  
 Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
 Of life, of crown, and queen, at once despatch'd.  
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;  
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
 With all my imperfections on my head:  
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!  
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
 Against thy mother's ought; leave her to heaven,  
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
 The glow worm shows the matin to be near,  
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:

Adieu, adieu, Hamlet! remember me. *[Exit.]*  
 Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What  
 else?

And shall I couple hell?—O fye!—Hold, my heart;  
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?  
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?  
 Yea, from the table of my memory  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
 That youth and observation copied there;  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, yes, by heaven.  
 O most pernicious woman!  
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
 My tables, my tables,—meet it is I set it down,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark; *[Writing.]*  
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
 It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me."  
 I have sworn 't.

Hor. *[Within.]* My lord, my lord,—

Mar. *[Within.]* Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. *[Within.]* Heaven secure him!

Mar. *[Within.]* So be it!

Hor. *[Within.]* Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

\* These words describe the last offices which were performed to the dying. To *housel*, is to "minister the communion to one who lyeth on his death bed." *Disappointed*, is, not appointed, not prepared. *Unanel'd*, is, without the administration of extreme unction, which was called *anointing*.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

Hor. How is't, my noble lord?  
 Mar. What news, my lord?  
 Hor. O, wonderful!  
 Mar. Good my lord, tell it.  
 Hor. No.  
 Mar. He reveal it.  
 Hor. Nor I, my lord, by heaven.  
 Mar. Nor I, my lord.  
 Hor. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?  
 Mar. You'll be secret.  
 Hor. Ay, by heaven, my lord.  
 Mar. There's noisè a-rising, swelling in all Denmark.  
 Hor. 'Tis an earnest summons.  
 Mar. These words in-great, my lord, come from the court.  
 Hor. To call you thither.  
 Mar. Why, right; you are in the right;  
 And so, without more circumstance at all,  
 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;  
 For our great business and desire shall point us—  
 For every man has business and desire,  
 Some great, some small;—and for mine own poor part,  
 Look you, I'll go pray.  
 Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my lord.  
 Mar. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;  
 Yes, heartily.  
 Mar. There's no offence, my lord.  
 Hor. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, my lord.  
 And much offence too, touching this vision here.  
 If it be an honest ghost, that let me tell you;  
 For your desire to know what is between us,  
 Overtakes it as you may. And now, good friends,  
 As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,  
 Give me one poor request.  
 Hor. What is't, my lord?  
 Mar. We will.  
 Hor. Never make known what you have seen to-night.  
 Mar. My lord, we will not.  
 Hor. Nay, but swear't.  
 Mar. In faith,  
 My lord, not I.  
 Hor. Nor I, my lord, in faith.  
 Mar. Upon my sword.  
 Hor. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Hor. Indeed  
 Ghost. [Enter  
 Hor. Ha, ha, ha  
 Come on,—you  
 Consent to swear  
 Hor.  
 Hor. Never  
 Swear by my sw  
 Ghost. [Enter  
 Hor. His et  
 Come hither, ge  
 and lay your ha  
 Never to speak o  
 Swear by my sw  
 Ghost. [Enter  
 Hor. Well s  
 so fast  
 A worthy piece  
 Hor. O day  
 strange  
 Hor. And th  
 There are more t  
 Than are dream  
 But come;—  
 Here, as before,  
 How strange or  
 As I, perchance,  
 To put an antic  
 That you, at suc  
 With arms encou  
 Or by pronounci  
 As, "Well, we  
 would.  
 Or, "If we list  
 might;  
 Or such ambiguo  
 That you know  
 So grace and me  
 Swear.  
 Ghost. [Enter  
 Hor. Rest, w  
 With all my lov  
 And what so poo  
 May do, to expre  
 God willing, sha  
 And still your fir  
 The time is out  
 That ever I was  
 Nay, come, let's

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Polonius' House.

*Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.*

Pol. Give him his money, and these notes, Reynaldo.  
 Rey. I will, my lord.  
 Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,  
 Before you visit him, to make inquiry  
 Of his behaviour.  
 Rey. My lord, I did intend it.  
 Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,  
 Inquire me first what Danes\* are in Paris;  
 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,  
 What company, at what expence; and finding  
 Of his companions, and drift of question,  
 How they do know my son, come you more nearer  
 To his acquaintance, and be used by old writers as the ancient name of Den-

Than your partic  
 Take you, as 't w  
 As thus,—"I kn  
 And, in part, him  
 Rey. Ay, very  
 Pol. "And, in  
 "not w  
 But, if 't be he I  
 Addicted so and s  
 What forgeries yo  
 As may dishonour  
 But, sir, such wan  
 As are companion  
 To youth and libe  
 Rey.  
 Pol. Ay, or dr  
 Drabbing:—You

ard, that would dishonour him.  
 no; as you may season it in the charge.  
 put another scandal on him,  
 n to incontinency;  
 ny meaning: but breathe his faults so  
 stly,  
 seem the taints of liberty:  
 out-break of a fiery mind;  
 n unreclaimed blood,  
 ault.

But, my good lord,—  
 fore should you do this?

Ay, my lord,

that.

Marry, sir, here 's my drift;  
 it is a fetch of warrant:  
 ese slight sullies on my son,  
 ing a little soil'd i' the working,

converse, him you would sound,  
 een, in the prenominate crimes,  
 breath of, guilty, be assur'd,  
 you in this consequence;  
 so; or, "friend, or gentleman,"—  
 he phrase and the addition,  
 ountry.

Very good, my lord.  
 en, sir, does he this,—He does—  
 bout to say?  
 say something:—Where did I leave?  
 closes in the consequence."  
 so, and gentleman."  
 ses in the consequence.—Ay, marry;  
 you thus:—"I know the gentleman;  
 erday, or t' other day,  
 en; with such, and such; and, as you

aming; there o'ertook in his rouse:  
 out at tennis; or, perchance,  
 r such a house of sale  
 rothel,) or so forth.—

lsehood takes this carp of truth:  
 e of wisdom and of reach,  
 s, and with assays of bias,  
 find directions out;  
 er lecture and advice,  
 son: You have me, have you not?  
 rd, I have.

God be wi' you; fare you well.  
 my lord,—

e his inclination in yourself.

, my lord.

t him ply his music.

Well, my lord. *[Exit.]*

*Enter OPHELIA.*

ill!—How now, Ophelia? what 's the  
 er?

my lord, I have been so affrighted!  
 what, in the name of heaven?  
 rd, as I was sewing in my chamber,  
 —with his doublet all unbrac'd;  
 is head; his stockings foul'd,  
 d down-gyved to his ancle;  
 t; his knees knocking each other;  
 k so piteous in purport,  
 en loosed out of hell,  
 rors,—he comes before me.  
 e thy love?

My lord, I do not know;  
 o fear it.

What said he?  
 k me by the wrist, and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;  
 And, with his other hand thus, o'er his brow  
 He falls to such perusal of my face,  
 As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;  
 At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,  
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—  
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
 And end his being: That done, he lets me go:  
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;  
 For out o' doors he went without their help,  
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Go with me; I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love;  
 Whose violent property foredoes<sup>a</sup> itself,  
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
 As oft as any passion under heaven,  
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—  
 What, have you given him any hard words of late?

*Oph.* No, my good lord; but, as you did comma'd,  
 I did repel his letters, and denied  
 His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,  
 I had not quoted<sup>b</sup> him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,  
 And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!  
 It seems it is as proper to our age  
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
 As it is common for the younger sort  
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:  
 This must be known; which, being kept close, might  
 move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN  
 and Attendants.*

*King.* Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guilden-  
 stern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,  
 The need we have to use you did provoke  
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
 Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,  
 Since not the exterior nor the inward man  
 Resembles that it was: What it should be,  
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him  
 So much from the understanding of himself,  
 I cannot deem of: I entreat you both,  
 That, being of so young days brought up with him,  
 And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,  
 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court  
 Some little time; so by your companies  
 To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,  
 So much as from occasions you may glean,  
 Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,  
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd o'  
 you;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living  
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
 To show us so much gentry and good will,  
 As to expend your time with us a while,  
 For the supply and profit of our hope,  
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
 As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ros.* Both your majesties  
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,  
 Put your dread pleasures more into command  
 Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* We both obey;

And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,

<sup>a</sup> Foredoes—destroys, undoes. <sup>b</sup> Quoted—observed, now'd.

To lay our services freely at your feet,  
To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

*Queen.* Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,  
And bring the gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Guil.* Heavens make our presence, and our practices,  
Pleasant and helpful to him!

*Queen.* Amen!

[*Exeunt Ros., GUIL., and some Attendants.*]

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,  
Are joyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

*Pol.* Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,  
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God, one to my gracious king;  
And I do think (or else this brain of mine  
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As I have us'd to do) that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* O, speak of that; that I do long to hear.

*Pol.* Give first admittance to the ambassadors;  
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

*King.* Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit Pol.*]

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found  
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

*Queen.* I doubt, it is no other but the main;  
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*

*King.* Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

*Volt.* Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;  
But, better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—  
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,  
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests  
On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys;  
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,  
Makes vow before his uncle, never more  
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.  
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,  
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;  
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,  
So levied as before, against the Polack;  
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [*Gives a paper.*]  
That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for his enterprise;  
On such regards of safety, and allowance,  
As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well;

And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,  
Answer, and think upon this business.

Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:  
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:  
Most welcome home! [*Exeunt VOLT. and CORN.*]

*Pol.* This business is very well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.  
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:  
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,  
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad  
But let that go.

*Queen.* More matter, with less art.

*Pol.* Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.  
That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true, 't is pity;  
And pity 't is, 't is true: a foolish figure;  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.  
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,  
That we find out the cause of this effect;  
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;  
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;  
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.

—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautiful Ophelia,"—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is a phrase; but you shall hear.

"These. In her excellent white bosom, these."

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her?

*Pol.* Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

"Doubt thou, the stars are fire;  
Doubt, that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt, I love."

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, lieve it. Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear lady, this machine is to him, that

This, in obedience, hath my daughter showed me;  
And more above, hath his solicitings,  
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
All given to mine ear.

*King.* But how hath she  
Receiv'd his love?

*Pol.* What do you think of me?

*King.* As of a man faithful and honourable.

*Pol.* I would fain prove so. But what might think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,  
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,  
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,  
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,  
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;  
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;  
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;  
What might you think? no, I went round to work,  
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:  
"Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;  
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,  
That she should lock herself from his resort,  
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;  
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)  
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;  
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;  
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension  
Into the madness whereon now he raves,  
And all we wait for.

*King.* Do you think 't is this?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain that,)

That I have positively said, "T is so,"  
When it prov'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise:  
[*Pointing to his head and showing*

\* The ladies of Elizabeth's day, and much later, had a small pocket in the front of their stays.

nees lead me, I will find  
is hid, though it were hid indeed  
entre.

How may we try it further?  
know, sometimes he walks four hours to-  
ber,  
obby.

So he has, indeed.  
such a time I'll loose my daughter to  
:  
I behind an arras then;  
counter: if he love her not,  
rom his reason fallen thereon,  
assistant for a state,  
harn, and carters.

We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

st, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes  
ding.

I do beseech you, both away;  
sim presently:—O, give me leave.—  
[*Exit* KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.  
r good lord Hamlet?

ll, god-a-mercy.  
ou know me, my lord?  
cellent well; you are a fishmonger.  
L, my lord.

in I would you were so honest a man.  
st, my lord?  
sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to  
icked out of two thousand.

's very true, my lord.  
if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,  
kissing carrion,<sup>b</sup>—Have you a daughter?  
e, my lord.

her not walk i' the sun: conception is a  
not as your daughter may conceive,—  
o't.

say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping  
der;—yet he knew me not at first; he said  
monger: He is far gone, far gone: and  
youth I suffered much extremity for love;  
t. I'll speak to him again.—What do  
lord?

nds, words, words!  
t is the matter, my lord?  
een who?

in the matter that you read, my lord.  
nders, sir; for the satirical slave says here,  
I have grey beards; that their faces are  
eir eyes purging thick amber, or plum-tree  
at they have a plentiful lack of wit, toge-  
dk hams: All of which, sir, though I most  
id potently believe, yet I hold it not ho-  
it thus set down; for you yourself, sir,  
as I am, if, like a crab, you could go

gh this be madness, yet there is method in  
Will you walk out of the air, my lord?  
my grave?

st, that is out o' the air. How pregnant  
replies are! a happiness that often mad-  
which reason and sanity could not so  
be delivered of. I will leave him, and  
drive the means of meeting between him

st, or beard, is to account.  
st, reading, which was suggested by Warburton,  
st, kissing carrion." The text, as we give it, is  
ross and the folks. We fear that this "noble  
a Johnson calls it, cannot be sustained by what  
arrison is good at kissing—ready to return the  
—"Common kissing Time,"—and in the latter-  
Hamlet associates the idea with the daughter

and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will humbly  
take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I  
will more willingly part withal; except my life, my life

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek my lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [*To* POLONIUS.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou,  
Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do  
ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;  
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the mid-  
dle of her favour?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true;  
she is a strumpet. What 's the news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world 's grown  
honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is  
not true. Let me question more in particular: What  
have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of  
fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord?

Ham. Denmark 's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many con-  
fines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the  
worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 't is none to you: for there is no-  
thing either good or bad but thinking makes it so: to  
me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 't is  
too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell,  
and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not  
that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the  
very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of  
a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and  
light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our mo-  
narchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows:  
Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros., Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the  
rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest  
man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten  
way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks;  
but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are  
too dear, a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it  
your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come;  
deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why anything. But to the purpose. You  
were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your  
looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to  
colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for  
you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

*Ros.* What say you?

*Ham.* Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside.*—] if you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrecy to the king and queen. Mould no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'erhanging<sup>a</sup>—this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

*Ros.* My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me?"

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten<sup>b</sup> entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted<sup>c</sup> them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

*Ros.* I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

*Ros.* No, indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an airy of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

*Ham.* What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted?<sup>d</sup> Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is like most, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

<sup>a</sup> In the quarto (B), we read, "this brave o'erhanging firmament." Using *o'erhanging* as a substantive, and omitting *firmament*, (the reading of the folio,) the sentence is, perhaps, less eloquent, but more coherent.

<sup>b</sup> *Lenten*—sparing—like fast in Lent.

<sup>c</sup> *Coted*—overtook—went side by side—from *cōtā*.

<sup>d</sup> *Escoted*—paid.

*Ros.* Faith and the nation versy:<sup>e</sup> there ment, unless t the question.

*Ham.* Is 't  
*Guil.* O, th  
brains.

*Ham.* Do t  
*Ros.* Ay, t  
load too.

*Ham.* It is Denmark; and while my father ducauts a-piece thing in this find it out.

*Guil.* Ther  
*Ham.* Gen  
Your hands. fashion and ce garb; lest my must show fa entertainment uncle-father, a

*Guil.* In w  
*Ham.* I a  
wind is southe

*Pol.* Well  
*Ham.* Har

each ear a hea  
yet out of his

*Ros.* Happ  
for, they say,

*Ham.* I wi  
players; mar  
morning; 't w

*Pol.* My le  
*Ham.* My

Roscius was a

*Pol.* The a  
*Ham.* Buz

*Pol.* Upon  
*Ham.* Ther

*Pol.* The b  
comedy, histor  
pastoral, tragi  
pastoral, scene  
cannot be too  
of writ, and th

*Ham.* O Je  
hadst thou!

*Pol.* What  
*Ham.* Why

The wi

*Pol.* Still o  
*Ham.* Am

*Pol.* If yo  
daughter, that

*Ham.* Nay  
*Pol.* What

*Ham.* Why

and then you

"It

The first row  
for look, wher

<sup>e</sup> *To tarre is*  
<sup>f</sup> *Handsome—*  
*heronshate—her*

Enter Four or Five Players.

ome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad  
ell:—welcome, good friends.—O, my old  
face is valiant since I saw thee last;  
to beard me in Denmark?—What! my  
nd mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship  
en, than when I saw you last, by the alti-  
pine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece  
gold, be not cracked within the ring.—  
are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like  
ers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have  
ht: Come, give us a taste of your quality;  
state speech.

That speech, my lord?

ard thee speak me a speech once,—but it  
rd; or, if it was, not above once; for the  
ber, pleased not the million; 't was ca-  
general: but it was (as I received it, and  
judgments, in such matters, cried in the  
an excellent play; well digested in the  
own with as much modesty as cunning.  
ne said, there were no sallets<sup>a</sup> in the lines,  
ard savoury; nor no matter in the phrase  
lite the author of affectation; but called  
method, as wholesome as sweet, and by  
re handsomer than fine. One chief speech  
loved: 't was Æneus' tale to Dido; and  
it especially, where he speaks of Priam's  
it live in your memory, begin at this line;  
me see;—

Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,

begin with Pyrrhus.

Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,  
purpose, did the night resemble  
couched in the ominous horse,  
his dread and black complexion smear'd  
ry more dismal; head to foot  
sal gules;<sup>b</sup> horribly trick'd<sup>c</sup>  
of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons  
mpasted with the parching streets,  
tyrannous and down'd right  
murthers; Roasted in wrath and fire,  
er-said with coagulate gore,  
like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
se Priam seeks.

God, my lord, well spoken; with good  
and discretion.

How he finds him

short at Greeks; his antique sword,  
his arm, lies where it falls,  
to command: Unequal match'd,  
Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;  
a whiff and wind of his fell sword  
ed father falls. Then senseless Hium,  
feel his blow, with flaming top  
a base; and with a hideous crash  
see Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,  
feeling on the milky head  
Priam, seem'd 't the air to stick  
and tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;  
neutral to his will and matter,

then see, against some storm,  
the heavens, the rack stand still,  
rads speechless, and the orb below  
leath; anon the dread-ful thunder  
be region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
agnature sets him new a work;  
in the Cyclops' hammers fall  
monrs, forg'd for proof stone,  
more than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
Priam.—

in strummet, Fortune! All you gods,  
mod. take away her power;  
e spokes and fiddles from her wheel,  
e sound nave down the hill of heaven,  
the Bands.

too long.

—heraldry.

—red, in heraldic phrase.

—painted; also a word in heraldry.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—  
Prithee, say on:—He's for a jig,<sup>a</sup> or a tale of bawdry,  
or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.

1 Play. But who, O who, had seen the mobled queen,—

Ham. The mobled<sup>b</sup> queen?

Pol. That's good: mobled queen is good.

1 Play. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the ha-  
With bison rheum; a clout about that head,  
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,  
About her lank and all o'er teamed loins,  
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;  
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,  
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd  
But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,  
The instant burst of clamour that she made,  
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)  
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,  
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and  
has tears in 's eyes.—Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'T is well; I'll have thee speak out the rest  
soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well  
bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used; for  
they are the abstracts, and brief chronicles, of the time:  
After your death you were better have a bad epitaph,  
than their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their  
desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin man, better: Use every man  
after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping! Use  
them after your own honour and dignity: The less they  
deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs. [Ex. POL. with some of the Players.]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-  
morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play  
the murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have 't to-morrow night. You could,  
for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines,  
which I would set down, and insert in 't? could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you  
mock him not. [Exit Player.] My good friends, [To  
Ros. and GUIL.] I'll leave you till night: you are  
welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord! [Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you: Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his whole conceit

That from her working, all his visage warm'd,

Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

That he should weep for her? What would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion,

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;

Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;<sup>e</sup>

Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,

The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,

Like John-a-dreams,<sup>d</sup> unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no, not for a king,

Upon whose property, and most dear life,

A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?

<sup>a</sup> A jig, a ludicrous interlude.

<sup>b</sup> Mobled, mobbed, is hastily muffled up.

<sup>c</sup> Free—free from offence.

<sup>d</sup> John-a-dreams—a sobriquet for a heavy, lethargic fellow.



Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,  
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?  
Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!  
O vengeance.

What an ass am I! ay, sure, this is most brave;  
That I, the son of the dear murdered,  
Prompted to my revenge by heavens and hell,  
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,  
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!

Fye upon 't! foh! About, my brains! I have been  
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;  
For murther, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
Play something like the murther of my father,  
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil: and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,  
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,  
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)  
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds  
More relative than this: The play's the thing,  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,  
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;  
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sound'd;  
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,  
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him  
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players  
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it: They are about the court;  
And, as I think, they have already order  
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'T is most true:  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,  
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content  
me

To hear him so inclin'd.  
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [Exit Ros. and Guil.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;  
That he, as 't were by accident, may here  
Affront<sup>a</sup> Ophelia.

Her father, and myself (lawful espials),  
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge;  
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,  
If 't be the affliction of his love or no,  
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:  
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,  
That your good beauties be the happy cause

<sup>a</sup> *Affront*—encounter, confront.

Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues  
Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please  
you,

We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book; [Takes  
book] That show of such an exercise may colour  
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—  
'T is too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage,  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

King. O, 't is too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience  
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
Than is my deed to my most painted word:  
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let 's withdraw, my lord.  
[Exit King and Polonius]

## Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:  
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—  
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—  
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there 's the rub:  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there 's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumacy,  
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin?<sup>a</sup> who would these fardels bear,  
To grunt<sup>b</sup> and sweat under a weary life;  
But that the dread of something after death,

<sup>a</sup> *Bodkin*—a small sword. Caesar is spoken of, by old writers  
as slain by bodkins.

<sup>b</sup> *Grunt*. So the originals. The players, in their speeches,  
always give us groans; and, if they had not the words  
the blank verse before them, they would certainly utter  
aspire upon us.

ver'd country, from whose bourn  
returns, puzzles the will;  
as rather bear those ills we have,  
thens that we know not of?  
nce does make cowards of us all;  
native hue of resolution  
er with the pale cast of thought  
zes of great pith and moment,  
ard, their currents turn away,  
name of action.—Soft you, now!  
elia:—Nymph, in thy orisons  
ns remember'd.

Good my lord,  
ur honour for this many a day?  
smbly thank you; well, well, well.  
lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
longed long to re-deliver;  
ow receive them.

no. I never gave you ought.  
honour'd lord, I know right well you did;  
em, words of so sweet breath compos'd  
things more rich: their perfume lost,  
gain; for to the noble mind,  
x poor, when givers prove unkind.  
rd.

ha! are you honest?  
lord?

you fair?  
t means your lordship?  
t if you be honest, and fair, your honesty  
no discourse to your beauty.  
d beauty, my lord, have better commerce  
esty?

truly; for the power of beauty will sooner  
esty from what it is to a bawd, than the  
ty can translate beauty into his likeness:  
time a paradox, but now the time gives  
id love you once.

ed, my lord, you made me believe so.  
ould not have believed me: for virtue  
ulate our old stock, but we shall relish of  
a not.

the more deceived  
thee to a nunnery: Why wouldst thou  
of sinners? I am myself indifferent  
et I could accuse me of such things, that  
my mother had not borne me: I am very  
eful, ambitious; with more offences at my  
ave thoughts to put them in, imagination  
shape, or time to act them in: What  
llows as I do crawling between heaven  
Ve are arrant knaves, all; believe none  
y ways to a nunnery. Where 's your

ene, my lord.  
the doors be shut upon him, that he may  
go to his bed; but in 's own house. Farewell.  
lp him, you sweet heavens!  
ou dost marry, I 'll give thee this plague  
: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as  
alt not escape calumny. Get thee to a  
farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry,  
; for wise men know well enough what  
make of them. To a nunnery, go; and  
Farewell.

venly powers, restore him!  
e beard of your paintings too, well enough,  
n you one face, and you make yourselves  
jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-  
atures, and make your wantonness your  
e to, I 'll no more on 't; it hath made me  
we will have no more marriages: those  
d already, all but one, shall live; the rest  
hey are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* HAM.]

*Oph.* O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;  
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite, down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth,  
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

*Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.*

*King.* Love! his affections do not that way tend  
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,  
Was not like madness. There 's something in his  
soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;  
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,  
Will be some danger: Which to prevent,  
I have, in quick determination,  
Thus set it down: He shall with speed to England,  
For the demand of our neglected tribute:  
Haply, the seas, and countries different,  
With variable objects, shall expel  
This something-settled matter in his heart;  
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus  
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

*Pol.* It shall do well; but yet do I believe,  
The origin and commencement of this grief  
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia,  
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;  
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;  
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,  
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him  
To show his griefs; let her be round with him;  
And I 'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear  
Of all their conference: If she find him not,  
To England send him: or confine him, where  
Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.* It shall be so:  
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the same.*

*Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.*

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced  
it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth  
it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-  
crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too  
much—your hand thus: but use all gently: for in the  
very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind  
of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance,  
that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the  
soul, to see a robustious perwig-pated fellow tear a pas-  
sion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the  
groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of  
nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I  
could have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Ter-  
magant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

*1 Player.* I warrant your honour.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own dis-  
cretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the  
word to the action; with this special observance, that  
you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for anything  
so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end,  
both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as  
't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own  
feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body  
of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone,  
or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh,  
cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of  
the which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a  
whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have

seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

*I Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently<sup>a</sup> with us, sir.

*Ham.* O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. *[Exit Players.]*

*Enter* POLONIUS, ROSECRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

*Pol.* And the queen too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the players make haste. *[Exit Pol.]*

Will you too help to hasten them?

*Both.* We will, my lord.

*[Exit ROSECRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]*

*Ham.* What, ho; Horatio?

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

*Hor.* O, my dear lord,—

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter:  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,  
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?  
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?  
Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice,  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
A man, that fortune's bullets and rewards  
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,  
Whose blood and judgment are so well comingle'd,  
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king;  
One scene of it comes near the circumstance  
Which I have told thee of my father's death.  
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,  
Even with the very comment of my soul  
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;  
And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stithe. Give him heedful note:  
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;  
And, after, we will both our judgments join  
To censure of his seeming.

*Hor.* Well, my lord:  
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,  
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Ham.* They are coming to the play; I must be idle:  
Get you a place.

*Enter* KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSECRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard, carrying torches. Danish March. Sound a flourish.

How fares our cousin Hamlet?

<sup>a</sup> Indifferently.—to lastly well.

*Ham.* Excellent, i' faith; of the cambric  
eat the air, promise-cramm'd: You cannot  
so.

*King.* I have nothing with this answer,  
these words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine. Now, my lord,—  
once in the university, you say? *[Tr.]*

*Pol.* That I did, my lord; and was a  
good actor.

*Ham.* And what did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Caesar: I was  
Capitol: Brutus killed me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him, to kill  
calf there.—Be the players ready?

*Ros.* Ay, my lord; they stay upon your  
Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, a

*Ham.* No, good mother, here's metal more

*Pol.* O ho! do you mark that? *[Tr.]*

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

*[Lying down at Ore]*

*Oph.* No, my lord.

*Ham.* I mean, my head upon your lap!

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Do you think I meant country me?

*Oph.* I think nothing, my lord.

*Ham.* That's a fair thought to lie betwixt  
legs.

*Oph.* What is, my lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* Who, I?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* O God! your only jig-maker. What  
a man do, but be merry? for, look you, he  
my mother looks, and my father died with  
hours.

*Oph.* Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord

*Ham.* So long? Nay, then let the devil  
for I'll have a suit of sables. O heave  
months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then  
a great man's memory may outlive his life.  
But, by'r-lady, he must build churches if  
shall he suffer not thinking on, with the  
whose epitaph is, For, O, for, O, the he  
forgot.

*Hambro's play. The dumb show scene*

*Enter* a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the  
embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of  
him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon  
him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him  
him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown,  
pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Q  
finds the King dead, and makes passionate action.  
with some two or three mates, comes in again, weeps  
with her. The dead body is carried away. The  
the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling  
in the end, accepts his love.

*Oph.* What means this, my lord?

*Ham.* Marry, this is mitching malleco;  
mischief.

*Oph.* Belike, this show imports the argus  
play.

*Enter* Prologue.

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow:  
cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

*Oph.* Will he tell us what this show means?

*Ham.* Ay, or any show that you'll show  
not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame  
what it means.

*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught;  
the play.

<sup>a</sup> Mitching malleco. To mitch is to cheat;—malleco  
from the Spanish.

and for our tragedy,  
 sleeping to your clemency,  
 beg your leaving patiently.  
 his a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?  
 relief, my lord.  
 woman's love.

*Enter King and his Queen.*

Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round  
 the wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;  
 seven moons with borrow'd sheen,  
 and have times twelve thirties been;  
 in hearts, and Hymen did our hands,  
 small in most sacred bands.

So many journeys may the sun and moon  
 in count o'er, ere love be done!  
 here, you are so sick of late,  
 here, and from your former state,  
 at you. Yet, though I distrust,  
 out, my lord, it nothing must;  
 fear and love holds quantity;  
 light, or in extremity,  
 by love is, proof hath made you know;  
 me is six'd, my fear is so.  
 great, the littlest doubts are fear;  
 fears grow great, great love grows there.  
 Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;  
 sweats my functions leave to do:  
 sit live in this fair world behind,  
 lov'd; and haply, one as kind  
 shalt thou—

O, confound the rest!  
 rest needs he treason in my breast:  
 stand let me be accurst!  
 second but who kill'd the first.  
 wormwood, wormwood.

The instances<sup>a</sup> that second marriage move,  
 sets of thrift, but none of love;  
 I kill my husband dead,  
 husband kisses me in bed,  
 do believe, you think what now you speak;  
 do determine off we break.  
 the slave to memory;  
 tis, but poor validity;  
 like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;  
 when they mellow be.  
 tis, that we forget  
 true what to ourselves is debt;  
 elves in passion we propose,  
 indrag, doth the purpose lose.  
 of either grief or joy  
 pictures with themselves destroy:  
 not revels, grief doth most lament,  
 grieves, on slender accident.  
 not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,  
 loves should with our fortunes change;  
 when left us yet to prove,  
 lead fortune, or else fortune love.  
 down, you mark, his favourite flies;  
 would makes friends of enemies.  
 doth love on fortune tend:  
 needs shall never lack a friend;  
 want a hollow friend doth try,  
 ens him his enemy.

To end where I begun,—  
 Fates do so contrary run,  
 ces still are overthrown;  
 are ours, their ends none of our own;  
 I will no second husband wed;  
 thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.  
 Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!  
 ease look from me, day, and night!  
 burn my trust and hope!  
 cheer in prison be my scope!  
 e, that blinks the face of joy,  
 could have well, and it destroy!  
 I hence, pursue me, lasting strife,  
 ow, ever I be wife!

He should break it now,— [To OPH.]  
 is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;  
 re dull, and faint I would beguile  
 ay with sleep. [Sleeps.]  
 Sleep rock thy brain,  
 ce mischance between us twain! [Exit.]  
 am, how like you this play?  
 e lady protests too much, methinks.

*Enter Lucianus.*  
 comes—solicitations, inducements.  
 her's cheer—anchoret's face.

*Ham.* O, but she'll keep her word.  
*King.* Have you heard the argument? Is there no  
 offence in't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no  
 offence in't the world.

*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.<sup>a</sup>  
 This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna:  
 Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you  
 shall see anon; 't is a knavish piece of work: But  
 what of that? your majesty, and we that have free  
 souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our  
 withers are unwrung.

*Enter Lucianus.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

*Oph.* You are a good chorus, my lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love,  
 if I could see the puppets dallying.<sup>b</sup>

*Oph.* You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

*Oph.* Still better, and worse.

*Ham.* So you must take husbands.—Begin, mur-  
 derer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin.  
 Come;—

—The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time  
 agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing:  
 Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,  
 With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
 Thy natural magic and dire property,  
 On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison in his ears.]

*Ham.* He poisons him in the garden for his estate.  
 His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in  
 choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer  
 gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

*Oph.* The king rises.

*Ham.* What! frighted with false fire!

*Queen.* How fares my lord?

*Pol.* Give o'er the play.

*King.* Give me some light:—away!

*All.* Lights, lights, lights!

[Exit all but HAM. and HOR.]

*Ham.* Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

So runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest  
 of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provin-  
 cial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a  
 cry of players, sir?

*Hor.* Half a share.

*Ham.* A whole one, ay.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very Paiocke.<sup>d</sup>

*Hor.* You might have rhymed.

*Ham.* O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for  
 a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hor.* Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the re-  
 corders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

<sup>a</sup> Tropically—figuratively.

<sup>b</sup> In puppet-shows, which were called motions, an interpreter  
 explained the action to the audience.

<sup>c</sup> Razed—shaved.

<sup>d</sup> Paiocke. It is said that paiocke means the Italian *latacco*,  
 "a piece of money of about three farthings value."

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Ros. How much more it speaks than yours.

Guil. It speaks a whole language.

Ros. It speaks a whole army.

Guil. It speaks a whole heaven.

Ros. It speaks a whole world.

Guil. It speaks a whole nation.

Ros. It speaks a whole universe.

Guil. It speaks a whole creation.

Ros. It speaks a whole world of wonders.

Guil. It speaks a whole world of mysteries.

Ros. It speaks a whole world of secrets.

Guil. It speaks a whole world of hidden things.

Ros. It speaks a whole world of unknowns.

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my lowest note to the top of my compass: and if  
such music excellent voice, in this little organ  
cannot you make it. Why, do you think that  
water to be played on than a pipe? Call me wit  
if you will, though you can fret me, you  
may upset me.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

Good morn'ng, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you  
presently.

Ham. Do you see that cloud, that's almost in  
like a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Mercurius, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is like a whale.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.  
They find me to the top of my bent.—I will come  
and by.

Pol. I will say so. [Exit]

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, [Exit]

[Enter Ros., Guil., Ham.]  
T is now the very witching time of night;  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes  
Congenial to this world: Now could I drink hot  
And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.  
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:  
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:  
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.  
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:  
How in my words soever she be absent,  
To give them seals—never, my soul, consent.

### SCENE III.—A Room in the same.

*Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with  
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare  
I your commission will forthwith despatch,  
And he to England shall along with you:  
The terms of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow  
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:  
Most holy and religious fear it is,  
To keep those many many bodies safe,  
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,  
With all the strength and armour of the mind,  
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more  
That spirit, upon whose spirit depend and rest  
The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw  
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,  
Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy war.  
For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros., Guil. We will haste us. [Ex. Ros., Guil.]

*Enter POLONIUS.*

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's  
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
To overhear her conference. I'll not sleep,  
Till I am furnished with the truth,  
Whose slings I have so long did swag.

[Exit]

*Enter POLONIUS.*

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's  
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
To overhear her conference. I'll not sleep,  
Till I am furnished with the truth,  
Whose slings I have so long did swag.

[Exit]

cess; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home,  
aid, and wisely was it said,  
t some more audience than a mother,  
akes them partial, should o'erhear  
vantage. Fare you well, my liege:  
you ere you go to bed,  
what I know.

Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit Poi.*]  
is rank, it smells to heaven;  
nal eldest curse upon 't,  
rther!—Pray can I not,  
tion be as sharp as will;  
ilt defeats my strong intent;  
n to double business bound,  
e where I shall first begin,  
et. What if this cursed hand  
an itself with brother's blood?  
i enough in the sweet heavens,  
e as snow? Whereto serves mercy,  
the visage of offence?  
prayer, but this two-fold force,—  
d, ere we come to fall,  
ing down? Then I'll look up;  
t. But, O, what form of prayer  
ern? Forgive me my foul murther!—  
; since I am still possess'd  
for which I did the murther,  
e own ambition, and my queen.  
don'd, and retain the offence?  
l currents of this world,  
l hand may shove by justice;  
n, the wicked prize itself  
w: But 't is not so above:  
King, there the action lies  
re; and we ourselves compell'd,  
h and forehead of our faults,  
ence. What then? what rests?  
tance can: What can it not?  
when one can not repent?  
e! O bosom, black as death!  
at struggling to be free,  
'd! Help, angels, make assay!  
knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,  
s of the new-born babe:  
ll!

[*Retires, and kneels.*]  
*Enter HAMLET.*

might I do it, pat, now he is praying  
lo 't:—and so he goes to heaven:  
veng'd? That would be scann'd:  
my father; and, for that,  
to this same villain send

nd salary, not revenge.  
her grossly, full of bread;  
ines broad blown, as fresh as May;  
adit stands, who knows, save heaven?  
umstance and course of thought,  
b him: And am I then reveng'd,  
the purging of his soul,  
and season'd for his passage?

d know thou a more horrid hent:  
nk, asleep, or in his rage;  
mous pleasure of his bed;  
aring; or about some act  
ish of salvation in 't:  
that his heels may kick at heaven;  
ul may be as damn'd, and black,  
it goes. My mother stays:  
t prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*]

e King rises and advances.  
oris fly up, my thoughts remain below:  
thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* He will come straight. Look, you lay home to  
him:  
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear  
with;

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between  
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.  
Pray you, be round with him.

*Ham.* [*Within.*] Mother! mother! mother!

*Queen.* I'll warrant you;

Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*POLONIUS hides himself.*]

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now, mother; what's the matter?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet?

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

But would you were not so! You are my mother.

*Queen.* Nay, then I'll set those to you that can  
speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall  
not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder  
me?

Help, help, ho!

*Pol.* [*Behind.*] What, ho! help! help! help!

*Ham.* How now! a rat? [*Draws.*]

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*HAMLET makes a pass through the arras.*]

*Pol.* [*Behind.*] O I am slain. [*Falls, and dies.*]

*Queen.* O me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

[*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.*]

*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,  
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king!

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 't was my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! [*To Poi.*]

I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy  
tongue

In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act,  
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty  
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,  
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows  
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
The very soul; and sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;  
Yea, this solidity\* and compound mass,  
With tristful visage, as against the doom,  
Is thought-sick at the act.

\* This solidity—this earth.

*Queen.* Ah me, what act,  
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?  
*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and on this;  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
See what a grace was seated on his brow:  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;  
A station<sup>a</sup> like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man:  
This was your husband,—look you now, what follows:  
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?  
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?  
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
And waits upon the judgment: And what judgment  
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,  
Else, could you not have motion: But sure, that sense  
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;  
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,  
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,  
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't,  
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?<sup>b</sup>  
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,  
Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
Could not so mope.  
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,  
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,  
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;  
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
And reason panders will.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more:  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
And there I see such black and grained spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live  
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;  
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love  
Over the nasty sty;—

*Queen.* O, speak to me no more;  
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;  
No more, sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A murderer, and a villain;  
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe  
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings;<sup>c</sup>  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

*Queen.* No more.

*Enter GHOST.*

*Ham.* A king  
Of shreds and patches:—  
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards!—What would you, gracious  
figure?

*Queen.* Alas! he's mad.

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by  
The important acting of your dread command?  
O, say.

*Ghost.* Do not forget: This visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:

<sup>a</sup> Station—manner of standing, attitude.

<sup>b</sup> Hoodman-blind—the game which we call blind-man's buff.

<sup>c</sup> Vice of kings—the Vice of the old Moralities.

O, step between her and her fighting soul;  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you,

*Queen.* Alas, how is 't with you?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse:  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,  
And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,<sup>a</sup>  
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you

*Ham.* On him! on him!—Look you,  
glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching  
Would make them capable.—Do not look  
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert  
My stern effects: then what I have to do  
Will want true colour; tears, perchance,

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see n

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all that is

*Ham.* Nbr did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No, nothing,

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look how  
My father, in his habit as he lived!  
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*Ham.* Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep  
And makes as healthful music: It is not  
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness,  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past: avoid what is to come,  
And do not spread the compost o'er the weeds  
To make them rank. Forgive me this my fault,  
For in the fatness of these pursty times,  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;  
Yea, curb<sup>b</sup> and woo, for leave to do him

*Queen.* O Hamlet! thou hast cleft  
twain.

*Ham.* O throw away the worsen part of  
And live the purer with the other half.

Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth  
Of habits devil,—is angel yet in this,—  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,  
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence: the next more easy  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And master the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good  
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same  
[Pointing to the ghost]

I do repent. But heaven hath pleas'd it so,  
To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well

<sup>a</sup> Excrements—hair, nails, feathers, nose, etc.

<sup>b</sup> Curb—to bend—curb.

ave him. So again, good night!  
el, only to be kind :  
ns, and worse remains behind.—  
e, good lady.  
What shall I do ?  
this, by no means, that I bid you do :  
ing tempt you again to bed ;  
on your cheek ; call you his mouse ;  
or a pair of roechy kisses,  
; your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
ewel all this matter out,  
illy am not in madness,  
aft. 'T were good you let him know :  
s but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
paddock,<sup>a</sup> from a bat, a gib,<sup>b</sup>  
ernings hide ? who would do so ?  
of sense, and secrecy,  
et on the house's top,  
y ; and, like the famous ape,  
ons, in the basket creep,  
r own neck down.  
thou assur'd, if words be made of

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to England ; you know that ?

*Queen.* Alack,

I had forgot ; 't is so concluded on.

*Ham.* There 's letters seal'd : and my two school-fellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—  
They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my way  
And marshal me to knavery : Let it work,

For 't is the sport, to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar :<sup>a</sup> and 't shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them at the moon : O, 't is most sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet.

This man shall set me packing.

I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room :—

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you :

Good night, mother. [*Exeunt severally ; HAM, dragging in the body of POLONIUS.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter KING and QUEEN.*

's matter in these sighs ; these profound  
; late : 't is fit we understand them :  
son ?

oy good lord, what have I seen to-night !

Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?  
as the seas, and wind, when both con-

ghtier : In his lawless fit,  
a hearing something stir,  
pier out, and cries, "A rat ! a rat !"  
ish apprehension, kills  
d old man.

O heavy deed !  
with us, had we been there :

all of threats to all ;

f, to us, to every one.

I this bloody deed be answer'd ?

to us, whose providence

pt short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

g man : but, so much was our love,

nderstand what was most fit ;

rner of a foul disease,

divulging, let it feed

h of life. Where is he gone ?

raw apart the body he hath kill'd :

ery madness, like some ore,

al<sup>a</sup> of metals base,

e ; he weeps for what is done.

rtude, come away !

er shall the mountains touch,

p him hence : and this vile deed

all our majesty and skill,

ce and excuse.—Ho ! Guildenstern !

RENCHANTZ and GULDENSTERN.

o join you with some further aid :

ness hath Polonius slain,

other's closet hath he dragg'd him :

at ; speak fair, and bring the body

h—load.

<sup>b</sup> *Gib*—a cat.

l—mine ; a compound mass of metals.

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends ;

And let them know, both what we mean to do,

And what 's untimely done : so, haply, slander,

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,

And hit the woundless air. O come away !

My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* —Safely stowed,—

*Ros. &c. within.* Hamlet ! lord Hamlet !

*Ham.* What noise ? who calls on Hamlet ? O, here they come.

*Enter ROSENCHANTZ and GULDENSTERN.*

*Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body ?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

*Ros.* Tell us where 't is ; that we may take it thence,  
And bear it to the chapel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Ros.* Believe what ?

*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of<sup>b</sup> a sponge !—what replication should be made by the son of a king ?

*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

*Ham.* Ay, sir ; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end : He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw ; first mouthed, to be last swallowed : When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it : A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

<sup>a</sup> *Hoist with his own petar*—blown up with his own engine.  
<sup>b</sup> *Demanded of*—demanded by.



*Ham.* The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

*Guil.* A thing, my lord?

*Ham.* Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.\* [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter KING, attended.*

*King.* I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it that this man goes loose; Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He 's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And, where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown, By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ.*

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

*Ros.* Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he?

*Ros.* Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

*King.* Bring him before us.

*Ros.* Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper? Where?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that 's the end.

*King.* Alas, alas!

*Ham.* A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

*King.* What dost thou mean by this?

*Ham.* Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In heaven, send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

*King.* Go seek him there. [To some Attendants.]

*Ham.* He will stay till you come. [Ex. Attendants.]

*King.* Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety,

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself; The bark is ready, and the wind at help, The associates tend, and everything is bent For England.

*Ham.* For England?

*King.* Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a cherub, that sees him.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [Exit.]

\* The name of a boyish sport—"All hid."

*King.* For  
ab  
Delay it not  
Away; for  
That else le

And, Engla  
(As my grea  
Since yet th  
After the Da  
Pays homag  
Our sovereig  
By letters o  
The present  
For like the  
And thou m  
Howe'er my

SCI

*Enter*

*For.* Go,  
Tell him, th  
Claims the c  
Over his kin  
If that his m  
We shall ex  
And let him

*Cap.*

*For.* Go s

*Enter HAM*

*Ham.* Go

*Cap.* The

*Ham.*

I pray you?

*Cap.*

*Ham.*

Commands t

*Cap.* The

*Ham.* Go

Or for some

*Cap.* Tru

We go to ga

That hath in

To pay five

Nor will it y

A ranker rat

*Ham.* W

*Cap.* Yes,

*Ham.* Tw

du

Will not del

This is the i

That inward

Why the ma

*Cap.* God

*Ros.*

*Ham.* I w

How all occ

And spur m

If his chief g

Be but to sle

Sure, he, tha

Looking bef

That capabil

To fust\* in

Bestial obliv

Of thinking

A thought, v

And ever, th

Why yet I l

and will, and strength, and means,  
 files, gross as earth, exhort me:  
 of such mass and charge,  
 and tender prince;  
 divine ambition puff'd,  
 the invisible event,  
 mortal, and unsure,  
 death, and danger, dare,  
 sell. Rightly to be great,  
 out great argument,  
 I quarrel in a straw,  
 the stake. How stand I then,  
 r kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
 y reason, and my blood,  
 while, to my shame, I see  
 th of twenty thousand men,  
 and trick of fame,  
 like beds; fight for a plot  
 bers cannot try the cause,  
 enough, and continent,  
 —O, from this time forth,  
 oody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.

Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

QUEEN and HORATIO.

not speak with her.  
 unfortunate; indeed, distract;  
 eds be pitied.

What would she have?  
 s much of her father; says, she hears,  
 the world; and hems, and beats her

at straws; speaks things in doubt,  
 If sense: her speech is nothing,  
 use of it doth move  
 lection; they aim at it,  
 us up fit to their own thoughts;  
 licks, and nods, and gestures yield  
 ce one think there would be thought,  
 re, yet much unhappily.  
 good she were spoken with; for she  
 w  
 tures in ill-breeding minds:

[Exit HORATIO.  
 as sin's true nature is,  
 plogue to some great amiss:  
 alousy is guilt,  
 earing to be spilt.

HORATIO with OPHELIA.

the beauteous majesty of Denmark?  
 w, Ophelia?

Should I your true love know  
 rom another one?  
 his cockle hat and staff,  
 nd his sandal shoon.

weet lady, what imports this song?  
 ay, pray you, mark.

is dead and gone, lady,  
 e is dead and gone:  
 his head a grass-green turf,  
 t his heels a stone.

t Ophelia,—  
 Pray you, mark.

shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter KING.

ok here, my lord.

d with sweet flowers;  
 ewept to the grave did not go,  
 ue-love showers.

you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you!<sup>a</sup> They say, the owl was  
 a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but,  
 know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let us have no words of this; but  
 when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day  
 All in the morning betime,  
 And I a maid at your window,  
 To be your Valentine:

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
 And dapp'd<sup>b</sup> the chamber-door;  
 Let in the maid, that out a maid  
 Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end  
 on 't:

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,  
 Alack, and ye for shame!  
 Young men will do 't, if they come to t;  
 By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
 You promis'd me to wed:  
 So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
 An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long has she been this?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient;  
 but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay  
 him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it,  
 and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my  
 coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies;  
 good night, good night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray  
 you. [Exit HORATIO.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
 All from her father's death: O Gertrude, Gertrude,  
 When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
 But in battalions! First, her father slain;  
 Next, your son gone; and he most violent author  
 Of his own just remove; The people muddied,  
 Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,  
 For good Polonius' death; and we have done but  
 greenly,<sup>c</sup>

In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia,  
 Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;  
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.  
 Last, and as much containing as all these,  
 Her brother is in secret come from France;  
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,  
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear<sup>d</sup>  
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;  
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,  
 Will nothing stick our persons to arraign  
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,  
 Like to a murdering-piece,<sup>d</sup> in many places  
 Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the  
 door:

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;  
 The ocean, overpeering of his list,  
 Eats not the flats with more impitious<sup>e</sup> haste,  
 Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,  
 O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him, lord;  
 And as the world were now but to begin,  
 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,  
 The ratifiers and props of every word,  
 They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"

<sup>a</sup> God 'ield you—God requite you.

<sup>b</sup> Dapp'd. To dapp is to do up; as to don is to do on.

<sup>c</sup> Greenly—unwisely: like novices.

<sup>d</sup> Murdering piece—a cannon was so called.

<sup>e</sup> Impitious—unpitying.

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,  
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!  
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

*King.* The doors are broke. [Noise within.]

*Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.*

*Laer.* Where is this king?—Sir, stand you all without.

*Dan.* No, let 's come in.

*Laer.* I pray you, give me leave.

*Dan.* We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]  
*Laer.* I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,  
Give me my father.

*Queen.* Calmly, good Laertes.

*Laer.* That drop of blood that 's calm, proclaims me  
bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot  
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow  
Of my true mother.

*King.* What is the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?  
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;  
There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,  
Why thou art thus incensed;—Let him go, Gertrude;—  
Speak, man.

*Laer.* Where is my father?

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead? I 'll not be juggled with:  
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!  
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!  
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I 'll be revenged  
Most throughly for my father.

*King.* Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My will, not all the world:

And, for my means, I 'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little.

*King.* Good Laertes,  
If you desire to know the certainty  
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge,  
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,  
Winner and loser?

*Laer.* None but his enemies.

*King.* Will you know them then?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I 'll ope my  
arms;

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,  
Repast them with my blood.

*King.* Why, now you speak  
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.  
That I am guiltless of your father's death,  
And am most sensibly in grief for it,  
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,  
As day does to your eye.

*Danes.* [Within.] Let her come in.

*Laer.* How now! what noise is that?

*Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws and  
flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,  
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—  
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,  
Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!  
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—  
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits  
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Nature is fine  
It sends some  
After the thing

*Oph.* They  
Hey  
And

Fare you well,

*Laer.* Hads  
veng

It could not m

*Oph.* You n

a-down-a. O,

false steward, t

*Laer.* This

*Oph.* There

pray, love, rem

thoughts.

*Laer.* A doc

brance fitted.

*Oph.* There

there 's rue for

call it, herb-g

your rue with a

give you some

father died:—

For

*Laer.* Thou

She turns to fa

*Oph.* A

A

B

B

A

G

And of all ch

you!

*Laer.* Do y

*King.* Laer

Or you deny n

Make choice of

And they shall

If by direct or

They find us t

Our crown, ou

To you in satis

Be you conten

And we shall j

To give it due

*Laer.*

His means of c

No trophy, swe

No noble rite,

Cry to be hear

That I must ca

*King.*

And, where the

I pray you, go

SCENE

*En*

*Hor.* What

*Serv.*

They say, they

*Hor.*

<sup>a</sup> Rosemary wa

ening the memory

<sup>b</sup> Rue was mea

<sup>c</sup> To common, n

terchange thought

from what part of the world  
greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.*

God bless you, sir.

God bless thee too.

How shall, sir, an't please him. There's a  
gentleman, sir; it comes from the ambassadors that  
are sent to England; if your name be Horatio, as I  
know it is.

*[Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, it  
will seem some means to the king; they have letters for  
these two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike  
aspect, and of some chace: Finding ourselves too slow of sail,  
and of a dangerous nature, we have boarded them:  
they got clear of our ship: so I alone became  
the subject of their search. They have dealt with me like  
thieves of mercy; what they did; I am to do a good turn  
for them. Give the letters I have sent: and repair thou  
with haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words  
in my ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much  
to the purpose of the matter. These good fellows will  
tell thee I am. Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern hold their  
peace; of them I have much to tell thee. Fare-  
well.]*

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.  
Give you way for these your letters;  
the speedier, that you may direct me  
whom you brought them. *[Exit.]*

VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter KING and LAERTES.*

How must your conscience my acquittance  
requite? Put me in your heart for friend;  
in your ear, and with a knowing ear,  
how hath your noble father slain,  
his uncle, your life.

It well appears:—But tell me,  
how did he succeed not against these feats,  
so capital in nature,  
that defty, wisdom, all things else,  
were stirred up.

O, for two special reasons;  
one you, perhaps, seem much unsnew'd,  
and the other they are strong. The queen, his mother,  
loves him by his looks; and for myself,  
I have my plague, be it either which,  
to die, my motive to my life and soul,  
for my father moves not but in his sphere,  
and she by her. The other motive,  
which count I might not go,  
is that the general gender bear him:  
let all his faults in their affection,  
be sprung that turneth wood to stone,  
and eyes to graces; so that my arrows,  
loosed in so loud a wind,  
should pierce to my bow again,  
and I had aim'd them.

So have I a noble father lost;  
a brother unlearn'd how to die;  
a kingdom given to a savage;  
a sister married to a brute;  
a father on mount of all the age  
that first did give the world;  
and my revenge will come.  
I'll not let your sleeps for that: you must not  
think of it. I'll not let you  
be made of stuff so flat and dull,  
that let our beard be shook with danger,  
and say that we are pastime. You shortly shall hear more:  
I'll not let your father, and we love ourselves;  
I'll not let your eyes, will teach you to imagine,—  
but news?

*Enter a Messenger.*

Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:  
his majesty; this to the queen.  
O Hamlet! Who brought them?

*Mess.* Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not.  
They were given to me by Claudio, he receiv'd them.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them:—Leave us.

*[Exit Messenger.]*

*[Reads.]* High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked  
on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your  
kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto,  
recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.  
*Hamlet.*

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?  
Or is it some abuse, or no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked,"

And, in a postscript here, he says, "alone:"

Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come

It warms the very sickness in my heart,

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,

Thus diddest thou.

*King.* If it be so, Laertes,

As how should it be so? how otherwise?

Will you be rul'd by me?

*Laer.* If so you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—

As checking at his voyage, and that he means

No more to undertake it,—I will work him

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,

Under the which he shall not choose but fall;

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,

And call it, accident.

*Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd:

The rather, if you could devise it so,

That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much.

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality

Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him,

As did that one; and that, in my regard,

Of the unworthiest siege.

*Laer.* What part is that, my lord?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth,

Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes

The light and careless livery that it wears,

Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,

Importing health and graveness.—Some two months

hence,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—

I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,

And they ran well on horseback: but this gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his seat;

And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,

As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd

With the brave beast: so far he pass'd my thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,

Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman, was't?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamound.

*King.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,

And gem of all the nation.

*King.* He made confession of you;

And gave you such a masterly report,

For art and exercise in your defence,

And for your rapier most especially,

That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,

If one could match you: the scrimers\* of their nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his

Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,

That he could nothing do, but wish and beg

\* Scrimers—fencers; from *estrimer*.

Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.

Now, out of this,—

*Laer.* Why out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,

A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why ask you this?

*King.* Not that I think you did not love your father;

But that I know love is begun by time;

And that I see, in passages of proof,

Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;

And nothing is at a like goodness still;

For goodness, growing to a plurisy,<sup>a</sup>

Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,

We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,

As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;

And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,

To show yourself your father's son in deed

More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber?

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,

And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,

And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,<sup>b</sup>

Most generous, and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse<sup>c</sup> the foils; so that, with ease

Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated,<sup>d</sup> and, in a pass of practice,

Require him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do 't: I will do 't:

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,

So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,

Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,

Collected from all simples that have virtue

Under the moon, can save the thing from death,

That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point

With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,

It may be death.

*King.* Let's further think of this;

Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,

May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,

And that our drift look through our bad performan

'T were better not assay'd; therefore this project

Should have a back, or second, that might hold,

If this should blast in proof. Soft;—let me see:

We'll make a solemn wager on your commings,<sup>e</sup>

I ha' 't.

When in your motion you are hot and dry,

(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)

And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd his

A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,

Our purpose may hold there.

*Enter QUEEN.*

How now, sweet queen?

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon another's heel,

So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, *Laer*

*Laer.* Drown'd!—O, where?

*Queen.* There is a willow grows aslant a brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;

There, with fantastic garlands did she come,

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,

But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call the;

There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds

Clam'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke;

When down the weedy trophies and herself,

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide

And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;

Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;

As one incapable of her own distress,

Or like a creature native and indued

Unto that element: but long it could not be,

Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay

To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas then, is she drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet

It is our trick; nature her custom holds,

Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,

The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!

I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,

But that this folly douts it.

*King.* Let's follow, Gertrude;

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I this will give it start again;

Therefore let's follow. [E]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Church-Yard.

*Enter Two Clowns, with spades, &c.*

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it a christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 't is found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is,

<sup>a</sup> *Plurisy* was constantly used in the sense of fulness, abundance by the poets.

<sup>b</sup> *Reata*—inactive. <sup>c</sup> *Peruse*—examine.

<sup>d</sup> *Unbated*—not blunted.

*Straight*—straightways—forthwith.

to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned self wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the sabb; here stands the man; good: If the man go to water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is 't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on 't? If she had been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: And the pity, that great folk should have countenance in the world to drown or hang themselves, more than

<sup>e</sup> *Commings*—meetings in assault.

Come, my spade. There is no ancient gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; dam's profession.

He a gentleman?

As the first that ever bore arms.

He had none.

Art a heathen? How dost thou understand? The scripture says, Adam digged; without arms? I'll put another question; answerest me not to the purpose, confess

Is he, that builds stronger than either shipwright, or the carpenter?

Gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a king.

Thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows; how does it well? it does well to those who thou dost ill to say, the gallows is built in the church; argal, the gallows may

To 't again; come.

Builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright?

Tell me that, and unyoke.<sup>b</sup> Now I can tell.

I cannot tell.

*Hamlet and Horatio at a distance.*

Send thy brains no more about it; for your duty mends his pace with beating: and when he asks this question next, say a grave-digger that he makes last till doomsday. Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2 Clown.]

1 Clown digs, and sings.

When I did love, did love,  
I thought it was very sweet,  
But, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,  
I thought, there was nothing meet.

This fellow no feeling of his business,  
Grave-making!

His hatch made it in him a property of

Even so; the hand of little employment  
Or sense.

He, with his stealing steps,  
I caught me in his ditch,  
And shipped me intill the land,  
I had never been such. [Throws up a skull.]

My skull had a tongue in it, and could sing  
This knave jowls it to the ground, as if it  
Were bone, that did the first murder! In  
The case of a politician, which this ass o'er-  
t could circumvent God, might it not?  
Tis, my lord.

A courtier; which could say, "Good-  
lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This  
lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord  
me, when he meant to beg it; might it

My lord.

Even so; and now my lady Worm's;  
Knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's  
Fine revolution, if we had the trick to  
See bones cost no more the breeding, but  
Gats with them? mine aches to think

Axe, and a spade, a spade,  
—and a shrouding sheet:  
T of clay for to be made  
Such a guest is meet. [Throws up a skull.]

Even—fellow-christian, equal christian.  
Finish your work; unyoke your team.

*Ham.* There's another! Why might not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits<sup>a</sup> now, his quillies,<sup>b</sup> his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha!

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord, and of calves'-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep, and calves, that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 *Cl.* Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.

*Ham.* I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

1 *Cl.* You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *Cl.* 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Cl.* For no man, sir.

*Ham.* What woman then?

1 *Cl.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in 't?

1 *Cl.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card,<sup>c</sup> or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,<sup>d</sup> that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Cl.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

1 *Cl.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young Hamlet was born: he that was mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *Cl.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

1 *Cl.* 'T will not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

1 *Cl.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

1 *Cl.* Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

1 *Cl.* Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

<sup>a</sup> Quiddits—quiddities—subtleties.

<sup>b</sup> Quillies—quillies—(what you please)—a frivolous distinction.

<sup>c</sup> The card—"the seaman's card" of 'Macbeth.'

<sup>d</sup> Picked—spruce, affected, smart.

1 *Clo.* Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corsers now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a scull now: this scull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir; this same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This?

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Let me see. Alas poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred my imagination is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own jeering? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What 's that, my lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? puh! [*Throws down the scull.*]

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Hor.* 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king.

*Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: Who is that they follow?

And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,

The corse they follow did with desperate hand

Fordo its own life. 'T was of some estate:

Couch we a while, and mark. [*Retiring with Hor.*]

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*Ham.* This is Laertes,

A very noble youth: Mark.

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have warranties: Her death was doubtful;

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,<sup>a</sup>

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Order—rule, canon, of ecclesiastical authority.

<sup>b</sup> For charitable prayers—instead of charitable prayers.

Shards,\* flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her: Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites, Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead,

To sing sage requiem, and such rest to her,

As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth;

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh

May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,

A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,

When thou liest howling.

*Ham.* What, the fair Ophelia!

*Queen.* Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[*Scattering flowers*]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,

And not t' have strew'd thy grave.

*Laer.* O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the grave*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;

Till of this flat a mountain you have made,

To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head

Of blue Olympus.

*Ham.* [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief

Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow

Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded bearers? this is I,

Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave*]

*Laer.* The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with*]

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;

Sir, though I am not splenetic and rash,

Yet have I something in me dangerous,

Which let thy wiseness fear: Away thy hand.

*King.* Pluck them asunder.

*Queen.* Hamlet, Hamlet!

*Gentlemen.* Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they*

*out of the grave.*]

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him upon this plain

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

*Queen.* O my son! what theme?

*Ham.* I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* Come, show me what thou 'lt do:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't

thysell?

Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I 'll do 't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick<sup>b</sup> with her, and so will I;

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,

I 'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere madness.

And thus a while the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,

<sup>a</sup> Shards—a shard is a thing shaw'd—divided. *Shards*

therefore, fragments of ware—rubbish.

<sup>b</sup> Quick—alive.

will sit drooping.

Hear you, sir;  
 reason that you use me thus?  
 ever: But it is no matter;  
 himself do what he may,  
 mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*  
 ay you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—

[*Exit* HORATIO.  
 our patience in our last night's speech;

[*To* LAERTES.  
 e matter to the present push.—  
 le, set some watch over your son.—  
 all have a living monument:  
 ariet shortly shall we see;  
 patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

much for this, sir: now let me see the  
 #;  
 nber all the circumstance?  
 mber it, my lord?  
 in my heart there was a kind of fighting,  
 ot let me sleep: methought, I lay  
 se mutines<sup>a</sup> in the bilboes.<sup>b</sup> Rashly,  
 e rashness for it.—Let us know,  
 ion sometimes serves us well,  
 ir plots do pall; and that should teach us,  
 inity that shapes our ends,  
 em how we will.

That is most certain.  
 from my cabin,  
 scarf'd about me, in the dark  
 ad out them: had my desire;  
 packet; and, in fine, withdrew,  
 room again: making so bold,  
 etting manners, to unseal  
 ommission; where I found, Horatio,  
 cry, an exact command,  
 many several sorts of reason,  
 mark's health, and England's too,  
 eh bugs and goblins in my life,  
 upervise, no leisure bated,  
 y the grinding of the axe,  
 lld be struck off.

Is 't possible?  
 e 's the commission; read it at more leisure.  
 hear me how I did proceed?  
 beseech you.  
 ng thus benetted round with villains,  
 make a prologue to my brains,  
 un the play: I sat me down;  
 e commission; wrote it fair:  
 ld it, as our statist's do,  
 e write fair, and labour'd much  
 t that learning; but, sir, now  
 man's service: Wilt thou know  
 what I wrote?

Ay, good my lord.  
 earnest conjuration from the king,—  
 was his faithful tributary;  
 sen them as the palm should flourish;  
 old still her wheaten garland wear,  
 comma 'tween their amities;  
 sch like as's of great charge,—  
 dew and know of these contents,  
 stement further, more, or less,  
 e beavers put to sudden death,  
 time<sup>c</sup> allow'd.

How was this seal'd?

—mutineers.  
 a bar of iron with fetters attached to it.  
 time—time of *shrif*, or confession.

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinaie;  
 I had my father's signet in my purse,  
 Which was the model of that Danish seal:  
 Folded the writ up in form of the other;  
 Subscrib'd it; gave 't the impression; plac'd it safely,  
 The changeling never known: Now, the next day  
 Was our sea-fight: and what to this was sequent  
 Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.  
 Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this em-  
 ployment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat  
 Does by their own insinuation grow:  
 'T is dangerous, when the baser nature comes  
 Between the pass and fell incensed points  
 Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!  
 Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?  
 He that bath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;  
 Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;  
 Thrown out his angle for my proper life,  
 And with such cozenage; is 't not perfect conscience,  
 To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,  
 To let this canker of our nature come  
 In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,  
 What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;  
 And a man's life 's no more than to say, one.  
 But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
 That to Laertes I forgot myself;  
 For by the image of my cause, I see  
 The portraiture of his: I 'll count his favours:  
 But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me  
 Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Os. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.  
 Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this  
 water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.  
 Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 't is a vice  
 to know him: He hath much land, and fertile; let a  
 beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the  
 king's mess: 'T is a chough; but, as I say, spacious in  
 the possession of dirt.

Os. Sweet lord, if your friendship<sup>a</sup> were at leisure,  
 I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit:  
 Put your bonnet to his right use; 't is for the head.

Os. I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.  
 Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold; the wind is  
 northerly.

Os. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.  
 Ham. Methinks it is very sultry and hot, for my  
 complexion.

Os. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as  
 't were,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty  
 bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager  
 on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you, remember—  
 [*HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.*

Os. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good  
 faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe  
 me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent dif-  
 ferences, of very soft society, and great showing: In-  
 deed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or  
 calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the con-  
 tinent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his defilement suffers no perdition in  
 you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially,  
 would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but

<sup>a</sup> Friendship, in the folio; in quartos, *lordship*



raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

*Osr.* Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Osr.* Sir?

*Hor.* Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

*Osr.* Of Laertes?

*Hor.* His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him, sir.

*Osr.* I know, you are not ignorant—

*Ham.* I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

*Osr.* You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

*Osr.* I mean, sir, for this weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfollowed.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Osr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons: but, well.

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath waged with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imposed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, or so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Hor.* I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

*Osr.* The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this imposed, as you call it?

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

*Ham.* How, if I answer no?

*Osr.* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

*Osr.* Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

*Ham.* To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

*Osr.* I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

*Ham.* Yours, yours. He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

*Hor.* This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

*Ham.* He did comply\* with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the

\* *Comply*—was complaisant.

tune of the tune of the kind of yesty and through it do but blow t

*Lord.* My by young Osr tend him in t sure hold to longer time.

*Ham.* I an king's pleasu now, or when

*Lord.* The

*Ham.* In h

*Lord.* The

tainment to

*Ham.* She

*Hor.* You

*Ham.* I do

I have been i

odds. But t

about my hea

*Hor.* Nay,

*Ham.* It is

giving, as wo

*Hor.* If yo

forestal their

*Ham.* Not

providence in

not to come;

be not now,

Since no man

leave betimes

*Enter KING*

*King.* Com

me.

*Ham.* Giv

wro

But pardon t

This presence

How I am pu

What I have

That might y

Roughly awa

Was 't Haml

If Hamlet fro

And, when he

Then Hamlet

Who does it t

Hamlet is of

His madness

Sir, in this au

Let my disch

Free me so fa

That I have s

And hurt my

*Laer.*

Whose motive

To my reveng

I stand aloof,

Till by some

I have a voic

To keep my r

I do receive y

And will not

*Ham.*

And will this

Give us the f

*Laer.*

os. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night, fiery off indeed.

er. You mock me, sir.

os. No, by this hand.

eg. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,

know the wager?

os. Very well, my lord; grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

eg. I do not fear it: I have seen you both, once be 's better'd, we have therefore odds.

er. This is too heavy, let me see another.

os. This likes me well: These foils have all a i' [They prepare to play.]

r. Ay, my good lord.

eg. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table:

Hamlet give the first or second hit,

it in answer of the third exchange,

if the battlements their ordnance fire;

young shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

if in the cup an union\* shall he throw,

rather than that which four successive kings

mark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;

let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

trumpet to the cannoneer without,

annons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,

the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—

you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

os. Come on, sir.

er. Come on, sir. [They play.]

os. One.

er. No.

os. Judgment.

r. A hit, a very palpable hit.

er. Well,—again.

eg. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is mine;

give it to thy health. Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.]

os. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

—Another hit; What say you? [They play.]

er. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

eg. Our son shall win.

os. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:

my drunken carousers to thy fortune, Hamlet.

os. Good, madam.

eg. Gertrude, do not drink.

os. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

eg. It is the poison'd cup: it is too late. [Aside.]

os. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

os. Come, let me wipe thy face.

er. My lord, I'll hit him now.

eg. I do not think it.

er. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[Aside.]

os. Come, for the third, Laertes: You but dally;

if you, pass with your best violence;

whereas you make a wanton of me.

er. Say you so? come on. [They play.]

r. Nothing neither way.

er. Have at you now.

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]

er. Part them, they are incens'd.

os. Nay, come again. [The Queen falls.]

r. Look to the queen there, ho!

r. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord?

r. How is 't, Laertes?

\* Union—a very rich pearl.

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springs, Osric;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear

Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd! [Dies.]

Ham. O villainy!—How? Let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. [Laertes falls.]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain:

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour of life!

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;

I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point

Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.

[Stabs the King.]

Os. & Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned

Dane,

Drink off this potion:—Is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [King dies.]

Laer. He is justly served;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me! [Dies.]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—

But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here 's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou 'rt a man,

Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it.

O, good Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story. [March afar off, and shot within.]

What warlike noise is this?

Os. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from

Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;

I cannot live to hear the news from England;

But I do prophesy the election lights

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,

Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [Dies.]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet

prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Why does the drum come hither? [March within.]

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and

others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death! : Fall'n on the inv  
 What feast is toward in thine eternal cell? : Truly deliver.

That thou so many princes at a snore, :  
 So bloodily hast struck!

Hor. The sight is dismal, :  
 And our affairs from England come too late :  
 The ears are senseless that should give us hearing, :  
 To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd, :  
 That Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern are dead :  
 Where should we have our thanks!

Hor. Nor from his mouth, :  
 Had it the ability of life to thank you.

He never gave commandment for their death, :  
 But since, so jump upon this bloody question, :  
 You from the Poles came, and you from England, :  
 Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies :  
 High on a stage be placed to the view :  
 And let me speak to the yet unknowing world, :  
 How these things came about, so shall you hear :  
 Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts, :  
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters, :  
 Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause, :  
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook

Fort. Let us

And call the not  
 For me, with sor  
 I have some right  
 Which now to cl

Hor. Of that

And from his m  
 But let this sam  
 Even while men

On plots, and er  
 Fort.

Bear Hamlet, lil  
 For he was likel  
 To have provid'd  
 The soldier's mu  
 Speak loudly for  
 Take up the bod  
 Becomes the fiel  
 Go, bid the soldi  
 [Ex





## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE Tragedie of Cymbeline' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is very carefully divided into acts and scenes—an arrangement which is sometimes wanting in other plays of this edition. Printed as 'Cymbeline' must have been from a manuscript, the text, although sometimes difficult, presents few examples of absolute error.

In 'Cymbeline,' we are thrown back into the half-fabulous history of our own country, and see all objects under the dim light of uncertain events and manners. We have civilisation contending with semi-barbarism; the gorgeous worship of the Pagan world subduing to itself the more simple worship of the Druidical times; kings and courtiers surrounded with the splendour of "barbaric pearl and gold;" and, even in those days of simplicity, a wilder and a simpler life, amidst the fastnesses of mountains, and the solitude of caves—the hunters' life, who "have seen nothing," but who yet, in their natural piety, know "how to adore the heavens." If these attributes of the drama had been less absorbing, we perhaps might have more readily seen the real course of the dramatic action. We venture to express our opinion, that one predominant idea does exist.

The dialogue of the "two Gentlemen" in the opening scene makes us perfectly acquainted with the relations in which Posthumus and Imogen stand to each other, and to those around them. "She 's wedded, her husband banish'd." We have next the character of the banished husband, and of the unworthy suitor who is the cause of his banishment; as well as the story of the king's two lost sons. This is essentially the foundation of the past and future of the action. Brief indeed is this scene, but it well prepares us for the parting of Posthumus and Imogen. The course of their affections is turned awry by the wills of others. The angry king at once proclaims himself to us as one not cruel, but weak; he has before been described as "touch'd at very heart." It is only in the intensity of her affection for Posthumus that Imogen opposes her own will to the impatient violence of her father, and the more crafty decision of her step-mother. But she is surrounded with a third evil,—

"A father cruel, and a step-dame false,  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady."

Worse, however, even than these, her honour is to be assailed, her character vilified, by a subtle stranger; who, perhaps more in sport than in malice, has resolved to win a paltry wager by the sacrifice of her happiness and that of her husband. What has she to oppose to all this complication of violence and cunning? Her perfect purity—her entire simplicity—her freedom from everything that is selfish—the strength only of her affections. The scene between Iachimo and Imogen is a contest of innocence with guile, most profoundly affecting, in spite of the few coarsenesses that were perhaps unavoidable, and which were not considered offensive in Shakspeare's day.

This is the First Act; and, if we mistake not the object of Shakspeare, these opening scenes exhibit one of the most confiding and gentle of human beings, assailed

on every side by a determination of purpose, the shape of violence, wickedness, or folly, again under ordinary circumstances, innocence imposed to be an insufficient shield. But the lessness of Imogen is her protection. In the Second Scene of the Second Act, the perfect Imogen, as interpreted by Shakspeare, has what would have been a most dangerous shield, the hands of another poet, into one of the most delicacy.—The immediate danger is passed; is a new danger approaching. The will of her husband, deceived into madness, is to be at evils which she has already received from her selfishness. Posthumus, intending to destroy "Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford what your own love will out of this advise you She does follow her own love;—she has no strength but the strength of her affections; that strengthen her hardy and fearless of consequences. It duty, as well as the one pleasure, of her existence is that affection required? Pisanio places it when they have reached the deepest solitude mountains, that letter by which he is come take away her life. One passing thought of one faint reproach of her husband,—and she the fate which is prepared for her.—But her innocence have already subdued the will of servant of her husband. He comforts her, but sauntily leaves her in the wilderness. The spirits wills are still around her:—

"My noble mistress,

Here is a box, I had it from the queen

Perhaps there is nothing in Shakspeare more deftly managed,—more touching in its romance,—more essentially true to nature,—than the scenes between her and her unknown brothers. The gentleness, the "grief and patience," of the helpless Imogen, producing at once the deepest reverence and admiration in the bold and daring mountaineers, still carry the character of Imogen under the same aspect "the bold and daring mountaineers, still carry the character of Imogen under the same aspect bird is dead;" she was sick, and we almost the words of the dirge are true.—But she and she has still to endure the last and most evil—her husband, in her apprehension, lies before her. She has no wrongs to think of—"I my lord," is all, in connexion with Posthumus, escapes amidst her tears. The beauty and gentleness which saved her from Iachimo,—which commended her to the Roman general,—which won the wild hunters,—commends her to the Roman general—she is at once protected from her holy duties still to perform.—It is the unselfish affection of Imogen which makes us pity Posthumus even while we blame him for the rash and revengeful will. But in his deep repentance we do not than pity him. We see only another victim of craft and selfishness.—In the prison scene he is again united with hers.—The contest we see is over between the selfish and the unselfish, the simple, the proud and the meek, the gentle.

## CYMBELINE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5.  
Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.

on to the Queen, by a former husband.

I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;  
sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

POSTHUMUS, husband to Imogen.

sc. 2; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.  
sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.banished lord, disguised under the name  
of Morgan.III. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V.  
sc. 2; sc. 5.son to Cymbeline, disguised under the  
name of Polydore, supposed son to Belarius.III. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V.  
sc. 2; sc. 5.son to Cymbeline, disguised under the  
name of Cadwal, supposed son to Belarius.III. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V.  
sc. 2; sc. 5.

PISANIO, a Roman, friend to Posthumus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4.

MORGAN, a Roman, friend to Posthumus.

Act I. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V.  
sc. 2; sc. 5.

A British Gentleman, friend to Philario.

Appears, Act I. sc. 5.

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2;  
sc. 5.

A Roman Captain.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

Two British Captains.

Appear, Act V. sc. 3.

PISANIO, gentleman to Posthumus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 3. Act III.  
sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

Appears, Act I. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 5.

Two Gentlemen of Cymbeline's Court.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

Two Gaolers.

Appear, Act V. sc. 4.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline, by a former Queen.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 5.

HELEN, woman to Imogen.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—SOMETIMES IN BRITAIN; SOMETIMES IN ROME.

## ACT I.

—Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.**Enter Two Gentlemen.*You do not meet a man but frowns: our  
sods

by the heavens, than our courtiers

does the king.<sup>a</sup>

But what 's the matter?

His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,  
somto his wife's sole son, (a widow,  
married,) hath refer'd herself  
to a most worthy gentleman: She 's wedded;  
I banish'd, she imprison'd: all  
sorrow; though, I think, the king  
at very heart.

None but the king?

He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,  
squir'd the match: But not a courtier,  
by wear their faces to the bent  
of a looks, hath a heart that is not  
thing they scowl at.

And why so?

He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing  
of bad report: and he that hath her,  
if married her,—alack, good man!—used by Shakspere for natural disposition. The  
passage then is—You do not meet a man but  
frowns do not more obey the heavens than our  
sods seem as the king seems.And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such  
As to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare. I do not think  
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,  
Endows a man but he.2 *Gent.* You speak him far.\*1 *Gent.* I do extend<sup>b</sup> him, sir, within himself,  
Crush him together, rather than unfold  
His measure duly.2 *Gent.* What 's his name, and birth?1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father  
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,  
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;  
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom  
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:  
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,  
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their father  
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow  
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd  
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe  
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus,  
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:<sup>a</sup> You carry your praise far.<sup>b</sup> The *Gentleman* says—I do extend him—appreciate his good  
qualities—but only within the real limits of what they are  
instead of unfolding his measure duly, I crush him together—  
compress his excellence.

Puts to him all the learnings that his time  
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,  
 As we do air, fast as 't was ministered,  
 And in 's spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,  
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:  
 A sample to the youngest; to th' more mature  
 A glass that feated them; and to the graver,  
 A child that guided dotards: to his mistress—  
 For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price  
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;  
 By her election may be truly read  
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him  
 Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,  
 Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.  
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your bearing,  
 Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,  
 I the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery  
 Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in knowledge  
 Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!  
 So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,  
 That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 't is strange,  
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
 Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,  
 The queen, and princess. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,  
 After the slander of most step-mothers,  
 Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but  
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,  
 So soon as I can win the offended king,  
 I will be known your advocate: marry, yet  
 The fire of rage is in him; and 't were good,  
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience  
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,  
 I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—  
 I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
 The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king  
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[Exit QUEEN.  
 Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
 Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,  
 I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing  
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what  
 His rage can do on me: You must be gone;  
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,  
 But that there is this jewel in the world,  
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!  
 O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause  
 To be suspected of more tenderness  
 Than doth become a man! I will remain  
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.  
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;  
 Who to my father was a friend, to me  
 Known but by letter: thither write, my queen.  
 And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send,  
 Though ink be made of gall.

Queen.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Be brief, I pray you:

If the king c  
 How much c

To walk this  
 But he does  
 Pays dear fo

Post.  
 As long a te

The loathnes

Imo. Nay

Were you be

Such parting

This diamon

But keep it t

When Imoge

Post. Ho

You gentle g

And sear up

With bonds

While sense

As I my poe

To your so i

I still win of

It is a manar

Upon this fa

Imo.

When shall t

Post.

Cym. Tho

sig

If after this c

With thy un

Thou art poi

Post.

And bless th

I am gone.

Imo. ]

More sharp t

Cym.

That should

A year's age

Imo.

Harm not yo

Am senseless

Subdues all

Cym.

Imo. Past

Cym. Tha

que

Imo. O bl

And did avoi

Cym. Tho

my

A seat for ba

Imo.

A lustre to it

Cym.

Imo.

It is your fau

You bred hix

A man worth

Almost the su

Cym.

Imo. Almc

wer

<sup>a</sup> This senter

Queen appears

when she is d

were benefita.

<sup>b</sup> A higher fe

<sup>c</sup> Put'ck—a.

daughter! and my Leonatus  
the shepherd's son!

*Re-enter QUEEN.*

Thou foolish thing!—  
ain together: you have done  
[*To the QUEEN.*  
command. Away with her,  
up.

'Beseech your patience:—Peace,  
agiter, peace.—Sweet sovereign,  
rselfes; and make yourself some comfort  
est advice.

Nay, let her languish  
ad a day; and, being aged,  
ly!

*Enter PISANIO.*

Eye!—you must give way:  
ervant.—How now, sir? What news?  
rd your son drew on my master.

Ha!  
ust, is done?

There might have been,  
master rather play'd than fought,  
elp of anger: they were parted  
at hand.

I am very glad on 't.  
son's my father's friend; he takes his part,  
(an exile!—O brave sir!  
were in Afric both together;  
is a needle, that I might prick  
:—Why came you from your master?  
a command: He would not suffer me  
to the haven: left these notes  
hands I should be subject to,  
'd you to employ me.

This hath been  
servant: I dare lay mine honour,  
in so.

I humbly thank your highness.  
ly, walk a while.

About some half hour hence,  
speak with me: you shall, at least,  
d aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A public Place.*

*Enter CLOTEN and Two Lords.*

r, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the  
tion hath made you reek as a sacrifice:  
ses out, air comes in: there's none abroad  
as that you vent.

shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have  
o, faith; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*  
urt him? his body's a passable carcass  
art: it is a thoroughfare for steel if it be  
is steel was in debt: it went o' the back

[*Aside.*  
illain would not stand me.  
; but he fled forward still, toward your

[*Aside.*  
and you! You have land enough of your  
added to your having; gave you some

as many inches as you have oceans:  
[*Aside.*

ld they had not come between us  
would I, till you had measured how long  
re upon the ground. [*Aside.*

*Clo.* And that she should love this fellow, and re-  
fuse me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is  
damned. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and  
her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have  
seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection  
should hurt her. [*Aside.*

*Clo.* Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had  
been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of  
an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*

*Clo.* You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

*Clo.* Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o the  
haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,  
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,  
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* It was, "His queen, his queen!"

*Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief?

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

And that was all?

*Pis.* No, madam; for so long

As he could make me with his eye or ear

Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove or hat or handkerchief

Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,

How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou shouldst have made him

As little as a crow, or less, ere left

To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd

them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from

The smallness of a gnat to air; and then

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam,

With his next vantage.\*

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had

Most pretty things to say. ere I could tell him

How I would think on him, at certain hours,

Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray

Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

To encounter me with orisons, for then

I am in heaven for him; or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,

Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* The queen, madam,

Desires your highness' company.

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

*Pis.* Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

\* *Vantage*—opportunity.



SCENE V.—Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.**Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a Frenchman.*

*Iach.* Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

*Phi.* You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

*French.* I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

*French.* And then his banishment—

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

*Phi.* His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*Post.* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone<sup>a</sup> my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance<sup>b</sup> of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

*French.* Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

*Iach.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

*French.* Safely, I think: 't was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*Iach.* That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

*Post.* She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

*Post.* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I

would abate her nothing; though I profess myself adorer, not her friend.

*Iach.* As fair, and as good, (a kind of hard comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before, I have seen, as that diamond of yours outshines have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled; but I have not seen the most precious diamond nor you the lady.

*Post.* I praised her as I rated her: so do I rate you.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagoned mistress is she's outprized by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, for the merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for only the gift of the gods.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title you; but know strange fowl light upon neighbour's. Your ring may be stolen too: so, your brace of able estimations, the one is but frail, and casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accourtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomcourtier to convince<sup>c</sup> the honour of my mistress the holding or the loss of that, you term her; nothing doubt you have store of thieves; nothing I fear not my ring.

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are at first.

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation get ground of your fair mistress: make her even to the yielding; had I admittance and a friend.

*Post.* No, no.

*Iach.* I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues the thing: But I make my wager rather against her confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your own in too, I durst attempt it against any lady in Italy.

*Post.* You are a great deal abused in too; persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you say of by your attempt.

*Iach.* What's that?

*Post.* A repulse: Though your attempt, it deserve more,—a punishment too.

*Phi.* Gentlemen, enough of this: it came down; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, better acquainted.

*Iach.* Would I had put my estate, and my honour's, on the approbation of what I have said.

*Post.* What lady would you choose to see?

*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy you hold so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats, that, commend me to the court where she is, with no more advantage than the opposite second conference, and I will bring from thence the honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

*Iach.* You are a friend, and therein the more you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, the more you preserve it from tainting: But, I see your religion in you, that you fear.

*Post.* This is but a custom in your country, for a graver purpose, I hope.

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches; if I undergo what's spoken, I swear.

<sup>a</sup> Atone—to make at one.

<sup>b</sup> Importance—import, matter.

<sup>c</sup> Convince—to overcome.

u?—I shall but lend my diamond till  
t there be covenants drawn between us :  
eds in goodness the hugeness of your  
g : I dare you to this match : here 's a

ve it no lay.

ods it is one :—If I bring you no suf-  
that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily  
ess, my ten thousand ducats are yours ;  
al too. If I come off, and leave her in  
u have trust in, she your jewel, this  
my gold are yours :—provided I have  
on for my more free entertainment.

re these conditions ; let us have articles  
y, thus far you shall answer. If you  
e upon her, and give me directly to  
ave prevailed, I am no further your  
ot worth our debate. If she remain  
not making it appear otherwise,) for  
and the assault you have made to her  
ll answer me with your sword.

nd ; a covenant : We will have these  
y lawful counsel, and straight away  
the bargain should catch cold, and  
tch my gold, and have our two wagers

[*Exeunt* POST. and IACH.  
this hold, think you?

Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us  
[*Exeunt*.

—Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's  
Palace.*

QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

As yet the dew 's on ground, gather those

Who has the note of them?

I, madam.

[*Exeunt* Ladies.

For, have you brought those drugs?

Your highness, ay : here they are,

[*Presenting a small box.*

By your grace, (without offence—

Does me ask,) wherefore you have

These most poisonous compounds,

Others of a languishing death ;

And, deadly?

I wonder, doctor,

Such a question : Have I not been

Hast thou not learn'd me how

Esses? distil? preserve? yea, so,

Being himself doth woo me oft

As? Having thus far proceeded,

Alas! 't me devilish,) is 't not meet

My judgment in

As? I will try the forces

Of pounds on such creatures as

Are with the hanging, (but none human,)

Of them, and apply

Their act ; and by them gather

Their effects.

Your highness

Practice but make hard your heart :

By these effects will be

And infectious.

O, content thee.

*Enter* PISANIO.

Thou rascal ; upon him [Aside.

By his master,

My son.—How now, Pisanio?

My service for this time is ended ;

My duty.

[*Conclusion—experiments.*

*Cor.* I do suspect you, madam ;

But you shall do no harm. [Aside.

*Queen.* Hark thee, a word.— [To PIS.

*Cor.* [Aside.] I do not like her. She doth think she

has

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with

A drug of such damn'd nature : Those she has

Will stupify and dull the sense awhile :

Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs ;

Then afterward up higher ; but there is

No danger in what show of death it makes,

More than the locking up the spirits a time,

To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd

With a most false effect ; and I the truer

So to be false with her.

*Queen.* No further service, doctor,

Until I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think

in time

She will not quench ; and let instructions enter

Where folly now possesses? Do thou work :

When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,

I 'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then

As great as is thy master : greater ; for

His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name

Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor

Continue where he is : to shift his being

Is to exchange one misery with another

And every day that comes, comes to decay

A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,

To be depend on a thing that leans,—

Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,

[*The QUEEN drops a box : PIS. takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up

Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :

It is a thing I made, which hath the king

Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know

What is more cordial :—Nay, I prithee, take it ;

It is an earnest of a further good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her ; do 't, as from thyself.

Think what a chance thou changest on ; but think

Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son,

Who shall take notice of thee : I 'll move the king

To any shape of thy preferment, such

As thou 'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,

That set thee on to this desert, am bound

To load thy merit richly. Call my women :

Think on my words. [Exit PIS.]—A sly and constant

knave ;

Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;

And the remembrancer of her, to hold

The bar : I fast to her lord.—I have given him that,

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her

Of liegers for her sweet ; and which she, after,

Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

*Re-enter* PISANIO and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so ;—well done, well done :

The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

Bear to my closet :—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;

Think on my words. [Exit QUEEN and Ladies.

*Pis.* And shall do :

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,

I 'll choke myself : there 's all I 'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Palace*

*Enter* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;

A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,

That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated  
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons<sup>a</sup> comfort.—Who may this be? Fye!

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.*

*Pis.* Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome  
Comes from my lord with letters.

*Iach.* Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,  
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*]

*Imo.* Thanks, good sir:  
You are kindly welcome.

*Iach.* All of her that is out of door, most rich! [*Aside.*]  
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
Rather, directly fly.

*Imo.* [*Reads.*] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kind-  
nesses I am most infinitely th'd. Reflect upon him accordingly,  
as you value your trust"— "*LEONATUS.*"

So far I read aloud:  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so  
In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.—  
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach?<sup>c</sup> and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?  
*Iach.* It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,  
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and  
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;  
For idiots, in this case of favour, would  
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;  
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allur'd to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?  
*Iach.* The cloyed will.  
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,  
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first  
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

*Imo.* What, dear sir,  
Thus raps<sup>e</sup> you? Are you well?

*Iach.* Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir,  
desire [*To PISANIO.*]  
My man's abode where I did leave him: he  
Is strange and peevish.

*Pis.* I was going, sir,  
To give him welcome. [*Exit PISANIO.*]

*Imo.* Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech  
you?

<sup>a</sup> *Seasons* is a verb. The men have their honest, homely wills  
(opposed to the desire that's glorious)—and that circumstance  
gives a relish to comfort.

<sup>b</sup> *Trust.* Imogen breaks off in reading the letter of Leonatus.  
That which is addressed to her in the tenderness of affection is  
not "read aloud." Unmindful of this, the passage has been  
altered into "Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your  
truest Leonatus." The signature is separated from the word  
which has been changed to *truest*, by the passage which Imogen  
glances at in thankful silence.

<sup>c</sup> The stones of the beach are each so like the other that the  
epithet *twinn'd* is appropriate.

<sup>e</sup> *Raps* you—transports you.

*Iach.* We

*Imo.* Is h

*Iach.* Ex

So merry a

The Briton

*Imo.*

He did incl

Not knowin

*Iach.*

There is a F

An eminent

A Gallian g

The thick s

(Your lord, l

Can my sid

By history, i

What woma

But must be

Assured bon

*Imo.*

*Iach.* Ay

la

It is a recre

And hear his

Some men a

*Imo.*

*Iach.* No

m

Be us'd mor

In you,—w

Whilst I an

To pity too.

*Imo.*

*Iach.* Tw

*Imo.*

You look on

Deserves yo

*Iach.*

To hide me

I' the dungs

*Imo.*

Deliver with

To my dem

*Iach.* Th

I was about

It is an offic

Not mine to

*Imo.*

Something e

(Since doubt

Than to be

Either are p

The remedy

What both

*Iach.*

To bathe m

Whose ever

To the oath

Takes prison

Fixing it on

Slaver with

That mount

Made hard

With labour

Base and un

That's fed

That all the

Encounter s

*Imo.*

Has forgot

*Iach.*

Inclin'd to

The beggar

most conscience, to my tongue,  
port out.

Let me near no more.  
rest soul! your cause doth strike my heart  
t doth make me sick. A lady  
sten'd to an empery,  
he great'st king double! To be partner'd  
hir'd with that self-exhibition  
n coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,  
all infirmities for gold  
ess can lend nature! such boil'd stull,  
poison poison! Be reveng'd:  
e you was no queen, and you  
ar great stock.

Reveng'd!  
be reveng'd? If this be true,  
is a heart that both mine ears  
ste abuse,) if it be true,  
reveng'd?

Should he make me  
a's priest, betwixt cold sheets,  
ulting variable ramps,  
upon your purse? Revenge it.  
elf to your sweet pleasure;  
n that runagate to your bed;  
use fast to your affection,  
ure.

What ho, Pisanio!  
e my service tender on your lips.  
—I do condemn mine ears that have  
d thee.—If thou wert honourable,  
ave told this tale for virtue, not  
d thou seek'st; as base, as strange.  
a gentleman, who is as far  
t, as thou from honour; and  
lady, that disdains  
evil alike.—What, ho! Pisanio!—  
ither shall be made acquainted  
if he shall think it fit,  
er, in his court, to mart  
stew, and to expound  
ad to us; he hath a court  
for, and a daughter whom  
at all.—What ho, Pisanio!  
y Leonatus! I may say:  
thy lady hath of thee  
ast; and thy most perfect goodness  
dit!—Blessed live you long!  
orthiest sir, that ever  
his! and you his mistress, only  
orthiest fit! Give me your pardon.  
is, to know if your affiance  
oted; and shall make your lord  
is, new o'er: And he is one

The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,  
That he enchants societies unto him:  
Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.  
*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:  
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd  
To try your taking, a false report which hath  
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment  
In the election of a sir so rare,  
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him  
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you.  
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

*Imo.* All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court for  
yours.

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
To entreat your grace but in a small request,  
And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,  
Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray, what is 't?  
*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,  
(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums,  
To buy a present for the emperor;  
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
In France: 'T is plate, of rare device; and jewels,  
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;  
And I am something curious, being strange,  
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you  
To take them in protection?

*Imo.* Willingly;  
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since  
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
In my bed-chamber.

*Iach.* They are in a trunk,  
Attended by my men: I will make bold  
To send them to you, only for this night.  
I must aboard to-morrow.

*Imo.* O, no, no.  
*Iach.* Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,  
By length'ning my return. From Gallia  
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise  
To see your grace.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains;  
But not away to-morrow!

*Iach.* O, I must, madam:  
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night.  
I have outstood my time; which is material  
To the tender of our present.

*Imo.* I will write.  
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome. [*Exeunt*

## ACT II.

—Court before Cymbeline's Palace.  
Enter CLOTEN and Two Lords.

Were ever man had such luck! when I  
upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had  
d on 't: And then a whoreson jackanapes  
up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine  
d might not spend them at my pleasure.  
at got he by that? You have broke his  
bowl.

His wit had been like him that broke it,  
an all out. [*Aside.*  
A gentleman is disposed to swear, it is  
deers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of  
them.

*Clo.* Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction?  
'Would he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*

*Clo.* I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth.  
—A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am.  
They dare not fight with me, because of the queen: my  
mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting,  
and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody  
can match.

2 Lord. You are cock and capon too; and you crow  
cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

*Clo.* Sayest thou?

1 *Lord*. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion\* that you give offence to.

*Clo*. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord*. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

*Clo*. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord*. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

*Clo*. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord*. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [Aside.]

1 *Lord*. There's an Italian come; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

*Clo*. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord*. One of your lordship's pages.

*Clo*. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord*. You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo*. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord*. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate. [Aside.]

*Clo*. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;  
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband. From that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make, the heavens hold firm  
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd  
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,  
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Bed-Chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

*Imo*. Who's there? my woman Helen?

*Lady*. Please you, madam.

*Imo*. What hour is it?

*Lady*. Almost midnight, madam.

*Imo*. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak;

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye! [*Sleeps. LACH., from the trunk.*]

*Lach*. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!

But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't.—'T is her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied

Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design.

\* Companion is used here, and in other passages of Shakspeare, in the same sense as fellow is at present.

To note the chamber, I will write all down.

Such and such pictures:—There the window

The adornment of her bed:—The arras, figure

Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'

Al, but some natural notes about her body

Above ten thousand meager moveables

Would testify, to enrich mine inventory

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her

And be her sense but as a monument,

Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off

[*Taking off her*

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hand!

'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the conscience does within,

To the madding of her lord. On her left lies

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drop

I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a youth

Stronger than ever law could make: this eye

Will force him think I have juck'd the lock,

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To

Why should I write this down, that's riveted

Screw'd to my memory? She hath been read

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd to

Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:

To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that d

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear

Though this a heavenly angel, bell is here.

[*Cl*

One, two, three.—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The*

SCENE III.—Without the Palace, under Apartments.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 *Lord*. Your lordship is the most patient  
the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

*Clo*. It would make any man cold to lose

1 *Lord*. But not every man patient after  
temper of your lordship. You are most best  
when you win.

*Clo*. Winning will put any man into one  
could get this foolish Imogen, I should have  
It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord*. Day, my lord.

*Clo*. I would this music would come:  
vised to give her music o' mornings; they  
penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her  
fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too:  
do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er  
very excellent good-conceited thing; after  
sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—  
her consider.

SONG

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.

And Phoebus' gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalic'd flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their gold

With everything that pretty is.—My lady sweet

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will come

\* M. Mason would read "the arras figures," but subsequently describes, not only the figures of the arras, but the particular quality—

"Tapestry of silk and silver; the story of the Proud Cleopatra," &c.

† To bare the raven's eye, is to open the raven's eye, or one of the earliest-waking and the quickest-sensing.

‡ Hammer changed this to *his*—a pretty word, but in the folio. We print the lines as they are printed; by which, in all probability, a different sense was indicated—a more rapid movement.

etter: if it do not, it is a voice in her ears,  
hairs and calves-guts, nor the voice of un-  
ds to boot, can never amend. [*Ex. Musicians.*]

*Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.*

Here comes the king,  
glad I was up so late; for that's the reason  
early. He cannot choose but take this ser-  
done, fatherly. Good morrow to your ma-  
my gracious mother.

Send you here the door of our stern daughter?  
t forth?

ve assailed her with musics, but she vouch-  
ce.

e exile of her minion is too new;  
t yet forgot him: some more time  
he print of his remembrance out,  
e's yours.

You are most bound to the king,  
by no vantages that may  
o his daughter. Frame yourself  
elicits; and, befriended  
s of the season, make denials  
r services: so seem, as if  
spir'd to do those duties which  
o her, that you in all obey her,  
ormand to your dismissal tends,  
you are senseless.

Senseless? not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;  
aius Lucius.

A worthy fellow,  
mes on angry purpose now;  
o fault of his: We must receive him  
y the honour of his sender;  
y himself, his goodness forespent on us,  
tend our notice. Our dear son,  
ave given good morning to your mistress,  
queen and us; we shall have need  
ou towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt Cym., Queen, Lords, and Mess.*  
e be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
till and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[*Knocks.*]

women are about her. What  
ose of their hands? 'T is gold  
admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes  
ers false<sup>a</sup> themselves, yield up  
y the stand o' the stealer; and 't is gold  
e the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;  
me, hangs both thief and true man: What  
o, and undo? I will make  
omen lawyer to me; for  
derstand the case myself.

[*Knocks.*]

*Enter a Lady.*

ho's there that knocks?

A gentleman.

No more?

and a gentlewoman's son.

That's more

whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
out of: What's your lordship's pleasure?  
y lady's person: Is she ready?

Ay,

chamber.  
e is gold for you; sell me your good report.  
e! my good name? or to report of you  
I think is good?—The princess—

ere used as a verb. See Note in 'The Comedy of  
- 2c. 2.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Clo.* Good-morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

*Imo.* Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains  
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,  
And scarce can spare them.

*Clo.* Still, I swear I love you

*Imo.* If you but said so 't were as deep with me:  
If you swear still, your recompence is still  
That I regard it not.

*Clo.* This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say I yield, being silent  
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i' faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin  
I will not.

*Imo.* Fools are not mad folks.

*Clo.* Do you call me fool?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal:<sup>a</sup> and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;  
And am so near the lack of charity,  
(To accuse myself,) I hate you; which I had rather  
You felt, than make 't my boast.

*Clo.* You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father. For

The contract you pretend with that base wretch,

(One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,

With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,

(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls

(On whom there is no more dependency

But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot,

Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by

The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave,

A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,

A pantler, not so eminent.

*Imo.* Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more

But what thou art besides, thou wert too base

To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,

Even to the point of envy, if 't were made

Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd

The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated

For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.* The south-fog rot him!

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance than come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,

That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,

In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,

Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Clo.* His garment? Now, the devil—

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman lie thee presently:—

*Clo.* His garment?

*Imo.* I am sprighted with a fool;

Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman

Search for a jewel, that too casually

Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,

If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe. I do think

I saw 't this morning: confident I am

Last night 't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it:

<sup>a</sup> So verbal. Imogen has been parrying her strange admirer;  
but she now resolves to speak plainly—to be verbal—and thus to  
forget a lady's manners.

I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.* 'T will not be lost.

*Imo.* I hope so; go and search. [*Exit Pis.*]

*Clo.* You have abus'd me:—  
His meanest garment?

*Imo.* Ay; I said so, sir.  
If you will make 't an action call witness to 't.

*Clo.* I will inform your father.

*Imo.* Your mother too:  
She's my good lady;\* and will conceive, I hope,  
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

*Clo.* I'll be reveng'd:—  
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

*Post.* Fear it not, sir; I would I were so sure  
To win the king, as I am bold her honour  
Will remain hers.

*Phi.* What means do you make to him?  
*Post.* Not any; but abide the change of time;

Quake in the present winter's state, and wish  
That warmer days would come: In these sear'd hopes,  
I barely gratify your love; they failing,  
I must die much your debtor.

*Phi.* Your very goodness, and your company,  
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king  
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius  
Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think,  
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearsages,  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

*Post.* I do believe,  
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)  
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear  
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings  
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Caesar  
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline  
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known  
To their approvers, they are people such  
That mend upon the world.

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*Phi.* See! Iachimo!

*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land:  
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

*Phi.* Welcome, sir.  
*Post.* I hope the briefness of your answer made  
The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady  
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

*Post.* And therewithal the best: or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,  
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'T is very like.

*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,  
When you were there?

*Iach.* He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet.  
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

\* *She's my good lady.* This phrase is used ironically. To  
"stand my good lord," is—to be my good friend.

*Iach.* If I have lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness, which  
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.  
*Iach.* Not a

Your lady being so easy.

*Post.* Make not, sir,  
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we  
Must not continue friends.

*Iach.* Good sir, we must,  
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
We were to question further: but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her honour,  
Together with your ring; and not the wronger  
Of her, or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

*Post.* If you can make 't apparent  
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,  
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour gains, or loses,  
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both  
To who shall find them.

*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances  
Being so near the truth as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength  
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,  
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find  
You need it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

*Iach.* First, her bed-chamber.  
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess,  
Had that was well worth watching,) it was hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship, and value; which I wonder'd,  
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
Since the true life on 't was—

*Post.* This is true;  
And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must,  
Or do your honour injury.

*Iach.* The chimney  
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece  
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves: the cutter  
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

*Post.* This is a thing  
Which you might from relation likewise reap;  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.* The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her androm  
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their brands.

*Post.* This is her honour's  
Let it be granted you have seen all this, (and pro  
Be given to your remembrance,) the description  
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.* Then, if you can [*Pulling out the jewel*]  
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: See—  
And now 't is up again: It must be married  
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

*Post.* Jere!

behold it : Is it that  
her ?

Sir, (I thank her,) that :  
in her arm ; I see her yet ;  
did outsell her gift,  
it too : She gave it me, and said

May be she pluck'd it off,

He writes so to you ? doth she ?  
No, no ; 't is true. Here, take this too ;  
[Gives the ring.]

to mine eye,  
in 't :—Let there be no honour  
of duty ; truth, where semblance ; love,  
of other man : The vows of women  
be he to where they are made,  
their virtues ; which is nothing :—  
false !

Have patience, sir,  
I'll give it again ; 't is not yet won :  
I'll give her the ring she lost it ; or,  
if she be of her women, being corrupted,  
I'll give it to her ?

Very true ;  
I'll give it to her :—Back my ring ;—  
I'll give her the corporal sign about her,  
I'll give it to her ; for this was stolen.  
I'll give it to her, I had it from her arm.  
I'll give it to her, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.  
I'll give it to her, keep the ring—'t is true, I am sure  
I'll give it to her : her attendants are  
I'll give it to her, honourable :—They induc'd to steal it !  
I'll give it to her, I'll give it to her !—No, he hath enjoy'd her :  
I'll give it to her, of her incontinency  
I'll give it to her, bought the name of whore thus dearly.  
I'll give it to her, and all the fiends of hell  
I'll give it to her, between you !

Sir, be patient !  
I'll give it to her, enough to be believ'd  
I'll give it to her, well of—

Never talk on 't ;  
I'll give it to her, led by him.

If you seek  
I'll give it to her, ring, under her breast  
I'll give it to her, (ing) lies a mole, right proud  
I'll give it to her, late lodging : By my life,  
I'll give it to her, I gave me present hunger  
I'll give it to her, sigh full. You do remember  
I'll give it to her, er ?

Ay, and it doth confirm  
I'll give it to her, big as hell can hold,  
I'll give it to her, re but it.

Will you hear more ?

Post. Spare your arithmetic : never count the turus,  
I'll give it to her, Once, and a million !

Iach. I 'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie  
I'll give it to her, And I will kill thee, if thou dost deuy  
I'll give it to her, Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I 'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal !  
I'll give it to her, I will go there, and do 't ; i' the court ; before

Her father :—I 'll do something— [Exit.]

Phi. Quite besides

The government of patience !—You have won :  
I'll give it to her, Let 's follow him, and pervert\* the present wrath  
I'll give it to her, He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women  
I'll give it to her, Must be half-workers ? We are all bastards ;  
I'll give it to her, And that most venerable man, which I  
I'll give it to her, Did call my father, was I know not where  
I'll give it to her, When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his tools  
I'll give it to her, Made me a counterfeit : Yet my mother seem'd  
I'll give it to her, The Dian of that time ; so doth my wife  
I'll give it to her, The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance !  
I'll give it to her, Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
I'll give it to her, And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with  
I'll give it to her, A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't  
I'll give it to her, Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought her  
I'll give it to her, As chaste as unsunn'd snow :—O, all the devils !—  
I'll give it to her, This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not ?—  
I'll give it to her, Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,  
I'll give it to her, Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,  
I'll give it to her, Cry'd, oh ! and mounted : found no opposition  
I'll give it to her, But what he look'd for should oppose, and she  
I'll give it to her, Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
I'll give it to her, The woman's part in me ! For there 's no motion  
I'll give it to her, That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
I'll give it to her, It is the woman's part : Be it lying, note it,  
I'll give it to her, The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;  
I'll give it to her, Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;  
I'll give it to her, Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
I'll give it to her, Nice longings, slanders, namability,  
I'll give it to her, All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,  
I'll give it to her, Why, hers, in part or all ; but rather, all :  
I'll give it to her, For ev'n to vice  
I'll give it to her, They are not constant, but are changing still  
I'll give it to her, One vice but of a minute old, for one  
I'll give it to her, Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,  
I'll give it to her, Detest them, curse them :—Yet 't is greater skill  
I'll give it to her, In a true hate, to pray they have their will :  
I'll give it to her, The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.]

## ACT III.

Britain. A Room of State in Cym-  
beline's Palace.

QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords, at  
another, CAIUS LUCIUS and At-

What would Augustus Cæsar with us ?  
I'll give it to her, Ilius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet  
I'll give it to her, us ; and will to ears and tongues  
I'll give it to her, aring ever) was in this Britain,  
I'll give it to her, Cassibelan, thine uncle,  
I'll give it to her, ur's praises, no whit less  
I'll give it to her, deserving it,) for him.  
I'll give it to her, us, granted Rome a tribute,

Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately  
I'll give it to her, Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,  
I'll give it to her, Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,  
I'll give it to her, Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
I'll give it to her, A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay  
I'll give it to her, For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,  
I'll give it to her, Which then they had to take from us, to resume  
I'll give it to her, We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,  
I'll give it to her, The kings your ancestors ; together with  
I'll give it to her, The natural bravery of your isle, which stands

\* Pervert—for avert.



As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
 With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters,  
 With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest  
 Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag  
 Of *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame  
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried  
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping  
 (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,  
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd  
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,  
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
 (O, giglot<sup>a</sup> fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,  
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,  
 And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our  
 kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I  
 said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may  
 have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end.

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can gripe as hard  
 as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a  
 band.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If  
 Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put  
 the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for  
 light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

*Cym.* You must know,  
 Till the injurious Romans did extort  
 This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,  
 (Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch  
 The sides o' the world,) against all colour, here  
 Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off  
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,  
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which  
 Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar  
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise  
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
 Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius made  
 our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put  
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd  
 Himself a king.

*Luc.* I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar  
 (Cæsar that hath more kings his servants than  
 Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:  
 Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,  
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
 For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,  
 I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius.  
 Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent  
 Much under him; of him I gather'd honour:  
 Which he to seek of me again, perforce,  
 Behoves me keep at utterance.<sup>b</sup> I am perfect<sup>c</sup>  
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
 Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent  
 Which not to read would show the Britons cold:  
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime  
 with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us after-  
 wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water  
 girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall  
 in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for  
 you; and there's an end.

<sup>a</sup> *Giglot.* The term may be explained by its application to  
 Joan of Arc, in the First Part of 'Henry VI.'—

"Young Talbot was not born  
 To be the pillage of a giglot wench."

<sup>b</sup> *Utterance.* To fight at utterance is to fight without quarter  
 —to the death; the French—*Combat à outrance.*

<sup>c</sup> *Perfect*—assured.

*Luc.* So, sir  
*Cym.* I know  
 All the remain

## SCENE I.

*Enter*

*Pis.* How!  
 What monster  
 O, master! wh  
 Is fallen into th  
 (As poisonous  
 On thy too reas  
 She's punish'd  
 More goddess-l  
 As would take  
 Thy mind to h  
 Thy fortunes.—  
 Upon the love,  
 Have made to  
 If it be so to d  
 Let me be con  
 That I should  
 So much as thi  
 That I have se  
 Shall give thee  
 Black as the in  
 Art thou a feo  
 So virgin-like

I am ignorant

*Imo.* How r

*Pis.* Madan

*Imo.* Who?

O, learn'd inde

That knew the

He'd lay the f

Let what is he

Of my lord's h

That we two a

(Some griefs a

For it doth phy

All but in that

You bees that

And men in d

Though forfeit

You clasp you

"Justice, and  
 dominion, could  
 creatures, would  
 't I am in Car  
 will out of this a  
 piness, that rem  
 love,

O, for a horse

He is at Milfo

How far 't is t

May plod it in

Glide thither i

(Who long'st,

O, let me 'bate

But in a faint

For mine's be

(Love's course

To the smother

To this same l

Tell me how

To inherit such

How we may

<sup>a</sup> *Feodary*—fe

were each meant

<sup>b</sup> *Beyond beyo*

tive, which gives

Scoten have a s

nake in time, from our hencegoing  
to excuse:—but first, how get hence:  
cause be born or e'er begot?  
What hereafter. Prithce, spea',  
of miles may we well ride  
in an hour?

One score 'twixt sun and sun,  
enough for you; and too much too,  
for one that rode to his execution, man,  
so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,  
and have been nimbler than the sands  
of a clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:  
man feign a sickness; say  
your father: and provide me, presently,  
no costlier than would fit  
a housewife.

Madam, you're best consider  
before me, man: nor here, nor here,  
but have a fog in them,  
and look through. Away, I prithee;  
there's no more to say;  
I'll meet you at Milford way. [Exit.

—Wales. *A mountainous Country,  
with a Cave.*

BERIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.  
This day not to keep house, with such  
a low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate  
is low to adore the heavens; and bows you  
to a holy office: The gates of monarchs  
are high that giants may jet through  
with impious turbans on, without  
to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven,  
and rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
as we do.

Hail, heaven!

Hail, heaven!  
For our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,  
I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
we perceive me like a crow,  
which lessens and sets off;  
then revolve what tales I have told you  
of princes, of the tricks in war:  
not service, so being done,  
I'll show'd: To apprehend thus,  
fit from all things we see:  
our comfort, shall we find  
more safe in a safer hold  
than wing'd eagle. O, this life  
attending for a check;  
nothing for a bribe;  
rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
the cap of him that makes him fine,  
is not worth a croak uncras'd: no life to ours.  
Your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,  
are hid from view o' the nest; nor know not  
our home. Haply, this life is best,  
the best; sweeter to you,  
farther known; well corresponding  
to our age: but unto us it is  
a pain; travelling abed;  
a debtor, that not dares  
be seen.

What should we speak of,  
did as you? when we shall hear  
the wind beat dark December, how,  
in this cave, shall we discourse  
ourselves away? We have seen nothing:  
we are subtle as the fox, for prey;  
we are the wolf, for what we eat:  
we chase what flies; our cage  
is here, as doth the prison'd bird,  
and we are not at large.

*Bel.*

How you speak:  
Did you but know the city's usurie,  
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,  
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb  
Is certain falling, or so slippery that  
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,  
A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
I' the name of fame and honour: which dies i' the search;  
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph  
As record of fair act; nay, many times,  
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
Must court'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story  
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd  
With Roman swords; and my report was once  
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;  
And when a soldier was the theme my name  
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree  
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,  
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

*Gui.*

Uncertain favour!  
*Bel.* My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)  
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline  
I was confederate with the Romans: so,  
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,  
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:  
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid  
More pious debts to heaven, than in all  
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;  
This is not hunters' language:—He that strikes  
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;  
To him the other two shall minister;  
And we will fear no poison, which attends  
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[Exit Gui. and Arv.]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
These boys know little they are sons to the king;  
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
They think they are mine: and, though train'd up thus  
meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do lit  
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,  
In simple and low things, to prance it much  
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—  
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom  
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!  
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell  
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
Into my story: say,—“Thus mine enemy fell;  
And thus I set my foot on his neck”—even then  
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure  
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more  
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—  
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows  
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,  
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;  
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,  
And every day do honour to her grave:  
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the  
place  
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so

To see me first, as I have now :—Pisanio! Man!  
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind  
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh  
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself  
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness  
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?  
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
A look untender? If it be summer news,  
Smile to 't before: if winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!  
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,  
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy tongue  
May take off some extremity, which to read  
Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you read;  
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune.

*Imo.* [Reads.] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies wherof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises: but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper  
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 't is slander,—  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world,—kings, queens, and states,  
Maids, matrons,—nay, the secrets of the grave  
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it to be false?  
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge  
nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?  
Is it?

*Pis.* Alas, good lady!  
*Imo.* I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,  
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows,  
But worn, a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.  
*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,  
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity  
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthumus,  
Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men;  
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,  
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:  
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him  
A little witness my obedience: Look!  
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:  
Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief:  
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,  
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.  
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument  
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaugh  
There is a prohibition so divine  
That cravens my weak hand. Come, bend  
heart;  
Something 's afore 't;—Soft, soft; we'll no die  
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?  
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy! Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers: Though those that  
tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.  
And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,  
To think when thou shalt be disedg'd by her.  
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prithee, despise  
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where 's thy  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady,  
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,  
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do 't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.  
*Imo.* Wherefore  
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd  
So many miles, with a pretence? this place I  
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' lasses  
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,  
For my being absent; whereunto I never  
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far  
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
The elected deer before thee?

*Pis.* But to win time  
To lose so bad employment: in the which  
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,  
Hear me with patience.

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary; speak  
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,  
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

*Pis.* Then, madam,  
I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like;  
Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so, neither:  
But if I were as wise as honest, then  
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be  
But that my master is abus'd:  
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtesan.

*Pis.* No, on my life  
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him  
Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded  
I should do so: You shall be mis'd at court,  
And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.* Why, good fellow,  
What shall I do the while? Where bids? How  
Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

*Pis.* If you'll back to the court,  
*Imo.* No court, no father; nor no more will

noble, simple, nothing :  
 ese love-suit hath been to me  
 lege.

If not at court,  
 ain must you bide.

Where then?  
 the sun that shines? Day, night,  
 in Britain? I' the world's volume  
 us as of it, but not in it;  
 a swan's nest. Prithee, think  
 at of Britain.

I am most glad  
 er place. The ambassador,  
 an, comes to Milford-Haven  
 ow, if you could wear a mind  
 rtune is—and but disguise  
 appear itself, must not yet be,  
 ger;—you should tread a course  
 of view: yea, haply, near  
 f Posthumus: so nigh, at least,  
 s actions were not visible, yet  
 ender him hourly to your ear  
 moves.

O, for such means!  
 my modesty, not death on't,  
 ure.

Well then, here 's the point :  
 et to be a woman; change  
 obedience; fear, and niceness,  
 ia of all women, or, more truly,  
 tty self,) to a waggish courage;  
 e, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
 as the weasel; nay, you must  
 est treasure of your cheek,  
 at, O, the harder heart!  
 dy!) to the greedy touch  
 wing Titan: and forget  
 ne and dainty trims, wherein  
 at Juno angry.

Nay, be brief:  
 nd, and am almost

First, make yourself but like one.  
 this, I have already fit,  
 oak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all  
 them: Would you, in their serving,  
 imitation you can borrow  
 such a season, 'fore noble Lucius  
 f, desire his service, tell him  
 are happy, (which you 'll make him  
 have ear in music,) doubtless  
 ll embrace you; for he 's honourable,  
 that, most holy. Your means abroad,  
 rich; and I will never fail  
 supplyment.

Thou art all the comfort  
 diet me with. Prithee, away:  
 s be consider'd; but we 'll even  
 ime will give us: This attempt  
 and will abide it with  
 age. Away, I prithee.  
 radam, we must take a short farewell;  
 s'd, I be suspected of  
 from the court. My noble mistress,  
 I had it from the queen;  
 precious; if you are sick at sea,  
 alm'd at land, a dram of this  
 y distemper.—To some shade,  
 your rashhood:—May the gods  
 be best!

Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and  
 Lords.*

*Cym.* Thus far; and so farewell.

*Luc.* Thanks, royal sir.  
 My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;  
 And am right sorry that I must report ye  
 My master's enemy.

*Cym.* Our subjects, sir,  
 Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself  
 To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
 Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.* So, sir, I desire of you  
 A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—  
 Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that office;  
 The due of honour in no point omit.  
 So, farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.  
*Clo.* Receive it friendly: but from this time forth  
 I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the event  
 Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,  
 Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and LORDS.*]

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning: but it honours us  
 That we have given him cause.

*Clo.* 'T is all the better;  
 Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor  
 How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,  
 Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:  
 The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
 Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
 His war for Britain.

*Queen.* 'T is not sleepy business;  
 But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus  
 Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
 Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
 Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
 The duty of the day: She looks us like  
 A thing more made of malice than of duty:  
 We have noted it.—Call her before us; for  
 We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Queen.* Royal sir,  
 Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd  
 Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
 'T is time must do. Beseech your majesty,  
 Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady  
 So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,  
 And strokes death to her.

*Re-enter an Attendant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, sir? How  
 Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Atten.* Please you, sir,  
 Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer  
 That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

*Queen.* My lord, when last I went to visit her,  
 She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;  
 Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,  
 She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
 Which daily she was bound to proffer: thus  
 She wish'd me to make known; but our great court  
 Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her door's lock'd?  
 Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear  
 Prove false!

[*Exit*]

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.

*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant, I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.* Go, look after.— [*Exit Clo.*]  
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—  
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes It is a thing most precious. But for her, Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her; Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is To death, or to dishonour; and my end Can make good use of either: She being down, I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son?

*Clo.* 'Tis certain she is fled: Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none Dare come about him.

*Queen.* All the better: May This night forestall him of the coming day!

[*Exit Queen.*]

*Clo.* I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal; And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one The best she hath, and she, of all compounded, Outselling them all: I love her therefore. But, Disclaiming me, and throwing favours on The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment, That what's else rare is chok'd; and, in that point, I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed, To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

*Enter PISANIO.*

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah? Come hither: Ah, you precious pander! Villain, Where is thy lady? In a word; or else Thou art straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord!

*Clo.* Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter, I will not ask again. Close villain, I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus? From whose so many weights of baseness cannot A dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas, my lord, How can she be with him? When was she miss'd? He is in Rome.

*Clo.* Where is she, sir? Come nearer; No further halting: satisfy me home What is become of her?

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!

*Clo.* All-worthy villain! Discover where thy mistress is, at once, At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,— Speak, or thy silence on the instant is Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.* Then, sir, This paper is the history of my knowledge Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

*Clo.* Let's see 't:—I will pursue her Even to Augustus' throne.

*Pis.* Or this, or perish.\* She's far enough: and what he learns by this, May prove his travel, not her danger. [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* Humph! I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen, Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

*Clo.* It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't.—Sirrah, if

\* Pisanio, in giving Cloten a letter which is to mislead him, means to say, I must either adopt this stratagem, or perish by his fury.

thou wouldst undergo those to use thee, w  
lany soe'er I truly,—I wo shouldst neitl voice for thy  
*Pis.* Well,  
*Clo.* Wilt constantly the beggar Posth titude but be serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I  
*Clo.* Give of thy late m

*Pis.* I have wore when he

*Clo.* The f hither: let it

*Pis.* I shal

*Clo.* Meet him one thir thou villain,

these garmen bitterness of

held the ver than my nobl

adornment of back will I r

there shall sh ment to her

of insultmen lust hath diu cute in the c

knock her bac me rejoicing!

*Re- Be those the*

*Pis.* Ay, I  
*Clo.* How Haven?

*Pis.* She c  
*Clo.* Bring second thing that thou wilt but deuous, thee.—My re wings to folk

*Pis.* Thou Were to prov To him that And find not You heaven! Be cross'd wi

SCENE

I

*Imo.* I see I have tir'd

I have made t But that my When from t Thou wast w Foundations

Where they: I could not

That have at A punishmer When rich a Is sorer than Is worse in k

o' the false ones. Now I think on thee  
gone; but even before I was  
mk for food.—But what is this?  
h to it: 'T is some savage hold:  
st call; I dare not call: yet famine,  
ferthrow nature makes it valiant.  
peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever  
is mother.—Ho! who 's here?  
that 's civil, speak;—if savage—  
.—Ho!—No answer? then I 'll enter.  
r sword; and if mine enemy  
word like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.  
god heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

ARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and  
the feast: Cadwal, and I,  
cook, and servant; 't is our match:  
industry would dry, and die,  
d it works to. Come; our stomachs  
hat 's homely savoury: Weariness  
in the flint, when resty<sup>a</sup> sloth  
in pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,  
at keep'at thyself!

I am throughly weary.  
weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.  
is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll browse on  
ve have kill'd be cook'd.

Stay; come not in:  
[*Looking in.*]  
our victuals I should think  
siry.

What 's the matter, sir?  
piter, an angel! or, if not,  
ragon!—Behold divineness  
a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

masters, harm me not:  
d here I call'd; and thought  
'd, or bought what I have took: Good

ought; nor would not, though I had

' the floor. Here 's money for my meat:  
left it on the board, so soon  
my meal; and parted  
for the provider.

Money, youth?  
did and silver rather turn to dirt!  
er reckon'd, but of those  
tirty gods.

I see you are angry:  
will me for my fault, I should  
I not made it.  
e found?  
ilford-Haven.

What is your name?  
sir: I have a kinsman who  
nly; he embark'd at Milford;  
going, almost spent with hunger,  
this offence.

Prishee, fair youth,

*g, resty, rarity, is rancid*—a provincial expres-  
sion applied to bacon spoiled by long keeping; which  
is then changed into *rusty*. *Resty* and *rusty* are  
the same words, meaning, spoiled for want of

Think us no courls; nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!  
'T is almost night; you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.  
Boys, bid him welcome.

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard but be your groom.—In honesty,  
I bid for you as I do buy.

*Arv.* I 'll make 't my comfort,  
He is a man; I 'll love him as my brother:—  
And such a welcome as I 'd give to him  
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends!  
If brothers?—Would it had been so, that they  
Had been my father's sons, then had my prize  
Been less; and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthumus. [*Aside.*]

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.

*Gui.* 'Would I could free 't!

*Arv.* Or I; whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

*Bel.* Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*]

*Imo.* Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by  
That nothing gift of differing multitudes),<sup>a</sup>  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!  
I 'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus false.

*Bel.* It shall be so.

Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:  
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,  
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gri.* Pray, draw near.

*Arv.* The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less  
welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arv.* I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

*1 Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:  
That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite  
The gentry to this business. He creates  
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commands  
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

*Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces?

*2 Sen.* Ay.

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

*1 Sen.* With those legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be supplyant: The words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time  
Of their despatch.

*Tri.* We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Differing multitudes.* In the Second Part of 'Henry IV.  
we have—

"The still discordant, wavering multitude;"  
and the word *differing* is most probably used here in the same  
sense.

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 't is said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber,) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant\* thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[*Exit.*]SCENE II.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

*Bel.* You are not well: [*To IMOGEN.*] remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arv.* Brother, stay here: [*To IMOGEN.*] Are we not brothers?

*Imo.* So man and man should be; But clay and clay differs in dignity, Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

*Gui.* Go you to hunting: I'll abide with him.

*Imo.* So sick I am not;—yet I am not well: But not so citizen a wanton, as To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me; Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort To one not sociable: I am not very sick, Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here: I'll rob none but myself; and let me die, Stealing so poorly.

*Gui.* I love thee; I have spoke it: How much the quantity, the weight as much, As I do love my father.

*Bel.* What? how? how?

*Arv.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me In my good brother's fault: I know not why I love this youth; and I have heard you say, Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door, And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say, "My father, not this youth."

*Bel.* O noble strain! [*Aside.*] O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness! Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base: Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace. Not their father; yet who this should be miracle itself, lov'd before me.—  
A ninth hour of the morn.

*Enter Arv.* The *in* is a prefix to *perseverant*; in the *y* as *impassioned*.

*Arv.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.* You health.—So please you,

*Imo.* [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Go what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all 's savage, but at court:

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!

The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Gui.* I could not stir him:

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

*Arv.* Thus did he answer me: yet said, he might know more.

*Bel.* To the field, to the field:—

We'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.

*Arv.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray, be not sick.

For you must be our housewife.

*Imo.* Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

*Bel.* And shalt be ever. [*Exit Arv.*]

This youth, how'er distress'd he appears, hath had Good ancestors.

*Arv.* How angel-like he sings!

*Gui.* But his neat cookery! He cut our characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Jumo had been sick And he her dieter.

*Arv.* Nobly he yokes A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh Was that it was, for not being such a smile; The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly From so divine a temple, to commix With winds that sailors rail at.

*Gui.* I do note That grief and patience, rooted in him both, Mingle their spurs\* together.

*Arv.* Grow, patience! And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine His perishing root with the increasing vine!

*Bel.* It is great morning. Come, away.—*Who's that?*

Enter CLOTEN.

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates: that villain Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

*Bel.* Those runagates! Means he not us? I partly know him; 't is Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambuscado I saw him not these many years, and yet I know 't is he:—We are held as outlaws.—*How?*

*Gui.* He is but one: You and my brother are. What companies are near: pray you, away; Let me alone with him. [*Exit Bel.*]

*Clo.* Soft! What are you That fly me thus? some villain mountaineer! I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

*Gui.* More slavish did I ne'er than answering

"A slave" without a knock.

*Clo.* Thou art a robber.

A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou? Have

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?

Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear an

\* *Spurs.* Pope calls this an old word for the *spur* of a horse. We cannot find any authority for his assertion. The word is a post placed in the ground to still the horse's feet.

my mouth. Say, what thou art,  
yield to thee?

Thou villain base,  
of thy my clothes?

No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
my father; he made those clothes,  
I wear, make thee.

Thou precious varlet,  
is them not.

Hence, then, and thank  
gave them thee. Thou art some fool;  
beat thee.

Thou injurious thief,  
name, and tremble.

What's thy name?  
thou villain.

Thou double villain, be thy name,  
I'll be at it; were 't toad, or adder, spider,  
I'll be sooner.

To thy further fear,  
ere confusion, thou shalt know  
queen.

I'm sorry for 't; not seeming  
by birth.

Art not afraid?  
that I reverence those I fear; the wise  
fear, not fear them.

Die the death:  
I'll slay thee with my proper hand,  
so that even now fled hence,  
I'll set of Lud's town set your heads:  
mountaineer. *[Exeunt, fighting.]*

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

My company's abroad.  
in the world: You did mistake him, sure,  
I could not tell: Long is it since I saw him,  
nothing blurr'd those lines of favour  
I wore; the snatches in his voice,  
speaking, were as his: I am absolute  
Cloten.

In this place we left them:  
they make good time with him,  
so fell.

Being scarce made up,  
I saw he had not apprehension  
of us, for defect of judgment,  
I was so of fear: But see, thy brother.

Enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S head.

Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,—  
no money in 't: not Hercules  
could sock'd out his brains, for he had none:  
I'll do this, the fool had borne  
I'll do his.

What hast thou done?  
perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,  
I'll send, after his own report;  
I'll be a traitor, mountaineer; and swore,  
I'll take with my single hand he'd take us in,  
I'll send, where (thank the gods!) they grow,  
in Lud's town.

We are all undone.  
I'll be worthy father, what have we to lose,  
I'll be sure to take, our lives? The law  
I'll be: Then why should we be tender  
of our own piece of flesh threat us;  
I'll be executioner, all himself,  
I'll be in the law? What company  
I'll be broad?

No single soul  
I'll be on, but in all safe reason  
I'll be some attendants. Though his humour  
I'll be For, in the sense of become.

Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse,—not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness could so far have ray'd,  
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,  
It may be heard at court, that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,  
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear  
He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,  
If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

Arr. Let ordinance  
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,  
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind  
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have taken  
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek  
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,  
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I reckon. *[Exit.]*

Bel. I fear, 't will be reveng'd:  
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour  
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. 'Would I had done 't,  
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly; but envy much  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,  
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through  
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 't is done:—  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;  
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,  
And praise myself for charity. *[Exit.]*

Bel. O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st:  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enshaf'd, as the rind'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;  
Civility not seen from other: valour,  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange  
What Cloten's being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage  
For his return. *[Solemn music.]*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?  
Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear  
mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter



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shoot, he dartsed on thee! Thou,  
tho' that irregular<sup>a</sup> devil, Cloten,  
cut off my lord.—To write and read  
is treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio  
his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—  
the bravest vessel of the world  
ain't-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,  
head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?  
tho' he kill'd thee at the heart,  
head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?  
Cloten: malice and lucre in them  
is woe here. O, 't is pregnant, pregnant!  
gave me, which, he said, was precious  
to me, have I not found it  
the senses? That confirms it home:  
Cloten's deed, and Cloten's: O!—  
O my pale cheek with thy blood,  
horrider may seem to those  
to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

As a Captain, and other Officers, and  
a Soothsayer.

Cloten, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,  
Hilford-Haven, with your ships:  
in readiness.

But what from Rome?  
The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,  
of Italy; most willing spirits  
in noble service: and they come  
in quest of bold Iachimo,  
or—

When expect you them?  
The next benefit o' the wind.

This forwardness  
of the fair. Command, our present numbers  
bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,  
as dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?  
at night the very gods show'd me a vision:  
say'd, for their intelligence.) Thus:—  
ward, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
fly south to this part of the west,  
d in the subbeams: which portends  
as abuse my divination)  
Roman host.

Dream often so,  
as.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here  
up? The ruin speaks that sometime  
by building.—How! a page!  
sleeping on him? But dead, rather:  
tho' abhor to make his bed  
next, or sleep upon the dead.—  
boy's face.

He is alive, my lord.  
I then instruct us of this body.—Young

thy fortunes; for, it seems  
to be demanded: Who is this  
thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,  
more than noble nature did,  
that good picture? What 's thy interest  
seek? How came it? Who is it?  
is?

I am nothing: or if not,  
were better. This was my master  
of Briton, and a good,  
mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!  
more such masters: I may wander  
accident, cry out for service,  
I good, serve truly, never  
other master.

Lack, good youth!

Irregular—disorderly. The word is only found  
of Shakespeare.

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than  
Thy master in bleeding; Say his name, good friend

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
They'll pardon it. [Aside.] Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same.  
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith thy name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,  
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the  
gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his  
grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;  
And, leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;  
And rather father thee than master thee.—

My friends,  
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us  
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave: Come; arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd  
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd  
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:  
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt

### SCENE III.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 't is with her.  
A fever with the absence of her son;  
A madness, of which her life 's in danger:—Heavens,  
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,  
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen  
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time  
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,  
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past  
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure, and  
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,  
I humbly set it at your will: But for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,  
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,  
Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,  
The day that she was missing he was here:  
I dare be bound he 's true, and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally.  
For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;  
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy. [To Pis.]  
Does yet depend.<sup>b</sup>

Lord. So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast; with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!  
I am amaz'd with matter.

<sup>a</sup> Arm him—take him in your arms.

<sup>b</sup> Does yet depend—is yet depending, as we say of an action at  
law.

I Lord. Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're  
ready;  
The want is, but to put those powers in motion  
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;  
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not  
What can from Italy annoy us; but  
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exeunt.]

Pis. I heard no letter<sup>a</sup> from my master since  
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'T is strange:  
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I  
What is betid to Cloten; but remain  
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:  
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true to be true.  
These present wars shall find I love my country,  
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.  
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd:  
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.  
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it  
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope  
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans  
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us  
For barbarous and unnatural revolts  
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,  
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.  
To the king's party there's no going: newness  
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd  
Among the bands) may drive us to a render  
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us that  
Which we have done, whose answer would be death  
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt  
In such a time nothing becoming you,  
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely  
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our notes,  
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known  
Of many in the army: many years,  
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not  
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king  
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless  
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,  
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Then be so,  
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:  
I and my brother are not known; yourself  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,  
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never  
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood.  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and vipers  
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel  
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave.  
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.  
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you  
If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:  
Lead, lead.—The time seems long: their ble  
scorn,  
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Field between the British and Roman  
Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I  
wish'd  
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
If each of you should take this course, how many  
Must murder wives much better than themselves,  
For wrying<sup>b</sup> but a little!—O, Pisanio!  
Every good servant does not all commands;  
No bond, but to do just ones. Gods! if you  
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
Had liv'd to put on<sup>c</sup> this: so had you saved  
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck  
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance: But, alack,  
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,

<sup>a</sup> Malone suggests that by *letter* is not meant an epistle; but that the phrase is equivalent to *I heard no syllable*.

<sup>b</sup> *Wrying*. The use of *wry* as a verb is uncommon. We have a passage in Sidney's *Arcadia* which is at once an example and an explanation:—"That from the right line of virtue are wry'd to these crooked shifts."

<sup>c</sup> *To put on*—to instigate.

To have them fall no more: you some permit  
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,  
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrills.  
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,  
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought  
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
Against my lady's kingdom: 'T is enough  
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress. Peace  
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good!  
Hear patiently my purpose; I'll disrobe me  
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,  
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril

<sup>a</sup> "The last deed is certainly not the oldest," says son. That is, perhaps, prosaically true; but as the goes on in the commission of ill is older when he is last ill than when he committed the first, we do not to Shakspeare, as Malone says, "inadvertently consider evil deed as the elder." The confusion, if there be a text may be reconciled by Bacon's notion, that what is old world is really the young world; and so a man's his youngest son.

dedicate. Let me make men know  
in me, than my habits show.  
The strength o' the Leonati in me!  
In guise o' the world, I will begin  
less without, and more within. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter door* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman  
of the British army at another. LEONA-  
FIEMUS following, like a poor soldier,  
back over, and go out. Then enter again in  
IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth  
IACHIMO, and then leaves him.<sup>a</sup>

Heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
of manhood: I have belied a lady,  
of this country, and the air on't  
enfeebles me. Or, could this carl,<sup>b</sup>  
of nature's, have subdued me,  
sion? Knighthoods and honours, borne  
ine, are titles but of scorn.  
entry, Britain, go before  
he exceeds our lords, the odds  
scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.]

*Enter* IACHIMO; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is  
in enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDE-  
ARVIRAGUS.  
I, stand! We have the advantage of the  
sind;  
guarded; nothing routs us but  
of our fears.

Stand, stand, and fight!

POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They  
CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter  
IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

My boy, from the troops, and save thyself:  
ill friends, and the disorder 's such  
hood-wink'd.

'T is their fresh supplies.  
a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes  
ree, or fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.  
'st thou from where they made the stand?  
I did;  
it seems, come from the fliers.

I did.  
blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,  
heavens fought: The king himself  
desolate, the army broken,  
backs of Britons seen, all flying  
silt lane; the enemy full-hearted,  
anguish with slaughtering, having work  
d than tools to do't, struck down  
y, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
gh fear; that the strait pass was damm'd  
em, hurt behind, and cowards living  
engthen'd shame.

Where was this lane?  
e by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with  
;   
advantage to an ancient soldier,—  
s, I warrant; who deserv'd

observed throughout this act that the stage-direct-  
ion is full, and that the action of the drama at  
this scene is entirely what was called a dumb  
show preceding Shakespeare was full of such exam-  
ples uniformly rejected the practice, except in  
We have followed in the stage-directions the  
which has been departed from by the modern

So long a breeding as his white beard came to.  
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run  
The country base,<sup>a</sup> than to commit such slaughter;  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)  
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,  
"Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men:  
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;  
Or we are Romans, and will give you that  
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,  
But to look back in frown: stand, stand."—These three,  
Three thousand confident, in act as many,  
(For three performers are the file when all  
The rest do nothing,) with this word, "stand, stand,"  
Accommodated by the place, more charming  
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd  
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,  
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd  
coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,  
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began  
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,  
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly  
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,  
The strides they victors made: And now our cowards  
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became  
The life o' the need, having found the back-door open  
Of the unguarded hearts: Heavens, how they wound!  
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends  
O'er-borne i' the former wave; ten, chas'd by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:  
Those that would die or ere resist are grown  
The mortal bugs<sup>b</sup> o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:  
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made  
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,  
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,  
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:  
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.  
Post. 'Lack, to what end!

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:  
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,  
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [Exit.]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery  
To be i' the field, and ask what news of me!  
To-day, how many would have given their honours  
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,  
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
Could not find death where I did hear him groan;  
Nor feel him where he struck: Being an ugly monster,  
'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find  
him:

For being now a favourer to the Briton,  
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again  
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be  
Britons must take; For me, my ransom 's death:  
On either side I come to spend my breath;  
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,  
But end it by some means for Imogen.

<sup>a</sup> Country-base—the rustic game of prison bars, or prison base.  
<sup>b</sup> Bugs—terrors.

*Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:  
T is thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
That gave the affront\* with them.

1 *Cap.* So 't is reported:  
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

*Post.* A Roman;  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his  
service

As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVI-  
RAGUS, PISANIO, and ROMAN Captives. The Cap-  
tains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who  
delivers him over to a Gaoler.*

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.*

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks  
upon you;  
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,  
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better  
Than one that 's sick o' the gout: since he had rather  
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd  
By the sure physician, death, who is the key  
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd  
More than my shanks and wrists: You good gods, give  
me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,  
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?  
So children temporal fathers do appease;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?  
I cannot do it better than in gyves,  
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,  
If of my freedom 't is the main part, take  
No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
On their abatement: that 's not my desire:  
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though  
'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it:  
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;  
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:  
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,  
If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
I 'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*]

*Solemn Music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS,  
father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like a warrior; lead-  
ing in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to  
POSTHUMUS, with music before them. Then, after other music,  
follow the Two young Leonati, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with  
wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS  
round, as he lies sleeping.*

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show  
Thy spite on mortal flies;  
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
That thy adulteries  
Rates and revenges.  
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
Whose face I never saw?  
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd  
Attending Nature's law.  
Whose father then (as men report,  
Thou orphans' father art,)  
u shouldst have been, and shielded him  
From this earth-vexing smart.

\* *Affront*—encounter.

*Moth.* Lucius lent not me her aid.  
But took me in my throes;  
That from me was Posthumus ripp'd,  
Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
A thing of pity!

*Sici.* Great nature, like his ancestry,  
Moulded the stuff so fair,  
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world  
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for  
In Britain where was he  
That could stand up his parallel:  
Or fruitful object be  
In eye of Imogen, that best  
Could deem his dignity?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was  
To be exil'd, and thrown  
From Leonati's seat, and cast  
From her his dearest one,  
Sweet Imogen?

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy;  
And to become the geck and scorn  
O' the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we  
Our parents and us twain,  
That, striking in our country's cause,  
Fell bravely, and were slain;  
Our fealty, and Tenuantius' right,  
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus  
To Cymbeline perform'd:  
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
The graces for his merits due;  
Being all to dolours turn'd?

*Sici.* Thy crystal window open; look  
No longer exercise,  
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh  
And potent injuries.

*Moth.* Since, Jupiter, our son is gone  
Take off his miseries—

*Sici.* Peep through thy marble man  
Or we poor ghosts will cry  
To the shining synod of the rest,  
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal  
And from thy justice fly—

*JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, and  
he throws a thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall.*

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of rage  
Offend our hearing: hush!—How dare  
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolts you are  
Sky-planted, batters all rebellious coasts  
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence: and  
Upon your never-withering banks of  
Be not with mortal accidents oppress:

No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis  
Whom best I love I cross: to make myself  
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content  
Your low-lid son our goalhead will spill  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are  
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and  
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and  
He shall be lord of lady Imogen.

And happier much by his affection made  
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein  
Our pleasure his full fortune doth unfold  
And so, away: no farther with your din  
Express impatience, lest you stir my  
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline

*Sici.* He came in thunder; his celestial  
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle  
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his assermons is  
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his re  
Prunes the immortal wing, and cleaves his  
As when his god is pleas'd.

*All.* Thanks, Jove!  
*Sici.* The marble pavement closes, he is  
His radiant roof:—Away I send, to be heard  
Let us with care perform his great behest.

*Post.* [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast lost  
and begot  
A father to me: and then last created

ad two brothers; But—O scorn!—  
went hence so soon as they were born.  
awake. Poor wretches that depend  
favour dream as I have done;  
and nothing. But, alas, I swerve:  
not to flout, neither deserve,  
steep'd in favours; so am I,  
is golden chance, and know not why.  
haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!  
our fangled<sup>a</sup> world, a garment  
that it covers: let thy effects  
be most unlike our courtiers,  
romise.

as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,  
g. find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air;  
a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,  
17 years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old  
itly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries,  
mate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

ream; or else such stuff as madmen  
brain not: either both, or nothing:  
speaking, or a speaking such  
not untie. Be what it is,  
my life is like it, which  
out for sympathy.

*Enter Gaoler.*

ve, sir, are you ready for death?  
r-roasted rather: ready long ago.  
aging is the word, sir; if you be ready for  
well cooked.

if I prove a good repast to the spectators  
the shot.

navy reckoning for you, sir: But the com-  
all be called to no more payments, fear  
ra bills; which are often the sadness of  
e procuring of mirth; you come in faint  
seat, depart reeling with too much drink;  
u have paid too much, and sorry that you  
such; purse and brain both empty; the  
vial for being too light, the purse too light,  
of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you  
quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it  
sands in a trice: you have no true debtor  
ut it; of what's past, is, and to come, the  
Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters;  
ance follows.

a merrier to die than thou art to live.  
ed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-  
man that were to sleep your sleep, and a  
help him to bed, I think he would change  
is officer; for, look you, sir, you know not  
ou shall go.

indeed, do I, fellow.  
or death has eyes in 's head then; I have  
so pictured: you must either be directed  
take upon them to know; or take upon  
which I am sure you do not know; for,  
s-inquiry on your own peril, and how you  
your journey's end, I think you 'll never  
one.

I thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to  
se way I am going, but such as wink, and  
hem.

at an infinite mock is this, that a man  
be best use of eyes to see the way of blind-  
size hanging 's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

ck off his manacles; bring your prisoner

bring'st good news;—I am called to be  
be free.

This word is very rarely used without the epithet  
means an innovation.

*Gaol.* I 'll be hanged then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts  
for the dead. [*Exeunt Post. and Mess.*]

*Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and  
beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.\* Yet,  
on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live,  
for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too  
that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one.  
I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good;  
O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I  
speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a  
preferment in 't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's Tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,  
PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you whom the gods have  
made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,  
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,  
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast  
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing;  
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought  
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him?

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead and living,  
But no trace of him.

*Cym.* To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward; which I will add  
To you the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*]

By whom I grant she lives:—'T is now the time  
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

*Bel.* Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:  
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees:

Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you  
Companions to our person, and will fit you  
With dignities becoming your estates.

*Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly  
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,  
And not o' the court of Britain.

*Cor.* Hail, great king!

To sour your happiness, I must report  
The queen is dead.

*Cym.* Whom worse than a physician

Would this report become? But I consider,  
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life,  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd  
I will report, so please you: These her women  
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,  
Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Prithee, say.

*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhor'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this:

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

\* *Prone*—forward.

With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,  
But that her flight prevented it, she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend!  
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess she  
had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,  
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time,  
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work  
Her son into the adoption of the crown:  
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite  
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected: so,  
Despairing, died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women?

*Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming: it had been vicious  
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!  
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other  
Roman prisoners, guarded; *POSTHUMUS* behind,  
and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that  
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit  
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter  
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:  
So, think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day  
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd  
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:  
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much  
For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,  
Let him be ransom'd: never master had  
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
So tender over his occasions, true,  
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join  
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness  
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,  
And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him:  
His favour is familiar to me.  
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,  
To say live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:  
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;  
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;  
And yet I know thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no: a lack,  
There's other work in hand; I see a thing  
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,  
Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The boy disdains me.

He leaves  
That place  
Why stand  
*Cym.*

I love thee

What's bes

Wilt have

*Imo.* H

Than I to

Am someti

*Cym.*

*Imo.* I

To give m

*Cym.*

And lend

*Imo.* Fi

*Cym.*

I'll be thy

*Bel.* Is

*Arr.*

Not more

Who died,

*Gui.* Th

*Bel.* Pe

l

Creatures

He would

*Gui.*

*Bel.* Be

*Pis.*

Since she

To good, o

*Cym.*

Make thy

f

Give answe

Or, by our

Which is o

Winnow t

*Imo.* M

Of whom l

*Post.*

*Cym.* T

How came

*Iach.* T

Which, to

*Cym.*

*Iach.* I

Which tor

I got this

Whom tho

t

As it doth

'Twixt sky

*Cym.* A

*Iach.*

For whom

Quail to

*Cym.* M

s

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Than die

*Iach.* U

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Hearing u

For beauty

Of him th

mus, or straight-pight Minerva,  
 brief nature; for condition,  
 qualities that man  
 besides, that book of wiving,  
 strikes the eye:—  
 I stand on fire:  
 ter.  
 All too soon I shall,  
 Idst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus  
 le lord in love, and one  
 lover) took this hint;  
 sing whom we prais'd, (therein  
 as virtue,) he began  
 ture; which by his tongue being made,  
 I put in 't, either our brags  
 kitchen trulls, or his description  
 lking sots.  
 Nay, nay, to the purpose.  
 ighter's chastity—there it begins.  
 as Dian had hot dreams,  
 ere cold: Whereat, I, wretch!  
 his praise; and waver'd with him  
 gainst this which then he wore  
 d finger, to attain  
 of his bed, and win this ring  
 e adultery: he, true knight,  
 onour confident  
 find her, stakes this ring;  
 ad it been a carbuncle  
 d; and might so safely, had it  
 th of his car. Away to Britain  
 ign: Well may you, sir,  
 court, where I was taught  
 aughter the wide difference  
 and villainous. Being thus quench'd  
 fong, mine Italian brain  
 ler Britain operate  
 my vantage, excellent;  
 my practice so prevail'd  
 ith simular proof enough  
 le Leonatus mad,  
 belief in her renown  
 , and thus; averring notes  
 ing, pictures, this her bracelet,  
 I got it!) nay, some marks  
 person, that he could not  
 ad of chastity quite crack'd,  
 e forfeit. Whereupon,—  
 im now,—  
 Ay, so thou dost, [Coming forward.  
 th me, most credulous fool,  
 er, thief, any thing  
 the villains past, in being,  
 ve me cord, or knife, or poison,  
 fier! Thou, king, send out  
 nious: it is I  
 red things o' the earth amend,  
 an they. I am Posthumus,  
 ughter:—villain-like, I lie;  
 er villain than myself,  
 ef, to do 't:—the temple  
 ; yea, and she herself.  
 uses, cast mire upon me, set  
 reet to bay me: every villain  
 nus Leonatus; and  
 an 't was!—O Imogen!  
 e, my wife! O Imogen,  
 Peace, my lord; hear, hear!—  
 ve a play of this? Thou scornful page,  
 [Striking her: she falls.  
 O, gentlemen, help  
 e old word is used several times in 'Lear.'  
 dent law-books.

Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus!  
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—  
 Mine honour'd lady!  
*Cym.* Does the world go round?  
*Post.* How come these staggers on me?  
*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!  
*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  
 To death with mortal joy.  
*Pis.* How fares my mistress?  
*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight;  
 Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
 Breathe not where princes are!  
*Cym.* The tune of Imogen!  
*Pis.* Lady,  
 The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
 That box I gave you was not thought by me  
 A precious thing; I had it from the queen.  
*Cym.* New matter still?  
*Imo.* It poison'd me.  
*Cor.* O gods!—  
 I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,  
 Which must approve thee honest: if Pisanio  
 Have, said she, given his mistress that confection  
 Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd  
 As I would serve a rat.  
*Cym.* What 's this, Cornelius?  
*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me  
 To temper poisons for her; still pretending  
 The satisfaction of her knowledge only  
 In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs  
 Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
 Was of more danger, did compound for her  
 A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
 The present power of life; but, in short time,  
 All offices of nature should again  
 Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?  
*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.  
*Bel.* My boys,  
 There was our error.  
*Gui.* This is sure, Fidele.  
*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?  
 Think that you are upon a rock, and now  
 Throw me again. [Embracing him.  
*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
 Till the tree die!  
*Cym.* How now, my flesh, my child?  
 What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?  
 Wilt thou not speak to me?  
*Imo.* Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.  
*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;  
 You had a motive for it. [To Gui. and Arv.  
*Cym.* My tears, that fall,  
 Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,  
 Thy mother 's dead.  
*Imo.* I am sorry for 't, my lord.  
*Cym.* O, she was naught; and long of her it was  
 That we meet here so strangely: But her son  
 Is gone, we know not how, nor where.  
*Pis.* My lord,  
 Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
 Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
 With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore  
 If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
 It was my instant death: By accident,  
 I had a feigned letter of my master's  
 Then in my pocket; which directed him  
 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
 Which he infore'd from me, away he posts  
 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
 My lady's honour: what became of him,  
 I further know not.  
*Gui.* Let me end the story:  
 I slew him there.



*Cym.* Marry, the gods forefend!  
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,  
Deny't again.

*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a prince.

*Gui.* A most incivil one: The wrongs he did me  
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me  
With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;  
And am right glad he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I am sorry for thee.  
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

*Imo.* That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.

*Cym.* Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, sir king;  
This man is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself; and hath  
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone; [*To the guard.*]  
They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why, old soldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
As good as we?

*Arv.* In that he spake too far.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for't.

*Bel.* We will die all three:  
But I will prove, that two of us are as good  
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,  
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

*Arv.* Your danger's ours.

*Gui.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then.—  
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject who  
Was call'd Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him? he is  
A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.* He it is that hath  
Assum'd this age:<sup>a</sup> indeed, a banish'd man;  
I know not how a traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence;  
The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot:  
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;  
And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have receiv'd it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my sons?

*Bel.* I am too blunt and saucy: Here's my knee  
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;  
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,  
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How! my issue?

*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment  
Itself, and all my treason: that I suffer'd  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes  
(For such and so they are) these twenty years  
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I  
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;  
Having receiv'd the punishment before,

<sup>a</sup> As us'd this age—put on these appearances of age.

For that which I did then: Benten for loyalty  
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,  
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd  
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
Here are your sons again; and I must lose  
Two of the sweetest companions in the world:  
The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speekest  
The service, that you three have done, is more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children:  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd awhile.—  
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:  
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,  
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was happ'd  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  
Of his queen mother, which, for more protection,  
I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he;  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:  
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O, what am I  
A mother to the birth of three? No'er mother  
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be  
That, after this strange starting from your obs,  
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord;  
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brother,  
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter  
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother.  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers  
When you were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?

*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.  
*Gui.* And at first meeting  
Continued so, until we thought he died.

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.  
*Cym.* O rare man!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce attack  
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in.—Where, how liv'd  
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
How parted with your brothers? how first met?  
Why fled you from the court? and whither?  
And your three motives to the battle, with  
I know not how much more, should be demand'd.  
And all the other by-dependencies,  
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place  
Will serve our long intergatories. See,  
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting  
Each object with a joy; the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.  
Thou art my brother: So we'll hold thee ever.

*Imo.* You are my father too; and did relieve me  
To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd,  
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.* My good master,  
I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you!  
*Cym.* The furlorn soldier that so nobly serv'd.

well becom'd this place, and grac'd  
of a king.

I am, sir,  
at did company these three  
sing; 't was a fitment for  
then follow'd:—That I was he,  
o; I had you down, and might  
su finish.

I am down again: [*Kneeling*.  
heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,  
ten owe: but, your ring first;  
bracelet of the truest princess  
re her faith.

Kneel not to me;  
t I have on you is to spare you;  
wards you to forgive you: Live,  
others better.

Nobly doom'd;  
our freeness of a son-in-law;  
word to all.

You help us, sir,  
can indeed to be our brother;  
hat you are.

servant, princes.—Good my lord of  
e,

r soothsayer: As I slept, methought,  
upon his eagle back,  
e, with other spritely shows  
kindred: when I wak'd, I found  
my bosom; whose containing  
we in hardness, that I can  
ction \* of it; let him show  
e construction.

Philarmonus!  
e, my good lord.

Read, and declare the meaning.

[When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself un-  
seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of  
d when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd  
e, being dead many years, shall after revive, be  
d stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthu-  
series, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in  
y.

us, art the lion's whelp;  
ot construction of thy name,  
tus, doth import so much:

om—consequence deduced from premises.

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [*To Cym.*  
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*  
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine  
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,  
Answering the letter of the oracle,  
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about  
With this most tender air.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,  
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,  
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.* Well,  
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,  
And to the Roman empire; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen:  
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)  
Have laid most heavy hand.<sup>a</sup>

*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do tune  
The harmony of this peace. The vision  
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke  
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,  
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun  
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,  
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.

*Cym.* Laud we the gods;  
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace  
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let  
A Roman and a British ensign wave  
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.  
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,  
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt*

<sup>a</sup> The particle *on* is understood. The same form of expres-  
sion occurs in 'Othello'—

"What conjurations and what mighty magic  
I won his daughter [with]."





the date of 1622. We have, however, no doubt, that the copy of 'Othello' in the folio was printed from a manuscript copy, without reference to the quarto. The folio edition is regularly divided into acts and scenes; the quarto edition has not a single indication of any subdivision in the acts, and omits the division between Acts II. and III. The folio edition contains 163 lines which are not found in the quarto, and these some of the most striking in the play: the number of lines found in the quarto which are not in the folio do not amount to 10. The quarto, then, has not the merit of being the fuller copy. Believing the folio to be the more genuine copy, our text, for the most part, follows that authority.

When Shakspeare first became acquainted with the 'Moor of Venice' of Giraldi Cinthio (whether in the original Italian, or the French translation, or in one of the little story-books that familiarized the people with the romance and the poetry of the south), he saw in that novel *the scaffolding* of 'Othello.' There was formerly in Venice a valiant Moor, says the story. It came to pass that a virtuous lady of wonderful beauty, named Desdemona, became enamoured of his great qualities and noble virtues. The Moor loved her in return, and they were married in spite of the opposition of the lady's friends. It happened too (says the story), that the senate of Venice appointed the Moor to the command of Cyprus, and that his lady determined to accompany him thither. Amongst the officers who attended upon the General was an ensign, of the most agreeable person, but of the most depraved nature. The wife of this man was the friend of Desdemona, and they spent much of their time together. The wicked ensign became violently enamoured of Desdemona; but she, whose thoughts were wholly engrossed by the Moor, was utterly regardless of the ensign's attentions. His love then became terrible hate, and he resolved to accuse Desdemona to her husband of

would see plainer," said the ensign. The writer continues to display the perfidy of the ensign against Desdemona. He states the chief which the Moor had given her, the agency of his own child. He contrives to murder the captain of Cyprus, after his credulous husband listen to a conversation which gives a false colour and direction; and the Moor and the guilty officer destroy Desdemona under circumstances of great brutality, which, however, concealed, and the Moor is left as his accomplice.

Mr. Dunlop, in his 'History of Fiction,' points out the material differences between the novel and the tragedy. He adds, "In all these important particulars he has deviated from it with impunity. The characters of Iago, Desdemona, and Othello, taken from Cinthio with scarcely a change, are raised to a higher level. The obscure hints and various artifices which raise suspicion in the Moor are the same in the novel and the drama." M. Guizot, with his usual acuteness, has seen somewhat further than most critics. "There was wanting in the narrative a poetical genius which furnished the characters, created the individuals—which imposed a figure and a character—which made us believe and listen to their words—which penetrated their sentiments:—that which summons events to arise, to be completed:—that creative breath which over the past, calls it again into being a present and imperishable life:—that which Shakspeare alone possessed, and which, in a forgotten novel, he has made 'Othello'



## O T H E L L O.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE. <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 3.	RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman. <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.
OTHELLO, a senator; father to Desdemona. <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.	MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus. <i>Appears</i> , Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.
Two other Senators. <i>Appear</i> , Act I. sc. 3.	Clown, servant to Othello. <i>Appears</i> , Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.
BRABANTIO, brother to Brabantio. <i>Appears</i> , Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.	Herald. <i>Appears</i> , Act II. sc. 2.
ODOVICO, kinman to Brabantio. <i>Appears</i> , Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.	DESDEMONA, wife to Othello. <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.
OTHELLO, the Moor. <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.	EMILIA, wife to Iago. <i>Appears</i> , Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.
CASSIO, lieutenant to Othello. <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.	BIANCA, a courtesan. <i>Appears</i> , Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.
IAGO, ancient to Othello. <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1;	

—FOR THE FIRST ACT, IN VENICE; DURING THE REST OF THE PLAY, AT A SEA-FORT IN CYPRUS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

Ever tell me, I take it much unkindly  
Iago, who hast had my purse  
If things were thine, shouldst know of this.  
But you'll not hear me. If ever I did dream  
On better matter, abhor me.  
You told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.  
O, beware my slave, if you do not. Three great ones of  
the city,  
In suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Close on him: and, by the faith of man,  
I may prove his price, I am worth no worse a place:  
To bring his own pride and purposes  
Into a bombast circumstance,  
Aff'd with epithets of war,  
To get some mediators. For, certes, says he,  
I have chosen my officer.\*  
As he?  
A great arithmetician,  
One Iago, a Florentine,  
Most damn'd in a fair wife,  
That set a squadron in the field,

*See* is circumlocution. Iago does not mean to say  
Iago made a long rigmorole speech to the three great  
mediators and consulted them by telling them he had  
chosen his officer; but, in the spirit of calumny, he  
said that, having chosen his officer before the  
others made to him for Iago, he suppressed the fact;  
Iago consulted them with a bombast cir-

Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theorick,  
Wherein the tongued consuls can propose  
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,  
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:  
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds  
Christen'd and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd\*  
By debtor and creditor: this counter-caster,  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I,—bless the mark! his Moor-ship's ancient.

*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have been his hang-  
man.

*Iago.* Why, there's no remedy, 't is the curse of  
service;

Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
And not by old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,  
Whether I in any just term am affi'd  
To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him then.

*Iago.* O sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For nought but provender; and when he's old  
Cashed out;

\* *Be-lee'd and calm'd.* Iago uses terms of navigation to ex-  
press that Cassio had out-sailed him.

Whip me such honest knaves : Others there are  
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;  
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd  
their coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;  
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,  
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor I would not be Iago.  
In following him I follow but myself ;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :  
For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In complement extern,<sup>a</sup> 't is not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a fall Fortune does the Thick-lips owe,  
If he can carry 't thus !

*Iago.* Call up her father,  
Rouse him : make after him, poison his delight,  
Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,  
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such chances of vexation on 't,  
As it may lose some colour.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house ; I 'll call aloud.  
*Iago.* Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,  
As when (by night and negligence) the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What, ho ! Brabantio ! signior Brabantio, ho !  
*Iago.* Awake ; what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves !  
thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !  
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO, *above.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible summons ?  
What is the matter there ?

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within ?

*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd ?

*Bra.* Why, wherefore ask you this ?  
*Iago.* Sir, you are robb'd ; for shame<sup>b</sup> put on your  
gown ;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul  
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise ;  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you :  
Arise, I say.

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits ?

*Rod.* Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

*Bra.* Not I ; what are you ?

*Rod.* My name is Roderigo.

*Bra.* The worse welcome :

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors :  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say  
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,  
(Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,)  
Upon malicious knavery, dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir,—

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure,

My spirit and my place have in their power  
To make this bitter to thee.

<sup>a</sup> *In complement extern.* Johnson interprets this—"In that which I do only for an outward show of civility." Surely this interpretation, by adopting the secondary meaning of *complement* (compliment), destroys Iago's bold avowal, which is, that when his actions exhibit the real intentions and motives of his heart, in outward completeness, he might as well wear it upon his sleeve.

<sup>b</sup> *For shame.* This is not used as a reproach, but means—for decency put on your gown.

*Rod.* Patience, good sir

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing  
Venice ;

My house is not a grange.<sup>a</sup>

*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

*Iago.* Sir, you are one of those that will  
God, if the devil bid you. Because we come  
service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll  
daughter covered with a Barbary horse ; you  
your nephews<sup>b</sup> neigh to you : you'll have  
cousins, and gennets for Germans.

*Bra.* What profane wretch art thou ?

*Iago.* I am one, sir, that comes to tell  
daughter and the Moor are making the beast  
backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are a senator

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer. I know thee

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But  
you,

If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,  
(As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter  
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night  
Transported with no worse nor better guard,  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor :

If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrong  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That, from the sense of all civility,

I thus would play and trifle with your reverence  
Your daughter,—if you have not given her  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
In an extravagant<sup>c</sup> and wheeling stranger,  
Of here and every where : Straight satisfy you  
If she be in her chamber, or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, I

Give me a taper ; call up all my people :  
This accident is not unlike my dream ;  
Belief of it oppresses me already :

Light, I say ! light ! [Exit *Iago*]

*Iago.* Farewell ; for I must leave you :  
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place  
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)

Against the Moor ; For, I do know, the state  
(However this may gall him with some chide)  
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embellish'd  
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,  
(Which even now stand in act,) that for this  
Another of his fathom they have none

To lead their business : in which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall see  
him,

Lead to the Sagittary<sup>d</sup> the raised search ;  
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with

*Bra.* It is too true an evil : gone she is,

<sup>a</sup> *Grange.* Strictly speaking, the farm house of a lord. But it is used by the old writers as a separate dwelling.

<sup>b</sup> *Nephews.* The word was formerly used in a general sense, or any lineal descendant.

<sup>c</sup> *Extravagant*—wandering, unsettled.

<sup>d</sup> *The Sagittary.* This is generally taken to be the residence at the arsenal of the commanding officer of the navy and army of the republic. The figure of a centaur with his drawn bow, over the gates, still indicates the

to to me of my despised time  
at bitterness. Now, Roderigo,  
thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—  
our, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—  
thou know 't was she?—O, she deceives me  
at!—What said she to you?—Get more  
pers;  
y kindred.—Are they married, think you?  
ly, I think they are.  
heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of  
e blood!—  
hence trust not your daughters' minds  
to see them act.—Are there not charms  
he property of youth and maidhood  
as'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
ch thing?

Yes, sir; I have indeed.  
I'll up my brother.—O, would you had had  
er!—  
ay, some another.—Do you know  
may apprehend her and the Moor?  
think I can discover him, if you please  
guard, and go along with me.  
ay you, lead on. At every house I'll call;  
mand at most;—Get weapons, ho!  
ome special officers of night.—  
oderigo. I will deserve your pains. [Ex.]

ACT II.—*The same. Another Street.*

OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.  
ough in the trade of war I have slain men,  
old it very stuff\* o' the conscience,  
entriv'd murder: I lack iniquity  
to do me service: Nine or ten times  
ght to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.  
is better as it is.

Nay, but he prated,  
such scurvy and provoking terms  
er honour,  
the little godliness I have,  
hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,  
st married? Be assur'd of this,  
agnifico is much belov'd,  
in his effect, a voice potential,  
as the duke's: he will divorce you;  
as you what restraint and grievance  
with all his might to enforce it on)  
him cable.

Let him do his spite:  
s, which I have done the signiory,  
ongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,  
hen I know that boasting is an honour,  
malgate,) I fetch my life and being  
of royal siege;<sup>b</sup> and my demerits  
; unbanneted,<sup>c</sup> to as proud a fortune  
st I have reach'd: For know, Iago,  
love the gentle Desdemona,  
st my unhoused<sup>d</sup> free condition  
reinscription and confine  
er's worth. But, look! what lights come  
joud!

matter, material. The stuff of the conscience is the  
ace of the conscience.

A *siège royal* was a throne, an elevated seat.  
*unbanneted*. Theobald says, to speak unbanneted is to  
the cap off, which is directly opposed to the poet's  
Mr. Fuseli suggested an ingenious explanation, that  
the cap or bonnet constituted an important distinc-  
e demerits of Othello might speak for themselves  
extrinsic honours. *Demerit's* is used in the sense  
erces being synonymous in Latin.  
e explains *unhoused*—free from domestic cares. It  
as that Othello simply uses *unhoused* for *unmarried*.  
to the *Loos* or *head of the house*—the unmarried is  
banneted—the *unhoused*.

Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with  
torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends:  
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;  
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.  
Oth. The servants of the duke; and my lieutenant.  
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!

What is the news?  
Cas. The duke does greet you, general;  
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,  
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:  
It is a business of some heat. The galleys  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night, at one another's heels;  
And many of the consuls,<sup>a</sup> rais'd and met,  
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd  
for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate hath sent about three several quests,  
To search you out.

Oth. 'T is well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you. [Exit.]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;<sup>b</sup>  
If it prove lawful prize he 's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He 's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. MARRY, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with  
torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;  
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!  
[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will  
rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years  
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my  
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

(If she in chains of magic were not bound,)

Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled dearling<sup>e</sup> of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou,—to fear,<sup>d</sup> not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,

That weaken motion:—I'll have it disputed on;

<sup>a</sup> *Consuls*. In the first scene we have "the tongued consuls";  
doubtless the senators are meant in both passages.

<sup>b</sup> *Carack*. A vessel of heavy burden.

<sup>c</sup> *Dearling*, the old Saxon word in a plural sense.

<sup>d</sup> *To fear*. Brabantio calls Othello a thing to terrify, not to  
delight.



'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant :  
Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,  
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go  
To answer this your charge ?

*Bra.* To prison : till fit time  
Of law, and course of direct session,  
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey ?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied ;  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state,  
To bring me to him ?

*Off.* 'T is true, most worthy signior,  
The duke 's in council ; and your noble self,  
I am sure is sent for.

*Bra.* How ! the duke in council ?  
In this time of the night ?—Bring him away :  
Mine 's not an idle cause : the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own :  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [Ex.]

SCENE III.—*The same.* A Council Chamber.

*The Duke, and Senators, sitting ; Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition in these news,  
That gives them credit.

*1 Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;  
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred forty.  
*2 Sen.* And mine, two hundred :  
But though they jump not on a just account,  
(As in these cases where the aim reports,<sup>a</sup>  
'T is oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment :  
I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

*Sailor.* [Within.] What ho ! what ho ! what ho !

*Enter Sailor.*

*Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Duke.* Now ? the business ?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes ;  
So was I bid report here to the state,  
By signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change ?

*1 Sen.* This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason ; 't is a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze : When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk ;  
And let ourselves again but understand  
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in : if we make thought of this,  
We must not think the Turk is so unskillful,  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.

*Off.* Here is more news.

*The aim reports.* Aim is used in the sense of *conjecture*.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes  
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

*1 Sen.* Ay, so I thought ;—How many, as you say ?  
*Mess.* Of thirty sail : and now they do reverse  
Their backward course, bearing with frank aspect  
Their purposes towards Cyprus. Signior Montano  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty, recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'T is certain then for Cyprus.  
Marcus Luccicos,<sup>a</sup> is not he in town ?

*1 Sen.* He 's now in Florence.  
*Duke.* Write from us to him, post—post  
despatch.

*1 Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODRIGO,  
Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight come  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.  
I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior. [To  
Othello.] We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours : Good your grace, pardon  
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,  
Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the  
care

Take hold on me ; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what 's the matter ?

*Bra.* My daughter ! O, my daughter !

*Sen.* Dead ?

*Bra.* Ay,  
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft could not—

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be, that in this foul project  
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After your own sense ; yea, though our justice  
Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace  
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems  
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,  
Hath hither brought.

*All.* We are very sorry for 't.

*Duke.* What, in your own part, can you say to  
[To Othello]

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pain,  
Till now some nine moons wasted,<sup>b</sup> they have

<sup>a</sup> *Marcus Luccicos.* Both the folio and the quarto give the proper name thus. Capell charged it to *Marcus* by saying that such a termination as *Luccicos* is unknown to Italian. But who is the duke inquiring after? Was not a Greek soldier of Cyprus—an *Esquidino*—one who by his local knowledge was enabled to give him information necessary that the Greek should bear an Italian name? does not the termination in our better convey the notion? we believe the poet to have had?

<sup>b</sup> He had been unemployed during nine moons.

action in the tented field ;  
 this great world can I speak,  
 remains to feats of broils and battle ;  
 little shall I grace my cause,  
 or myself : Yet, by your gracious patience,  
 I unvarnish'd tale deliver  
 the course of love : what drugs, what charms,  
 magic, and what mighty magic,  
 exceeding I am charg'd withal,)  
 together.

A maiden never bold ;  
 still and quiet, that her motion  
 would self : And she, in spite of nature,  
 country, credit, every thing,  
 was with what she fear'd to look on ?  
 not maim'd, and most imperfect,  
 confess, perfection so could err  
 rules of nature ; and must be driven  
 practices of cunning hell,  
 could be. I therefore vouch again,  
 the mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
 a dram conjur'd to this effect,  
 upon her.

To vouch this is no proof ;  
 a wider and more overt test,  
 in habits, and poor likelihoods  
 seeming, do prefer against him.  
 O, Othello, speak :  
 indirect and forced courses  
 poison this young maid's affections ?  
 by request, and such fair question  
 as affordeth ?

I do beseech you,  
 lady to the Sagittary,  
 speak of me before her father :  
 I am foul in her report,  
 in office, I do hold of you,  
 I am away, but let your sentence  
 run my life.

Fetch Desdemona hither.  
 I will conduct them : you best know the  
 cause. [*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]  
 I come, as truly as to heaven  
 the vices of my blood,  
 your grave ears I'll present  
 to drive in this fair lady's love,  
 as mine.

O, Othello,  
 my father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;  
 he told me the story of my life,  
 a year ; the battles, sieges, fortune,  
 he pass'd.  
 I might, even from my boyish days,  
 in a moment that he bade me tell it.  
 I was like most disastrous chances ;  
 accidents by flood and field ;  
 which 'scapes I' the imminent deadly breach ;  
 I was by the insolent foe  
 made a slave ; of my redemption thence,  
 he saved me. In my traveller's history,<sup>a</sup>  
 of adventures vast and deserts idle,<sup>b</sup>  
 of rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
 heaven,  
 (not to speak,) such was my process ;—  
 of cannibals that each other eat,  
 of men whose heads  
 were cut off their shoulders. These things to hear  
 Desdemona seriously incline ;  
 but how house affairs would draw her thence ;  
 and as she could with haste despatch,  
 I came again, and with a greedy ear

*Antony.* Othello modestly, and somewhat joy-  
 fully, wonderful relations, a traveller's history.  
 a, barren.

I devour up my discourse : Which I observing,  
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 But not intently : I did consent ;  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
 She swore,—In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing  
 strange ;

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :  
 She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd  
 That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd  
 me ;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :  
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;  
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;  
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my daughter too.  
 Good Brabantio,  
 Take up this mangled matter at the best :  
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,  
 Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak ;  
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
 Destruction on my head if my bad blame  
 Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress ;  
 Do you perceive in all this noble company  
 Where most you owe obedience ?

*Des.* My noble father,  
 I do perceive here a divided duty :  
 To you, I am bound for life and education ;  
 My life and education both do learn me  
 How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty ;—  
 I am hitherto your daughter : But here 's my husband ;  
 And so much duty as my mother show'd  
 To you, preferring you before her father,  
 So much I challenge that I may profess  
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Bra.* God be with you !—I have done :—  
 Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;  
 I had rather to adopt a child than get it.  
 Come hither, Moor :  
 I here do give thee that with all my heart  
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
 I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,  
 I am glad at soul I have no other child ;  
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
 To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a sentence,  
 Which, as a guise, or step, may help these lovers.  
 When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,  
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
 What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,  
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
 The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief ;  
 He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;  
 We lose it not so long as we can smile.  
 He bears the sentence well that nothing bears  
 But the free comfort which from thence he bears :  
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow  
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
 These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal ;

Due reverence of place, and exhibition;  
With such accommodation, and besort,  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* Why; at her father's.

*Bra.* I will not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts,  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;  
And let me find a charter in your voice  
To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued  
Even to the very quality of my lord:  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;  
And to his honours and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rights for why I love him are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Let her have your voice.  
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite;  
Nor to comply with heat the young affects,  
In my defunct and proper satisfaction;<sup>b</sup>  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:  
And heaven defend your good souls that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant,  
When she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness  
My speculative and offic'd instrument,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation.

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay or going; the affair cries haste,  
And speed must answer it.

*Sen.* You must away to-night.

To spend with thee: we must  
[*Exeunt Othello*]

*Rod.* Iago.

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble

*Rod.* What will I do, think'st

*Iago.* Why, go to bed and sle

*Rod.* I will incontinently dro

*Iago.* If thou dost I shall

Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is silliness to live w  
and then have we a prescriptio  
our physician.

*Iago.* O villainous! I have lo  
four times seven years; and si  
betwixt a benefit and an injury,  
knew how to love himself. Er  
drown myself for the love of;  
change my humanity with a bab

*Rod.* What should I do? I  
to be so fond; but it is not in m

*Iago.* Virtue? a fig! 't is in  
thus, or thus. Our bodies are ou  
our wills are gardeners: so that  
or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and  
it with one gender of herbs, or d  
either to have it steril with idl  
industry; why, the power and  
this lies in our wills. If the bal  
not one scale of reason to poise  
the blood and baseness of our  
us to most preposterous conclusio  
to cool our raging motions, our ca  
lusts; whereof I take this, that yo  
or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of  
mission of the will. Come, be a  
drown cats and blind puppies. I  
friend, and I confess me knit  
cables of perdurable toughness,  
stead thee than now. Put more  
thou the wars; defeat thy fav  
beard; I say, put money in th  
long that Desdemona should coi

lamin thyself, do it a more delicate way than  
 Make all the money thou canst : It sanc-  
 a frail vow, betwixt an erring<sup>a</sup> barbarian  
 able Venetian, or not too hard for my wits  
 tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ; therefore  
 y. A pox of drowning thyself ! it is clean  
 say ; seek thou rather to be hanged in com-  
 joy, than to be drowned and go without  
 It thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on  
 an art sure of me ;—Go, make money : I  
 see often, and I re-tell thee again and again,  
 Moor : My cause is hearted ; thine hath no  
 Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against  
 a canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a  
 s a sport. There are many events in the  
 ne which will be delivered. Traverse ; go ;  
 money. We will have more of this to-  
 dieu.  
 ere shall we meet i' the morning ?  
 my lodging.  
 I be with thee betimes.  
 to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo ?  
 at say you ?  
 more of drowning, do you hear.

*Rod.* I am changed. I'll sell all my land.  
*Iago.* Go to ; farewell ! put money enough in your  
 purse. [*Exit RODERIGO.*]  
 Thus do I ever make my fool my purse :  
 For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,  
 If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;  
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets  
 He has done my office : I know not if 't be true ;  
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well ;  
 The better shall my purpose work on him.  
 Cassio's a proper man : Let me see now ;  
 To get his place, and to plume up my will ;  
 In double knavery,—How ? how ?—Let's see :—  
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear  
 That he is too familiar with his wife :  
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,  
 To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false.  
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so ;  
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,  
 As asses are.  
 I have 't ;—it is engender'd :—Hell and night  
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.*

*Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.*

What from the cape can you discern at sea ?  
 Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;  
 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
 Still.  
 'Tis thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;  
 In ne'er shook our battlements :  
 'Tis as if we had seen 'twixt the sea,  
 A fork, when mountains melt on them,  
 A mortise ?<sup>b</sup> what shall we hear of this ?  
 A segregation of the Turkish fleet :  
 They stand upon the foaming shore,  
 The billow seems to pelt the clouds ;  
 The surf is like a bank'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,<sup>c</sup>  
 That beats at water on the burning bear,  
 And spurns the guards of the ever-fixed pole :  
 Like molestation view  
 A safe flood.

If that the Turkish fleet

is used in the same sense as *extragant*, in a previous

The hole of our piece of timber fitted to receive

is the folio this word is spelt *maise* ; in the quarto  
 with the spelling of *main* in the third line of this  
 scene. But we have ventured to reject this con-  
 jecture, and for the first time to print the word  
 as it is " high and monstrous mane." We use the  
 aptly, for the main sea, the great sea, as Shak-  
 speare the passage "twixt the heaven and the main."  
 he ocean. Substitute that word, and what can we  
 passage before us?—"The wind-shak'd surge, with  
 strong ocean." But adopt the word *mane*, and it  
 that we have as fine an image as any in Shakspeare.  
 of monstrous mane we have a picture which was  
 used by the noble passage in Job : "Hast thou  
 strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with  
 horse of Job is the war-horse, "who swalloweth  
 with fierceness and rage;" and when Shakspeare  
 himself his mane wildly streaming, "when the  
 against him, the glittering spear and the shield,"  
 rage of the Fury of "the wind-shak'd surge," and  
 he; and he painted "with high and monstrous

Be not enselter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd ;  
 It is impossible to bear it out.

*Enter a Third Gentleman.*

*3 Gent.* News, lads ! our wars are done :  
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
 That their designment halts : A noble ship of Venice  
 Hath seen a grievous wrack<sup>a</sup> and sufferance  
 On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How ! is this true ?

*3 Gent.* The ship is here put in,

A Veronessa : Michael Cassio,  
 Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,  
 Is come on shore : the Moor himself's at sea,  
 And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on 't ; 't is a worthy governor.

*3 Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak of  
 comfort,

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,  
 And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted  
 With foul and violent tempest.

*Mon.* Pray heaven he be :

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands  
 Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,—ho !  
 As well to see the vessel that 's come in  
 As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello ;  
 Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,  
 An indistinct regard.

*3 Gent.* Come, let's do so.

For every minute is expectancy  
 Of more arrivancy.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Cas.* Thanks, you the valiant of the warlike isle,  
 That so approve the Moor ! O, let the heavens  
 Give him defence against the elements,  
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea !

<sup>a</sup> *Wrack.* Mr. Hunter has with great propriety suggested the  
 restoration of the old word *wreck* to Shakspeare's text, instead of  
*wreck*. He observes that we still use the familiar phrase  
 "wreck and ruin."

*Mon.* Is he well shipp'd?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

*Enter another Gentleman.*

*Cas.* What noise?

*4 Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea  
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governor.

*2 Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:  
[*Guns heard.*]

Our friends, at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

*2 Gent.* I shall.

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid  
That paragons description and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener.\*—How now? who has put in?

*Re-enter Second Gentleman.*

*2 Gent.* 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* He has had most favourable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,  
Traitors ensteep'd to enclog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty do omit  
Their mortal<sup>b</sup> natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

*Mon.* What is she?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,  
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,  
and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is<sup>c</sup> come on shore!  
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:  
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round!

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Cas.* He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught  
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O, but I fear—How lost you company?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship: But hark! a sail.

[*Cry within.* A sail! a sail! *Then guns heard.*]

*2 Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;  
This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See for the news.—[*Exit Gentleman.*]  
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mis-  
tress:— [To EMILIA.]

\* The text presents no difficulty when we understand the word *ingener*. The word *engine* is so called "because not made without great effort (*ingenuis*) of genius, of ingenuity, of contrivance." The *ingener*, then, is the contriver by ingenuity—the designer—and here applied to a poet is almost literally the Greek *Ποιητής*—maker. Daniell uses the word *ingeniate* in the sense of *to contrive*; Ben Jonson, *ingine* for understanding.

<sup>b</sup> Mortal—deadly.

<sup>c</sup> Riches is used as a singular noun in the 67th Sonnet—

"And for that riches where is in deserving."

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners; 't is my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of  
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas, she has no speech

*Iago.* In faith, too much;

I find it still when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause

*Iago.* Come on, come on: you are peevish  
door;

Bells in your parlours; wild cats in your  
Saints in your injuries; devils being officers  
Players in your huswifery; and huswives

*Des.* O, fye upon thee, slanderer!

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk  
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No.

*Des.* What wouldst write of me if I  
praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to  
For I am nothing if not critical.

*Des.* Come on, assay:—There's one  
harbour?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but, indeed, my  
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from  
It plucks out brains and all: But my mistress  
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit  
The one's for use, the other useth it.

*Des.* Well prais'd! How if she be black?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How, if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old fond paradoxes, to  
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable pranks  
for her that's foul and foolish?

*Iago.* There's none so foul, and foolish  
But does foul pranks which fair and wise

*Des.* O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest  
best. But what praise couldst thou best  
serving woman indeed? one, that, in  
her merit, did justly put on the vouch of  
itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair, and never  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loved

Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gilded  
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—now I  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being  
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly

She that in wisdom never was so frail,  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's

She that could think, and ne'er disclose her  
See suitors following, and not look behind;

She was a wight, if ever such wights were,  
*Des.* To do what?

*Iago.* To suckle fools, and chronicle small  
*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion!

\* "To change the cod's head for the salmon's head  
change the more delicate fare for the coarser. In the  
book of Queen Elizabeth it is directed that "the  
shall have to see all the salmon's tails."

him, Emilia, though he be thy husband, say you, Cassio? is he not a most proper counsellor?

He speaks home, madam; you may relish him older than in the scholar.

[*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well; with as little a web as this will I ensnare you as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I see in thine own courtship. You say true; and if such tricks as these strip you out of entry, it had been better you had not kissed fingers so oft, which now again you are most dear to the sir in. Very good! well kissed, and artless! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for [Trumpet.] The Moor, I know his trumpet, truly so.

He meets him, and receives him. Where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

My fair warrior!

My dear Othello! I never wonder great as my content, ere before me. O my soul's joy! A tempest come such calms, do blow till they have waken'd death! abounding bark climb hills of seas, high; and duck again as low in heaven! If it were now to die, to be most happy; for, I fear, your content so absolute, your comfort like to this unknown fate.

The heavens forbid loves and comforts should increase, days do grow!

Amen to that, sweet powers!—I wish enough of this content, ere; it is too much of joy; and this, the greatest discords be

Hearts shall make! [*Kissing her.*]

O, you are well tun'd now! down the pegs that make this music, I am.

Come; let us to the castle.—Our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd. My old acquaintance of this isle? shall be well desir'd in Cyprus, great love amongst them. O my sweet, of fashion, and I dote on comforts.—I prithee, good Iago, my, and disembark my coffers: he master to the citadel; I, one, and his worthiness give much respect.—Come, Desdemona, will meet at Cyprus.

[*Exit Oth., Des., and Attend.*]  
You meet me presently at the harbour. If thou be'st valiant, (as they say, base love have then a nobility in their natures native to them,) list me. The lieutenant

is contentions.  
is used for paying courtesies, as in "Richard II. — and his courtship to the common people."

warrior applied to a lady is somewhat startling. act Desdemona says of herself, "Unhandsome am." Stevens says that it was a term of endearment derive from the old French poets, and that he sometimes, frequently calls the ladies *guerriers*, (avoid thinking that Othello playfully salutes his wife, in compliment to her resolution not to

— "be left behind, math of peace, and he go to the war."

to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies: To love him still for prating, let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does;—a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slipper and subtle knave; a finder of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have loved the Moor: Bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, may strike at you: Provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,

I stand accountant for as great a sin,  
 But partly led to diet my revenge,  
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
 Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof  
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;  
 And nothing can or shall content my soul,  
 Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;  
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
 At least into a jealousy so strong  
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—  
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace<sup>a</sup>  
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,  
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;  
 Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb,—  
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;  
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,  
 For making him egregiously an ass,  
 And practising upon his peace and quiet  
 Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd;  
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere<sup>b</sup> perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph: some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night: Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest. Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest, Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; [To Des.] That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.— Good night. [Exeunt OTH., DES., and Attend.]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o' th' clock: Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

<sup>a</sup> The noun *trash*, and the verb *trace*, are used with perfect propriety. The *trash* is the thing *traced*, put in *traces*—confin'd—as an untrained worthless dog is held, and hence the present meaning of *trash*.

<sup>b</sup> *Mere*—*entire*

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! tenant, I have a stoop of wine: and here brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain sure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have unhappy brains for drinking: I could wish they would invent some other custom of eating and drinking.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but a drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, was craftily qualified too,—and, behold, this it makes here: I am unfortunate in love, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels and desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you call.

Cas. I'll do 't; but it dislikes me.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon you, with that which he hath drunk to-night, he'll be as full of quarrel and offence, as my young mistress' dog. Now, my mistress says,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong;  
 To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd  
 Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch  
 Three else of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits  
 That hold their honours in a wary distance:  
 The very elements of this warlike isle,—  
 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,  
 And they watch too. Now, amongst this flock,  
 Stand I, that am myself almost as drunk  
 As they; and yet am counsel'd to watch.

Am I to put our Cassio in some action That may offend the isle:—But here they come. If consequence do but approve my dream, My boat sails freely, both with wind and main.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Attendants.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given us wine already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink,  
 And let me the canakin clink;  
 A soldier's a man; O man's life's but a span;  
 Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [Exit.]

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your Frenchman, your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow you; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
 His breeches cost him but a crown;  
 He held them sixpence all too dear,  
 With that he call'd the tailor *leech*.

He was a wight of high renown,  
 And thou art but of low degree;  
 'T is pride that pulls the country down;  
 And take thy mind about thee here.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why this is a more exquisite song than the other.

you hear it again?  
or I hold him to be unworthy of his place  
e things.—Well,—Heaven 's above all;  
souls must be saved, and there be souls  
red.

True, good lieutenant.  
me own part,—no offence to the general,  
of quality,—I hope to be saved.  
so do I too, lieutenant.  
but by your leave, not before me; the  
to be saved before the ancient. Let 's  
of this: let 's to our affairs.—Forgive us  
ntlemen, let 's look to our business. Do  
demen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;  
ght hand, and this is my left:—I am not  
can stand well enough, and I speak well

ent well.  
very well then: you must not think then  
nk. [Exit.  
e platform, masters; come, let 's set the

see this fellow that is gone before;—  
r fit to stand by Cæsar  
ction: and do but see his vice;  
twe a just equinox,  
ng as the other: 't is pity of him.  
t Othello puts him in,  
time of his infirmity,  
is island.

But is he often thus?  
evermore his prologue to his sleep:  
the horologe a double set,<sup>a</sup>  
not his cradle.

It were well  
ere put in mind of it.  
es it not; or his good nature  
ue that appears in Cassio,  
t on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

now, Roderigo? [Aside.  
fter the lieutenant; go. [Ex. Rod.  
't is great pity, that the noble Moor  
d such a place, as his own second,  
in ingraft infirmity:  
nest action, to say so

Not I, for this fair island:  
sio well, and would do much  
of this evil. But hark! what noise?

Enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.

rogue! you rascal!  
t 's the matter, lieutenant?  
ave!—teach me my duty!  
knave into a twiggen bottle.<sup>b</sup>  
me!

Dost thou prate, rogue? [Striking Rod.  
Nay, good lieutenant;  
ir, hold your hand. [Staying him.  
Let me go, sir,  
e you 'er the mazzard.

Come, come, you 're drunk.  
k! [They fight.  
y, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[Aside to Rod., who goes out.  
stenant,—alas, gentlemen,—  
Lieutenant, sir Montano,—  
t—Here 's a goodly watch, indeed!

[Bell rings.  
here adopts the English division of time, in  
is divided into two portions of twelve hours  
be set" of the horologe.  
sle—a wicker bottle.

Who 's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!  
The town will rise: Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold;  
You 'll be asham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?  
Mon. I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.—He  
dies—  
Oth. Hold, for your lives.  
Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir Montano,—gen-  
tlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?  
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!  
Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?  
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that  
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?  
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:  
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,  
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.  
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle  
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—  
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,  
Speak, who began this? on thy love I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, even now,  
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom  
Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,  
(As if some planet had unwitting men,)  
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish odds;  
And 'would in action glorious I had lost  
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?  
Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil,  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure: What 's the matter  
That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion, for the name  
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—  
While I spare speech, which something now offend  
me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I ought  
By me that 's said or done amiss this night;  
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin  
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;  
And passion, having my best judgment collied,<sup>a</sup>  
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
And he that is approv'd in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
Shall loose me.—What! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!  
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began 't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him.—This it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,

<sup>a</sup> Collied—blackened—discoloured.



There comes a fellow crying out for help;  
 And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,  
 To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman  
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;  
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
 Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,  
 The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot  
 Outran my purpose; and I return'd then rather  
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
 And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,  
 I ne'er might say before: When I came back,  
 (For this was brief,) I found them close together,  
 At blow, and thrust; even as again they were  
 When you yourself did part them.  
 More of this matter cannot I report:—  
 But men are men: the best sometimes forget:—  
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—  
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—  
 Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd  
 From him that fled some strange indignity,  
 Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.* I know, Iago,  
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
 Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;  
 But never more be officer of mine.

*Enter DESDEMONA, attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—  
 I'll make thee an example.

*Des.* What is the matter, dear?

*Oth.* All's well, sweeting.  
 Come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts,  
 Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off.

[*To MON., who is led off.*]

Iago, look with care about the town;  
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.  
 Come, Desdemona; 't is the soldiers' life  
 To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CAS.*]

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have  
 lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of  
 myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation,  
 Iago, my reputation.

*Iago.* As I am an honest man I had thought you had  
 received some bodily wound; there is more sense\* in  
 that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and  
 most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost  
 without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all,  
 unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man!  
 there are ways to recover the general again: You are  
 but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy  
 than in malice; even so as one would beat his offence-  
 less dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again,  
 and he is yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive  
 so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so  
 indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and  
 squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with  
 one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if  
 thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee  
 devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you followed with your  
 sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is 't possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinct-  
 ly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men  
 should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their  
 brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and  
 applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

\* *Sense.* The sense of a wound is its sensibility.

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough  
 came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil drunkenness  
 to place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness  
 another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moralist  
 time, the place, and the condition of this comedy  
 I could heartily wish this had not befallen;  
 it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again  
 tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many  
 Hydras, such an answer would stop them all.  
 a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently  
 O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblest  
 ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good  
 creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more.  
 And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk  
 time, man. I'll tell you what you shall

general's wife is now the general:—I may say  
 respect, for that he hath devoted and given  
 to the contemplation,—mark,—and devoted  
 parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to  
 fortune her help to put you in your place  
 is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition  
 holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more  
 is requested: This broken joint, between you  
 husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my  
 against any lay worth naming, this crack of  
 shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Cas.* You advise me well!

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love  
 kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely; and, betimes in the  
 I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undo  
 me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they die

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lie  
 I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago.

*Iago.* And what's he then that says I  
 villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,  
 Probable\* to thinking, and indeed the course  
 To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy  
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue  
 In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful  
 As the free elements. And then for her  
 To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his life  
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—  
 His soul is so enfeather'd to her love,  
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list  
 Even as her appetite shall play the god  
 With his weak function. How am I then a  
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,  
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!  
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,  
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
 As I do now: For whiles this honest fool  
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,  
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—  
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;  
 And by how much she strives to do him good,  
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.  
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;  
 And out of her own goodness make the net,  
 That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Rod.

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like  
 that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My

\* *Probable*—probable.

; I have been to-night exceedingly well  
 ad, I think, the issue will be I shall have so  
 nce for my pains : and so, with no money  
 little more wit, return to Venice.  
 poor are they that have not patience!  
 did ever heal but by degrees?  
 ; we work by wit and not by witchcraft ;  
 nts on dilatory time.  
 o well? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
 that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio :  
 things grow fair against the sun,  
 at blossom first will first be ripe :

Content thyself a while.—In troth, 't is morning ;  
 Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.  
 Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :  
 Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter :  
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit ROD.*] Two things are to  
 be done,—  
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,  
 I'll set her on ;  
 Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,  
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
 Soliciting his wife :—Ay, that's the way ;  
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

*Enter* CASSIO, *and some Musicians.*

ers, play here, I will content your pains,  
 at's brief : and bid, Good-morrow, general.  
 [*Music.*]

*Enter* Clown.

masters, have your instruments been in  
 they speak i' the nose thus?  
 ow, sir, how?  
 here, I pray you, wind instruments?  
 y, marry, are they, sir.  
 ereby hangs a tail.  
 hereby hangs a tale, sir?  
 y, sir, by many a wind instrument that I  
 masters, here's money for you : and the  
 es your music that he desires you, for love's  
 : no more noise with it.  
 ell, sir, we will not.  
 a have any music that may not be heard,  
 but, as they say, to hear music the general  
 tly care.  
 e have none such, sir.  
 put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll  
 rnish into air ; away. [*Exit* Musicians.  
 thou hear, my honest friend?  
 I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.  
 ee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor  
 for thee : if the gentlewoman that attends  
 wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio  
 a little favour of speech : Wilt thou do  
 stirring, sir ; if she will stir hither I shall  
 y unto her. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* IAGO.

ood my friend.—In happy time, Iago.  
 I have not been a-bed then?  
 ; no ; the day had broke  
 rted. I have made bold, Iago,  
 your wife : My suit to her  
 ill to virtuous Desdemona  
 some access.  
 I'll send her to you presently ;  
 ise a mean to draw the Moor  
 ay, that your converse and business  
 : free. [*Exit.*]  
 mbly thank you for 't. I never knew  
 more kind and honest.

*Enter* EMILIA.

nd morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry  
 pleasure ; but all will sure be well.  
 and his wife are talking of it,

And she speaks for you stoutly : The Moor replies,  
 That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,  
 And great affinity ; and that, in wholesome wisdom,  
 He might not but refuse you : but he protests he loves you ;  
 And needs no other suitor, but his likings,  
 To take the saf'st occasion by the front,  
 To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you,—  
 If you think fit, or that it may be done,—  
 Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
 With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in ;  
 I will bestow you where you shall have time  
 To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;  
 And, by him, do my duties to the senate :  
 That done, I will be walking on the works,—  
 Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do 't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?  
*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

*Enter* DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

*Des.* Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do  
 All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emil.* Good madam, do ; I warrant it grieves my  
 husband,

As if the cause were his.

*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,  
 Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again  
 As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
 Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
 He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* I know 't,—I thank you : You do love my  
 lord :

You have known him long ; and be you well assur'd  
 He shall in strangeness stand no farther off  
 Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
 That policy may either last so long,  
 Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
 Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
 That I, being absent, and my place supplied,  
 My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him tame,\* and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio,  
For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO at a distance.*

*Emil.* Madam, here comes  
My lord.  
*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.  
*Des.* Why, stay,  
And hear me speak.  
*Cas.* Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,  
Unfit for mine own purposes.  
*Des.* Well; do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*]  
*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.  
*Oth.* What dost thou say?  
*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.  
*Oth.* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?  
*Iago.* Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,  
That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing your coming.  
*Oth.* I do believe 't was he.  
*Des.* How now, my lord?  
I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.  
*Oth.* Who is 't you mean?  
*Des.* Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,  
If I have any grace, or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation take;  
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,  
I have no judgment in an honest face:  
I prithee call him back.  
*Oth.* Went he hence now?  
*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his grief with me,  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.  
*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.  
*Des.* But shall 't be shortly?  
*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.  
*Des.* Shall 't be to-night at supper?  
*Oth.* No, not to-night.  
*Des.* To-morrow dinner then?  
*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;  
I meet the captains at the citadel.  
*Des.* Why then, to-morrow night; on Tuesday morn;  
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn;—  
I prithee name the time; but let it not  
Exceed three days: in faith he 's penitent;  
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,  
(Save that, they say, the wars must make example  
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault  
To incur a private check: When shall he come?  
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,  
What you would ask me that I should deny,  
Or stand so mammering<sup>c</sup> on. What! Michael Cassio,  
That came a wooing with you; and so many a time,  
When I have spoke of you disparagingly,  
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do  
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

\* Hawks were tamed by being kept from sleep.

<sup>b</sup> *Sweet Desdemona.* In five passages of this play, in the folio edition, Desdemona is called *Desdemona*. The abbreviation was not a capricious one, nor was it introduced merely for the sake of rhythm. It is clearly used as an epithet of familiar tenderness.

<sup>c</sup> *Mammering.* The quarto, *muttering*. The word, having the meaning of *suspense*—*doubt*, is constantly used by our old writers.

*Oth.* Prithee, no more: let him come wh  
I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a  
'T is as I should entreat you wear your giv  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you  
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit  
To your own person: Nay, when I have a  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poize and difficult weight  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee;  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no: Farewell,  
*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll co  
straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come:—Be as your fancies  
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, w*  
*Oth.* Excellent wretch!<sup>a</sup> Perdition catch  
But I do love thee! and when I love thee  
Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou  
*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you wa  
Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: Why  
ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thoug  
No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iag

*Iago.* I did not think he had been acqu  
her.

*Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very  
*Iago.* Indeed?

*Oth.* Indeed? ay, indeed:—Discern'st th  
that?

Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord?

*Oth.* Honest?

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my l

*Oth.* Think, my lord? Alas! thou echa

As if there were some monster in thy thoug  
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost t  
thing:

I heard thee say even now,—Thou lik'd'st m  
When Cassio left my wife: What didst nat  
And, when I told thee he was of my course  
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'd'st  
And didst contract and purse thy brow toge  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love m  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think

And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and hat  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st the  
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the  
For such things in a false disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that 's ju  
They 're close delations,<sup>b</sup> working from the  
That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassi

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

<sup>a</sup> *Wretch.* The playhouse copies, in their old  
phraseology, give us *wretch* instead of *wretch*. It  
perly explains *wretch* as expressing "the utmost  
amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all  
includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of power."

<sup>b</sup> *Delations.* We have adopted Johnson's *delation*  
tion, that the *delations* of the folio was *delations*  
Wotton uses *delations* in the sense of

Men should be what they seem ;  
at be not 'would they might seem none!  
tain, men should be what they seem.  
by then, I think Cassio's an honest man.  
y, yet there's more in this?  
ask to me, as to thy thinkings,  
t ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts  
f words.

Good my lord, pardon me;  
m bound to every act of duty,  
and to that all slaves are free to.  
oughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—  
that palace whereinto foul things  
intrude not?—who has a breast so pure,  
nealantly apprehensions  
and law-days, and in sessions sit  
ations lawful?  
ou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
think 't him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear  
to thy thoughts.

I do beseech you,  
perchance, am vicious in my guess,  
as it is my nature's plague  
abuses, and of my jealousy  
as that are not,) that your wisdom  
at so imperfectly conceits  
e no notice; nor build yourself a trouble  
cattering and unsure observance:  
for your quiet, nor your good,  
manhood, honesty, and wisdom,  
know my thoughts.

What dost thou mean?  
od name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
mediate jewel of their souls:  
my purse steals trash; 't is something, no-  
ing;  
e, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;  
t filches from me my good name,  
that which not enriches him,  
me poor indeed.  
I know thy thoughts.  
as cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
ot, whilst 't is in my custody.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
en-ey'd monster, which doth mock  
t feeds on:<sup>a</sup> That cuckold lives in bliss  
in of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
at damned minutes tells he o'er,  
yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly loves!  
misery!  
er, and content, is rich, and rich enough;  
fineless,<sup>b</sup> is as poor as winter,  
t ever fears he shall be poor:  
u, the souls of all my tribe defend  
say!

Why! why is this?  
ou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
till the changes of the moon  
suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,  
se resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,  
all turn the business of my soul  
sufflicate<sup>c</sup> and blow'd surmises,

adopts the reading,—

is the green-ey'd monster which doth make  
e meat it feeds on.<sup>d</sup>

doubt that mock is the true word; and that it may  
t, which doth play with,—half receive, half reject,  
t feeds on.

—endless.

mic. Todd, in his edition of 'Johnson's Dictionary,'  
sufflicate may be traced to the low Latin *exsufflare*,  
sufflato, an ancient form of exorcising, and figuratively  
abhorrence or contempt. *Exsufflicate* may thus  
improbable.

Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous  
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;  
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—  
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason  
To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;  
Wear your eyes thus,—not jealous, nor secure;  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to 't:  
I know our country disposition well;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience  
Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,  
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;  
She that so young could give out such a seeming,  
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,  
He thought 't was witchcraft:—But I am much to  
blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love:—But I do see you are mov'd.  
I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach  
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success<sup>a</sup>  
Which my thoughts aim'd not. Cassio's my worthy  
friend:—

My lord, I see you are mov'd:—

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—  
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold with  
you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;  
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends;  
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,  
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural,—  
But, pardon me; I do not in position  
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,  
May fall to match you with her country forms,  
And, happily, repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell!

If more thou dost perceive let me know more;

Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature,  
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat your honour

<sup>a</sup> Success—excession—consequence.

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:  
Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,  
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability.)  
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,  
You shall by that perceive him and his means:  
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment  
With any strong or vehement importunity;  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am.)  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

*Oth.* Fear not my government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave.

*Oth.* This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,  
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune.<sup>a</sup> Haply, for I am black;  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd  
Into the vale of years;—yet that 's not much:—  
She 's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief  
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,  
For other's uses. Yet 't is the plague of great ones;  
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death;  
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,  
When we do quicken. Look, where she comes.

*Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!  
I 'll not believe 't.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello?  
Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why do you speak so faintly?  
Are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Why, that 's with watching; 't will away again:  
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin<sup>b</sup> is too little;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*  
Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exit OTH. and DES.*

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin;  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me steal it: but she so loves the token,  
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,)  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss, and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en out,<sup>c</sup>  
And give 't Iago; what he will do with it,  
Heaven knows, not I:  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

*Enter IAGO.*

*Iago.* How now! what do you here alone?

<sup>a</sup> The images in this sentence are derived from falconry. Some doubts exist whether the *haggard* was an unreclaimed hawk: but there is no doubt that the old adjective *haggard* means wild. The *jesses* are the footstraps of a hawk.

<sup>b</sup> *Napkin* and *handkerchief* were synonymous.

<sup>c</sup> Emilia does not propose to obliterate the work, but to copy the work, and to restore the original to Desdemona. Iago's abrupt address frightens her from her purpose. That *ta'en out* means copied, we find in the subsequent scene, when Cassio says to Bianca, *take me this work out*. . . . I 'd have it copied.

*Emil.* Do not you chide; I have a thing

*Iago.* A thing for me?—it is a common

*Emil.* Ha!

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O, is that all? What will you  
now

For that same handkerchief?

*Iago.* What handkerchief?

*Emil.* What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stolen it from her?

*Emil.* No; but she let it drop by negligence  
And, to the advantage, I being here, took it.  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench; give it me

*Emil.* What will you do with 't, that you  
so earnest

To have me filch it?

*Iago.* Why, what 's that to

*Emil.* If it be not for some purpose of use  
Give 't me again: Poor lady! she 'll run  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not acknown on 't: I have use  
Go, leave me.

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do some  
The Moor already changes with my poison:  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, po  
Which, at the first, are scarce found to dust  
But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say  
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* Ha! ha! he

*Iago.* Why, how now, general? no more

*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set  
rack:—

I swear, 't is better to be much abus'd,  
Than but to know 't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my

*Oth.* What sense had I in her stolen hood  
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me  
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stole  
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd a

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general call  
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious wars,  
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

*Iago.* Is 't possible, my lord?

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love

<sup>a</sup> *I did say so.* These words are simply used in the  
sense—I said so—I was right.

<sup>b</sup> *Mandragera.* The mandrake was used by the  
powerful opium.

Give me the ocular proof;  
 [Taking him by the throat.  
 O, mine eternal soul,  
 I better have been born a dog  
 Than wak'd with this.]

Is 't come to this?  
 I see 't; or, at the least, so prove it,  
 That I may bear no hinge, nor loop,  
 In this: or woe upon thy life!  
 O, blest lord,—  
 Thou dost slander her, and torture me;  
 Never yet didst thou abandon all remorse;  
 On horrors accumulate:  
 O, heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,  
 At this: thou dost damnation add,  
 To this.

O grace! O heaven forgive me!  
 I have you a soul, or sense?—  
 O, take mine office.—O wretched fool,  
 I make thine honesty a vice,—  
 O, world! Take note, take note, O world,  
 That honest is not safe.  
 O, this profit; and, from hence,  
 O, mind, with love breeds such offence.  
 O, say:—Thou shouldst be honest,  
 O, and be wise; for honesty 's a fool,  
 O, that works for.

By the world,  
 O, be honest, and think she is not;  
 O, thou art just, and think thou art not;  
 O, proof: My name, that was as fresh  
 As the new-born babe, is now begrim'd and black  
 As hell,—If there be cords or knives,  
 Or suffocating streams,  
 O, I would I were satisfied!  
 O, if you are eaten up with passion:  
 O, that I put it to you.  
 O, satisfied?

Would you nay, and I will.  
 O, say: But how? how satisfied, my lord?  
 O, supervision grossly gape on?  
 O, 'd!

Death and damnation! O!  
 O, a tedious difficulty, I think,  
 O, that prospect: Damn them then,  
 O, yes do see them bolster,  
 O, own! What then? how then?  
 O, y? Where 's satisfaction?  
 O, you should see this,  
 O, time as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
 O, as in pride, and fools as gross  
 O, as made drunk. But yet, I say,  
 O, and strong circumstances,  
 O, directly to the door of truth,  
 O, satisfaction, you might have 't.

*quarto, defend.*  
 O, I can that loves to carry his honesty so far that it  
 O, what Iago means when he calls himself a fool.  
 O, (all modern editions, except Rowe's, this has  
 O, her name. There is probably not a more  
 O, of the meaning of the poet amongst the thou-  
 O, for which his editors are answerable. It  
 O, is the key to Othello's character. It is his intense  
 O, that makes his wife's supposed fault so terrific  
 O, that Desdemona's name is begrimed and black,  
 O, and is degraded. This one thought, here for-  
 O, gotten, pervades all the rest of the play; and  
 O, and how the poison operates upon Othello's  
 O, his prepared fully to believe him when he  
 O, said I did in hate, but all in honour."

O, his own name is now tarnished drives him at  
 O, y. He has said, "I'll have some proof;" but  
 O, so ideas of dishonour comes across his sensitive  
 O, into uncontrolled fury:—

—"If there be cords, or knives,  
 O, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
 O, I would I were satisfied."

*Oth.* Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office:  
 But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,  
 Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,  
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;  
 And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
 I could not sleep.  
 There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;  
 One of this kind is Cassio:  
 In sleep I heard him say,—Sweet Desdemona,  
 Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!  
 And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,  
 Cry,—O sweet creature! then kiss me hard,  
 As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
 That grew upon my lips; lay his leg o'er my thigh,  
 And sigh, and kiss; and then cry,—Cursed fate  
 That gave thee to the Moor!

*Oth.* O monstrous! monstrous!  
*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion;  
 'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs,  
 That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.  
*Iago.* Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—  
 Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,  
 Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift.  
*Iago.* I know not that: but such a handkerchief,  
 (I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day  
 See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,—  
*Iago.* If it be that or any, if 't was hers,  
 It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;  
 One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!  
 Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;  
 All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:  
 'T is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!  
 Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,  
 To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
 For 't is of aspicks' tongues!

*Iago.* Yet, be content.  
*Oth.* O, blood, blood, blood!

*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind may change.  
*Oth.* Never, Iago. 'Like to the Pontick sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course  
 Ne'er keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
 To the Propontick and the Hellespont:  
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
 Till that a capable and wide revenge  
 Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,  
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow  
 I here engage my words. [Kneels.]

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.]  
 Witness, you ever-burning lights above!  
 You elements that clip us round about!  
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
 The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
 To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,  
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
 What bloody business ever!

\* A gentleman who writes to us as "a sailor," begs us to  
 notice this passage as exhibiting a proof of the poet's know-  
 ledge "of the continual flow of the tide through the Gut of  
 Gibraltar."

† It is quite clear that Othello interrupts the conclusion of  
 Iago's speech. At the moment when he has said that obedience  
 to Othello shall stand in the place of remorse (mercy)—"What  
 bloody business ever" (Othello may command), Othello, jump-  
 ing at his meaning, at once sets him upon the murder of Cassio.

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:  
Within these three days let me hear thee say  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead; 't is done, at your request:  
But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!  
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter *DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.*

*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

*Clo.* I dare not say he lies any where.

*Des.* Why, man?

*Clo.* He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies  
is stabbing.

*Des.* Go to 'L. Where lodges he?

*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where  
I lie.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this?

*Clo.* I know not where he lodges; and for me to de-  
vise a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were  
to lie in mine own throat.

*Des.* Can you inquire him out, and be edified by re-  
port?

*Clo.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make  
questions, and by them answer.

*Des.* Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have  
moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

*Clo.* To do this is within the compass of man's wit;  
and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.]

*Des.* Where should I lose the handkerchief, Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse  
Full of cruzadoes. And, but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born,  
Drew all such humours from him.

*Emil.* Look where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now, till Cassio  
Be call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my lord?

Enter *OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* Well, my good lady;—[Aside.] O, hardness,  
to dissemble!

How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my  
lady.

*Des.* It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;  
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout;  
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,  
A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;

For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand: The hearts of old gave hands:  
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck?

*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

*Oth.* I have a salt and sorry rheum o'flow'd me,  
I'll me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it.

*Oth.* Not?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;  
She was a charmer, and could almost see  
The thoughts of people: she told her, when  
'T would make her amiable, and subdue  
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,  
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits  
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me,  
And bid me, when my fate would have  
To give it her. I did so: and take heed  
Make it a darling like your precious eye  
To lose 't or give 't away, were such perils  
As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is 't possible

*Oth.* 'T is true: There 's magic in 't  
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world  
The sun to course two hundred compass  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:  
The worms were hallow'd that did breed  
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the  
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

*Des.* Indeed; is

*Oth.* Most veritable; therefore look to  
*Des.* Then 'would to heaven that I had

*Oth.* Ha! wherefore?

*Des.* Why do you speak so startingly?

*Oth.* Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is 't

*Des.* Bless us!

*Oth.* Say you?

*Des.* It is not lost: But what and if 't

*Oth.* How?

*Des.* I say, it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch 't, let me

*Des.* Why, so I can, sir, but I will not

This is a trick, to put me from my suit;

Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

*Oth.* Fetch me the handkerchief: my

*Des.* Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Des.* I pray, talk

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Des.* A man that

Hath founded his good fortunes on your

Shar'd dangers with you;—

*Oth.* The handker-

*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away! [E]

*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there 's some wonder in this handker-

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emil.* 'T is not a year or two shows us:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but

They eat us hungerly, and when they are

They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and

Enter *IAGO and CASSIO.*

*Iago.* There is no other way; 't is she  
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune

*Des.* How now, good Cassio! what 's the

you?

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit: I do beseech

That, by your virtuous means, I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love,

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,

Extremely honour; I would not be delay'd

he of such mortal kind,  
service past, nor present sorrows,  
merit in futurity  
as into his love again,  
so must be my benefit;  
the me in a forc'd content,  
self up in some other course,  
I'ma.

Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,  
it is not now in tune;  
it my lord; nor should I know him,  
your, as in humour, alter'd.  
every spirit sanctified,  
ken for you all my best,  
thin the blank of his displeasure,  
speech! You must awhile be patient:  
so I will; and more I will,  
self I dare: let that suffice you.  
My lord angry?

He went hence but now,  
y, in strange unquietness.  
he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
blown his ranks into the air;  
devil, from his very arm  
in brother:—And can he be angry?  
moment, then: I will go meet him;  
er in 't indeed, if he be angry.  
hee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,  
[Exit IAGO.]

Venice; or some unhatch'd practice  
strable here in Cyprus to him,  
I his clear spirit: and, in such cases,  
I wrangle with inferior things,  
ones are their object. 'Tis even so;  
nger ache, and it induces  
lthful members ev'n to a sense  
y, we must think men are not gods;  
look for such observancy  
dal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
dsome warrior as I am)  
s unkindness with my soul;  
ed I had suborn'd the witness,  
lected falsely.

My heaven it be state matters, as you think;  
option, nor no jealous toy,  
on.

the day! I never gave him cause.  
jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
ever jealous for the cause,  
or they're jealous: It is a monster,  
self, born on itself.

*Des.* Heaven keep the monster from Othello's mind!

*Emil.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:  
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio!

*Cas.* What make you from home?  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?  
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;  
But I shall, in a more continuat<sup>a</sup> time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,  
[*Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.

*Bian.* O, Cassio, whence came this?  
This is some token from a newer friend.  
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.  
Is 't come to this? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to, woman!  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous now  
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:  
No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?  
*Cas.* I know not, neither: I found it in my chamber  
I like the work well: ere it be demanded,  
(As like enough it will,) I'd have it copied:  
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?

*Cas.* I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you?

*Cas.* Not that I love you not.

*Bian.* But that you do not love me  
I pray you bring me on the way a little;  
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,  
For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.*

you think so?

Think so, Iago?

What,

vate?

An unauthoriz'd kiss?  
be naked with her friend in bed,  
ore, not meaning any harm?  
d in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?  
against the devil:  
an virtuously, and yet do so,  
if virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.  
ry do nothing, 't is a venial slip:  
my wife a handkerchief,—

*Oth.* What then?

*Iago.* Why then 't is hers, my lord; and, being hers,  
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too

May she give that?

*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;

They have it very oft that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot

it:—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,

Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.* That 's not so good, now.

<sup>a</sup> *Continuata* time is time uninterrupted.



*Iago.* What, if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad,  
Who, having by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose  
But they must blab,)—

*Oth.* Hath he said anything?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but he you well assur'd,  
No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?

*Iago.* Why, that he did,—I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her?—on her?—what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her,  
when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome,—  
Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess,  
and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged,  
and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would  
not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without  
some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus:—  
Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is't possible?—Confess!  
—Handkerchief!—O devil! [*Falls, in a trance.*]

*Iago.* Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;  
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,  
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

*Enter CASSIO.*

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

*Cas.* What is the matter?

*Iago.* My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:  
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
He will recover straight: when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[*Exit CASSIO.*]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you? no, by heaven:

'Would you would bear your fortune like a man.

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow that's but yok'd  
May draw with you: there's millions now alive  
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,  
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.  
O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;  
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

*Oth.* O, thou art wise; 't is certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.<sup>b</sup>

Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man,)

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;

<sup>a</sup> The stage direction of the folio is, *falls in a trance*. We have altered the punctuation to express, what no doubt was meant, that Othello actually falls. The direction of the first quarto is, *he falls down*. Iago's statement to Cassio, *my lord fallen into an epilepsy*, is not meant for a falsehood.

<sup>b</sup>—bound, barrier.

The which he promis'd. Do but encave  
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notes  
That dwell in every region of his face;  
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and  
He hath, and is again to cope your wife  
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, yet  
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen  
And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, I  
I will be found most cunning in my plot  
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

*Iago.* *Thy*  
But yet keep time in all. Will you will

[*Othello*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife, that by selling her desires  
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature  
That dotes on Cassio,—as 't is the strumpet  
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;  
And his unbookish jealousy must construe  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light looks  
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now,

*Cas.* The worse, that you give me the  
Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you  
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dower,<sup>a</sup> [5]  
How quickly should you speed?

*Cas.* Alas, my

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already!

*Iago.* I never knew woman love man.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue! I think indeed

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth.* Now he is

To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said

*Iago.* She gives it out, that you shall

Do you intend it?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Do you triumph, Roman? do you

*Cas.* I marry!—what? a customer!  
some charity to my wit; do not think it  
some. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* So, so, so, so: They laugh that

*Iago.* Why, the cry goes, that you may

*Cas.* Prithee, say true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* Have you scored me? Well.

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving;  
persuaded I will marry her, out of her  
flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* Iago beckons me; now he begins

*Cas.* She was here even now; she has  
place. I was, the other day, talking out  
with certain Venetians; and thither come  
and falls me thus about my neck;—

*Oth.* Crying, O dear Cassio! as if we  
imports it.

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps  
shakes and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

*Oth.* Now he tells how she plucked  
chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but  
I shall throw it to.

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look, where she comes

<sup>a</sup> Dower, in the sense of gift.

Enter BIANCA.

ch another fitchew! marry, a per-  
at do you mean by this haunting of

devil and his dam haunt you! What  
that same handkerchief you gave me  
is a fine fool to take it. I must take  
a likely piece of work that you should  
chamber, and know not who left it  
ne mix's token, and I must take out  
—give it your hobby horse: where-  
I'll take out no work on't.

, my sweet Bianca? how now, how  
n, that should be my handkerchief!

[*Aside.*  
I come to supper to-night, you may; if  
e when you are next prepared for. [*Ex.*  
, after her.

she'll rail in the streets else.

Is sup there?

end so.

may chance to see you; for I would  
with you.

some: Will you?

ay no more.

[*Exit* CASSIO.

Will I murder him, Iago?

perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Do you see the handkerchief?

Is mine?

By this hand: and to see how he prizes  
it, your wife! she gave it him, and he  
whore.

Have him nine years a killing:—A  
virgin woman! a sweet woman!

You must forget that.

Ever rot, and perish, and be damned to-  
all not live: No, my heart is turned to  
and it burts my hand. O, the world  
creature: she might lie by an empe-  
mand him tasks.

It's not your way.

Truly! I do but say what she is:—So  
needle!—An admirable musician! O,  
savageness out of a bear!—Of so high  
and invention!

Is worse for all this.

And sand, a thousand times:—And then,  
dition!

Gentle.

It's certain: But yet the pity of it,  
be pity of it, Iago!

Be so fond over her iniquity, give her  
far, if it touch not you it comes near

up her into messes:—Cuckold me!

But in her.

Be officer!

Be ruler.

Some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll  
with her, lest her body and beauty un-  
again:—this night, Iago.

With poison: strangle her in her bed,  
bath contaminated.

God: the justice of it pleases; very

Cassio,—let me be his undertaker:  
ore by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*  
t good.—What trumpet is that same?

It, something from Venice.

It, comes from the duke;

With him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a packet.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet and reads.*

Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: how does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there 's fallen between him and my lord  
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will— [*Reads.*

Lod. He did not call: he 's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him,

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw 't: 'T is very much;

Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls \* would prove a crocodile:—

Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress—

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn;

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she 's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—

Very obedient:—Proceed you in your tears.—

Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!

I am commanded home:—Get you away;

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice:—Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit* Des.

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!

[*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature

Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my cen-  
sure.

\* Falls, used as a verb active.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—  
I would to heaven, he were.

*Lod.* What, strike his wife!

*Iago.* Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I  
knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

*Lod.* Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create his fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech: Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

*Emil.* But then I saw no harm; and then I heard  
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What, did they never whisper?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way?

*Emil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor  
nothing?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* That 's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,

Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There 's no man happy; the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither:—go.— [*Exit EMIL.*]

She says enough;—yet she 's a simple bawd

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,

A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:

And yet she 'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do 't.

*Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.*

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?

*Oth.* Pray you, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy 's this?

*Oth.* Some of your function, mistress; [*To EMIL.*]

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[*Exit EMIL.*]

*Des.* Upon my knee what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,

Swear—thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I

false?

*Oth.* Ah Desdemona!—away! away! away!

*Des.* A

Am I the

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An instrum

Lay not y

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*Oth.*

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Ay, there,

*Des.* I

*Oth.* O

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*Des.* A

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<sup>a</sup> By the

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cient, and i

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<sup>c</sup> What co

<sup>d</sup> A

Othello, ind

it to a times

, what does this gentleman conceive?—  
 madam? how do you, my good lady?  
 half asleep.  
 madam, what's the matter with my lord?  
 who?

Why, with my lord, madam.  
 is thy lord?

He that is yours, sweet lady.  
 none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;  
 nor answer have I none,  
 did go by water. Prithce, to-night  
 did my wedding sheets,—remember;—  
 husband hither.

Here's a change, indeed! [*Exit.*]  
 meet I should be us'd so, very meet.  
 seen behav'd, that he might stick  
 opinion on my least misuse?

*Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.*

is your pleasure, madam? How is 't  
 you?  
 not tell. Those that do teach young babes,  
 the means and easy tasks:  
 to chide me so; for, in good faith,  
 to chiding.

What is the matter, lady?  
 Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,  
 despite and heavy terms upon her,  
 she cannot bear it.  
 that name, Iago?

What name, fair lady?  
 as she said my lord did say I was,  
 all'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink,  
 laid such terms upon his callet,  
 did he so?  
 do know; I am sure I am none such.  
 do weep, do not weep; Alas the day!  
 she forsook so many noble matches,  
 for her country, and her friends,  
 whose? would it not make one weep?  
 my wretched fortune.

Beshrew him for 't!  
 a trick upon him?

Nay, heaven doth know.  
 I be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
 an insinuating rogue,  
 cozening slave, to get some office,  
 would this slander; I will be hang'd else  
 were is no such man; it is impossible.  
 such there be, heaven pardon him!  
 later pardon him! and hell gnaw his  
 !  
 do call her whore? who keeps her com-  
 pany?

What time? what form? what likeli-  
 hood?  
 us'd by some most villainous knave,  
 a serious knave, some scurvy fellow:—  
 such companions thou'dst unfold;  
 cry honest hand a whip,  
 scalds naked through the world,  
 east to the west!

Speak within door.  
 upon them! some such squire he was  
 our wit the seamy side without,  
 to suspect me with the Moor.  
 are a fool; go to.

Alas, Iago,  
 do to win my lord again?  
 do to him; for, by this light of heaven,  
 I lost him. Here I kneel;  
 did trespass 'gainst his love,  
 worse of thought, or actual deed;  
 yes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form;  
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
 And ever will,—though he do shake me off  
 To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,  
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;  
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
 But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;  
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word;  
 To do the act that might the addition earn,  
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 't is but his humour;  
 The business of the state does him offence,  
 And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 't were no other!  
*Iago.* It is but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets*]  
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!  
 The messengers of Venice stay the meat.  
 Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

*Enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo?

*Rod.* I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou dafts me with some device,  
 Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from  
 me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least  
 advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it:  
 Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already  
 I have foolishly suffered.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* I have heard too much; and your words and  
 performances are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself  
 out of my means. The jewels you have had from me,  
 to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a  
 votarist: You have told me she hath received them,  
 and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden  
 respect and acquaintance: but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor  
 't is not very well. Nay, I think, it is scurvy; and  
 begin to find myself fobbed in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you, 't is not very well. I will make  
 myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my  
 jewels I will give over my suit, and repent my unlaw-  
 ful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satis-  
 faction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intend-  
 ment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and  
 even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion  
 than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou  
 hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I  
 protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and  
 your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But,  
 Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have  
 greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, pur-  
 pose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou  
 the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me  
 from this world with treachery, and devise engines for  
 my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason and com-  
 pass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from  
 Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona  
 return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh

away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean removing him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me to do?

*Iago.* Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further

*Oth.* O, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir?

O, Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord.

[Exeunt OTH., LOD., and Attendants.

*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says he will return incontinent; and hath commanded me to go to bed, and bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu; We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* Ay, would you had never seen him!

*Des.* So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,— Prithee, unpun me,—have grace and favour in them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

*Des.* All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara; She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad, And did forsake her: she had a song of "willow," An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it: That song, to-night, Will not go from my mind; I have much to do, But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it, like poor Barbara. Prithee, despatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

*Des.* No, unpun me here.— This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* He speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

*Des.* The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore

Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee

Sing willow, willow, willow;

The fresh streams ran by her, and marmur'd

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Prithee, hie thee: he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve.

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is 't?

*Emil.* It's the wind.

*Des.* I call'd my love, false love; but what

Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women you'll couch with me

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes

Doth that bode weeping?

*Emil.* 'T is neither here

*Des.* I have heard it said so.—O, the

men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me,

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

*Emil.* There be some such.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for

*Emil.* Why, would not you?

*Des.* No, by this heaven!

*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly

I might do 't as well i' the dark.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for

*Emil.* The world's a huge thing: 'T

for a small vice.

*Des.* In troth, I think thou wouldst not

*Emil.* In troth, I think I should; and

I had done. Marry, I would not do such

joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor

petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibit

all the whole world.—Why, who would

husband a cuckold, to make him a mortal

venture purgatory for 't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a

whole world.

*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong

and, having the world for your labour, 't

your own world, and you might quickly

*Des.* I do not think there is any such

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen; and as many to

would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think it is their husbands' fault

If wives do fall: Say, that they slack the

And pour our treasures into foreign laps;

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they

Or scant our former having in despite;

Why, we have galls; and, though we have

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands

Their wives have sense like them: they see

And have their palates both for sweet and

As husbands have. What is it that they

When they change us for others? Is it

I think it is: And doth affection breed

I think it doth: Is 't frailty that thus

It is so too: And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?

Then, let them use us well: else, let them

The ills we do their ills instruct us so.

*Des.* Good night, good night: Heaven

send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad,

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODRIGO.

Stand behind this bulk; straight will he  
me:  
ood rapier bare, and put it home;  
rk; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow;  
, or it mars us; think on that,  
st firm thy resolution.  
near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.  
re, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy  
and. [*Retires to a little distance.*]  
ave no great devotion to the deed;  
hath given me satisfying reasons:—  
man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

[*Goes to his stand.*]  
ave rubb'd this young quat\* almost to the  
use,  
es angry. Now whether he kill Cassio,  
im, or each do kill the other,  
makes my gain: Live Roderigo,  
e to a restitution large  
d jewels, that I bobb'd from him,  
Desdemona;  
be; if Cassio do remain,  
lly beauty in his life  
me ugly; and, besides, the Moor  
me to him; there stand I in much peril.  
t die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

now his gait, 't is he:—Villain, thou diest.  
es from his post, and makes a pass at CAS.  
at thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
y coat<sup>b</sup> is better than thou know'st;  
e proof of thine. [*Draws, and wounds ROD.*]  
I am slain! [*IAGO rushes from his post,*  
cuts CAS. behind in the leg, and exit.  
n maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder!  
urther! [*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.  
villain that I am!

'T is even so.  
elp! ho! light! a surgeon!  
s be:—O brave Iago, honest, and just,  
sch noble sense of thy friend's wrong!  
st me:—Minion, your dear lies dead,  
noblest fate hies:—Strumpet, I come:  
heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;  
st-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.  
[*Exit.*]

RODRIGO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

st, ho! no watch? no passage? murder!  
urther!  
s some mischance; the voice is very direful.  
elp!

Hark!

O wretched villain!  
e or three groan:—'t is heavy night:<sup>d</sup>  
nson explains, that a *quat*, in the midland counties,  
ich by rubbing is made to smart, or is rubbed to  
as the buff jerkin.  
e—no one passing.  
does not merely say that there are two or three  
e man, but that two or three men groan; and he  
may be counterfeits." 'T is heavy night, is, 't is

These may be counterfeits; let 's think 't unsafe  
To come into the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light and  
weapons.

Iago. Who 's there? whose noise is this that cries on  
murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What 's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done  
this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,  
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To LOD. and GRA.*]

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That 's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[*IAGO stabs ROD.*]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!— [*Dies.*]

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody  
thieves?—

How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here 's Cassio hurt by vil-  
lains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is 't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is 't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O  
Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect  
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to  
seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,  
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; yes; 't is Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano! I cry your gentle pardon;

2 X

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
That so neglected you.

*Gra.* I am glad to see you.

*Jago.* How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

*Gra.* Roderigo!

*Jago.* He, he, 't is he:—O, that's well said;—the  
chair:— [A chair brought in.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;  
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[To *BIANCA*.

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,  
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the man.

*Jago.* [To *BIANCA*.] What, look you pale?—O bear  
him o' the air.—

[*CASSIO* and *ROD.* are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well: I pray you look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter *EMILIA*.

*Emil.* Alas, what is the matter? what is the matter,  
husband?

*Jago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,

By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd;

He's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead.

*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

*Jago.* This is the fruits of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—

What, do you shake at that?

*Bian.* He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake  
not.

*Jago.* O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

*Emil.* O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

*Bian.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest

As you that thus abuse me.

*Emil.* As I? fie upon thee!

*Jago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio  
dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—

Will you go on afore? This is the night, [Aside.

That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber: *DESDEMONA* in  
bed asleep. A light burning.

Enter *OTHELLO*.

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Takes off his sword.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!

\* We have pointed this controverted passage according to a  
suggestion of Warburton. It is usually printed as it is found  
in the original copies:—

"Put out the light, and then put out the light."

Warburton's explanation of his reading is as follows:—"The  
meaning is, I will put out the light, and then proceed to the  
execution of my purpose. But, the expression of putting out  
the light bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the  
light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the  
effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition  
of his first words, as much as to say,—But hold, let me  
first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally  
excites." The reading of the folio in a subsequent line "but  
once put out thy light," strengthens, we think, this interpreta-  
tion of Warburton's.

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister!

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me:—but once put out

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature

I know not where is that Promethean heat

That can thy light relume. When I have

rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,

It needs must wither:—I'll smell thee as

O balmy breath, that doth almost persuade

Justice to break her sword!—One more, and

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kiss

And love thee after:—One more, and this

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep

But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's hatch'd

It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

*Des.* Who's there? Othello?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord?

*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

*Des.*

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any creature

Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alack, my lord, what may you mean?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No.—Heavens forbid.—I would not kill

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.

*Des.*

Have mercy on me!

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart.

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not

*Oth.* Humph!

*Des.* And yet I fear you; for you are

When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They are loves.

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest.

*Des.* That death's unnatural that kills

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame

These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope

They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still.

*Des.* I will so: What's the matter?

*Oth.* That handkerchief, which I so loved

thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul,

Send for the man and ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul,

Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently.

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath

Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conceit

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* O, heaven have mercy on me!

*Oth.* I say,

*Des.* And have you mercy too!—I never

Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,

But with such general warranty of heaven

As I might love: I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief

O perjur'd woman! thou dost shame thy bed

And mak'st me call what I intend to do

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:

I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it thus:

in :- Send for him hither;  
a truth.

He hath confess'd.  
My lord?  
hath us'd thee.

How? unlawfully?

I will not say so.

No, his mouth is stopp'd;  
I ta'en order for 't.  
The doctor interprets,—What, is he dead?  
His hairs been lives, my great revenge  
on them all.

He is betray'd, and I undone.

Impet! weep'st thou for him to my

me, my lord, but kill me not.  
rumpet!

to-morrow, let me live to-night.  
you strive.—

But half an hour.

Being done,

But while I say one prayer.

[He smothers her.  
My lord! my lord! what ho! my  
my lord!

is this? — Not dead! not yet quite

am yet merciful;  
thee linger in thy pain.—

What ho, my lord! my lord!

Who's there?

O, good my lord, I would speak a  
with you.

is Emilia;—by and by:—She's dead.  
ees to speak of Cassio's death;

th. Ha! no more moving?

Shall she come in? Were 't good?  
again:—No.—What's best to do?

e'll sure speak to my wife:

fe! what wife?—I have no wife:

O heavy hour!

d be now a huge eclipse

, and that the affrighted globe

ration.

I do beseech you that I may speak  
a,

got thee: O, come in, Emilia:—

—Let me the curtains draw.—

What's the matter with thee now?

[Unlocks the door.

Enter EMILIA.

ood lord, yonder 's foul murders done.  
ow?

But now, my lord!

very error of the moon;

earer earth than she was wont,

mad.

my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,

*done are not addressed to Desdemona, but  
ing in Othello's mind. The conflict between  
ined honour is over; he looks upon the act  
se when he has lifted his murderous hand  
it is done. For the mere completion of the  
then the mercy, "there is no pause."*

*age direction at this place in the original  
et probable that the poet intended Othello  
ona, according to the practice of the mo-  
vious resolution, "I'll not shed her blood,"  
agony and terror of the moment, when he  
quite dead.*

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder 's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas; what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil.

O, who hath done

This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell. [Dies.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;

'T was I that kill'd her.

Emil.

O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil.

Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did top her: ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity: Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth.

Ay, with Cassio.

Had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me on her first;

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil.

My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy  
husband.

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with  
love!—

My husband say that she was false?

Oth.

He, woman;

I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil.

Do thy worst;

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,

Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth.

Peace, you were the best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help! ho! help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter!—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?



*Emil.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :  
He says, thou toldst him that his wife was false :  
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain :  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought ; and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him she was false ?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie ; an odious, damned lie ;  
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie :

She false with Cassio !—Did you say with Cassio ?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress : Go to, charm your  
tongue.

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to  
speak ;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

*All.* O heavens forbend !

*Emil.* And your reports have set the murder on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true indeed.

*Gra.* 'T is a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act !

*Emil.* Villainy, villainy, villainy !—  
I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't—O villainy !—  
I thought so then ;—I 'll kill myself for grief.—  
O villainy, villainy !

*Iago.* What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you  
home.

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;  
'T is proper I obey him, but not now :

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down, and roar :  
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,  
That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* O, she was foul !—  
I scarce did know you, uncle : there lies your niece,  
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd :  
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's dead ;  
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobance.

*Oth.* 'T is pitiful ; but yet Iago knows,  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
A thousand times committed ; Cassio confess'd it :  
And she did gratify his amorous works  
With that recognizance and pledge of love  
Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand ;  
It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'T will out, 't will out !—I hold my peace,  
sir ? no ;

No, I will speak as liberal as the north ;<sup>a</sup>  
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,  
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emil.* I will not. [*IAGO offers to stab his wife.*]

*Gra.* Fie !

Your sword upon a woman ?

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief thou  
speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband  
For often with a solemn earnestness,  
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,  
He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Villainous whore !

*Emil.* She give it Cassio ! no, alas, I found it,  
and did give 't my husband.

Filth, thou liest.

<sup>a</sup> *Ice-brook's temper.* The practice of the Spaniards  
of using the sword in the sense of unrestrained—uncorroborated.

*Emil.* By heaven, I do not ; I do not, you  
O murderous coxcomb ! what should such  
Do with so good a wife ?

[*IAGO stabs EMIL, &c.*]

*Oth.* Are there no atoms

But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious

*Gra.* The woman falls ; sure he has kill'd

*Emil.* Ay, ay : O, lay me by my mistress

*Gra.* He 's gone, but his wife 's kill'd.

*Mon.* 'T is a notorious villain. Take

pon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor,  
Come, guard the door without : let him in  
But kill him rather ; I 'll after that same  
For 't is a damned slave.

*Oth.* I am not valiant  
But every pony whipster gets my sword ;  
But why should honour outlive honesty ?  
Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy song bode, la  
Hark, canst thou hear me ? I will play it  
And die in music ;—“ Willow, willow, we  
Moor, she was chaste ; she lov'd thee, cruel  
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true  
So speaking as I think, alas, I die.

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chest  
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper  
O, here it is :—Uncle, I must come forth

*Gra.* If thou attempt it, it will cost thee  
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must

*Oth.* Look in upon me then, and speak  
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Gra.* What is the matter ?

*Oth.* Behold ! I ha  
A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the deed  
That with this little arm, and this good sword,  
I have made my way through more impediments  
Than twenty times your stop :—But, O !  
Who can control his fate ? 't is not so now  
Be not afraid though you do see me weep  
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd ? 't is a lost  
Man but a rash against Othello's breast,  
And he retires ;—Where should Othello go  
Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starred  
Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet  
This look of thine will hurl my soul from  
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold,  
Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave !—Whip me, ye devils,  
From the possession of this heavenly sight !  
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sun  
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !  
O Desdemona ! dead Desdemona ! dead.

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, &c.*  
*chair, and Officers, with IAGO, &c.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and unreasoning  
man ?

*Oth.* That 's he that was Othello ; here

*Lod.* Where is that viper ? bring the villain

*Oth.* I look down towards his festering  
fable ;

If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee.  
[*Exit Othello.*]

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.

*Iago.* I bleed, sir ; but  
*Oth.* I am not sorry neither ; I 'd have  
For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

<sup>a</sup> *Ice-brook's temper.* The practice of the Spaniards  
their swords by plunging them, when hot from the  
waters of an icy coldness, is noticed by Martial and

in Othello, that was once so good,  
practice of a cursed slave,  
said to thee?

Why, anything:  
murderer, if you will;  
did in hate, but all in honour.  
wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:  
he consent in Cassio's death?

general, I never gave you cause.  
believe it, and I ask your pardon,  
pray, demand that demi-devil,  
thus enar'd my soul and body?  
and me nothing: what you know, you  
w:  
e forth I never will speak word.  
? not to pray?

Torments will ope your lips.  
, thou dost best,  
ou shall understand what hath befall'n,  
think, you know not: Here is a letter,  
pocket of the slain Roderigo;  
ther: the one of them imports  
Cassio to be undertook

lain!

Most heathenish and most gross!  
here's another discontented paper,  
pocket too; and this, it seems,  
not to have sent this damned villain;  
ke, Iago in the interim  
satisfied him.

O thou pernicious caitiff!—  
O, Cassio, by that handkerchief  
wife's?

I found it in my chamber;  
if confess'd, but even now,  
dropp'd it, for a special purpose,  
fit to his desire.

O fool! fool! fool!  
is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—  
tells Iago, that he made him  
in the watch; whereon it came  
at: And even but now he spake,  
making dead,—Iago hurt him,  
on.

must forsake this room, and go with us;  
and your command is taken off,

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—  
If there be any cunning cruelty,  
That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.  
I have done the state some service, and they know 't;  
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak  
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;  
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,  
Like the base Indian,<sup>a</sup> threw a pearl away,  
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinable gum: Set you down this:  
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself.

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but  
this,

Killing myself to die upon a kiss. [Dies.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;  
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog!  
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!  
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [To IAGO.  
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—  
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,  
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;  
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!  
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,  
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> Indian. Boswell, in a very sensible note, shows that *tribe* meant in Shakspeare's day *kindred*; that *base* is used in the sense of ignorant; and, what is very important, that two poets after Shakspeare have described the *Indians* as casting away jewels of which they knew not the value. The ordinary reading is "Judean."





The text of the folio, in the dramatic respect, differs considerably from that of the quartos. Large passages which are found in the quartos are omitted in the folio: there are, indeed, some lines found in the folio which are not in the quartos, amounting to about fifty. These are scattered passages, not very remarkable when detached, but for the most part essential to the progress of the action or to the development of character. On the other hand the lines found in the quartos which are not in the folio amount to as many as two hundred and twenty-five; and they comprise one entire scene and one or two of the most striking connected passages in the drama. It would be easy to account for these omissions, by the assumption that in the folio edition the original play was cut down by the editors; for 'Lear,' without the omissions, is perhaps the longest of Shakspeare's plays, with the exception of 'Hamlet.' But this theory would require us to assume, also, that the additions to the folio were made by the editors. These comprise several such minute touches as none but the hand of the master could have superadded.

The story of 'Lear' belongs to the popular literature of Europe. It is a pretty episode in the fabulous chronicles of Britain; and whether invented by the monkish historians, or transplanted into our annals from some foreign source, is not very material. In the 'Gesta Romanorum,' the same story is told of Theodosius, "a wise emperor in the city of Rome."

Shelley, in his eloquent 'Defence of Poetry,' published in his 'Posthumous Essays,' &c., has stated the grounds for his belief that the 'Lear' of Shakspeare may sustain a comparison with the master-pieces of the Greek tragedy. "The modern practice of blending comedy with tragedy, though liable to great abuse in point of practice, is undoubtedly an extension of the dramatic circle; but the comedy should be as in 'King Lear,' universal, ideal, and sublime. It is, perhaps, the inter-

mediety of Euripides; and, in the least, describes such works of Shakspeare as obscure chaos, composed of murder and heroism and meanness."

In certain schools of criticism, it is said that 'Lear' "may be judged to be a specimen of the dramatic *art exilis* would be treated as a mere vision; and should still be reminded that Shakspeare and irregular genius," producing that he could not help it. In France, the feeble echoes of the contest between the romantic and the classic schools.

Poor Nabum Tate did not unfitly when he said of 'Lear,' "It is a heap and unpolished, yet so dazzling in its soon perceived I had seized a treasure."

There is only one mode in which as the 'Lear' of Shakspeare can be studied, and by reverential reflection produced the miserable parody of 'Lear' a few years had banished the 'Lear' from the stage, was, as far as regards the highest efforts of intellect, a prescriptive and therefore empty age. Tate was not Shakspeare was not read. We have, in degree, to a better judgment, because we judge more humbly. We have learned the highest works of the highest masters of the pedantic principle of considering a play to the extent in which he is an imitator but by endeavouring to comprehend the modern and the ancient each within the circle of Shakspeare and the Antigone many points of similarity; but that a different system of art. It is for only to carry their several systems

# K I N G L E A R

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**LEAR, King of Britain.**  
*sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2;  
 6. Act IV. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**KING OF FRANCE.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

**DUKE OF BURGUNDY.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

**DUKE OF CORNWALL.**  
*I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III.  
 sc. 5; sc. 7.*

**DUKE OF ALBANY.**  
*sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

**EARL OF KENT.**  
*sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III.  
 sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 3.*

**EARL OF GLOSTER.**  
*sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3;  
 sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 2.*

**EDGAR, son to Gloster.**  
*sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4;  
 IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**EDMUND, bastard son to Gloster.**  
*sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3;  
 sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

**CURAN, a courtier.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1.*

**Old Man, tenant to Gloster.**  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.*

**Physician.**  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.*

**Fool.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2;  
 sc. 4; sc. 6.*

**OSWALD, steward to Goneril.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 4. Act III.  
 sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6.*

**An Officer, employed by Edmund.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 3.*

**Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.**  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 7.*

**A Herald.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 3.*

**Servants to Cornwall.**  
*Appear, Act III. sc. 7.*

**GONERIL, daughter to Lear.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4. Act III.  
 sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

**REGAN, daughter to Lear.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 7.  
 Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

**CORDELIA, daughter to Lear.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,  
 Soldiers, and Attendants.*

## SCENE.—BRITAIN.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—King Lear's Palace.

**KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.**

*Edm.* Might the king had more affected the duke  
 than Cornwall.

*Kent.* Always seem so to us: but now, in the  
 kingdom, it appears not which of the  
 was most; for qualities are so weigh'd,  
 \* in neither can make choice of either's

*Edm.* Is this your son, my lord?

*Kent.* Feeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I  
 blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I  
 t.

*Edm.* I cannot conceive you.

*Kent.* His young fellow's mother could: where  
 e round-womb'd; and had indeed, sir, a  
 dle, ere she had a husband for her bed.  
 a fault?

*Edm.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it  
 t.

*Kent.* I have a son, sir, by order of law, some  
 an this, who yet is no dearer in my ac-  
 cept of this knave came somewhat saucily to  
 me he was sent for, yet was his mother  
 exact scrutiny.

*Edm.* In the same way Hotspur calls his third share a  
 s these cases it is used for an assigned propor-

fair; there was good sport at his making, and the  
 whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this  
 noble gentleman, Edmund?

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glo.* My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as  
 my honourable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better.

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study deserving.

*Glo.* He hath been out nine years, and away he shall  
 again:—The king is coming. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

*Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,  
 CORDELIA, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Attend the lords of France and Burgundy,  
 Gloster.

*Glo.* I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt GLO. and EDM.*]

*Lear.* Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.  
 Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,  
 In three, our kingdom: and 't is our fast intent  
 To shake all cares and business from our age;  
 Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
 Unburthen'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Corn-  
 wall,  
 And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
 We have this hour a constant will to publish  
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife  
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and Bur-  
 gundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,  
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,  
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,  
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,  
Interest of territory, cares of state,  
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?  
That we our largest bounty may extend  
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,  
Our eldest born, speak first.

*Gon.* Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter,  
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;  
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:  
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

*Cor.* What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

*Lear.* Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests, and with champains rich'd,  
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,  
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issues  
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,  
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

*Reg.* I am made of that self metal as my sister,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
I find she names my very deed of love;  
Only she comes too short,—that I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;  
And find, I am alone felicitate  
In your dear highness' love.

*Cor.* Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*]  
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's  
More ponderous than my tongue.

*Lear.* To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;  
No less in space, validity,<sup>a</sup> and pleasure,  
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,  
Although our last and least;<sup>b</sup> to whose young love  
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy  
Strive to be interest'd;<sup>c</sup> what can you say, to draw  
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing?

*Cor.* Nothing.

*Lear.* Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth; I love your majesty  
According to my bond; no more, nor less.

*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,  
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.* Good my lord,  
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I  
Return those duties back as are right fit,  
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,  
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry  
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:  
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all.

*Lear.* But goes thy heart with this?

*Cor.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* So young, and so untender?

<sup>a</sup> *Validity*—value, worth.

<sup>b</sup> We give the text as it stands in the folio, by which we lose the words which have passed into a household phrase, "Although the last not least." But in truth the modern text is not to be found in any edition of Shakspeare.

<sup>c</sup> *Interest'd*. This verb, from the French *intéresser*, is used by Ben Jonson and Massinger.

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so:—Thy truth then be thy  
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;  
The mysteries of Hecate and the night;  
By all the operation of the orbs,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous  
Or he that makes his generation wassers  
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
As thou, my sometime daughter.

*Kent.* Good my lord,

*Lear.* Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath  
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest  
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid me  
[*To*

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—  
Call Burgundy,—Cornwall and Albany,  
With my two daughters' dowers digest the  
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry  
I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by most  
With reservation of an hundred knights,  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall  
The name, and all the additions to a king;  
The sway,  
Revenue, execution of the rest,  
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,  
This coronet part between you. [*Giving*

*Kent.* Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,  
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,  
As my great patron thought on in my prayers

*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make  
shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork  
The region of my heart: be Kent unmanner'd  
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do,  
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to  
When power to flattery bows? To plainness  
bound,

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state  
And, in thy best consideration, check  
This hideous rashness: answer my life my  
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee less  
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low souls  
Reverb no hollowness.

*Lear.* Kent, on thy life, no

*Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn  
To wage against thine enemies; ne'er fear to  
Thy safety being motive.

*Lear.* Out of my sight!

*Kent.* See better, Lear; and let me still be  
The true blank of thine eye.

*Lear.* Now, by Apollo,—

*Kent.* Now, by Apollo,  
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

*Lear.* O, vassal! mi

[*Laying his hand on*

*Alb., Corn.* Dear sir, forbear.

*Kent.* Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift:  
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

*Lear.* Hear me, recess

On thine allegiance, hear me!—  
That thou hast sought to make us break our

first never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,  
 fixt our sentences and our power,  
 our nature nor our place can bear,)  
 made good, take thy reward.  
 do allot thee for provision  
 from disasters of the world;  
 with, to turn thy hated back  
 from kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,  
 trunk be found in our dominions,  
 is thy death: Away! by Jupiter,  
 to be revok'd.  
 thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,  
 (hence, and banishment is here.—  
 our dear shelter take thee, maid, [To Cor.  
 sink'st, and hast most rightly said!—  
 ge speeches may your deeds approve,  
 [To REGAN and GONERIL.  
 acts may spring from words of love.—  
 ) princes, bids you all adieu:  
 his old course in a country new. [Exit.  
 BATER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and  
 Attendants.  
 France and Burgundy, my noble lord.  
 lord of Burgundy,  
 ess toward you, who with this king  
 for our daughter: What, in the least,  
 sire in present dower with her,  
 quest of love?  
 Most royal majesty,  
 re than hath your highness offer'd,  
 tender less.  
 Right noble Burgundy,  
 dear to us, we did hold her so;  
 price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;  
 in that little, seeming substance,  
 with our displeasure piec'd,  
 more, may fitly like your grace,  
 and she is yours.  
 I know no answer.  
 you, with those infirmities she owes,  
 ew-adopted to our hate,  
 our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,  
 save her?  
 Pardon me, royal sir,  
 is not up in such conditions.  
 I leave her, sir; for, by the power that  
 e me,  
 her wealth.—For you, great king,  
 [To FRANCE.  
 com your love make such a stray,  
 where I hate; therefore beseech you  
 liking a more worthier way,  
 with whom nature is asham'd  
 knowledge hers.  
 This is most strange!  
 even but now was your best object,  
 of your praise, balm of your age,  
 dearest, should in this trice of time  
 ag so monstrous, to dismantle  
 of favour! Sure, her offence  
 ch unnatural degree,  
 (it, or your fore-vouch'd affection  
 t; which to believe of her,  
 h that reason without miracle  
 plant in me.  
 I yet beseech your majesty,  
 that glib and oily art,  
 purpose not; since what I well intend,  
 re I speak,) that you make known  
 a blot, murder, or foulness,  
 action or dishonour'd step,  
 riv'd me of your grace and favour:  
 vant of that for which I am richer,

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
 That I am glad I have not, though not to have it  
 Hath lost me in your liking.

*Lear.* Better thou  
 Hadst not been born than not t' have pleas'd me better.

*France.* Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,  
 Which often leaves the history unspoke  
 That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,  
 What say you to the lady? Love 's not love,  
 When it is mingled with regards\* that stand  
 Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?  
 She is herself a dowry.

*Bur.* Royal king,  
 Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,  
 And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
 Duchess of Burgundy.

*Lear.* Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.  
*Bur.* I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father  
 That you must lose a husband.

*Cor.* Peace be with Burgundy!  
 Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
 I shall not be his wife.

*France.* Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being  
 poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!  
 Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
 Be it lawful, I take up what 's cast away.  
 Gods, gods! 't is strange, that from their cold'st neglect  
 My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—  
 Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,  
 Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:  
 Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy  
 Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—  
 Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:  
 Thou lovest here, a better where<sup>b</sup> to find.

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France: let her be thine, for we  
 Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
 That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,  
 Without our grace, our love, our benison.  
 Come, noble Burgundy. [Flourish. *Exeunt LEAR,*  
*BUR., CORN., ALB., GLO., and Attendants.*

*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters.

*Cor.* The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes  
 Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;  
 And, like a sister, am most loath to call  
 Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:  
 To your professed bosoms I commit him:  
 But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,  
 I would prefer him to a better place.  
 So farewell to you both.

*Reg.* Prescribe not us our duties.

*Gon.* Let your study  
 Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you  
 At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,  
 And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides:  
 Who covers faults at last with shame derides.  
 Well may you prosper!

*France.* Come, my fair Cordelia.

[Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.  
*Gon.* Sister, it is not little I have to say, of what  
 most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father  
 will hence to-night.

*Reg.* That 's most certain, and with you; next month  
 with us.

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is; the  
 observation we have made of it hath been little: he  
 always loved our sister most; and with what poor judg-  
 ment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

*Reg.* 'T is the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever  
 but slenderly known himself.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time hath been

<sup>a</sup> Regards; means considerations.

<sup>b</sup> Here and where are used as words.



but rash: then must we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

*Gon.* There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us sit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

*Reg.* We shall further think of it.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Ex.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter EDMUND, with a letter.*

*Edm.* Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law My services are bound: Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom; and permit The curiosity<sup>a</sup> of nations to deprive me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base? When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true, As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base? Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take More composition and fierce quality, Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops, Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund, As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:— Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus! and France in cholera parted!

And the king gone to-night! prescrib'd his power!

Confin'd to exhibition!<sup>b</sup> All this done

Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now; what news?

*Edm.* So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

*Glo.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

*Edm.* I know no news, my lord.

*Glo.* What paper were you reading?

*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.

*Glo.* No? what needeth then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let 's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

*Edm.* I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'erread: and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

*Glo.* Give me the letter, sir.

*Edm.* I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

*Glo.* Let 's see, let 's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay<sup>c</sup> or taste of my virtue.

*Glo.* [*Reads.*] "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find

<sup>a</sup> *Curiosity.* In the first scene this word is used in the sense of exact scrutiny; in the passage before us the meaning approaches more nearly to *fastidiousness*.

<sup>b</sup> *Exhibition*—allowance.

<sup>c</sup> *Essay*—*assay*—*say*, signified such proof or examination as made by the assayer of coin, or the taster at royal tables.

an idle and false  
who sways, no  
me, that of the  
till I waked  
and live the

Humph.—C

"Sleep till  
nue,"—

My son Edg  
and brain to  
Who brought

*Edm.* It  
cunning of i  
my closet.

*Glo.* You

*Edm.* If

swear it were

think it were

*Glo.* It is

*Edm.* It is

not in the co

*Glo.* Has

business?

*Edm.* Ne

maintain it t

declined, the

the son man

*Glo.* O v

letter!—Abh

villain! wo

I'll apprehen

he?

*Edm.* I c

please you to

ther, till you

his intent, yo

you violently

pose, it would

and shake in

pawn down r

my affection

of danger.

*Glo.* Thin

*Edm.* If s

where you sh

cular assur

any further c

*Glo.* He c

*Edm.* No

*Glo.* To b

bim.—Heav

wind me int

your own wi

due resolutio

*Edm.* I v

business as I

*Glo.* The

no good to u

son it thus a

the sequent

thers divide:

palaces, trea

father. Thi

tion; there's

bias of natur

seen the bes

treachery, an

to our graves

lose thee not

true-hearted.

"T is strange

*Edm.* Thi

sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our  
) we make guilty of our disasters the sun,  
stars: as if we were villains on neces-  
sarily heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves,  
by spherical predominance; drunkards,  
lechers, by an enforced obedience of plane-  
s; and all that we are evil in, by a divine  
An admirable evasion of whore-master  
is goatish disposition on the charge of a  
her compounded with my mother under  
tail; and my nativity was under *ursa*  
it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—  
been that I am, had the maidenliest star  
not twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter EDGAR.

like the catastrophe of the old comedy:  
sinuous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom  
) these eclipses do portend these divisions!

now, brother Edmund? What serious  
are you in?

thinking, brother, of a prediction I read  
what should follow these eclipses.

as busy yourself with that?

mise you the effects he writes of succeed  
of unnaturalness between the child and  
sath, dearth, dissolutions of ancient ami-  
in state, menaces and maledictions against  
les; needless diffidences, banishment of  
ation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I  
t.

ong have you been a sectary astronomical?  
e, come, when saw you my father last?  
right gone by.

se you with him?

we hours together.

ed you in good terms? Found you no dis-  
n, by word, or countenance?

at all.

nk yourself wherein you may have offended  
my entreaty forbear his presence, till some  
th qualified the heat of his displeasure;  
instant so rageth in him, that with the  
or person it would scarcely allay.

villain hath done me wrong.  
's my fear. I pray you have a continent  
ill the speed of his rage goes slower; and,  
e with me to my lodging, from whence I  
g you to hear my lord speak: Pray you,  
y key:—If you do stir abroad go armed.  
d, brother!

er, I advise you to the best. I am no  
there be any good meaning toward you:  
u what I have seen and heard, but faintly;  
the image and horror of it: Pray you,

I hear from you anon?  
serve you in this business — [Exit EDG.  
ather, and a brother noble,  
is so far from doing harms  
cts none; on whose foolish honesty  
ride easy!—I see the business.—  
by birth, have lands by wit:  
meet that I can fashion fit. [Exit.

II.—A Room in the Duke of Albany's  
Palace.

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

ny father strike my gentleman for chiding

Treacher is the French *tricheur*, a trickster, a

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me;\* every hour  
He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:  
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us  
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting  
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—  
If you come slack of former services  
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horns within.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,  
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:  
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,  
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,  
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,  
That still would manage those authorities  
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,  
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd  
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.  
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among  
you; what grows of it no matter; advise your fellows  
so: I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall  
that I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,  
to hold my course:—Prepare for dinner. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,  
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent  
May carry through itself to that full issue  
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,  
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,  
So may it come thy master, whom thou lov'st,  
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and  
Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it  
ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now, what art  
thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou  
with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve  
him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is  
honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little;  
to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and  
to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the  
king.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a  
king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your counte-  
nance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a  
curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message  
bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for I am qual-  
lified in: and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for sing-

\* We think with Steevens that, in the passage before us, by  
day and night means always,—every way,—constantly.

ing, nor so old to dote on her for anything: I have years on my back forty-eight.

*Lear.* Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner.—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

*Enter Steward.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

*Stew.* So please you,— [Exit.

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

*Knight.* Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not!

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha! say'st thou so?

*Knight.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken: for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

*Lear.* Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

*Re-enter Steward.*

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: Who am I, sir?

*Stew.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whore-son dog! you slave! you cur!

*Stew.* I am none of these, my lord: I beseech your pardon.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [Striking him.

*Stew.* I'll not be stricken, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player. [Tripping up his heels.

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so. [Pushes the Steward out.

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [Giving KENT money.

*Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him, too;—Here's my coxcomb. [Giving KENT his cap.

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Lear.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now,

nuncle? 'W  
ters!

*Lear.* W  
*Fool.* If  
coxcombs m  
daughters.

*Lear.* Ta  
*Fool.* Tru  
whipp'd out,  
and stink.

*Lear.* A  
*Fool.* Sirr  
*Lear.* Do  
*Fool.* Ma

He  
Sp  
Le  
Ri  
Le  
Se  
Le  
Ar  
Ar  
Th

*Kent.* Th

*Fool.* The  
you gave m  
nothing, nur  
*Lear.* W

nothing.  
*Fool.* Pri  
comes to; h  
*Lear.* A  
*Fool.* Dos

a bitter fool  
*Lear.* No  
*Fool.* Th

lar  
Come place  
The sweet a

The one in r  
*Lear.* Do  
*Fool.* All

thou wast b  
*Kent.* Th  
*Fool.* No

if I had a r  
and ladies  
myself; they  
and I'll gi  
*Lear.* W

*Fool.* W  
and eat up t  
thou clovest  
both parts,  
dirt: Thou

thou gav'st t  
self in this,  
" Fo  
An

*Lear.* W  
sirrah?  
*Fool.* I l  
thy daughte  
the rod, and

" Th  
Th  
Prithee, nur  
fool to lie;

\* Lacing

you lie, sirrah, we 'll have you whipp'd.  
 I would have you know what kin thou and thy daughters  
 have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou 'lt  
 be whipp'd for lying; and sometimes I am  
 bidding my peace. I had rather be any  
 thing than a fool: and yet I would not be  
 thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and  
 left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the

*Enter GONERIL.*

now, daughter? what makes that frontlet  
 on your brows, you are too much of late i' the frown.  
 I was a pretty fellow when thou hadst no  
 other but her frowning; now thou art an O with-  
 out-I am better than thou art now: I am a  
 nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my  
 tongue for face [to GON.] bids me, though you  
 Mum, mum,  
 but keeps nor crust nor crum,  
 nor any of all, shall want some.—  
 I'd peasecod. [Pointing to LEAR.]

My lord, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,  
 our insolent retinue

is come to quarrel; breaking forth  
 into-to-be-endured riots. Sir,  
 I have by making this well known unto you,  
 a safe redress; but now grow fearful,  
 lest too late have spoke and done,  
 I direct this course, and put it on  
 your honour; which, if you should, the fault  
 upon me censure, nor the redresses sleep;  
 I tender of a wholesome weal,  
 I am working do you that offence,  
 I am sure shame, that then necessity  
 direct proceeding.

You know, nuncle,  
 the ge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
 that it had its head bit off by its young.  
 So it will be with us, if you do not  
 be candle, and we were left darkling.  
 You are our daughter?

Would you would make use of your good  
 looks, and

show you are fraught; and put away  
 these notions, which of late transport you  
 are not rightly are.

Not an ass know when the cart draws the  
 wheel, Jug! I love thee.

Any here know me? This is not Lear:  
 What art thou? speak thus? Where are his  
 eyes?

How does he weaken, his discernings  
 are gone! Ha! waking? 't is not so.

Can you tell me who I am?—  
 I am your shadow.—

How should I learn that; for by the marks of sove-  
 reignty, and reason, I should be false per-  
 ceiv'd—

But they will make an obedient father.  
 My name, fair gentlewoman?

My admiration, sir, is much o' the savour  
 of your new pranks. I do beseech you

to direct my purposes aright:  
 I am, and reverend, should be wise:

I keep a hundred knights and squires;  
 I am, so debosh'd, and bold,

I am, court, infected with their manners,  
 I am, riotous inn: epicurism and lust

like a tavern or a brothel,  
 I am, palace. The shame itself doth speak

of me: Be then desir'd  
 to take the thing she begs,

to quantify your train;  
 I am, under, that shall still depend,

To be such men as may besort your age,  
 Which know themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils!—  
 Saddle my horses; call my train together.—

Degenerate bastard! I 'll not trouble thee;  
 Yet have I left a daughter.

*Gon.* You strike my people; and your disorder'd  
 rabble

Make servants of their betters.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are you  
 come?

Is it your will? [To ALB.] Speak, sir.—Prepare my  
 horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
 More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,  
 Than the sea-monster!

*Alb.* Pray, sir, be patient.

*Lear.* Detested kite! thou liest: [To GON.]  
 My train are men of choice and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty know:

And in the most exact regard support  
 The worship of their name.—O most small fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!

Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gail. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go my people. [Striking his head.]

*Alb.* My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant

Of what hath mov'd you.

*Lear.* It may be so, my lord,—

Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend

To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honour her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,

And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits,

To laughter and contempt; that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child.—Away, away! [Exit.]

*Alb.* Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know more of it;

But let his disposition have that scope

As dotage gives it.

*Re-enter LEAR.*

*Lear.* What, fifty of my followers at a clap!

Within a fortnight?

*Alb.* What 's the matter, sir?

*Lear.* I 'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,  
 Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon  
 thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse

Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,

Bewep this cause again I 'll pluck ye out;

And cast you, with the waters that you lose,

To temper clay.—Ha! Let it be so:—

I have another daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;

When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She 'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find

That I 'll resume the shape which thou dost think

I have cast off for ever.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.]

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you content.—What, Oswald, ho!

You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*]

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry; take the fool with thee.

A fox when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—A hundred knights!

'T is politic, and safe, to let him keep

At point a hundred knights! Yes, that on every dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:

What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister;

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness—How now,

Oswald?

*Enter Steward.*

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;

And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more. Get you gone;

And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,

Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom,

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.

Gon. Nay, then,—

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Court before the same.*

*Enter* LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters:

acquaint my daughter no further with anything you

know, than comes from her demand out of the letter:

If your dilig  
you.

Kent. I w  
your letter.

Fool. If a  
in danger of

Lear. Ay

Fool. The  
go slipshod.

Lear. Ha

Fool. Sh

kindly: for

an apple, ye

Lear. W

Fool. She

crab. Thou

middle of or

Lear. No

Fool. Wh

that what a

Lear. I d

Fool. Car

Lear. No

Fool. No

a house.

Lear. W

Fool. W

to his daugh

Lear. I w

Be my horse

Fool. Th

why the seve

reason.

Lear. Be

Fool. Ye

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Lear. To

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Fool. If t

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Fool. Th

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Lear. O

Keep me in

How now!

Gent. Re

Lear. Co

Fool. She

pa

Shall not be

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.*

*Enter* EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father;

and given him notice that the duke of Cornwall, and

Regan his duchess, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news

abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet

but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I. Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward,

the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. No

Cur. You

sir.

Edm. Th

This weaves

My father h

And I have

Which I mu

Brother, a w

My father w

Intelligence

Quazny.

perhaps gives

the good advantage of the night :—  
spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?<sup>1</sup>  
either; now, i' the night, i' the haste,  
th' him: Have you nothing said  
'gainst the duke of Albany?<sup>2</sup>

I am sure on 't, not a word.  
my father coming.—Pardon me :—  
must draw my sword upon you :—  
o defend yourself: Now quit you well,  
before my father;—Light, ho, here!—  
—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

[Exit EDGAR.]  
AWN on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.]  
ence endeavour: I have seen drunkards  
this in sport.—Father! father!  
o help?

LOSTER and Servants with torches.

Edmund, where 's the villain?  
stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,  
wicked charms, conjuring the moon  
suspicious mistress :—

But where is he?  
sir, I bleed.  
Where is the villain, Edmund?  
this way, sir. When by no means he

—  
him, ho!—Go after.—[Exit Serv.]—  
o means,—what?

ade me to the murder of your lordship;  
him, the revenging gods  
des did all the thunder bend;  
w manifold and strong a bond  
bound to the father :—Sir, in fine,  
thly opposite I stood  
al purpose, in fell motion,  
red sword, he charges home  
I body, launch'd<sup>a</sup> mine arm:  
aw my best alarum'd spirits,  
arrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,  
ated by the noise I made,  
he fled.

Let him fly far;  
d shall he remain uncaught:  
despatch.—The noble duke my master,  
h and patron, comes to-night:  
y I will proclaim it,  
finds him shall deserve our thanks,  
murderous coward to the stake;  
Is him, death.  
y I dissuaded him from his intent,  
s pight<sup>b</sup> to do it, with curst speech  
discover him: He replied,  
essing bastard! dost thou think,  
ad against thee, would the reposal  
irtue, or worth, in thee  
Is faith'd? No: what I should deny,  
id: ay, though thou didst produce  
eter,<sup>c</sup> I'd turn it all  
ion, plot, and damned practice:  
t make a dullard of the world,  
ght the profits of my death  
grant and potential spurs  
week it."

O strange and fasten'd villain!  
y his letter, said he?—I never got him.

[Trumpets within.]  
ke's trumpets! I know not wher'<sup>d</sup> he

is:  
ar; the vil'ain shall not 'scape;

meaning line'd. \* Fight—settled, pitched.  
and writ ing. <sup>d</sup> Wher'—wher' fore.

The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture  
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom  
May have due note of him; and of my land,  
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither  
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short  
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd; it's  
crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life!  
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights  
That tended upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam: 't is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then though he were ill affected;

'T is they have put him on the old man's death,  
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,  
That if they come to sojourn at my house

I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father  
A child-like office.

Edm. It was my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray<sup>a</sup> his practice; and receiv'd

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more

Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,

How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant

So much commend itself, you shall be ours;

Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;

You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you.—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,

Wherein we must have use of your advice :—

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,

Of differences, which I best thought it fit

To answer from our home; the several messengers

From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow

Your needful counsel to our businesses,

Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:

Your graces are right welcome. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of this  
house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Prithee, if thou lov'at me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would  
make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

<sup>a</sup> Bewray—reveal.

*Kent* Fellow, I know thee.

*Stew.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.<sup>a</sup>

*Stew.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

*Kent.* What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger. Draw. *[Drawing his sword.]*

*Stew.* Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

*Stew.* Help, ho! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue; stand, you neat slave; strike. *[Beating him.]*

*Stew.* Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

*Edm.* How now! What's the matter? Part.

*Kent.* With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

*Glo.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies that strikes again: What is the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Stew.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

*Kent.* A tailor, sir, a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Stew.* This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,—

*Kent.* Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these, Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain

Which are too intrinsic<sup>b</sup> t' unloose: smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

<sup>a</sup> The description of an individual in a legal document is called his addition.

<sup>b</sup> *intrinse*—closely tied.

Reneg,<sup>a</sup> affirm, and turn their halcyon beak<sup>b</sup>

With every gale and vary of their masters, Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.— A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool!

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

*Corn.* What, art thou mad, old fellow!

*Glo.* How fell you out?

Say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy, Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? What's fault?

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.

*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine, or his, hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain; I have seen better faces in my time, Than stands on any shoulder that I see Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow, Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!— An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth: An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends, Than twenty silly ducking observants, That stretch their duties nicely.

*Kent.* Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity, Under the allowance of your great aspect, Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire On flickering Phœbus' front,—

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you esteem so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer; that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was plain language, which, for my part, I will not be, though I should your displeasure to entreat me to it.

*Corn.* What was the offence you gave him?

*Stew.* I never gave him any.

It pleas'd the king his master, very late, To strike at me, upon his misconstruction; When he, compact,<sup>c</sup> and flattering his displeasure, Tripp'd me behind: being down, insulted, rail'd, And put upon him such a deal of man, That worthy'd him, got praises of the king For him attempting who was self-subdu'd; And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit, Drew on me here again.

*Kent.* None of these rogues and rascals But Ajax is their fool.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverent leech! We'll teach you—

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn:

Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;

On whose employment I was sent to you:

You shall do small respects, show too bold malice

Against the grace and person of my master,

Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

*Kent.* Why, madam, if I were your father's I should not use me so.

<sup>a</sup> *Reneg*—to deny.

<sup>b</sup> *Halcyon beak*. The halcyon is the kingfisher; it was a popular opinion that the bird, if kept up, would by the turning of its beak the point from which the wind

<sup>c</sup> *Compact*—in the sense of confederate.

Sir, being his knave, I will.

[Stocks brought out.

fellow of the self-same colour  
f:—Come, bring away the stocks.  
eech your grace not to do so:  
and the good king his master  
e 't: your purpos'd low correction  
nd confemnt 'st wretches,  
most common trespasses,  
: the king must take it ill,  
y valued in his messenger,  
hus restrain'd.

I'll answer that.

may receive it much more worse,  
man abus'd, assaulted,  
affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[KENT is put in the stocks.  
way. [Exit REG. and CORN.  
y for thee, friend; 't is the duke's

all the world well knows,  
t, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.  
not, sir: I have watch'd, and trar-  
rid;  
sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.  
me may grow out at heels:  
row!

's to blame in this; 't will be ill  
[Exit.

g, that must approve the common

's benediction com't  
icon to this under globe,  
rtable beams I may  
—Nothing almost sees miracles,  
ow 't is from Cordelia;  
tunately been inform'd  
urse; and shall find time  
s state,—seeking to give  
es:—All weary and o'erwatch'd,  
ry eyes, not to behold  
ring.

it; smile once more; turn thy wheel!  
[He sleeps.

### III.—A part of the Heath.

Enter EDGARD.

yself proclaim'd;  
hollow of a tree,  
No port is free; no place,  
ost unusual vigilance,  
y taking. Whiles I may 'scape,  
elf: and am bethought  
and most poorest shape,  
in contempt of man,  
ast: my face I'll grime with filth;  
elf all my hair in knots;  
t nakedness out-face  
secutions of the sky.  
me proof and precedent  
s, who, with roaring voices,  
b'd and mortified bare arms  
s, nails, sprigs of rosemary;  
ble object, from low farms,  
ages, sheep-cotes and mills,  
atic bans,<sup>c</sup> sometime with prayers,

alluded to is found in Heywood's 'Dia-  
g from him to me,  
ed's blessing into the warm sur-  
little worth. \* Bass—curses.

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!  
That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.

### SCENE IV.—Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'T is strange, that they should so depart from  
home,  
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,  
The night before there was no purpose in them  
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!  
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; he wears cruel garters! Horses are  
tied by the heads; dogs and bears by the neck; monkeys  
by the loins; and men by the legs: when a man is  
over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.\*

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook  
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,  
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do 't;

They could not, would not do 't; 't is worse than  
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:  
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way  
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,  
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home  
I did commend your highness' letters to them,  
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd  
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,  
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth  
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;  
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,  
Which presently they read: on those contents  
They summon'd up their meiny,<sup>b</sup> straight took horse;  
Commanded me to follow, and attend  
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:  
And meeting here the other messenger,  
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,  
(Being the very fellow which of late  
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)  
Having more man than wit about me, drew;<sup>c</sup>  
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:  
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth  
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that  
way.

Fathers that wear rags do make their children blind;  
But fathers that bear bags shall see their children kind.  
Fortune, that arrant whore, ne'er turns the key to the  
poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours<sup>d</sup> for  
thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!  
Hysterica passio!—down, thou climbing sorrow,  
Thy element's below!—where is this daughter?

\* Nether-stocks—stockings.

<sup>b</sup> Meiny—retinue, attendants—hence the adjective meinal.

<sup>c</sup> Drew. The personal pronoun I is understood before drew.

<sup>d</sup> Dolours. There is a quibble here between dolours and dollars.



*Kent.* With the earl, sir, here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not: Stay here. *Exit.*

*Gent.* Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

*Kent.* None.

How chance the king comes with so small a number?

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let us try both, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes up will let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but slaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

*Kent.* Where learn'd you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;

The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

*Glo.* My dear lord, You know the fiery quality of the duke; How unremovable and fix'd he is In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

Fiery? what quality? why, Gloster, Gloster,

I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands, tends, service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery! the fiery duke!—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,

That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,

Till it cry sleep to death.\*

\* Till it cry sleep to death. We point this passage as in the original copies. It is given in all the modern editions "till it cry—Sleep to death"—as if the drum said, sleep to death. The suggested the true explanation—till the noise of the drum

*Glo.* I'll

*Lear.* On

*Fool.* Cry

with the rest

of the oxen

born: 'Tis

horse, butter

*Enter CORN*

*Lear.* God

*Corn.*

*Reg.* I am

*Lear.* Reg

I have to this

I would have

Septulchring

Some other of

Thy sister's

Sharp-tooth'd

I can scarce

With low de

*Reg.* I gra

You less kno

Than she to a

*Lear.*

*Reg.* I can

Would fall b

She have rest

'T is on such

As clears her

*Lear.* My

*Reg.*

Nature in yo

Of her confin

By some disc

Better than y

That to our s

Say, you hav

*Lear.*

Do you but n

"Dear daugh

Age is unnee

That you'll t

*Reg.* Good

Return you t

*Lear.*

She hath abat

Look'd black

Most serpent-

All the stor'd

On her ingrat

You taking a

*Corn.*

*Lear.* You

flam

Into her scorn

You fen-suck'

To fall and b

*Reg.*

So will you w

*Lear.* No,

has been the d

them to awaker

"The ex-aste

dent. You less

to scant her dut

*The house.*

mark Shaksp

genius: fathers

but its repres

affects the res

flied<sup>a</sup> nature shall not give  
ashness; her eyes are fierce, but thine  
and not burn: 'T is not in thee  
pleasures, to cut off my train,  
ty words, to scant my sizes,<sup>b</sup>  
asion, to oppose the bolt  
oming in; thou better know'st  
nature, bond of childhood,  
desy, dues of gratitude;  
e kingdom hast thou not forgot,  
e endow'd.

Good sir, to the purpose.

[Trumpets within.

put my man i' the stocks?

What trumpet 's that?

Enter Steward.

w 't, my sister's: this approves her letter,  
d soon be here.—Is your lady come?  
is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride  
fickle grace of her he follows:—  
om my sight!

What means your grace?

stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good

ot know on 't.—Who comes here? O,  
ems,

Enter GONERIL.

old men, if your sweet sway  
ce, if you yourselves are old,  
cause; send down, and take my part!—  
'd to look upon this beard?—

[To GONERIL.

t thou take her by the hand?  
not by the hand, sir? How have I of-  
nd?  
ice that indiscretion finds,  
mas so.

O, sides, you are too tough!  
old?—How came my man i' the stocks?  
him there, sir: but his own disorders  
less advancement.

You! did you?

you, father, being weak, seem so.  
ization of your month,  
n and sojourn with my sister,  
if your train, come then to me;  
s home, and out of that provision  
e needful for your entertainment.  
m to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?  
bjure all roofs, and choose  
et the enunity o' the air;  
de with the wolf and owl,—  
urp piuch!—Return with her?  
looded France, that dowerless took  
born, I could as well be brought  
ome, and, squire-like, pension beg  
ife afoot:—Return with her?  
ather to be slave and sumpter  
d groom. [Looking on the Steward.

At your choice, sir.

hee, slaughter, do not make me mad;  
hile thee, my child; farewell:  
e meet, no more see one another:—  
rt my flesh, my blood, my daughter;  
isease that 's in my flesh,  
needs call mine; thou art a boil,  
or embossed carbuncle,

*fl.* *Heft—heft*, is that which is *haved—held*;  
*her-hefted* nature may be thy nature which may  
mess. A *stare* in a college is one to whom  
otions are allowed.

In my corrupted blood. But I 'll not chide thee;  
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:  
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:  
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,  
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;  
For those that mingle reason with your passion,  
Must be content to think you old, and so—  
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?  
Is it not well? What should you need of more?  
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger  
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,  
Should many people, under two commands,  
Hold amity? 'T is hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive at-  
tendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to  
slack you,

We could control them: If you will come to me,  
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you  
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more  
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;  
But kept a reservation to be follow'd  
With such a number: What, must I come to you  
With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-  
favour'd!

When others are more wicked, not being the worst  
Stands in some rank of praise:—I 'll go with thee;

[To GONERIL.

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,  
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,  
To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;  
If only to go warm were gorgeous,  
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—  
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!  
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!  
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!  
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such things—  
What they are yet I know not; but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth. You think I 'll weep;  
No, I 'll not weep:—  
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,<sup>a</sup>  
Or ere I 'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[Exit LEAR, GONERIL, REGAN, and FOOL.

<sup>a</sup> *Flaw*. Douce conjectures that *flaw* might signify a frag-  
ment in Shakspeare's time, as well as a crack.

*Corn.* Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*]

*Reg.* This house is little; the old man and his people Cannot be well bestow'd.

*Gon.* 'T is his own blame; hath put himself<sup>a</sup> from rest,  
And must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his particular, I 'll receive him gladly,  
But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purpos'd.  
Where is my lord of Gloster?

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

*Glo.* The king is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going?

*Glo.* He calls to horse; but will I know

*Corn.* 'T is best to give lum way; he has

*Gon.* My lord, entreat him by no means

*Glo.* Alack, the night comes on, and the  
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about  
There 's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O, sir, to wilful men,  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your  
He is attended with a desperate train;  
And what they may incense him to, being  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord;  
night:

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Heath.

*A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning.*

*Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.*

*Kent.* Who 's there, besides foul weather?

*Gent.* One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

*Kent.* I know you. Where 's the king?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful elements;  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,<sup>b</sup>  
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:  
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn  
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.  
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,  
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool; who labours to out-jest  
His heart-strook injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you;  
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,<sup>c</sup>  
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,  
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;  
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars  
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;  
Which are to France the spies and speculations  
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,  
Either in snuffs<sup>d</sup> and packings<sup>e</sup> of the dukes;  
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne  
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,  
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;  
But, true it is, from France there comes a power  
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,  
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet  
In some of our best ports, and are at point  
To show their open banner.—Now to you:  
If on my credit you dare build so far  
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find  
Some that will thank you, making just report  
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow  
The king hath cause to plain.  
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;  
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer  
This office to you.

<sup>a</sup> *Hath put himself.* The personal pronoun *he* is understood.

<sup>b</sup> *The main* is here used for the main land.

<sup>c</sup> *Note*—knowledge.

<sup>d</sup> *Snuffs*—dialikes.

<sup>e</sup> *packings*—intrigues.

*Gent.* I will talk further with you.

*Kent.* No, d

For confirmation that I am much more  
Than my out wall, open this purse, and tal  
What it contains: If you shall see Cordel  
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this  
And she will tell you who that fellow is  
That yet you do not know. Fye on this  
I will go seek the king.

*Gent.* Give me your hand: Have you  
say?

*Kent.* Few words, but to effect more the  
That, when we have found the king, (in wh  
That way: I 'll this:) he that first lights  
Holla the other. [Exit

### SCENE II.—Another Part of the Storm continues.

*Enter LEAR and Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow, winds, and crack your  
blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown  
You sulphurous and thought-executing fire  
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolt  
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shak  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world  
Crack nature's moulds, all germs<sup>a</sup> spill  
That make ingrateful man!

*Fool.* O nuncle, court holy-water in a  
better than this rain-water out o' door. G  
in; ask thy daughters' blessing; here 's a  
neither wise men nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daugh  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you child  
You owe me no subscription; then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That will with two pernicious daughters just  
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a low  
So old and white as this. O! O! 't is foul

*Fool.* He that has a house to put his head  
good head-piece.

The cool-piece that will beam,

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall loose;—

So beggars marry many.

<sup>a</sup> *Germs*—seeds of matter.

that makes his toe  
be his heart should make,  
a corn cry woe,  
and his sleep to wake.  
Ever yet fair woman but she made

*Enter KENT.*

Ill be the pattern of all patience, I  
are?  
re's grace and a cod-piece: that's a  
ol.  
are you here? things that love night  
its as these; the wrathful skies  
vanderers of the dark,  
ep their caves: since I was man,  
such bursts of horrid thunder,  
ring wind and rain, I never  
heard: man's nature cannot carry  
the fear.

Let the great gods,  
dful pudder<sup>b</sup> o'er our heads,  
nies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
see undivulged crimes,  
ce: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;  
thou simular<sup>c</sup> of virtue,  
s: Caitiff, to pieces shake,  
and convenient seeming  
nan's life!—Close pent-up guilts,  
ng continents, and cry  
moners grace.—I am a man  
t than sinning.

Alack, bare-headed!  
hard by here is a hovel;  
ll it lend you 'gainst the tempest;  
while I to this hard house  
the stones whereof 't is rais'd:  
w, demanding after you,  
(in) return and force  
esy.

My wits begin to turn.—  
How dost, my boy? Art cold?  
—Where is this straw, my fellow?  
sities is strange,  
things precious. Come, your hovel:  
e, I have one part in my heart  
r thee.

that has and a little tiny wit,—  
ho, the wind and the rain,—  
content with his fortunes fit,  
s rain it raineth every day.

—Come, bring us to this hovel.

[*Exit LEAR and KENT.*  
rave night to cool a courtesan.—  
cy ere I go.

re more in word than matter;  
mar their malt with water;  
re their tailors' tutors;  
rn'd, but wenches' suitors;  
se in law is right;  
ebt, nor no poor knight;  
do not live in tongues;  
come not to throngs;  
tell their gold i' the field;  
d whores do churches build;—  
realm of Albion  
confusion.  
e time, who lives to see 't,  
ll be us'd with feet.

Always modernized into *pothor*: the same  
somewhat vulgarized by the change.  
sit.

This prophecy Merlin shall make: for I live before his  
time. [Exit

SCENE III.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

*Glo.* Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unna-  
tural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might  
pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house;  
charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to  
speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

*Edm.* Most savage and unnatural!

*Glo.* Go to; say you nothing: There is division  
between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I  
have received a letter this night;—'t is dangerous to be  
spoken;—I have lock'd the letter in my closer: these  
injuries the king now bears will be revenged home;  
there is part of a power already footed: we must in-  
cline to the king. I will look him, and privily relieve  
him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that  
my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me,  
I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is  
threatened me, the king my old master must be re-  
lieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund;  
pray you, be careful. [Exit.

*Edm.* This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke  
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—  
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me  
That which my father loses; no less than all:  
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Kent.* Here is the place, my lord; good my lord,  
enter:  
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough  
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent.* I 'd rather break mine own: Good my lord,  
enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 't is much, that this contentious  
storm  
Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear,  
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,  
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's  
free

The body 's delicate: the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there.—Ffilial ingratitude!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,  
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home:—  
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
To shut me out!—Pour on: I will endure:—  
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—  
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;  
No more of that,—

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Prithce, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;  
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would hurt me more.—But I 'll go in:  
In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless  
poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.—  
[*Fool goes in.*

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;  
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,  
And show the heavens more just.

*Edg.* [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!  
Poor Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the house.*]

*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.  
Help me, help me!

*Kent.* Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there in the straw?  
Come forth.

*Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.*

*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me!—  
Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.—  
Humph! go to thy bed and warm thee.

*Lear.* Didst thou give all to thy daughters?  
And art thou come to this?

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to Poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!<sup>a</sup> Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*]

*Lear.* Have his daughters brought him to this pass?—  
Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give them all?

*Fool.* Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

*Lear.* Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air  
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature  
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—  
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?  
Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot  
Those pelican daughters.

*Edg.* Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill;—  
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!  
*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

*Edg.* Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents;  
keep thy word's justice; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving man,<sup>b</sup> proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I dearly; dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy per from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—

<sup>a</sup> *Taking*—malignant influence.

<sup>b</sup> *A serving man.* This is not a menial, but a servant in the sense in which it is used in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona':—

"Too low a mistress for so high a servant."

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,  
sum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, S  
him trot by. [*Storm still.*]

*Lear.* Thou wert better in a grave, than with thy uncovered body this extremity of the man no more than this? Consider him well: 'Tis the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us ticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccustomed man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; here.— [*Tearing off his clothes.*]

*Fool.* Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he has a great web and the pin,<sup>b</sup> squints the eye, and makes the lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the pure of earth.

Switthold footed thrice the old;<sup>c</sup>  
He met the night-mare, and her nine;  
Bid her alight,  
And her troth plight,  
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!<sup>d</sup>

*Kent.* How fares your grace?

*Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.*

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? What is 't you seek?

*Glo.* What are you there? Your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the swimming toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the slaw who is whipped from tything to tything, and punished, and imprisoned; who hath had the his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, pon to wear:

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long years.  
Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; part  
fiend!

*Glo.* What, hath your grace no better company?  
*Edg.* The prince of darkness is a gentleman. Mudo he's call'd, and Mahu.

*Glo.* Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown  
That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer  
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands.  
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,  
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,  
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,  
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

<sup>a</sup> *Sesey.* The quartos read *cessa*. It is probably word as *cessa*, which is used by Christopher Sly in the of the Shrew. The whole of this passage is probably be unintelligible.

<sup>b</sup> *The web and the pin.* Florio, in his 'New World' (1611,) interprets the Italian *Cataritta* "A disease occasioned by humours hardened in the eyes, called, or a pin and a web."

<sup>c</sup> *The old.*—*The wold.* Spelman writes, *Boston in Switthold*. The reading of all the old editions is *Switthold*, which is the modern reading.

<sup>d</sup> *Aroint.* It is conjectured that it is a compound *aer*, and *hynt*: the first a very ancient word, from Greek and Gothic languages, in the sense of to get; derived from the Gothic, and still in common use same form and with the same meaning, *hind*, both English, and *hint*, or *hynt*, in German.

<sup>e</sup> *The wall-newt and the water.*—That is, the wall-newt water-newt. It is the same form of construction as man and a merry."

let me talk with this philosopher :—  
 cause of thunder?  
 d my lord, take his offer;  
 onse.  
 talk a word with this same learned The-  
 :—  
 study?  
 to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.  
 me ask you one word in private.  
 ortune him once more to go, my lord ;  
 a to unsettle.

Canst thou blame him?  
 seek his death :—Ah! that good Kent!—  
 old be thus :—Poor banish'd man!—  
 he king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,  
 mad myself: I had a son,  
 l from my blood: he sought my life,  
 ry late; I lov'd him, friend,—  
 son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*  
 i craz'd my wits. What a night's this!  
 your grace,—

O, cry you mercy, sir.  
 pher, your company.

's a-cold.  
 low, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.  
 e, let's in all.

This way, my lord.

With him;

ll with my philosopher.  
 l my lord, soothe him; let him take the  
 w.

him you on.  
 b, come on; go along with us.  
 e, good Athenian.

No words, no words:

le Rowland to the dark tower came;  
 I was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,  
 l the blood of a British man. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

I have my revenge ere I depart his house.  
 my lord, I may be censured that nature  
 to loyalty, something fears me to think

w perceive it was not altogether your bro-  
 position made him seek his death; but a  
 fit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in

malicious is my fortune, that I must re-  
 at! This is the letter which he spoke of,  
 es him an intelligent party to the advan-  
 ce. O heavens! that this treason were not  
 detector!

rith me to the duchess.  
 e matter of this paper be certain, you have  
 as in hand.

or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster.  
 e thy father is, that he may be ready for  
 ion.

de.] If I find him comforting the king, it  
 suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in  
 yalty, though the conflict be sore between  
 blood.

I lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find  
 in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

—*A Chamber in Out-building adjoining  
 the Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and KENT.

a better than the open air; take it thank-

fully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition  
 I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his  
 impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit GLOSTER*]

Enter LEAR, EDGAR, and Fool.\*

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an  
 angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and  
 beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be  
 a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to  
 his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gen-  
 tleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits  
 Come bisping in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf,  
 a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—  
 Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—

[*To EDGAR.*]

Thou sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*—Now, ye  
 she foxes!—

Edg. Look where she stands and glares!—

Wantonest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of  
 a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two  
 white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food  
 for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:  
 Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—  
 Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;— [*To EDG.*  
 And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*  
 Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,

Sit you too. [*To KENT.*]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 't is Generil. I here take  
 my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the  
 poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Generil?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks pro-  
 claim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt,

you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

\* We print the direction for the entrances of the characters as  
 in the folio. In the modern editions they are all brought in  
 when the scene opens.

Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,  
Hound or spaniel, brach<sup>a</sup> or lym;<sup>b</sup>  
Or bobtail tike,<sup>c</sup> or trundle-tail;  
Tom will make him weep and wail:  
For, with throwing thus my head,  
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

No de, de de. Sese. Come, march to wakes and fairs,  
and market-towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what  
breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature  
that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain for  
one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of  
your garments: you will say they are Persian; but let  
them be changed. [To EDGAR.]

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the cur-  
tains: So, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my  
master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are  
gone.

Glo. Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms;  
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:  
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,  
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet  
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master;  
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,  
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,  
Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;  
And follow me, that will to some provision  
Give thee quit conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps:—  
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,  
Which, if convenience will not allow,  
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;  
Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.]

Glo. Come, come away.

[Exit KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off  
the KING.]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,  
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.  
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;  
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:  
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip  
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.  
How light and portable my pain seems now,  
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;  
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom away:  
Mark the high noises: and thyself bewray,  
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile thee,  
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.  
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!  
Lurk, lurk. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and  
Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your nusband; show  
him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek  
out the traitor Gloster. [Exit some of the Servants.]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund,  
keep you our sister company; the revenges we are  
bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for

<sup>a</sup> Brach—a female harrier.

<sup>b</sup> Lym—limmer—leamer, a hunting dog, so called from the  
lime or leach in which he was held till he was let slip.

<sup>c</sup> Tike, according to Stevens, was the Runic word for a  
worthless dog.

your beholding. Advise the duke where  
to a most festinate preparation; we are  
like. Our posts shall be swift, and intel-  
ligent. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell,  
Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd  
Some five or six-and-thirty of his knights,  
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate  
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants  
Are gone with him toward Dover; where  
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exit GONERIL.]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, see  
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before  
me. [Exit.]

Though well we may not pass upon his life  
Without the form of justice, yet our power  
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which  
May blame, but not control. Who's  
the traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Go  
and consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play,

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants.]

Reg. Hard, hard:—O

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Will  
you find— [REGAN enters.]

Glo. By the kind gods, 't is most igno-  
rant to pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Na

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from  
me, will quicken, and accuse thee: I am yet  
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours  
You should not ruffle thus. What will  
you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had  
you from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know  
your confederacy have

traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the  
letters?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down  
Which came from one that's of a neutral  
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Was't thou  
in peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him  
answer.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must  
hold.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel  
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce  
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.  
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night endur'd, would have  
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor soul,  
He hop'd the heavens to rain.  
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that storm

st have said, "Good porter, turn the key;"  
 se subscrib'd;—But I shall see  
 vengeance overtake such children.  
 't shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the  
 air:—  
 yes of thine I'll set my foot,  
 hat will think to live till he be old  
 se help: O cruel! O ye gods!  
 side will mock another; the other too.  
 ou see vengeance,—

Hold your hand, my lord;  
 you ever since I was a child;  
 rvice have I never done you  
 bid you hold.

How now, you dog?  
 ou did wear a beard upon your chin,  
 on this quarrel: What do you mean?  
 villain! [*Draws and runs at him.*]  
 t, then come on, and take the chance of  
 er.

*es. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.*  
 me thy sword.—[*To another Servant.*] A  
 sant stand up thus!  
 es a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.  
 am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left  
 mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*]  
 t it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!  
 iustre now?  
 dark and comfortless.—Where's my son  
 mund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,  
 To quit this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain!  
 Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he  
 That made the overture of thy treasons to us;  
 Who is too good to pity thee.

*Glo.* O my follies!  
 Then Edgar was abus'd.—  
 Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

*Reg.* Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell  
 His way to Dover.—How 'st, my lord? How look  
 you?

*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—  
 Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave  
 Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:  
 Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN;—Servants unbind  
 GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

*1 Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,  
 If this man come to good.

*2 Serv.* If she live long,  
 And, in the end, meet the old course of death,  
 Women will all turn monsters.

*1 Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam  
 To lead him where he would; his roguish madness  
 Allows itself to anything.

*2 Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of  
 eggs,  
 To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help  
 him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An open country.*

*Enter EDGAR.*

better thus, and known to be contemn'd,  
 stemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,  
 at most dejected thing of fortune,  
 s'esperance, lives not in fear:  
 ble change is from the best;  
 urns to laughter. Welcome, then,  
 antial air that I embrace!  
 hat thou hast blown unto the worst  
 to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

*Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.*

orly led? World, world, O world!  
 strange mutations make us hate thee,  
 at yield to age.  
 O my good lord, I have been your tenant,  
 er's tenant, these fourscore years.  
 get thee away; good friend, be gone;  
 can do me no good at all,  
 y hurt.

You cannot see your way.  
 e no way, and therefore want no eyes;  
 hen I saw: Full oft 't is seen  
 cure us; \* and our mere defects  
 omodities. O, dear son Edgar,  
 y abused father's wrath!  
 ive to see thee in my touch,  
 l eyes again!

How now? Who's there?  
 e.] O gods! who is 't can say, "I am at  
 worst?"  
 an e'er I was.

*scene st.* We believe that *means* is here used  
 non sense of resources, powers, capacities. The  
 we possess, are our securities, and further, our  
 ve advantages.

*Old Man.* 'T is poor mad Tom.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst  
 is not

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman and beggar too.

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,  
 Which made me think a man a worm; my son  
 Came then into my mind: and yet my mind  
 Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more  
 since:

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;  
 They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* How should this be?

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,  
 Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee,  
 master!

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord.

*Glo.* Get thee away: If, for my sake,  
 Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,  
 I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;  
 And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
 Which I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir, he's mad.

*Glo.* 'T is the times' plague, when madmen lead the  
 blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;  
 Above the rest, be gone.

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,  
 Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*]

*Glo.* Sirrah, naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further  
 [*Aside.*]

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.



*Edg.* [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to Dover?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way and footpath. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididence*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Here, take this purse, you whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still! Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, That slaves your ordinance, that will not see Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly; So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in the confined deep: Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear With something rich about me: from that place I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm. Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.*

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband

Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your master?

*Stew.* Madam, within; but never man so chang'd: I told him of the army that was landed; He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming; His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloucester's treachery, And of the loyal service of his son, When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot; And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him; What like, offensive.

*Gon.* Then shall you go no further. [*To EDMUND.* It is the cowish terror of his bred, That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs, Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way, May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother; Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers: I must change names at home, and give the distaff Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear, If you dare venture in your own behalf, A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

*[Giving a favour.]* Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak, Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear Gloucester! [*Exit EDMUND.*] O, the difference of man and man! To thee a woman's services are due; My fool usurps my body.

*Stew.* Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit Stew.*]

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.

*Alb.* O Goneril! You are not worth the dust which the rude wind Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition: That nature, which contemns its origin, Should not be border'd certain in itself;

She that herself will sliver and disbranch From her material sap, perforce must wither, And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more; the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem Filth's savour but themselves. What have you Tigress, not daughters, what have you perform'd A father, and a gracious aged man, Whose reverence even the head-logg'd bear lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you Could my good brother suffer you to do it? A man, a prince, by him so benefited?

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits Send quickly down to tame these vile offences 'T will come:

Humanity must perforce prey on itself, Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd Ere they have done their mischief. Where's the France spreads his banners in our noiseless land With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats. Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st "Alack! why does he so?"

*Alb.* See thyself, devil! Proper deformity seems not in the fiend So horrid as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool!

*Alb.* Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing, Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fit To let these hands obey my blood, They are apt enough to dislocate and tear Thy flesh and bones:—How'er thou art a fiend A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now!—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alb.* What news?

*Mess.* O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall Slain by his servant, going to put out The other eye of Gloucester.

*Alb.* Gloucester's eyes!

*Mess.* A servant that he bred, thril'd with Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword To his great master; who, threat'ning enrag'd, Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him: But not without that harmful stroke which hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shows you are You justicers, that these our nether crimes So speedily can venge!—but, O, poor Gloucester! Lost he his other eye?

*Mess.* Both, both, my lord.— This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer: 'T is from your sister.

*Gon.* [*Aside.*] One way I like this well; But being widow, and my Gloucester with her, May all the building in my fancy pluck Upon my hateful life: Another way, The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

*Alb.* Where was his son, when they did take

*Mess.* Come with my lady hither.

*Alb.* He is not

*Mess.* No, my good lord; I met him back

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness?

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd

him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their passions

Might have the freer course.

*Alb.* Gloucester, I live

for the love thou show'st the king,  
 Ope thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;  
 I know more thou know'st. [Exeunt.]

III.—*The French Camp, near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Why the king of France is so suddenly gone  
 from the reason?  
 Nothing he left imperfect in the state, which  
 might have been thought of; which imports to  
 us so much fear and danger, that his personal  
 presence was most required, and necessary.

How hath he left behind him general?  
 The Mareschal of France, Monsieur Le Far.  
 Did your letters pierce the queen to any de-  
 gree of grief?  
 Yes, sir, she took them, read them in my pre-  
 sence;

And then an ample tear trill'd down  
 her cheek; it seem'd she was a queen  
 in passion; who, most rebel-like,  
 Had kiss'd her king o'er her.

O, then it mov'd her.  
 She fell to a rage; patience and sorrow strove  
 within her to express her goodliest. You have seen  
 her rain at once: her smiles and tears  
 were in her cheek: Those happy smilets,  
 that on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
 sorrow, were in her eyes; which parted thence,  
 like diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow  
 rarify'd most belov'd, if all  
 come it.

Made she no verbal question?  
 Yes, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of  
 her father.  
 And with it, as if it press'd her heart;  
 Her sisters!—shame of ladies! sisters!  
 O sisters! What? if the storm? if the night?  
 To be believ'd!—There she shook  
 her head from her heavenly eyes,  
 Her cheeks moisten'd:—then away she started  
 with a grief alone.

It is the stars,  
 They govern us, govern our conditions;  
 Our mate and mate could not beget  
 our issues. You spoke not with her since?  
 No, since.

Well, sir: The poor distress'd Lear is it?  
 Yes, sir.  
 Yes, in his better tune, remembers  
 how to come about, and by no means  
 to see his daughter.

Why, good sir?  
 The sovereign shame so elbows him: his own  
 unkindness,  
 That he has from his benediction, turn'd her  
 into a casualty, gave her dear rights  
 to his started daughters,—these things sting  
 him so venomously, that burning shame  
 has almost kill'd him from Cordelia.

Alack, poor gentleman!  
 Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard  
 of?

Yes, sir; they are afoot.  
 Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master, Lear,  
 who will attend him: some dear cause  
 will be his treatment wrap me up awhile;  
 I am known a right, you shall not grieve  
 me in this acquaintance. I pray you, go  
 on. [Exeunt.]

\* Dear cause—important business.

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 't is he; why he was met even now  
 As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;  
 Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,  
 With barlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
 In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;  
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
 And bring him to our eye. What can man's wisdom

In the restoring his bereaved sense?  
 He that helps him, take all my outward worth.  
 Phy. There is means, madam:  
 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,  
 The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,  
 Are many simples operative, whose power  
 Will close the eye of anguish. [Exit an Officer]

Cor. All bless'd secrets,  
 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
 Spring with my tears! be aidant, and mediate,  
 In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;  
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
 That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam:  
 The British powers are marching hitherward.  
 Cor. 'T is known before; our preparation stands  
 In expectation of them.—O dear father,  
 It is thy business that I go about;  
 Therefore great France  
 My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.  
 No blown ambition doth our arms incite,  
 But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:  
 Soon may I hear and see him! [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloucester's Castle.*

Enter REGAN and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?  
 Stew. Ay, madam.  
 Reg. Himself  
 In person there?  
 Stew. Madam, with much ado:  
 Your sister is the better soldier.  
 Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?  
 Stew. No, madam.  
 Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?  
 Stew. I know not, lady.  
 Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,  
 To let him live; where he arrives he moves  
 All hearts against us; Edmund, I think, is gone,  
 In pity of his misery, to despatch  
 His nighted life; moreover, to decry  
 The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my  
 letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;  
 The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;  
 My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might  
 not you

Transport her purposes by words? Belike,  
 Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,  
 Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—  
 Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;  
 I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,  
 She gave strange mihiads, and most speaking looks  
 To noble Edmund: I know you are of her bosom.

*Stevo.* I, madam?

*Reg.* I speak in understanding; you are, I know it: Therefore, I do advise you, take this note: My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd; And more convenient is he for my hand, Than for your lady's:—You may gather more. If you do find him, pray you, give him this; And when your mistress hears thus much from you, I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. So fare you well. If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor, Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

*Stevo.* 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would show  
What party I do follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—The country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a peasant.

*Glo.* When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

*Edg.* You do climb up it now: look how we labour.

*Glo.* Methinks, the ground is even.

*Edg.* Horrible steep:  
Hark, do you hear the sea?

*Glo.* No, truly.

*Edg.* Why, then your other senses grow imperfect  
By your eyes' anguish.

*Glo.* So may it be, indeed:  
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st  
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

*Edg.* You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I  
chang'd,

But in my garments.

*Glo.* Methinks, you are better spoken.

*Edg.* Come on, sir; here 's the place!—stand still.—  
How fearful

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice: and yon' tall anchoring bark,  
Diminish'd to her cock; \* her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high:—I 'll look no more;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand: you are now within a  
foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon  
Would I not leap upright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand.  
Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,  
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare you well, good sir. [Seems to go.]

*Glo.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his despair,  
Is done to cure it.

*Glo.* O you mighty gods!  
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,  
Shake patiently my great affliction off:  
If I could bear it longer, and not fall  
To quarrel with your great opposess wills,  
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

\* The cock boat. The "anchoring bark" has a small boat  
towing, and, as the bark was diminished to a cock, the cock  
was a buoy "almost too small for sight."

Burn itself  
Now, fellow  
*Edg.*

And yet I  
The treasure  
Yields to  
By this ha  
Ho, you s  
Thus might  
What are  
*Glo.*  
*Edg.* H

So many  
Thou had  
Hast hear  
Ten mast  
Which the  
Thy life  
*Glo.* B  
*Edg.* F  
Look up  
Cannot be  
*Glo.* A  
Is wretche  
To end its  
When mi  
And frust  
*Edg.*  
Up:—so

*Glo.* T  
*Edg.*  
Upon the  
Which pa  
*Glo.*  
*Edg.* A  
Were two  
Horns wh  
It was sor  
Think the  
Of men's  
*Glo.* I  
Affliction  
Enough, t  
I took it  
"The fier  
*Edg.* ]

Enter I  
The safer  
His mast  
*Lear.*  
I am the  
*Edg.* C  
*Lear.*  
your pres

\* Gone, asked Glos told him, speaks to b  
\* Ten m other. So phical errc can find no phrase con  
\* Burn. Beasy, to i in the mas wards Fra  
\* For a shall see t (t is his pr coming."  
pro-mus

draw me a clothier's yard.<sup>b</sup>—Look, look, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese ere's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a pair of the brown bills.<sup>c</sup>—O, well-flown, out, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the marjoram.

that voice.  
Goneril!—with a white beard!—They say a dog; and told me I had the white ard, ere the black ones were there. To say, to everything I said.—Ay and no too vicinity. When the rain came to wet me wind to make me chatter; when the thunder not peace at my bidding; there I found smelt them out. Go to, they are not words: they told me I was everything; and not ague-proof.  
Ock of that voice I do well remember: what dog?

Ay, every inch a king: see, how the subject quakes. What man's life: What was thy cause?—

die: Die for adultery! No: to 't, and the small gilded fly my sight.  
thrive, for Gloucester's bastard son his father, than my daughters lawful sheets.  
well-mell, for I lack soldiers.—opening dame,  
ween her forks presageth snow; true, and does shake the head sure's name;  
t the soiled horse, goes to 't stomas appetite.  
waist they are centaurs, though women to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath 't; there 's hell, there 's darkness, there is pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption, fye! pah! pah! Give me an ounce of apothecary, sweeten my imagination: for thee.

e kiss that hand!  
e wipe it first; it smells of mortality d piece of nature! This great world at to nought.—Dost thou know me? ember thine eyes well enough. Dost me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; Read thou this challenge; mark but t.  
l thy letters smns, I could not see. l not take this from report;—it is, cracks at it.

with the case of eyes?  
are you there with me? No eyes in no money in your purse? Your eyes ase, your purse in a light: Yet you see (oes.  
velingly.

art mad? A man may see how this no eyes. Look with thine ears: see rails upon you' simple thief. Hark, ange places; and, handy-dandy, which

r was the rustic who kept crows from corn— the proper use of the bow.  
shire's yard.—draw like a famous English c of Chevy Chase;—  
a arrow of a slash yard long p to the head drew he."  
—bills for billmen, the infantry.

is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!  
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;  
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind  
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.  
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:  
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power  
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now;  
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!  
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.  
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester;  
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.  
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come  
To this great stage of fools;—This a good block!—<sup>a</sup>  
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;  
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,  
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.<sup>b</sup>

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,  
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even  
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;  
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,  
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?  
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,  
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,  
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom;  
What?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,  
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there 's life in 't. Come, an you get it,  
you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[Exit running; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;  
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast a daughter,  
Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What 's your will

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,  
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,  
How near 's the other army?

<sup>a</sup> This a good block! Steevens conjectures that, when Lear says, "I will preach to thee," and begins his sermon, "When we are born, we cry," he takes his hat in his hand, and, turning it round, dislikes the fashion or shape of it, which was then called the block. He then starts off, by association with the tax, to the delicate stratagem of shoeing a troop of horse with felt.  
<sup>b</sup> Kill was the ancient word of onset in the English army.

*Gent.* Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry  
Stands on the hourly thought.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir; that's all.

*Gent.* Though that the queen on special cause is here,  
Her army is mov'd on.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

*Glo.* You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;  
Let not my worse spirit tempt me again  
To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.

*Glo.* Now, good sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to fortune's  
blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,  
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,  
I'll lead you to some bidding.

*Glo.* Hearty thanks:  
The bounty and the benison of heaven  
To boot, and boot!

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!  
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh  
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,  
Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out  
That must destroy thee.

*Glo.* Now let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes.*]

*Stew.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;  
Lest that infection of his fortune take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Ch'll not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

*Stew.* Let go, slave, or thou diest.

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor  
volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my  
life, 't would not ha' been so long as 't is by a vortnight.  
Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye,  
or ise try whether your costard or my ballow\* be the  
harder: Ch'll be plain with you.

*Stew.* Out, dunghill!

*Edg.* Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor  
your foins. [*They fight; and EDG. knocks him down.*]

*Stew.* Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my  
purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;  
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,  
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out  
Upon the English party:—O, untimely death. [*Dies.*]

*Edg.* I know thee well: A serviceable villain;  
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,  
As badness would desire.

*Glo.* What, is he dead?

*Edg.* Sit you down, father; rest you.—  
Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of,  
May be my friends.—He is dead; I am only sorry  
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—  
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:  
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;  
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You  
have many opportunities to cut him off: if you will want not,  
time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing  
done, if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and  
his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver  
me, and supply the place for your labour."

"Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,  
"GONERIL."

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—  
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;  
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,  
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified

\* *Ballow.* Grose, in his 'Provincial Glossary,' gives *ballow*  
as a north-country word for *pole*. Edgar is speaking the Somers-  
e dialect.

Of murderous lechers; and, in the mature time,  
With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
Of the death-tractis'd duke: For him 't is well,  
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDGAR, dragging out the*  
*Glo.* The king is mad: How stiff is my vein  
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling  
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:  
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my grief,  
And woes, by wrong imaginations lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

*Re-enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Give me your hand  
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.  
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp,  
on a Bed, asleep; Physician, Gentlemen, attending.*

*Enter CORDELIA and KENT.*

*Cor.* O thou good Kent, how shall I live  
To match thy goodness? My life will be less  
And every measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, madam, is a great  
All my reports go with the modest truth;  
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

*Cor.* Be better suited.  
These weeds are memories of those worse hours  
I prithee put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon, dear madam:  
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:  
My boon I make it that you know me not,  
Till time and I think meet.

*Cor.* Then be it so, my good lord. How  
King? [*To the P.*]

*Phys.* Madam, sleeps still.

*Cor.* O you kind gods,  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!  
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up,  
Of this child-changed father!

*Phys.* So please your  
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and  
I'll the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

*Gent.* Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep  
We put fresh garments on him.

*Phys.* Be by, good madam, when we do  
him;  
I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* Very well.  
*Phys.* Please you, draw near.—Loudly  
there.

*Cor.* O my dear father! Restoration hang  
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made!

*Kent.* Kind and dear  
*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these who  
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a time  
To be oppos'd against the jarring winds?  
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor per  
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that  
Against my fire. And wast thou fair, poor fi  
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!  
'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to  
*Phys.* Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

\* *Suited*—clothed.

does my royal lord? How fares your  
sister?

do me wrong, to take me out o' the  
state:—  
I am in bliss; but I am bound  
of fire, that mine own tears  
molten lead.

Sir, do you know me?  
I am a spirit, I know: When did you die?  
I am still, far wide!

I am scarce awake; let him alone awhile.  
Do you have I been? Where am I?—Fair  
light?—

abus'd.—I should e'en die with pity,  
thus.—I know not what to say.—  
These are my hands:—let 's see;  
prick. 'Would I were assur'd  
of my death.

O, look upon me, sir,  
I have hand in benediction o'er me:—  
I must not kneel.

Pray, do not mock me:  
I am a foolish fond old man,  
falling on my face;  
upward; not an hour more nor less:—  
I am mainly,

ignorant in my perfect mind.  
I would know you, and know this man;  
and know 's: for I am mainly ignorant  
of the world: and all the skill I have  
is in these garments; nor I know not  
what 's edge last night: Do not laugh at me;  
I am a fool, I think this lady  
is Cordelia.

And so I am, I am.

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not  
If you have poison for me I will drink it.

I know you do not love me; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause

*Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Phys.* Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,  
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger  
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,  
Till further settling.

*Cor.* Will 't please your highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me.  
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt LEAR, COR., Phys., and Attendants.*]

*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

*Kent.* Most certain, sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people?

*Kent.* As 't is said,  
The bastard son of Gloster.

*Gent.* They say, Edgar,  
His banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent  
In Germany.

*Kent.* Report is changeable.

'T is time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom  
Approach apace.

*Gent.* The arbitrement is like to be bloody.

Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Kent.* My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,  
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle 's fought. [*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

*The Camp of the British Forces, near  
Dover.*

*Drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN,  
Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

of the duke if his last purpose hold;  
I see, he is advis'd by aught  
of course: He 's full of alteration,  
and bring his constant pleasure.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

My sister's man is certainly miscarried.  
I am to be doubted, madam.

Now, sweet lord,  
if goodness I intend upon you:  
I am truly,—but then speak the truth,  
and be my sister?

In honour'd love,  
I have never found my brother's way  
to this place?

That thought abuses you.  
I am doubtful that you have been conjunct  
with her, as far as we call hers.  
I am by mine honour, madam.

I shall endure her: Dear my lord,  
I am with her.

*Malone's* touch of nature—

and upward; not an hour more nor less"—  
added by the modern editors. Malone says, "The  
line is, 'not an hour more nor less,' i.e., not an hour  
an indeterminate number, for such is four-  
teen." Why, who is speaking? One who speaks  
directly? No! one who immediately after  
is not in my perfect mind." It was the half-  
the "foolish, fond old man" which Shakspeare  
by the mixture of a determinate and an indeter-

*Edm.* Fear me not:—  
She, and the duke her husband,—

*Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

*Gon.* I had rather lose the battle than that sister  
Should loosen him and me. [Aside.]

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be met.—  
Sir, this I heard,—The king is come to his daughter,  
With others, whom the rigour of our state  
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,  
I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
It toucheth us as France invades our land,  
Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,  
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

*Edm.* Sir, you speak nobly.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?  
*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy:

For these domestic and particular broils  
Are not the question here.

*Alb.* Let 's then determine with the ancient of war  
On our proceeding.

*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.

*Reg.* Sister, you 'll go with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'T is most convenient; pray you go with us.

*Gon.* O, ho, I know the riddle: [Aside.] I will go.

*As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,  
Hear me one word.

*Alb.* I 'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

*Edg.* Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.  
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound

For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,  
I can produce a champion, that will prove  
What is avouched there: if you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

*Alb.* Stay till I have read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,

And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

*Re-enter EDMUND.*

*Edm.* The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.  
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces  
By diligent discovery:—but your haste  
Is now urg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time. [*Exit.*]

*Edm.* To both these sisters have I sworn my love;  
Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?  
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,  
If both remain alive: To take the widow,  
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;  
And hardly shall I carry out my side  
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use  
His countenance for the battle; which being done,  
Let her who would be rid of him devise  
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,  
The battle done, and they within our power,  
Shall never see his pardon: for my state  
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.*

*Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.*

*Edg.* Here, father, take the shadow of this tree  
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:  
If ever I return to you again,  
I'll bring you comfort.

*Glo.* Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit EDG.*]

*Alarums; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;  
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:  
Give me thy hand, come on.

*Glo.* No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

*Edg.* What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure  
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:  
Ripeness is all: Come on.

*Glo.* And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

*Edm.* Some officers take them away: good guard;  
Until their greater pleasures first be known  
That are to censure them.

*Cor.* We are not the first,  
Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the worst.  
For thee, oppressed king, I am cast down;  
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—  
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison;  
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,  
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At doted butterflies, and hear poor rogues

Talk of court news; and we'll talk with  
Who loses, and who wins: who's in, who's out,  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones  
That ebb and flow by the moon.

*Edm.* Take them  
*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
The gods themselves throw incense. How  
Thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from  
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes,  
The good years shall devour them, flesh and sin  
Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see  
first.

*Come. [Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA]*

*Edm.* Come hither, captain; hark.  
Take thou this note; [*giving a paper*] go  
to prison;

One step I have advanc'd thee: if thou dost  
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy  
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that  
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded  
Does not become a sword:—Thy great enemy  
Will not bear question;—either say, thou  
Or thrive by other means.

*Off.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it; and write happy, when  
done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so  
As I have set it down.

*Off.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried  
If it be man's work I will do it.

*Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,  
and Attendants.*

*Alb.* Sir, you have shown to-day your valour  
And fortune led you well: You have the  
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:  
I do require them of you, so to use them,  
As we shall find their merits and our safety  
May equally determine.

*Edm.* Sir, I thought it  
To send the old and miserable king  
To some retention and appointed guard;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more  
To pluck the common bosom on his side,  
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes,  
Which do command them. With him I sent  
My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear  
Where you shall hold your session. At this time  
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his  
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are carried  
By those that feel their sharpness:—  
The question of Cordelia and her father  
Requires a fitter place.

*Alb.* Sir, by your patience  
I hold you but a subject of this war,  
Not as a brother.

*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him:  
Methinks our pleasure might have been done  
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our power  
Bore the commission of my place and person  
The which immediacy may well stand up  
And call itself your brother.

*Gon.* Not so hot:  
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your addition.

*Reg.* In my right  
By me invested, he compeers the best.

*Gon.* That were the most if he should bid  
*Reg.* Jesters do oft prove prophets.

\* Fell—skin.

Holla, holla!  
 you so look'd but a-squint.  
 n not well; else I should answer  
 g stomach.—General,  
 iers, prisoners, patrimony;  
 f me; the walls are thine:  
 that I create thee here  
 er.

Mean you to enjoy him?  
 me lies not in your good-will.  
 ine, lord.

Half-blooded fellow, yes.  
 um strike, and prove my title thine.  
 [To EDMUND.  
 hear reason: Edmund, I arrest thee  
 ; and, in thy arrest,  
 nt: [*Pointing to Gon.*—for your  
 ir sister,  
 rest of my wife;  
 racted to this lord,  
 d, contradict your banns.  
 make your loves to me,  
 e.

An interlude!  
 n'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet sound:  
 prove upon thy person,  
 fest, and many treasons,  
 e; [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll  
 on thy heart,  
 hou art in nothing less  
 proclaim'd thee.

Sick, O, sick!  
 l ne'er trust medicine. [*Aside.*  
 my exchange: [*Throwing down a*  
 that in the world he is  
 itor, villain-like he lies;  
 t: he that dares approach,  
 who not?) I will maintain  
 our firmly.  
 ho!

A herald, ho, a herald!  
 y single virtue; for thy soldiers,  
 ame, have in my name  
 ge.

My sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*  
 d.—Let the trumpet sound,—

mpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

ity or degree, within the lists of the army,  
 Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he  
 let him appear by the third sound of the  
 in his defence.

[1 Trumpet.  
 2 Trumpet.  
 3 Trumpet.

[*Trumpet answers within.*

armed, preceded by a trumpet.

is purposes, why he appears  
 be trumpet.

What are you?  
 quality? and why you answer  
 ions?

Know, my name is lost:  
 bare guawn, and canker-bit:  
 the adversary  
 hal.

Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of  
 Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword.

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  
 Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

Behold, it is my privilege,  
 The privilege of mine honours,

My oath, and my profession; I protest,—  
 Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence

Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,  
 Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,

And, from the extremest upward of thy head,

To the descent and dust below thy feet,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,

Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;

But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some say<sup>a</sup> of breeding breathes

What safe and nicely I might well delay,

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;

With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;

Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloster:

By the law of war,<sup>b</sup> thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,

But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,

Or with this paper shall I stop it:—hold, sir:—

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*

Gon. Say, if I do: the laws are mine, not thine:

Who can arraign me for 't? [*Exit GONERIL.*

Alb. Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

Edm. Ask me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done

And more, much more: the time will bring it out;

'T is past, and so am I: But what art thou

That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble

I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund:

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to plague us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got

Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 't is true;

The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy

A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I

Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale:—

And when 't is told, O, that my heart would burst!—

The bloody proclamation to escape

<sup>a</sup> Say—assay. <sup>b</sup> War—the quixotic, arms.

2. 7.



That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!—  
That we the pain of death would hourly die,  
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift  
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance  
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit  
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,  
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;  
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,  
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd;  
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,  
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
Told him our pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,  
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)  
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
Burst smilingly.

*Edm.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,  
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;  
You look as you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more, more woful, hold it in;  
For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this.

*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period  
To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
To amplify too much, would make much more,  
And top extremity.  
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,  
Who, having seen me in my worse estate,  
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding  
Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms  
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out  
As he 'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;  
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,  
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting  
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life  
Began to crack: twice then the trumpet sounded,  
And there I left him tranc'd.

*Alb.* But who was this?  
*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise  
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service  
Improper for a slave.

*Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.*

*Gent.* Help! help! O help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means this bloody knife?

*Gent.* 'T is hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O she's dead.

*Alb.* Who dead? speak, man.

*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister  
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

*Edm.* I was contracted to them both; all three  
Now marry in an instant.

*Edg.* Here comes Kent.

*Alb.* Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—  
This judgment of the heavens that makes us tremble,  
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

*Enter KENT.*

O, is this he?<sup>a</sup>

The time will not allow the compliment,  
Which very manners urges.

*Kent.* I am come  
To bid my king and master aye good night;  
Is he not here?

*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!—  
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king; and where 's Cordelia?

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of GON. and REGAN are brought in.*]

*Kent.* Alack, why thus?

*Edm.* Yet Edmund was belov'd:

<sup>a</sup> The quartos, O! it is he.

The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew herself.

*Alb.* Even so.—Cover their faces.

*Edm.* I pant for life: Some good I must  
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send  
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ  
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—  
Nay, send in time.

*Alb.* Run, run, O, run—

*Edg.* To who, my lord?—Who has the  
Thy token of reprieve.

*Edm.* Well thought on; take my sword,  
Give it the captain.

*Alb.* Hasten thee, for thy life. [

*Edm.* He hath commission from thy wife  
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she foredid herself.

*Alb.* The gods defend her! Bear him he  
[*EDMUND*]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms,  
EDGAR, Officer, and others.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men,  
Had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them  
That heaven's vault should crack:—She's dead,  
—Ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one liveth,  
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass,  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?

*Edg.* Or image of that horror?

*Alb.* Fall and

*Lear.* This feather stirs; she lives; if it be  
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O my good master!

*Lear.* Prithee, away.

*Edg.* 'T is noble Kent,

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors!  
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever:  
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!  
What is 't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever  
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:  
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

*Off.* 'T is true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not

I have seen the day, with my good biting finger  
I would have made them skip: I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are they?  
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and  
One of them we behold.

*Lear.* This is a dull sight. Are you not

*Kent.*

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant?

*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you;

He'll strike, and quickly too: He's dead as

*Kent.* No, my good lord; I am the very

*Lear.* I'll see that straight.

*Kent.* That, from your first of difference  
Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You are welcome.

*Kent.* Nor no man else; all 's cheerless,  
Deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-don'd<sup>b</sup> themselves,  
And desperately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

<sup>a</sup> The promis'd end—the end of the world, from  
Scriptures. The "image of that horror" is the  
great doom's image of "Macbeth."

<sup>b</sup> Fore-don'd. We have previously had *fore-don'd* in  
the same sense of destroy.

owns not what he says; and vain it is  
to us to him.

Very bootless.

*Enter an Officer.*

Edgar is dead, my lord.

That 's but a trifle here.—

I noble friends, know our intent.

To this great decay may come

Ed: For us, we will resign,

As of this old majesty,

Asolute power:—You, to your rights;

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*]

I such addition as your honours

Are merited.—All friends shall taste

Of their virtue, and all foes

Of their deservings.—O, see, see!

My poor fool is hang'd!<sup>a</sup> No, no, no life:

A dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

<sup>a</sup> *Fool is hang'd.* We cannot avoid thinking in this place, meant to express a peculiar tenor from Lear's confused recollection of his regard toward the Fool, whom we have lost after the depth of his distress, during the storm. Lear said and knave, I have one part in my heart that's mine. And now, when the last and deepest calamity upon him, his expressions shape themselves out anew with which he views the present and the future in his "poor fool."

And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt come no more.

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there! [*He dies.*]

*Edg.* He faints! My lord, my lord,—

*Kent.* Break, heart; I prithee, break!

*Edg.* Look up, my lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he lutes  
him

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

*Edg.* He is gone, indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is he hath endur'd so long:

He but usurp'd his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence.—Our present business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To KENT and EDGAR.*]

Rule in this realm, and the good state sustain.

*Kent.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls me,—I must not say, no.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we that are young

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt with a dead march.*]

<sup>a</sup> This is the original stage direction.





In Coleridge's early sonnet 'to the Author of the Robbers,' his imagination is enchained to the most terrible scene of that play; disregarding, as it were, all the accessaries by which its horrors are mitigated and rendered endurable :—

" Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,  
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent  
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent  
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry—  
Lest in some after-moment aught more mean  
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout  
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout  
Diminish'd shruak from the more withering scene!"

It was in a somewhat similar manner that Shakspeare's representation of the murder of Duncan affected the imagination of Mrs. Siddons :—" It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that on which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But, to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night (a night I can never forget), till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber,

at night which she could never forget that night when all about her when she heard the owl shriek, amid in the fatal chamber,—and she saw of the assassin,—and, personifying rushed to dip her own hands in the blood is perfectly evident that this intensity carried the horrors far beyond the limits of emotion, and has produced all the effects of murder. No reader of the play, who regards this play as Mrs. Siddons represents it, probably for the first time, imperfect vision of the character such as she afterwards delineated it what to all of us must, under any name, be a work of art, however glorious, is reality. It was the isolation of truth by her own attempt to conceive the Macbeth, which made it so terrible. The reader has to regard it as a picture which combines and harmonises with nature which he is adequately prepared to see; and which,—even if we look at it as a picture which represents only that one part of nature which has still its own repose, its own harmony, its own chiaroscuro,—is to be seen as if by a preternatural light. Mrs. Siddons saw it as she has described.

The leading characteristic of this work is, without doubt, that which consists in the difference between a work of the highest order and a work of mediocrity. Without going to the length here especially mean the ability to create a scene of the highest order was ever made; and not make such a poet. If he is called upon to create a scene of the highest order, he must create it as if by a preternatural light.

# M A C B E T H.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p>MACBETH, King of Scotland. Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.</p> <p>MALCOLM, son to Duncan. Act I. sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act IV. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.</p> <p>DONALD BAIN, son to Duncan. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3.</p> <p>General of the King's army. sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V.</p> <p>General of the King's army. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.</p> <p>ROSS, a nobleman of Scotland. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.</p> <p>ANGUS, a nobleman of Scotland. sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.</p> <p>LENOX, a nobleman of Scotland. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 7.</p> <p>CAITHNESS, a nobleman of Scotland. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.</p> <p>SEYTON, a nobleman of Scotland. sc. 4; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4. sc. 7.</p> <p>YOUNG SIWARD, a nobleman of Scotland. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.</p> <p>MACBETH'S SON, son to Banquo. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.</p> <p>FRANZINO, Northumberland, general of the English forces. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.</p>	<p>Young SIWARD, son to the Earl of Northumberland. Appears, Act V. sc. 4; sc. 7.</p> <p>SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth. Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.</p> <p>Son to Macduff. Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.</p> <p>An English Doctor. Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.</p> <p>A Scotch Doctor. Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.</p> <p>A Soldier. Appears, Act I. sc. 7.</p> <p>A Porter. Appears, Act II. sc. 3.</p> <p>An old Man. Appears, Act II. sc. 4.</p> <p>LADY MACBETH. Appears, Act I. sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.</p> <p>LADY MACDUFF. Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.</p> <p>Gentlewoman, attending on Lady Macbeth. Appears, Act V. sc. 1.</p> <p>HECATE. Appears, Act III. sc. 5.</p> <p>Three Witches. Appear, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1.</p> <p>Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, At- tendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo and other Apparitions.</p>
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THE END OF ACT IV. IN ENGLAND; THROUGH THE REST OF THE PLAY IN SCOTLAND.

## ACT I.

*Scene Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter three Witches.*

Where shall we three meet again?

In thunder, or in rain?

The hurlyburly's done,

And win'st our son:

Which will be ere the set of sun,

The place?

Upon the heath:

To meet with Macbeth.

Thou'rt a slave to fate, to chance, to kings,

And to the ill-bewitched air.

Thou'rt fated, say they, that thou shalt never prosper  
Till thou art murder'd: In the air  
Thy true and natural spirits on this day  
Have donned their smocks: For thou hast sworn  
To do as they do teach: Which neither man  
Nor mermaid shall perform.

*Thunder. Enter a Soldier, bleeding, with a wound on his forehead.*

Alas, good day! O, what a weary time!  
Bring forth the blood-boltoned man,  
Whose head smelt such a blast as blew the broom  
In the north-west: Come, sith I've seene  
Guns and the fumes thereof, but none yet  
Of this black and white apparition:  
Hee's here, and yet his bones are not  
Planted: Alas, he's dead, and yet we see  
The horrible tidings!

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Thou'rt slain, and yet dost see  
Thy death's-annals; thou'rt surpris'd  
To behold thee bleed.

Hee's here, and yet his bones are not  
Planted: Alas, he's dead, and yet we see  
The horrible tidings!

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Thy death's-annals; thou'rt surpris'd  
To behold thee bleed.

Hee's here, and yet his bones are not  
Planted: Alas, he's dead, and yet we see  
The horrible tidings!

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt

The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant,  
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought  
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!

Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,

As thou didst leave it.

*Sold.* Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald

(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,  
The multiplying villainies of nature

Do swarm upon him) from the western isles

Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied:

And fortune, on his damned quarry<sup>b</sup> smiling,

Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name),

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,

Which smok'd with bloody execution,

<sup>a</sup> *Of is here used in the sense of with.*

<sup>b</sup> *Quarry.*—So the original. The common reading, on the

emendation of Johnson, is *quarrel*. We conceive that the

original word is that used by Shakspeare, the "damned

quarry" being the doomed army of kerns and gallowglasses,

who, although fortune deceitfully smiled on them, fell before

the sword of Macbeth, and became his quarry—his prey.

Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,  
Till he fac'd the slave;  
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the navel to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*Dun.* O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Sold.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break;\*  
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this our captains, Macbeth and  
Banquo?

*Sold.* Yes: As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;  
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell:

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

*Enter Ross.*

Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthy thane of Rosse.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes!  
So should he look that seems to speak things strange.

*Rosse.* God save the king!

*Dun.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

*Rosse.* From Fife, great king,  
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,  
And fan our people cold.  
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom,<sup>b</sup> lapp'd in proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,<sup>c</sup>  
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us:—

*Dun.* Great happiness!

*Rosse.* That now  
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
Till he disburs'd, at Saint Colmes' inch,  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath. Thunder.*

*Enter the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap.  
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—"Give  
me," quoth I:

\* The word *break* is not in the original. The second folio adds *breaking*. Some verb is wanting; and the reading of the second folio is some sort of authority for the introduction of *break*.

<sup>b</sup> *Bellona's bridegroom* is here undoubtedly Macbeth.

<sup>c</sup> This is the original punctuation, which we think, with *Teek*, is better than

<sup>d</sup> Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm.

"Aroint thee," witch!" the rump-fed ronyon  
Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Turk  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Th' art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other,

And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wrack'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum:

Macbeth doth come.

*All.* The weird<sup>e</sup> sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine:

Peace!—the charm 's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is 't call'd to Forres?—What

So wither'd and so wild in their attire;

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to understand

By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt  
hereafter.

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start; and seem

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of

Are ye fantastical,<sup>d</sup> or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace, and great prediction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak  
If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say, which grain will grow, and which will  
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,  
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

<sup>e</sup> *Aroint thee.*—See *King Lear*, Act III. Scene 4.

<sup>f</sup> *Ronyon.*—See *As You Like It*, Act II. Scene 7.

<sup>g</sup> *Weird.* There can be no doubt that this term is

from the Anglo-Saxon *weard*, word spoken; and in a

way that the word *fate* is anything spoken, *weird* and

synonymous, and equally applicable to each *weird* as

Macbeth's witches.

<sup>d</sup> *Fantastical*—belonging to fancy—imaginary.

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none :  
 Macbeth and Banquo !  
 Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail !  
 O, you imperfect speakers, tell me more :  
 Methinks, I know I am thane of Glamis ;  
 But what's Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
 A gentleman ; and, to be king,  
 Must inherit the prospect of belief,  
 And so be Cawdor. Say, from whence  
 Came this strange intelligence ? or why  
 Didst thou heath you stop our way  
 With prophetic greeting ?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches *vanish*.  
 The earth bath bubbles, as the water has,  
 And some of them : Whither are they vanish'd ?  
 And some to the air : and what seem'd corporal,  
 Into thin air did melt.  
 O, the wind.—'Would they had staid !  
 For such things here as we do speak about  
 Turn upon the insane root,  
 To their own reason prisoner ?  
 Your children shall be kings.

You shall be king.  
 And the thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?  
 For such a self-same tune, and words. Who's here ?

*Enter ROSS and ANGUS.*  
 The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
 The news of thy success : and when he reads  
 Thy venture in the rebels' fight,  
 And his praises do contend,  
 Who shall be thine, or his : Silenc'd with that  
 Word, the rest o' the self-same day,  
 In the stout Norweyan ranks,  
 Instead of what thyself didst make,  
 Of death, as thick as tale  
 Between us and the o'ertop'd  
 Post ; and every one did bear  
 Of his kingdom's great defence,  
 He down before him.

We are sent,  
 From our royal master, thanks ;  
 And bid thee into his sight, not pay thee.  
 And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
 From him, call thee thane of Cawdor :  
 In addition, hail, most worthy thane !

What, can the devil speak true ?  
 The thane of Cawdor lives : Why do you  
 Call me thane of Cawdor ?

Who was the thane, lives yet ;  
 And every judgment bears that life  
 Which serves to lose.  
 As comin'd with those of Norway ;  
 He rebel with hidden help  
 Of thee, or that with both he labour'd  
 In thy country's wrack, I know not ;  
 His capital, confess'd, and prov'd,  
 He own'd him.

Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :  
 He is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—  
 Ope your children shall be kings,  
 And you shall be thane of Cawdor to me,  
 Less than to them ?

That, trusted home,  
 He kindle you unto the crown,  
 Than thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange :  
 For such a deed, to win us to our harm,  
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;  
 And honest trifles, to betray us  
 In deepest consequence.—  
 Adieu, I pray you.

*Exit ROSS and ANGUS.*  
 I have read in an old book of medicine, which  
 is called *incantation*.

*Macb.* Two truths are told,  
 As happy prologues to the swelling act  
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—  
 This supernatural soliciting  
 Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—If ill,  
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
 Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :  
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
 Against the use of nature ? Present fears  
 Are less than horrible imaginings :  
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
 Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is  
 But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt.  
*Macb.* If chance will have me king, why, chance  
 May crown me,  
 Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him,  
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,  
 But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* Come what come may,  
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour :—  
 My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.  
 Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd  
 Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—  
 Let us toward the king.—

Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and, at more time,  
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
 Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.  
*Macb.* Till then, enough.—Come, friends. *Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALDIN,  
 LENOX, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor ? Are not  
 Those in commission yet return'd ?

*Mal.* My liege,  
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
 With one that saw him die : who did report,  
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons ;  
 Implor'd your highness' pardon ; and set forth  
 A deep repentance : nothing in his life  
 Became him like the leaving it ; he died  
 As one that had been studied in his death,  
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
 As 't were a careless trifle.

*Dun.* There's no art  
 To find the mind's construction in the face :  
 He was a gentleman on whom I built  
 An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.*

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
 Was heavy on me : Thou art so far before,  
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
 To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd ;  
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
 Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,  
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
 Is to receive our duties : and our duties  
 Are to your throne and state, children and servants ;  
 Which do but what they should, by doing everything  
 Safe toward your love and honour.

*Dun.* Welcome hither !  
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour



To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me unfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*Dun.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter  
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must  
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor!  
*Macb.* The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!  
Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exit.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's  
Castle.

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.*

*Lady M.* "They met me in the day of success; and I  
have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them  
than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question  
them further, they made themselves air, into which they  
vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came mis-  
sives from the king, who all hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor';  
by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and re-  
ferred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that  
shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest  
partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of  
rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.  
Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition; but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst  
highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great  
Glamis,  
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it:  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Atten.* The king comes here to-night.  
*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it;  
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Atten.* So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:  
One of my fellows had the speed of him;

<sup>a</sup> Metaphysical—i. e. unnatural.

Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely  
Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him  
He brings great news. The raven himself  
[*Exit.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace betwixt  
The effect, and it!<sup>a</sup> Come to my woman's  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thin  
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the  
To cry, "Hold, hold!"—Great Glamis  
Cawdor!

*Enter MACBETH.*

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes  
*Macb.* To-morrow,—as he purposes.

*Lady M.* O, na  
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where  
May read strange matters:—To beguile the  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the  
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's cas  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch  
Which shall to all our nights and days to  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady M.* Only look  
To alter favour ever is to fear:  
Leave all the rest to me.

SCENE VI.—The same. Before the

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attend.

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALDIN,  
LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and others.*

*Dun.* This castle bath a pleasant seat;  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's  
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this hill  
Hath made his pendent bed, and proficuous  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have  
The air is delicate.

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Dun.* See, see! our happy  
The love that follows us sometimes is our tra  
Which still we thank as love. Hie you I see

<sup>a</sup> If fear, compassion, or any other sympathy  
stand between a cruel purpose and its realization,  
said to keep peace between them, as one who  
between a violent man and the object of his wrath.

all bid God-eyld us for your pains,  
as for your trouble.\*

All our service  
is twice done, and then done double,  
and single business, to contend  
for honours deep and broad, wherewith  
loads our house: For those of old,  
dignities head'd up to them,  
hermits.<sup>b</sup>

Where 's the thane of Cawdor?  
I am at the heels, and had a purpose  
to be revoyr: but he rides well;  
and his love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
before us: Fair and noble hostess,  
I am a guest to-night.

Your servants ever  
love themselves, and what is theirs, in com-  
mitment; and audit at your highness' pleasure,  
I will do it on my own.

Give me your hand:  
I will go to mine host; we love him highly,  
and will continue our graces towards him.  
I will do it on my own.

[*Exeunt.*]

II.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*  
*Enter, and pass over the stage,*  
*and divers Servants with dishes and ser-*  
*vice enter MACBETH.*

It were done, when 't is done, then 't were well  
done quickly: If the assassination  
will set up the consequence, and catch  
the success; that but this blow  
will be-all and the end-all, here,  
on this bank and shoal of time,  
the life to come.—But in these cases,  
I have judgment here; that we but teach  
bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
inventor: This even-handed justice  
tramples on the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
lips. He 's here in double trust:  
as his kinsman and his subject,  
against the deed: then, as his host,  
against his murderer shut the door,  
to keep the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
is full of faculties so meek, hath been  
so just and equanimous, that his virtues  
doe like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
the deep damnation of his taking-off;  
and he is a naked new-born babe,  
till he is blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
with the terrible air, that he horrid deed  
in every eye, shall drown the wind.—I have no spur  
to prick the sides of my intent, but only  
this rotten question, which o'erleaps itself,<sup>d</sup>  
and bids the other \*—How now, what news?

restored the old familiar expression *God-eyld*, as  
with the playfulness of Duncan's speech than the  
modern text. There is great refinement in  
the passage, but the meaning is tolerably clear.  
It follows us is sometimes troublesome; so we give  
it look you only at the love we bear to you, and  
thank us.

scholars—bound to pray for a benefactor.  
the original, *schools*. Theobald corrected the  
"by which," says Stevens, "our author means  
of life." We shall not disturb the received  
text, which is unquestionably the safest.

is proposed to read, instead of *itself*, *its self*, its  
ever clever may be the notion, we can scarcely  
justify for the change of the original. A person  
(ambition is personified) might be said to *overleap*  
itself, as overbalance himself, or overcharge himself,  
or himself, or overmeasure himself, or overreach  
itself, or in all these cases is used in the sense of

\* Haumer introduced *side*. The commentators  
addition is unnecessary, inasmuch as the plural  
is used just before. But surely this notion is to pro-

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd: why have you left  
the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know you not he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this business:  
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem;  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?<sup>a</sup>

*Macb.* Prithee, peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more, is none.

*Lady M.* What beast was 't then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know  
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn,  
As you have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail,—

*Lady M.* We fail.  
But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,<sup>b</sup>  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck\* only: When in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?<sup>d</sup>

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only,  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,  
That they have done 't?

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

duce a jumble of the metaphor. Macbeth compares his *intent*  
to a courser: I have no spur to urge him on. Unprepared I  
am about to vault into my seat, but I overleap myself and fall.  
It appears to us that the sentence is broken by the entrance  
of the messenger; that it is not complete in itself; and would  
not have been completed with *side*.

\* We find the adage in Heywood's Proverbs, 1556:—"The cat  
would eat fish and would not wet her feet."

<sup>b</sup> Convince—overpower. <sup>c</sup> Limbeck—alewife.

<sup>d</sup> Quell—subdue.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle.*

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take 't, 't is later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword.—There 's lustan'ry  
in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.*

Who 's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices:

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All 's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent,<sup>b</sup>—when 't is,  
It shall make honour for you.

*Ban.* So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsell'd.

*Macb.* Good repose, the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, sir; the like to you! [*Exit BANQUO.*]

*Lady.* Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready:

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon,<sup>c</sup> gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing.

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

<sup>a</sup> *Hobdentry*—fugality.

<sup>b</sup> *Consent*—union.

<sup>c</sup> *Dudgeon*—the handle of the dagger.

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*Macb.*

*Lady*

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*Macb.*

*Lady*

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*Macb.*

*Lady*

*Macb.*

*Lady*

*Macb.*

*Lady*

*Macb.*

Who lie

*Lady*

*Macb.*

*Lady*

*Macb.*

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*Macb.*

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*Macb.*

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*Lady*

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<sup>a</sup> *Sides*.

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thought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more! Murmur sleep, the innocent sleep; 'twixt the ravel'd sleave<sup>a</sup> of care, each day's life, sore labour's bath, minds, great nature's second course, r in life's feast."

What do you mean?  
He cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the

murder'd sleep: and therefore Cawdor more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"  
Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy

your noble strength, to think of things:—Go, get some water, filthy witness from your hand.—Bring these daggers from the place? there: Go, carry them; and smear your brows with blood.

I'll go no more:  
I think what I have done;  
But in my sleep I dare not.

Infirm of purpose!  
Daggers: The sleeping, and the dead, are but their pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild my faces of the grooms withal, for I will smear their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.]

Whence is that knocking?  
How comes it, when every noise appals me?  
Here's one! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!  
Neptune's ocean wash this blood and this coward's hands.  
No; this my hand will rather than heaven's wash  
My sin—  
O, when will these comes—  
one red.<sup>b</sup>

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

My hands are of your colour; but I shame to wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a knocking at the south door:—retire we to our chamber; this business clears us of this deed; it is yet to come. Then! Your constancy is a man's offence.—[Knocking.] Hark! more knocking. Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us, and we must answer. Be not lost with your thoughts;—know your deed, 'twere best not know yourself. [Knock.] Knock again with thy knocking; I would thou couldst! [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.]  
Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were a thief, he should have old turning the key. Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself for expectation of plenty: Come in time; begone, begone!  
enough about you; here you'll sweat for the

trough silk—the *spilizza* of the Italians. This passage, and, in some degree, the expression in a line of Heywood ('Robert Earl of

multitudes of seas dyed red with blood."<sup>a</sup> I think, the meaning of *multitudinous*. Upon following the following line the commentators are at the original it stands

"Making the green one, red."  
opts. The ordinary reading.  
"Making the green—one red,"  
y. Murphy, and adopted by Stevens. There is, we apprehend, of the propriety of the altera-

for 't. [Knocking.] Knock, knock: Who's there, i' the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come lither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [Knocking.] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so hold to call,  
For 't is my limited<sup>a</sup> service. [Exit MACDUFF.]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;

And prophesying with accents terrible,

Of dire combustion and confus'd events,

New hatch'd to the woeful time,

The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night:

Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake.<sup>b</sup>

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!

Tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee!

<sup>a</sup> Limited—appointed.

<sup>b</sup> We here follow the regulation of the original. But we have adopted a punctuation suggested by a friend, which connects "the obscure bird" with "prophesying."

*Macb., Len.* What 's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-piece!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and soie thence  
The life o' the building.

*Macb.* What is 't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarm-bell:—Murder! and treason!  
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see  
The great doom's image—Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,  
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.\* [*Bell rings.*]

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* What 's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

*Macd.* O, gentle lady,  
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.—

*Enter BANQUO.*

O Banquo! Banquo! our royal master 's murder'd!

*Lady M.* Woe, alas! what, in our house?

*Ban.* Too cruel, anywhere.  
Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,  
And say, it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.*

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There 's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know 't,  
The spring, the head: the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*Macd.* Your royal father 's murder'd.

*Mal.* O, by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:  
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,  
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found  
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted;  
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and fu-  
rious,

Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain

\* The words "ring the bell" form part of the original text; and the stage direction, "bell rings," immediately follows. The commentators strike out "ring the bell," contending that these words also were a stage direction. But how natural is it that Macduff, having previously cried "ring the alarm-bell," should still repeat the order!

That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make his love known?

*Lady M.* Help me here!

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* Why do we hold her back?

That most may claim this argument for us!

*Don.* What should be spoken here,

Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,  
May rush, and seize us? Let 's away; we 're tan  
Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* Nor our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady:—

[*LADY MACBETH is carried*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand; and, though  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.* And so do I.\*

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet 't the hall together.

*All.* Well contented. [*Exeunt all but Macb. and*

*Mal.* What will you do? Let 's not count  
them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy: I 'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland, I; our separated fortunes  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood  
The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that 's shot  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: There 's warrant in that fall  
Which steals itself, when there 's no mercy left. [*Exit*

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

*Enter ROSSE and an Old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well  
Within the volume of which time, I have seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sorrow  
Hath trifled former knowings.

*Rosse.* Ah, good father,  
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 't is day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'T is unnatural,  
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last  
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

*Rosse.* And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange  
and certain,)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, long ere  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with mankind.

*Old M.* 'T is said, they eat each other.  
*Rosse.* They did so; to the amazement of mine  
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macbeth.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

\* This speech in the original belongs to Macbeth, but, without any explanation, it is given by all the modern editors to Macduff.

known who did this more than bloody deed?  
 Ose that Macbeth hath slain.

Alas, the day!  
 could they pretend?<sup>a</sup>

They were suborn'd:  
 d Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
 ay and fled; which puts upon them  
 the deed.

'Gainst nature still:  
 bition, that will ravin up  
 fe's means!—Then 't is most like  
 ay will fall upon Macbeth.  
 is already nam'd; and gone to Scene,  
 d.

*Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colmes-kill;  
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
 And guardian of their bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to Scene?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there;—  
 adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

*Rosse.* Farewell, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you, and with those  
 That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!  
 [Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

I.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter BANQUO.*

hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
 women promis'd; and I fear  
 t most foully for 't: yet it was said,  
 stand in thy posterity;  
 self should be the root, and father  
 gs. If there come truth from them,  
 e, Macbeth, their speeches shiine,  
 verities on thee made good,  
 t be my oracles as well,  
 p in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Ed.* *Enter MACBETH, as King; LADY  
 as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords,  
 d Attendants.*

re's our chief guest.

If ne had been forgotten  
 is a gap in our great feast,  
 g unbecoming.  
 night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
 nest your presence.

Let your highness  
 on me; to the which, my duties  
 ost indissoluble tie  
 le you this afternoon?

Ay, my good lord.  
 should have else desir'd your good advice  
 hath been both grave and prosperous)  
 council; but we'll take<sup>b</sup> to-morrow.  
 ride?

ar, my lord, as will fill up the time  
 nd supper: go not my horse the better,  
 se a borrower of the night,  
 our, or twain.

Fail not our feast.  
 lord, I will not.

hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
 and in Ireland; not confessing  
 arricide, filling their hearers  
 invention: But of that to-morrow;  
 rithal, we shall have cause of state,  
 ntly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,  
 rn at night. Goes Fleance with you?  
 ny good lord: our time does call upon us.  
 ish your horses swift and sure of foot;  
 commend you to their backs.

[Exit BANQUO.]

ropose.

is generally altered to *talk*. It is difficult to ima-  
 necessary change. Who could doubt our mean-  
 to say. "Well, sir, if you cannot come this  
 will take to-morrow?"

Let every man be master of his time  
 Till seven at night; to make society  
 The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
 Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[Exeunt LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.  
*Sirrah*, a word with you: Attend those men our  
 pleasure?

*Attend.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us.—[Exit *Atten.*] To be  
 thus, is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo  
 Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
 Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much he dares;  
 And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
 To act in safety. There is none but he  
 Whose being I do fear: and under him  
 My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,  
 Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,  
 When first they put the name of king upon me,  
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,  
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,  
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd<sup>a</sup> my mind;  
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd:  
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,  
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
 Given to the common enemy of man,  
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
 And champion me to the utterance!<sup>b</sup>—Who's there?—

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*1 Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now  
 Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,  
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
 So under fortune; which, you thought, had been  
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
 In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,  
 How you were borne in hand;<sup>c</sup> how cross'd; the in-  
 struments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,  
 To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

<sup>a</sup> *Fil'd*—doiled.

<sup>b</sup> *Utterance*.—The French *combat a-outrance*.

<sup>c</sup> *Borne in hand*—encouraged by false hopes

1 Mur. *Macbeth is dead; he is dead.*  
 Macb. *I will not believe it without the sight of his blood.*  
 2 Mur. *He is dead, he is dead.*  
 Macb. *He is dead, he is dead.*  
 1 Mur. *He is dead, he is dead.*  
 Macb. *He is dead, he is dead.*

1 Mur. *Macbeth is dead; he is dead.*  
 Macb. *I will not believe it without the sight of his blood.*  
 2 Mur. *He is dead, he is dead.*  
 Macb. *He is dead, he is dead.*  
 1 Mur. *He is dead, he is dead.*  
 Macb. *He is dead, he is dead.*

2 Mur. *I am one, we singe,*  
 Whom the wife blows and buffets of the world  
 Have so incensed, that I am swollen with  
 I do to spite the world.

1 Mur. *And I another,*  
 So waxy with disaster, tugg'd with sorrows,  
 That I would set my life on any chance,  
 To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. *Both of you*  
 Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 Mur. *From my bed.*  
 Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,  
 That every minute of his being thrusts  
 Against my near't of life: And though I could  
 With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,  
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
 Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is  
 That I to your assistance do make love;  
 Masking the business from the common eye,  
 For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. *We shall, my lord,*  
 Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. *Though our lives—*

Macb. *Your spirits shine through you. Within this*  
*hour, at most,*

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.  
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
 The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,\*  
 And something from the palace; always thought  
 That I require a clearness: And with him,  
 To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,  
 To evince his son, that keeps him company  
 Whose absence is no less material to me

\* In the preceding part of this speech a distinction is drawn between the catalogue and the valued life. The catalogue contains the names of all; the valued life, select names. So in those lines there may be a "station in the file" above that of the "same rank." The rank, then, is the row,—the file, those who stand from the row, for superior qualities. Is not this the meaning of the military term, rank and file, which is still in use?  
 Macb. "I will advise you where to plant yourselves."  
 1 Mur. "Acquaint you"—inform yourselves—"with the spy"—with a most careful inquiry—"of the time"—the time of Banquo's return.  
 2 Mur. "I must be done to-night."

That is his father's murderer  
 Of that dark deed, done  
 I'll come to you.

2 Mur. *Macb. I'll call upon you*  
 It is concluded—  
 If it find heaven's punishment

SCENE II.—Dunfermline

Enter Lady Macbeth

Lady M. *Is this a dagger*  
 Serv. *Ay, madam, which*  
 Lady M. *See it before*  
 For a few moments.

Serv. *Madam, 'tis*  
 Lady M. *Where our desire is gone*  
 'T is safer to be that which we  
 Than, by destruction, doom'd

How now, my lord? why do you  
 Of sorriest fancies your  
 Using those thin air-creatures  
 With them they think on 't  
 Should be without suspicion

Macb. *We have ourselves*  
 She'll close, and be herself  
 Remains in danger of our  
 But let the frame of things  
 Ere we will cut our way in  
 In the affliction of these times  
 That shake us nightly: but  
 Whom we, to gain our peace  
 Throw on the fork of war,  
 In restless ecstasy:  
 After life's fitful fever,  
 Treason has done his worst,  
 Malice domestic, mutual  
 Can touch him further!

Lady M. *Come on—*  
 Gentle my lord, speak to me  
 Be bright and jocular

Macb. *So shall I, but*  
 Let your remembrance  
 Present him eminence  
 Unsafe the while, that we  
 Must love our enemies  
 And make our faces  
 Disguising what they are

Lady M. *Macb.*  
 Macb. *O, full of scorpions*  
 Thou know'st that Banquo

Lady M. *But in this*  
 Macb. *There's a*  
 Then be thou jocund:  
 His cloister'd flight,  
 The shroud-borne bear,  
 Hath rung night's yawning  
 There shall be done a deed

Lady M. *What's to be*  
 Macb. *Be innocent*  
 Till thou applaud the deed

Lady M. *What's to be*  
 Macb. *Be innocent*  
 Till thou applaud the deed

\* Peace.—For this word of peace, folio substituted *peace*; and some editors, The repetition of *peace* in Shakespeare's manner, and such as that of Macbeth's *peace*, which is another instance of the crime distorting language, much higher in the sentiment of peace than that of *peace*.  
 1 Mur. *Macb.*  
 2 Mur. *Macb.*

of pitiful day ;  
 and invisible hand,  
 es, that great bond  
 -Light thickens ; and the crow  
 r wood ;  
 n to droop and drowse ;  
 ents to their prey do rouse.  
 words : but hold thee still ;  
 : strong themselves by ill :

[*Exeunt.*

*ne. A Park or Lawn, with a  
 ng to the Palace.*

*three Murderers.*

I bid thee join with us ?

Macbeth.

our mistrust ; since he delivers  
 e have to do,

Then stand with us.  
 with some streaks of day :  
 veller apace,  
 and near approaches

*b.* Hark ! I hear horses.

e us a light there, ho !

Then 't is he ; the rest  
 of expectation,

His horses go about.  
 le ; but he does usually,  
 ce to the palace gate

*FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch  
 eding them.*

A light, a light !

'T is he.

to-night.

Let it come down.

[*Assaults BANQUO.*  
 Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly ;  
 O slave !

*FLEANCE and Servant escape.*  
 ke out the light ?

Was 't not the way ?  
 one down ; the son is fled.  
 : best half of our affair.  
 way, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

*oom of State in the Palace.  
 quiet prepared.*

*MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX,  
 and Attendants.*

our own degrees, sit down : at  
 lcome.

Thanks to your majesty.  
 single with society,  
 ost.

ate ; but, in best time,  
 lcome.

it for me, sir, to all our friends ;  
 ey are welcome.

*murderer, to the door.*

counter thee with their hearts'

ere I 'll sit i' the midst :  
 e, we 'll drink a measure  
 re 's blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'T is Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'T is better thee without, than he within.

Is he despatch'd ?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats : Yet he 's  
 good.

That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,  
 Thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again : I had else been  
 perfect ;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock :  
 As broad and general as the casing air :  
 But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
 To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo 's safe ?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he hides,  
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;  
 The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that  
 There the grown serpent lies ; the worm, that 's fled,  
 Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
 No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to-morrow  
 We 'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*

*Lady M.* My royal lord,  
 You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold  
 That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,  
 'T is given with welcome : To feed, were best at home.  
 From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,  
 Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer !—  
 Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
 And health on both !

*Len.* May it please your highness, sit !

*Enter the Ghost of BANQUO and sits in MACBETH'S  
 place.*

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
 Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present ;  
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
 Than pity for mischance !

*Rosse.* His absence, sir,  
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness  
 To grace us with your royal company ?

*Macb.* The table 's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

*Macb.* Where ?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is 't that  
 moves your highness ?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this ?

*Lords.* What, my good lord ?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it : never shake  
 Thy gory locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends :—my lord is often thus,  
 And hath been from his youth : 'pray you, keep seat ;  
 The fit is momentary ; upon a thought  
 He will again be well : If much you note him,  
 You shall offend him, and extend his passion ;  
 Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
 Which might appal the devil.

*Lady M.* O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear :  
 This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,  
 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,  
 (Impostors to true fear,) would well become  
 A woman's story, at a winter's fire,  
 Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !  
 Why do you make such faces ? When all 's done,  
 You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Prithee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo ! how say  
 you ?

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak us—



If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury, back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites.

*Lady M.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady M.* Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,  
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
That when the brains were out the man would die,  
And there an end: but now, they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*Lady M.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget:—  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;  
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:—

*Enter Ghost.*

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth  
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

*[Ghost disappears.]*

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,  
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the  
good meeting,  
With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights, my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and  
worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good night, and better health  
Attend his majesty!

*Lady M.* A kind good night to all!

*[Exeunt Lords and Attendants.]*

*Macb.* It will have blood; they say, blood will have  
blood:

\* *Inhabit then.*—This is the original reading, which has been  
changed into *inhibit thee*. Horne Tooke was the first to denounce  
this alteration; contending that the true meaning is, that if he  
were dared to the desert he would not skulk within his house.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to  
Augurs, and understood relations, have  
By magot-pies, and choughs, and mooks  
forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the sig

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning,  
which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff  
person,

At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him,

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will  
There's not a one of them, but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow  
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent  
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own  
All causes shall give way; I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head, that will to light  
Which must be acted, ere they may be scan

*Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep: My strange  
abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—  
We are yet but young in deed.

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder*

*Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches*

*1 Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth,  
In riddles, and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art!

And, which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: Get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning; thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
Your charms, and everything beside:  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop, profound;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
And that, distill'd by magic slights,  
Shall raise such artificial sprites,

As, by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:  
And you all know, security  
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

SONG. *[Within.]* "Come away, come away

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

*1 Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she's  
back again.

SCENE VI.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace*

*Enter LENOX, and another Lord*

*Len.* My former speeches have had but little

terpret farther: only, I say,  
been strangely borne: The gracious  
can

Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—  
valiant Banquo walked too late;  
ay say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,  
ed. Men must not walk too late.  
ant the thought, how monstrous  
colm, and for Donalbain,  
racious father! damned fact!  
eve Macbeth! did he not straight,  
the two delinquents tear,  
slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep:  
obly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
ave anger'd any heart alive  
en deny it. So that, I say,  
all things well: and I do think,  
Duncan's sons under his key,  
se heaven, he shall not,) they should find  
o kill a father; so should Fleance.  
for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd  
t the tyrant's feast, I hear  
in disgrace: Sir, can you tell  
ows himself?

The son of Duncan,  
is tyrant holds the due of birth,  
English court; and is receiv'd

Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:  
That, by the help of these, (with Him above  
To ratify the work,) we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours;—  
All which we pine for now: And this report  
Hath so exasperate the king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I;"  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums; as who should say, "You'll rue the time  
That clogs me with this answer."

*Len.* And that well might

Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this suffering country  
Under a hand accus'd!

*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron  
boiling. Thunder.*

*Enter the three Witches.*

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.  
Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.  
Harrier cries:—"T is time, 't is time.

Round about the caldron go;  
poison'd entrails throw.  
hat under cold stone,  
nd nights hast thirty-one  
'd venom sleeping got,  
ou first i' the charmed pot!  
ble, double, toil and trouble;  
urn; and, caldron, bubble.

Fillet of a fenny snake,  
caldron boil and bake:  
newt, and toe of frog,  
f bat, and tongue of dog,  
fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
s leg, and owl's wing,  
harm of powerful trouble;  
bell-broth boil and bubble.  
ble, double, toil and trouble;  
urn; and, caldron, bubble.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
s' mummy; maw, and gulf,  
ravin'd salt-sea shark;  
'hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;  
f blaspheming Jew;  
goat, and slips of yew,  
l in the moon's eclipse;  
' Turk, and Tartar's lips;  
of birth-strangled babe,  
deliver'd by a drab,  
he gruel thick and slab;  
ereto a tiger's chaudron,<sup>a</sup>  
ingredients of our caldron.  
ble, double, toil and trouble;  
urn; and, caldron, bubble.  
Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
e charm is firm and good.

<sup>a</sup> *Chaudron*—entrails.

*Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.*

*Hec.* O, well done! I commend your pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains,  
And now about the caldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a Song, 'Black spirits,' &c.*]

*2 Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes:—  
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
hags,

What is't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches: though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of nature's germi<sup>b</sup> tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

*1 Witch.* Speak.

*2 Witch.* Demand.

*3 Witch.* We'll answer.

*1 Witch.* Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our  
mouths,

Or from our masters'?

*Macb.* Call them, let me see them.

<sup>a</sup> This is the original stage direction. The modern editors have inserted four lines of a song, which they find in Middleton's "Witch," but without any authority for their introduction here, beyond the stage-direction. In the Witch scene of Act III. we have mention of a song "Come away." These words are also in Middleton. If the song of the fourth act should be inserted in the text, why not that of the third act?

<sup>b</sup> *Germi<sup>b</sup>*—the original is *germine*. *Germi<sup>b</sup>* are seeds; *germaine*, kindred, something closely related to another.

1 *Witch*. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease, that 's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet; throw  
Into the flame.

*All*. Come, high, or low;  
Thyself, and office, dextly show.

*Thunder*. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

*Macb*. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch*. He knows thy thought;  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*App*. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Mac-  
duff;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—Enough.

[*Descends*].

*Macb*. What'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright :—But one word more :—  
1 *Witch*. He will not be commanded: Here's another,  
More potent than the first.

*Thunder*. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

*App*. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

*Macb*. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

*App*. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends*].

*Macb*. Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of  
thee?

But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*Thunder*. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a  
Tree in his Hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

*All*. Listen, but speak not to 't.

*App*. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.

[*Descends*].

*Macb*. That will never be;  
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!  
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature; pay his breath  
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart  
Thrills to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art  
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

*All*. Seek to know no more.

*Macb*. I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know :—  
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise<sup>a</sup> is this?

[*Hautboys*].

1 *Witch*. Show! 2 *Witch*. Show! 3 *Witch*. Show!

*All*. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order;  
the last with a Glass in his hand; Banquo follow-  
ing.

*Macb*. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs :—And thy hair,<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Noise*.—This is the music of the hautboys, the word *noise* being synonymous with the sound of instruments. It was so little understood, even by John Kemble, that under his management a *shrill* was here heard.

<sup>b</sup> *Hair*.—This is the original word; but the modern reading is *air*. Monck Mason acutely defends the old reading: "It implies that their hair was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeness than the air, which depends on habit."

Thou other ge  
A third is lik  
Why do you  
What! will t  
Another yet?  
And yet the  
Which shows  
That two-fold  
Horrible sigh  
For the blood  
And points a  
1 *Witch*.  
Stands Macb  
Come, sisters  
And show th  
I 'll charm t  
While you p  
That this gre  
Our duties d

*Macb*. W  
hou  
Stand aye a  
Come in, wi

*Len*.

*Macb*. Sa

*Len*.

*Macb*. Ca

*Len*.

*Macb*. In

And damn't

The gallopi

*Len*. T i

Macduff is ;

*Macb*.

*Len*. Ay.

*Macb*. T i

The flighty

Unless the c

The very fir

The firstlin

To crown m

The castle c

Seize upon

His wife, hi

That trace I

This deed I

But no mor

Come, bring

SCENE I

Enter 1

*Lady Mac*

lan

Yo

*Res.*

*L. Mac*

His flight

Our fears d

*Res.*

Whether it w

*L. Macd.*

bab

His mansion,

From whence

He wants the

The most din

Her young on

All is the fear

As little is the

So runs again

<sup>a</sup> *Black-Letter*

meaning, begim

My dearest coz,  
 I myself: But, for your husband,  
 I dare not speak much further:  
 Times, when we are traitors,  
 Kill ourselves; when we hold rumour  
 True; yet know not what we fear;  
 Wild and violent sea,  
 Move.—I take my leave of you:  
 But I'll be here again:  
 First will cease, or else climb upward  
 Ere before.—My pretty cousin,  
 Adieu!

Heard he is, and yet he's fatherless.  
 So much a fool, should I stay longer,  
 Disgrace, and your discomfort:  
 Adieu.

[Exit ROSS.]  
 Ah, your father's dead;  
 How do you now? How will you live?  
 Do, mother.

What, with worms and flies?  
 What I get, I mean; and so do they.  
 Or bird! thou'ldst never fear the net,  
 The gin  
 Would I, mother? Poor birds they are  
 For.

Dead, for all your saying.  
 He is dead; how wilt thou do for a

How will you do for a husband?  
 Yes, I can buy me twenty at any market.  
 You'll buy 'em to sell again.  
 You speak't with all thy wit; and yet,

For thee.  
 A father a traitor, mother?  
 That he was.

A traitor?  
 Yes, one that swears and lies.  
 All traitors that do so?  
 Every one that does so is a traitor, and

That they all be hanged that swear and lie?  
 Every one.

Must hang them?  
 Yes, the honest men.  
 Liars and swearers are fools: for there  
 Are earers enough to beat the honest men,  
 And m.

God help thee, poor monkey! But  
 Not for a father?  
 Ere dead, you'd weep for him: if you  
 Ere a good sign that I should quickly  
 Prattle.

Prattler! how thou talkest!

Enter a Messenger.

Out, fair dame! I am not to you known,  
 'Tis my state of honour I am perfect.  
 My anger does approach you nearly:  
 I am a homely man's advice,

And hence, with your little ones.  
 I am, methinks, I am too savage;  
 You were fell cruelty,  
 To show your person. Heaven preserve you!  
 Adieu.

[Exit Messenger.]  
 Whither should I fly?  
 O, I remember now  
 Myself; where, to do harm,  
 I go to do good, sometime,  
 I am wondrous folly: why then, alas!  
 O womanly defence,  
 What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?  
 L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,  
 Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.  
 Son. Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain.

Mur. What, you egg! [Stabbing him]  
 Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:  
 Run away, I pray you. [Dies]  
 [Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying "Murder," and  
 pursued by the Murderers.]

SCENE III.—England. A Room in the King's  
 Palace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
 Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather,  
 Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,  
 Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,  
 New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrow  
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
 As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
 Like syllable of doilour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail,  
 What know, believe; and, what I can redress,  
 As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
 What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.  
 This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
 Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well;  
 He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but some-  
 thing

You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom  
 To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb,  
 To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.  
 Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,  
 In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;  
 That which you are my thoughts cannot transjose:  
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
 Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
 Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.  
 Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my  
 doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
 (Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
 Without leave-taking?)—I pray you,  
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
 But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,  
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
 For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,  
 The title is affeer'd.—Fare thee well, lord:  
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
 And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;  
 I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
 I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
 It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
 Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,  
 There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
 And here, from gracious England, have I o'er  
 Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,  
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,

\* *Shag-eared*.—This should be probably *shag hair'd*, a form of abuse found in old plays, and even in law reports.

\* The title is *affeer'd*—confirmed—admitted—as a verdict decide upon a claim, and terminate a dispute.

Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before;  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean: in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils, to you Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear,  
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,  
Than such a one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.  
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be  
That vulture in you, to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

*Mal.* With this there grows,  
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such  
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;  
Scotland hath foysons\* to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own: All these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none: The king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Upbraid the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland! Scotland!

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern!  
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptre'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,  
Off her upon her knees than on her feet,

\* *Foysons*—abundant provision.

Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my bow  
Thy hope ends here!

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble man  
Child of integrity, bath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thought  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Mac  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste: But God above  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;  
At no time broke my faith; would not betray  
The devil to his fellow; and delight  
No less in truth, than life: my first false speak  
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,  
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:  
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
All ready at a point,\* was setting forth:  
Now we'll together: And the chance, of goods  
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you  
*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things  
'T is hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well; more anon.—Comes the king  
pray you?

*Doct.* Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched  
That stay his cure: their malady convinces  
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor.

*Macd.* What 's the disease he means? [*Exit*]

*Mal.* 'T is call'd  
A most miraculous work in this good king:  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter ROSS.*

*Macd.* See, who comes  
*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither!

*Mal.* I know him now: Good God, betimes!  
The means that make us strangers!

*Rosse.* Sir, Amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?

*Rosse.* Alas, poor  
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where not  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air  
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow

\* Is it not that the "ten thousand warlike men" were  
assembled "at a point?"—at a particular spot where it  
collected—a point of space.

stacy; the dead man's knell  
 ask'd, for who; and good men's lives  
 the flowers in their caps,  
 they sicken.

O, relation,  
 yet too true!  
 't is the newest grief?  
 at of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;  
 seems a new one.

How does my wife?  
 by, well.

And all my children?  
 Well too.  
 e tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?  
 they were well at peace, when I did  
 ve them.

not a niggard of your speech: How goes it?  
 hen I came hither to transport the tidings,  
 e heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
 rthy fellows that were out;  
 a my belief witness'd the rather,  
 w the tyrant's power a-foot:  
 me of help; your eye in Scotland  
 e soldiers, make our women fight  
 dire distresses.

Be 't their comfort,  
 ng thither: gracious England hath  
 Seward, and ten thousand men;  
 d a better soldier, none  
 ndom gives out.

'Would I could answer  
 with the like! But I have words  
 be howl'd out in the desert air,  
 ag should not latch them.\*

What concern they?  
 single breast?

No mind that 's honest  
 res some woe; though the main part  
 ou alone.

If it be mine,  
 rom me, quickly let me have it.  
 t not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
 possess them with the heaviest sound,  
 t they heard.

*Macd.* Humph! I guess at it.  
*Rosse.* Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and babes,  
 Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,  
 Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
 To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven!—  
 What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
 Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
 Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too?  
*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all that could be  
 found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence! My wife kill'd  
 too?

*Rosse.* I have said.  
*Mal.* Be comforted:

Let 's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
 To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children.—All my pretty ones?  
 Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?  
 What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
 At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.  
*Macd.* I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:  
 I cannot but remember such things were,  
 That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,  
 And would not take their part? Sinful Macdoff,  
 They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
 Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
 Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
 And braggart with my tongue!—But gentle heavens,  
 Cut short all intermission; front to front,  
 Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;  
 Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
 Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.* This time \* goes manly.  
 Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;  
 Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth  
 Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
 Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;  
 The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

1.—Dumainane. *A Room in the Castle.*  
 or of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.  
 ve two nights watched with you, but can  
 rath in your report. When was it she last

ee his majesty went into the field, I have  
 from her bed, throw her nightgown upon  
 her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write  
 it, afterwards seal it, and again return  
 to this while in a most fast sleep.

reat perturbation in nature! to receive at  
 slit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.  
 smbery agitation, besides her walking and  
 performances, what, at any time, have you

d, sir, which I will not report after her.  
 may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.  
 ther to you, nor any one; having no wit-  
 n my speech.

\* *LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*  
 she comes! This is her very guise; and,  
 fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

\* *Latch them*—lay hold of them

*Doct.* How came she by that light?  
*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her  
 continually; 't is her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.  
*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look how she rubs  
 her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem  
 thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in  
 this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady M.* Yet here 's a spot.  
*Doct.* Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes  
 from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One;  
 Two: Why, then 't is time to do 't:—Hell is murky!  
 —Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need  
 we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to  
 account?—Yet who would have thought the old man  
 to have had so much blood in him!

*Doct.* Do you mark that?  
*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is

\* *Time*.—Rowe changed this to *time*. Gifford has shown, in  
 a note on Massinger, that the two words were once synonymous  
 in a musical acceptation; and that time was the more ancient  
 and common term.

she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—  
No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar  
all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you  
should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure  
of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

*Lady M.* Here 's the smell of the blood still: all  
the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.  
Oh! oh! oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely  
charged.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom,  
for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* Pray God, it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I  
have known those which have walked in their sleep who  
have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your night-gown;  
look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's  
buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

*Doct.* Even so!

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the  
gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand.  
What's done cannot be undone; To bed, to bed, to bed.

[Exit LADY MACBETH.]

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine than the physician.  
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night:  
My mind she has mated,<sup>a</sup> and amaz'd my sight:  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt.]

#### SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS,  
ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.  
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes  
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,  
Excite the mortified man.<sup>b</sup>

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

*Cath.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file  
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Cath.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:  
Some say he 's mad; others, that lesser hate him,  
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

<sup>a</sup> Mated—amated—dismayed.  
<sup>b</sup> Mortified man.—We think, with Warburton, that the poet  
here means a hermit or religious ascetic,—one indifferent to the  
concerns of the world, but who would be excited to fight by such  
"uses" of revenge as Macduff comes with.

*Ment.* Who then shall bla  
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start  
When all that is within him does conde  
Itself, for being there?

*Cath.* Well, march we  
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly wea  
And with him pour we, in our country's  
Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and dawn  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt.]

#### SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room.

Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR, and Attendants.

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane  
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the  
Was he not born of woman? The sp  
All mortal consequences have pronounc  
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's be  
Shall e'er have power upon thee."  
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I  
Shall never sagg<sup>a</sup> with doubt, nor shake

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-  
Where got'st thou that goose look?

*Serv.* There is ten thousand—

*Macb.* Geese, y

*Serv.*

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-ru  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, p  
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, y

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence.—Seyton  
at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This p  
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.  
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friend  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, b  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and  
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

*Sey.* What 's your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which w  
*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my  
Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'T is not needful yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skir<sup>c</sup> the country ro  
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine  
How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that:  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd:  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,

<sup>a</sup> Sagg—sink down.

<sup>b</sup> Gifford says, "sear of life is neither more nor  
simple periphrasis for life."

<sup>c</sup> Skir—scur—scur.

tuff'd beam of that perilous staff,  
is upon the heart?

Therein the patient  
er to himself.

row physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—  
ine armour on; give me my staff:—  
out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—  
spatch:—If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
my land, find her disease,  
to a sound and pristine health,  
see to the very echo,  
and again.—Pull 't off, I say.—  
na,\* or what purgative drug,  
English hence?—Hearest thou of

good lord; your royal preparation  
something.

Bring it after me,—  
I'm afraid of death and bane,  
rest come to Dunsinane. [Exit.  
I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
should hardly draw me here. [Exit.

—Country near Dunsinane. A Wood  
in view.

drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD  
SON, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS,  
ENOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.

ins, I hope the days are near at hand,  
its will be safe.

We doubt it nothing.  
t wood is this before us?

The wood of Birnam.  
every soldier hew him down a bough,  
efore him; thereby shall we shadow  
of our host, and make discovery  
of us.

It shall be done.  
earn no other, but the confident tyrant  
Dunsinane, and will endure  
own before 't.

'T is his main hope:  
re is advantage to be given,  
nd less<sup>b</sup> have given him the revolt;  
ve with him but constrained things,  
are absent too.

Let our just censures  
ne event, and put we on  
oldiership.

The time approaches,  
h due decision make us know  
ll say we have, and what we owe.  
culative their unsure hopes relate;  
sue strokes must arbitrate:  
ch advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.

V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

drums and colours, MACBETH, SETON,  
and Soldiers.

ng out our banners on the outward walls;  
ll "They come:" Our castle's strength  
siege to scorn: here let them lie,  
and the ague, eat them up:  
it forc'd with those that should be ours,  
ve met them darestful, beard to beard,  
m backward home. What is that noise?

[A cry within, of women.  
the cry of women, my good lord.  
ive almost forgot the taste of fears:  
e are not sure about this word. The original

less.—Shakespeare uses these words, as Chaucer  
e them, for greater and less.

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir  
As life were in 't: I have suppd full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.  
Macb. She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.—  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty<sup>a</sup> death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I saw I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.  
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and, anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!  
[Striking him.

Mess. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so;  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—  
I pull in resolution;<sup>b</sup> and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here  
I'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—  
Ring the alarum-bell:—Blow wind! come wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,  
MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now, near enough; your leavy screens throw  
down,  
And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,  
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,  
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—  
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

<sup>a</sup> *Dusty*.—Dance has the following valuable illustration of  
the passage: "Perhaps no quotation can be better calculated  
to show the propriety of this epithet than the following grand  
lines in 'The Vision of Pierce Plowman,' a work which Soak-  
spear might have seen:—

'Death came drivyng after, and all to dust pashed  
Kynge and kayser, knyghtes and popes.'  
<sup>b</sup> Monek Mason gives an illustration from Fletcher, which  
explains the use of *pull in*:—

"All my spirits  
As if they had heard my passing bell go for me,  
Fall in their powers, and give me up to destiny."



*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter Young SIWARD.*

*Yo. Sio.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Sio.* No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Yo. Sio.* The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Sio.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and Young SIWARD is slain.*]

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.—  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face:  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruted. Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*]

*Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.*

*Sio.* This way, my lord;—the castle's gently  
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Sio.* Enter, sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

*Re-enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, bell-hound, turn.

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words,  
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out. [*They fight.*]

*Macb.* Thou lovest labour:  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.  
*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze of the time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,  
"Here may you see the tyrant."

*Macb.* I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last: Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and pipe, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, CATHERNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe;  
*Sio.* Some must go off; and yet, by these I see  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.  
*Rosse.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's  
He only liv'd but till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

*Sio.* Then he is dead?

*Rosse.* Ay, and brought off the field: your  
sorrow  
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Sio.* Had he his hurts before?

*Rosse:* Ay, on the front.

*Sio.* Why, then, God's soldier

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sons  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Sio.* He's worth no more.  
They say, he parted well, and paid his shroud;  
And so, God be with him!—Here comes news of

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.*

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art: behold,  
stands

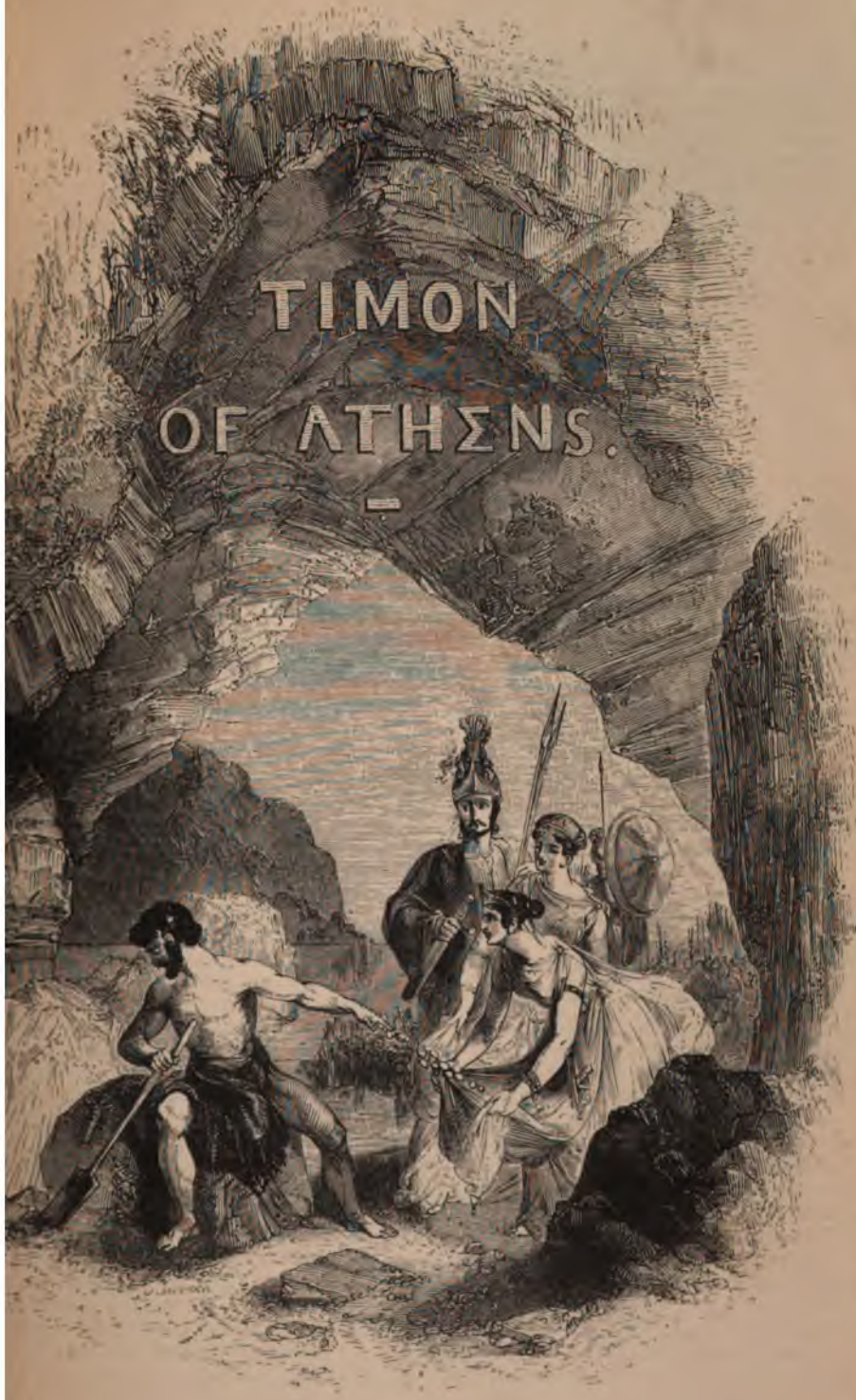
The usurper's curs'd head: the time is free;  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—  
Hail, king of Scotland!

*All.* Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of  
Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and I  
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,  
Which would be plant'd newly with the time,—  
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time, and place:  
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish.*]

TIMON  
OF ATHENS.



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE Life of Tymon of Athens' was first published in the folio collection of 1623. The text, in this first edition, has no division into acts and scenes. We have reason to believe that, with a few exceptions, it is accurately printed from the copy which was in the possession of Henninge and Condell; and we have judged it important to follow that copy with very slight variations. In our fuller editions we have entered into a minute examination of this play, for the purpose of expressing our belief that it was founded by Shakspeare upon some older play, of which much has been retained; and that our poet's hand can only be traced with certainty in those scenes in which Timon appears.

The Timon of Shakspeare is not the Timon of the popular stories of Shakspeare's day. The 28th novel of 'The Palace of Pleasure' has for its title "Of the strange and *beastly* nature of Timon of Athens, enemy to mankind." According to this authority, "he was a man but by shape only"—he lived "a beastly and churlish life." Neither was the Timon of Plutarch the Timon of Shakspeare. The Greek biographer, indeed, tells us, that he was angry with all men, and would trust no man, "for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends;" but that he was represented as "a viper and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth." The Timon of Plutarch, and of the popular stories of Shakspeare's time, was little different from the ordinary cynic. The Timon of Shakspeare is in many respects essentially different from any model with which we are acquainted, but it approaches nearer, as Mr Skottowe first observed, to the Timon of Lucian than the commentators have pointed out. The character of Shakspeare's misanthrope presents one of the most striking creations of his originality.

The vices of Shakspeare's Timon are not the vices of a sensualist. It is true that his offices have been oppressed with riotous feeders,—that his vaults have wept with drunken spilt of wine,—that every room

"Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy."

But he has nothing selfish in the enjoyment of his prodigality and his magnificence. He himself truly expresses the weakness as well as the beauty of his own character: "Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits, and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes!" Charles Lamb, in his contrast between 'Timon of Athens' and Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress,' has scarcely done justice to Timon: "The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts; and, in the other, with conducting Hogarth's Rake through his several stages of dissipation into the still more complete deso-

lations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature." Hogarth's Rake is all sensuality and selfishness; Timon is essentially high-minded and generous: he truly says, in the first chill of his fortunes—

"No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart,  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given."

In his splendid speech to Apemantus in the fourth act, he distinctly proclaims, that in the weakness with which he had lavished his fortunes upon the unworthy, he had not pampered his own passions:—

"Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceed'd  
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
To such as may the passive drugs of it  
Freely command, thou wouldest have plung'd thyself  
In general riot; melted down thy youth  
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd  
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
Who had the world as my confectionary;  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men  
At duty, more than I could frame employment:  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows."

The all-absorbing defect of Timon—the root of those generous vices which wear the garb of virtue—is the entire want of discrimination (by which he is also characterized in Lucian's dialogue). Shakspeare has seized upon this point, and held firmly to it. He releases Ventilius from prison,—he bestows an estate upon his servant,—he lavishes jewels upon all the dependants who crowd his board. That universal philanthropy, of which the most selfish men sometimes talk, is in Timon an active principle; but let it be observed that he has no preferences—a most remarkable example of the profound sagacity of Shakspeare. Had he loved a single human being with that intensity which constitutes affection in the relation of the sexes, and friendship in the relation of man to man, he would have been exempt from that unjudging lavishness which was necessary to satisfy his morbid craving for human sympathy.

With this key to Timon's character, it appears to us that we may properly understand the "general and exceptless rashness" of his misanthropy. The only relations in which he stood to mankind are utterly destroyed. In lavishing his wealth as if it were a common property, he had believed that the same common property would flow back to him in his hour of adversity. "O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we not have use for them: and would most resemble some instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves." His false confidence is at once, and irreparably, destroyed. If Timon had possessed one friend with whom he could have interchanged confidence upon equal terms, he would have been saved from his fall, and certainly from his misanthropy.

# TIMON OF ATHENS.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**TIMON**, a noble Athenian.  
Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4;  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**FLAMINIUS**, a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

**FLAVIUS**, a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

**FLAVIUS**, a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3.

**IDIUS**, one of Timon's false friends.  
Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

**EMANTUS**, a churlish philosopher.  
Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3.

**ALCIBIADES**, an Athenian general.  
Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 5.  
Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.

**FLAVIUS**, steward to Timon.  
Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV.  
sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

**FLAMINIUS**, servant to Timon.  
Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

**LUCILIUS**, servant to Timon.  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

**SERVILIUS**, servant to Timon.  
Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4.

**PHRYNIA**, servant to Timon's creditors.  
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

**PHRYNIA**, servant to Timon's creditors.  
Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

**PHRYNIA**, servant to Timon's creditors.  
Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

**LUCIUS**, servant to Timon's creditors.  
Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

**HORTENSIVS**, servant to Timon's creditors.  
Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

Two Servants of Varro, a creditor of Timon.  
Appear, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4.

A Servant of Isidore, a creditor of Timon.  
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

Cupid and Maskers.  
Appear, Act I. sc. 2.

Three Strangers.  
Appear, Act III. sc. 2.

Poet.  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Painter  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Jeweller.  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

Merchant.  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

An old Athenian.  
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

A Page.  
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

A Fool.  
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

**PHRYNIA**, a mistress to Alcibiades.  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

**TIMANDRA**, a mistress to Alcibiades.  
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti,  
and Attendants.

SCENE.—ATHENS, AND THE WOODS ADJOINING.

## ACT I.

I.—Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.

Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others,  
at several doors.

Enter Timon.

Timon. I am glad you are well.  
Have not seen you long: How goes the world?  
Wears, sir, as it grows.

Ay, that 's well known:  
Articular rarity? what strange,  
If old record not matches? See,  
Unto! all these spirits thy power  
'd to attend. I know the merchant.  
Know them both; th' other 's a jeweller.  
't is a worthy lord!

Nay, that 's most fix'd.  
Not incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,  
Able and continue goodness:

When Hamlet says,  
't is the breathing time of day with me,"  
is time of habitual exercise, by which his animal  
fitted for "untirable and continue" exertion.  
between this and the habitual exercise of "good-  
ness."  
—he exerts, he goes beyond common virtues.

Jew. I have a jewel here.  
Mer. O, pray, let 's see 't: For the lord Timon, sir?  
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: But, for that—  
Poet. "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,  
It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good."  
Mer. 'T is a good form. [Looking at the jewel.  
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.  
Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedi-  
cation  
To the great lord.  
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.  
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes  
From whence 't is nourished: The fire i' the flint  
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
Each bound it chafes.<sup>b</sup> What have you there?  
Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?  
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.  
Let 's see your piece.  
Pain. 'T is a good piece.

<sup>a</sup> The poet is here supposed to be reading his own perform-  
ance.

<sup>b</sup> This passage has been considered difficult, but if we receive  
bound in the sense of boundary, obstacle, the image is tolerably  
clear.

*Poet.* So 't is: this comes off well and excellent.

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable: How this grace  
Speaks his own standing!<sup>a</sup> what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination  
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch: Is 't good?

*Poet.* I 'll say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife<sup>b</sup>  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*

*Pain.* How this lord 's follow'd!

*Poet.* The senators of Athens:—Happy men!

*Pain.* Look, more!

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of  
visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment: My free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax:<sup>c</sup> no levell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold;  
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I 'll unbolt<sup>d</sup> to you.  
You see how all conditions, how all minds,  
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as  
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down  
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer  
To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o' the mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states: amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafes to her;  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'T is conceiv'd to scope.  
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
In our condition.<sup>e</sup>

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on:  
All those which were his fellows but of late,  
(Some better than his value,) on the moment  
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,  
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,  
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him  
Drink the free air.<sup>f</sup>

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these?

<sup>a</sup> The commentators have not noticed what appears to us tolerably obvious, that the flattering painter had brought with him a portrait of Timon, in which the grace of the attitude spoke "his own standing,"—the habitual carriage of the original.

<sup>b</sup> Artificial strife—the contest of art with nature.

<sup>c</sup> An allusion to the ancient practice of writing upon waxen tablets with a style.

<sup>d</sup> Unbolt—unfold, explain.

<sup>e</sup> Condition is here used for art.

<sup>f</sup> Drink the free air—live, breathe but through him.

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants  
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top  
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'T is common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fate  
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do seem  
To show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended;  
Vant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say

*Ven. Serv.* Ay, my good lord: five talents  
debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strict  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up; which failing to  
Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! Well;  
I am not of that feather to shake off  
My friend when he must need me. I do know  
A gentleman that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have: I 'll pay the debt and

*Ven. Serv.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him: I will send him  
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me  
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

*Ven. Serv.* All happiness to your honour.

*Enter an Old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, go

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant named Lucius

*Tim.* I have so: What of him?

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man  
thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, lord Timon's  
creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclined to thee  
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well; what

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no less  
On whom I may confer what I have got:  
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her love; I prithee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort;  
Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon:  
His honesty rewards him in itself,<sup>g</sup>  
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love

*Old Ath.* She is young, and apt:  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity 's in youth.

*Tim.* [To LUCILIUS] Love you the maid?

<sup>g</sup> The following is Coleridge's explanation of the  
—"The meaning of the first line the poet himself  
rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest'  
and for that very cause, and with no additional  
motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called  
is not so for honesty's sake, itself including the price

ny good lord, and she accepts of it.  
f in her marriage my consent be missing,  
s to witness, I will choose  
n forth the beggars of the world,  
s her all.

How shall she be endow'd,  
d with an equal husband?  
hree talents, on the present; in future, all  
gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;  
ortune I would strain a little,  
d in men. Give him thy daughter:  
tow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
n weigh with her.

Most noble lord,  
is your honour, she is his.  
and to thee; mine honour on my pro-  
-ly I thank your lordship: Never may  
ortune fall into my keeping,  
ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and Old Athenian.*  
haste my labour, and long live your lord-  
-!  
nk you; you shall hear from me anon:  
-What have you there, my friend?  
-ce of painting, which I do beseech  
to accept.

Painting is welcome.  
s almost the natural man;  
nour traffics with man's nature,  
ide: These pencil'd figures are  
hey give out. I like your work;  
find I like it: wait attendance  
further from me.

The gods preserve you!  
fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand  
s dine together.—Sir, your jewel  
nder praise.

What, my lord? dispraise?  
er satiety of commendations.  
y you for 't as 't is extoll'd  
ow me quite.

My lord, 't is rated  
-sell would give: But you well know  
value, differing in the owners,  
their masters: believe 't, dear lord,  
jewel by the wearing it.  
mock'd.  
y good lord; he speaks the common  
-s,  
-speak with him.  
who comes here. Will you be chid?

*Enter APEMANTUS.*  
ll bear with your lordship.  
He'll spare none.  
morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!  
I be gentle, stay thou for thy good mor-

Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.  
-ost thou call them knaves? thou know'st  
not.  
-hey not Athenians?

I repent not.  
-ow me, Apemantus.  
-I know'st I do; I called thee by thy  
-  
-art proud, Apemantus.  
-othing so much as that I am not like  
-n.  
-er art going?  
-nock out an honest Athenian's brains.  
-s a deed thou 't die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.  
*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?  
*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.  
*Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?  
*Apem.* He wrought better that made the painter;  
and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

*Pain.* You are a dog.  
*Apem.* Thy mother 's of my generation: What 's  
she, if I be a dog?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?  
*Apem.* No; I eat not lords.  
*Tim.* An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger ladies.  
*Apem.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great  
bellies.

*Tim.* That 's a lascivious apprehension.  
*Apem.* So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy la-  
-bour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?  
*Apem.* Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not  
cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 't is worth?  
*Apem.* Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?  
*Poet.* How now, philosopher?

*Apem.* Thou liest.  
*Poet.* Art not one?  
*Apem.* Yes.  
*Poet.* Then I lie not.  
*Apem.* Art not a poet?  
*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where  
thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That 's not feign'd, he is so.  
*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for  
thy labour: He that loves to be flattered is worthy o'  
the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

*Tim.* What wouldst do then, Apemantus?  
*Apem.* Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord  
with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself?  
*Apem.* Ay.  
*Tim.* Wherefore?  
*Apem.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art  
not thou a merchant?

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.  
*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!  
*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.  
*Apem.* Traffic 's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*  
*Tim.* What trumpet 's that?  
*Serv.* 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,  
All of companionship.

*Tim.* Pray entertain them; give them guide to us.—  
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*  
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence  
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner 's done,  
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his company.*  
Most welcome, sir! [They salute.  
*Apem.* So, so; there!—  
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—  
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet  
knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man 's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey.

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed  
Most hungerly on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir.  
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*  
*Enter Two Lords.*  
1 Lord. What time a day is 't, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The most accursed thou that still omitt'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

*Apem.* Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in, [*Exit.*

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes  
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,  
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,  
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Reunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.*

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.*

*Ven.* Most honour'd Timon,  
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,  
And call him to long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:  
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help  
I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O, by no means,  
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;  
I gave it freely ever; and there's none  
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:  
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them: Faults that are rich, are fair.

*Ven.* A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*

*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at first  
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

*Apem.* Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

*Tim.* O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

*Apem.* No, you shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

*Tim.* Fye, thou'rt a churl; you have got a humour  
there

Does not become a man, 't is much to blame:—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est,*

But you'd man's very angry.

Go, let

For he c

Nor is b

*Apem*

I come t

*Tim.*

therefore

prithce,

*Apem*

Ne'er fla

Of men

It grieve

In one n

He chee

I woude

Methink

Good for

There's

Sits next

The brea

Is the re

If I were

Least they

Great m

*Tim.*

2 *Lor*

*Apem.*

Those he

Here's t

Honest w

This, and

Feasts ar

Much go

*Tim.* (

*Alcib.*

*Tim.*

than a di

*Alcib.*

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*Apem.*

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me to 'ex

1 *Lord*

that you

express so

selves for

*Tim.* (

themselve

from you

have you

you chiefl

you to n

<sup>a</sup> *Apem*

the 'Tale

<sup>b</sup> Every

alf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you  
 [, what need we have any friends, if we  
 have need of them? they were the most  
 ures living should we ne'er have use for  
 would most resemble sweet instruments  
 ases, that keep their sounds to themselves.  
 often wished myself poorer, that I might  
 o you. We are born to do benefits: and  
 r properer can we call our own than the  
 friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is  
 any like brothers, commanding one an-  
 es! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be  
 eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to  
 ults, I drink to you.  
 ou wepest to make them drink, Timon.  
 y had the like conception in our eyes,  
 instant, like a babe sprung up.  
 , ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.  
 promise you, my lord, you mov'd me  
 ch.  
 ch!\* *Tucket sounded.*  
 it means that trump?—How now?

*Enter a Servant.*

se you, my lord, there are certain ladies  
 of admittance.  
 es? What are their wills?  
 e comes with them a forerunner, my lord,  
 at office to signify their pleasures.  
 y, let them be admitted.

*Enter Cupid.*

to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all  
 unties taste!—the five best senses  
 thee their patron; and come freely  
 thy plenteous bosom:  
 e, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table  
 :  
 w come but to feast thine eyes.  
 are welcome all; let them have kind  
 ittance.

their welcome. [*Exit Cupid.*  
 u see, my lord, how ample y' are belov'd.

*Enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies as  
 with lutes in their hands, dancing and*

day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!  
 they are mad women.

is the glory of this life,  
 shows to a little oil and root.  
 selves fools to disport ourselves;  
 r flatteries, to drink those men,  
 ge we void it up again,  
 as spite and envy.

it 's not depraved, or depraves?  
 t bears not one spurn to their graves  
 la' gift?  
 those that dance before me now,  
 y stamp upon me: It has been done:  
 r doors against a setting sun.

*ise from table, with much adorning of  
 id, to show their loves, each singles out  
 , and all dance, men with women, a lofty  
 co to the hautboys, and cease.*

have done our pleasures much grace, fair  
 es,  
 ion on our entertainment,  
 t half so beautiful and kind;  
 ed worth unto 't, and lustre,  
 'd me with mine own device;  
 you for it.

an ironic and contemptuous expression.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you 'ake us even at the best.

*Apem.* 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not  
 hold taking, I doubt me.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet  
 Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord.  
 [*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*]

*Tim.* Flavius!

*Flav.* My lord.

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside.*  
 Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,  
 When all 's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.  
 'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind;  
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the casket*]

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

*Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

*Tim.* O my friends,

I have one word to say to you;—Look you, my good  
 lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much,  
 As to advance this jewel; accept it, and wear it,  
 Kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate  
 Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honour,  
 Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:  
 I prithee, let 's be provided to show them entertain-  
 ment.

*Flav.* I scarce know how. [*Aside.*]

*Enter another Servant.*

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,  
 Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
 Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

*Enter a third Servant.*

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gen-  
 tleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-mor-  
 row to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two  
 brace of greyhounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,  
 Not without fair reward.

*Flav.* [*Aside.*] What will this come to?  
 He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,  
 And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,  
 To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
 Being of no power to make his wishes good;  
 His promises fly so beyond his state,  
 That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for every  
 word;

He is so kind, that he now pays interest for 't;  
 His lands put to their books. Well, 'would I were  
 Gently put out of office, before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
 Than such that do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Tim.* You do yourselves

Much wrong, you hate too much of your own merits:  
 Here, my lord, a trille of our love.

3 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will  
 receive it.



3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!  
 Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave  
 Good words the other day of a hay courser  
 I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it!  
 2 Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in  
 that.  
 Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no  
 man  
 Can justly praise, but what he does affect:  
 I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;  
 I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.  
 All Lords. None so welcome.  
 Tim. I take all and your several visitations  
 So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give;  
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
 And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,  
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;  
 It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living  
 Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast  
 Lie in a pitch'd field.  
 Alcib. Ay, devil'd land, my lord.  
 1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—  
 Tim. And so  
 Am I to you.  
 2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.  
 1 Lord. The best of  
 Honour and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon.  
 Tim. Ready for his friends.  
 [Exit ALCIBIADES.]  
 Apem. What a co  
 Serving of becks, and jutting out of hums!  
 I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums  
 That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of  
 Methinks, false hearts should never have sound  
 Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on count  
 Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not so  
 I would be good to thee.  
 Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should  
 too, there would be none left to rail upon  
 then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st  
 Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself  
 shortly.\* What need these feasts, pomps, and va  
 Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society  
 am sworn not to give regard to you. Fare  
 come with better music.  
 Apem. So;—Thou'lt not hear me now,—  
 not then. I'll lock thy heaven from thee.  
 O, that men's ears should be  
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand:<sup>a</sup> to Varro, and to  
 Isidore,  
 He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,  
 Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion  
 Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.  
 If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog  
 And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:  
 If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more  
 Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,  
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,<sup>b</sup>  
 And able horses: No porter at his gate;  
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites  
 All that pass by.<sup>c</sup> It cannot hold; no reason  
 Can sound<sup>d</sup> his state in safety. Caphis, ho!  
 Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir: What is your pleasure?  
 Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord  
 Timon.  
 Importune him for my monies; be not cens'd  
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—  
 "Commend me to your master"—and the cap  
 Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah  
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,  
 And my reliances on his fractured dates  
 Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;  
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger;  
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief  
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:

<sup>a</sup> We follow the punctuation of the original. It appears to us  
 that the senator is recapitulating what Timon owes himself—  
 "and late, five thousand"—"besides my former sum, which  
 makes it five-and-twenty." The mention of what Timon owes  
 in Varro and Isidore is parenthetical.

<sup>b</sup> Straight—immediately.

<sup>c</sup> The porter at a great man's gate was proverbially a repulsive  
 person.

<sup>d</sup> Sound. The meaning appears to be, that no reason which  
 opens Timon's state can find it safe.

Put on a most importunate aspect,  
 A visage of demand: for, I do fear,  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.  
 Caph. I go, sir.  
 Sen. Ay, go, sir.—Take the bonds along  
 And have the dates in compt.  
 Caph. I will, sir.  
 Sen. Go.

SCENE II.—A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of exp  
 That he will neither know how to maintain it  
 Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account  
 How things go from him; nor resumes no care  
 Of what is to continue. Never mind  
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
 What shall be done? He will not bear, till  
 I must be round with him, now he  
 hunting.  
 Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE  
 VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro:<sup>a</sup> What  
 You come for money?  
 Var. Serv. Is 't not your business to  
 Caph. It is;—and yours too, Isidore!  
 Isid. Serv. It is a  
 Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!  
 Var. Serv. I ha  
 Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords.  
 Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth  
 My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your

<sup>a</sup> Be ruined by the securities you give.  
<sup>b</sup> Good even, Varro. It is remarkable that the several  
 scene take the names of their masters, like the lord  
 Sir Charles of 'High Life Below Stairs.'

Oh, here is a note of certain dues.  
Whence are you?

Of Athens here, my lord.  
My steward.

It your lordship, he hath put me off  
of new days this month;  
ask'd by great occasion,  
down: and humbly prays you,  
other noble parts you'll suit,  
is right.

Mine honest friend,  
Fair to me next morning.  
Good my lord,—

Contain thyself, good friend.  
Be Varro's servant, my good lord,—

From Isidore;  
Is your speedy payment,—  
Did know, my lord, my master's wants,—  
Was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,

My steward puts me off, my lord;  
Expressly to your lordship.  
My breath:—

Good my lords, keep on;  
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and Lords.  
You instantly.—Come hither, pray you,  
[*To* FLAVIUS.

Did that I am thus encounter'd  
demands of debt, broken bonds,  
of long-since-due debts,  
or?

Please you, gentlemen,  
receivable to this business:  
I cease till after dinner;  
his lordship understand  
is not paid.

Do so, my friends:  
Contented. [Exit TIMON.  
Pray draw near. [Exit FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

Stay, here comes the fool with Ape-  
me some sport with 'em.  
ing him, he'll abuse us.  
plague upon him, dog!  
ow dost, fool?  
dialogue with thy shadow?  
peak not to thee.

is to thyself.—Come away.  
[*To the Fool.*  
o VAR. SERV.] There's the fool hangs  
ady.

u stand'st single, thou art not on him  
the fool now?

asked the question.—Poor rogues and  
rds between gold and want!  
it are we, Apemantus?

?  
u ask me what you are, and do not  
—Speak to 'em, fool.  
you, gentlemen?  
mercies, good fool: How does your  
?

setting on water to scald such chick-  
Would we could see you at Corinth.  
Gramercy.

Enter Page.  
here comes my mistress' page.  
Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what  
e company? How dost thou, Ape-

Apem. 'Would I had a roil in my mouth, that I  
might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription  
of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day  
thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alci-  
biades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die  
a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt  
famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.  
Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will  
go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve  
three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-  
man served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant;  
My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men  
come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly,  
and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house  
merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a  
whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding,  
thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like  
thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord;  
sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher,  
with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very  
often like a knight, and, generally, in all shapes that  
man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen,  
this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much  
foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother,  
and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS and Fool.  
Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you  
anon. [Exit Serv.

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this  
time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;

That I might so have rated my expense,

As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,

At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took,

When my indisposition put you back;

And that unaptness made your minister,\*

'Tis thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts;

Laid them before you; you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty.

When, for some trifling present, you have bid me

Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;

Yes, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

\* The meaning of this construction is,—perchance you used  
that unaptness your minister

To hold your hand more close: I did endure  
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have  
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,  
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,  
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now 's a time,  
The greatest of your having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues: the future comes apace:  
What shall defend the interim? and at length  
How goes our reckoning?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good lord, the world is but a word;  
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone?

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,  
Call me before the exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
When all our offices\* have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept  
With drunken spilt of wine; when every room  
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;  
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Prithce, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this  
lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,  
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord  
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?  
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couchl'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further:  
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.  
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack  
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,  
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts!

*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wauts of mine are  
crown'd,  
That I account them blessings; for by these  
Shall I try friends; You shall perceive, how you  
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

*Serv.* My lord, my lord,—

*Tim.* I will despatch you severally.—You  
Lucius,—to lord Lucullus you; I humbly  
honour to-day;—you, to Sempronius: Com  
to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my  
have found time to use them toward a supply  
let the request be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

*Flav.* Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph

*Tim.* Go you, sir, [to another *Serv.*] to the  
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I ha  
Deserv'd this hearing.) bid 'em send o' the in  
A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold,  
(For that I knew it the most general way.)  
To them to use your signet, and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am ten  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is 't true? can 't be?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and *corpora*  
That now they are at fall, want treasure, can  
Do what they would; are sorry—you are hap  
But yet they could have wish'd—they know  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wrench—would all were well—  
And so, intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractio  
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving na  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward  
'Prithce, man, look cheerly! These old fellos  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flo  
'T is lack of kindly warmth, they are not kil  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy  
Go to Ventidius,—[to a *Serv.*] 'Prithce, [th  
be not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I spe  
No blame belongs to thee:—[to *Serv.*] Vent  
Buried his father; by whose death he 's stag  
Into a great estate: when he was poor,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him  
Bid him suppose some good necessity  
Touches his friend, which craves to be remov  
With those five talents:—that had, [to *Fl.*  
these fellows

To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, a  
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends out

*Flav.* I would I could not think it: T  
is bounty's foe;  
Being free itself it thinks all others so.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in Lucullus's House.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you, he is coming  
down to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

*Serv.* Here 's my lord.

*Lucul.* [Aside.] One of lord Timon's men? a gift,  
I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver  
bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius;

\* Offices. These are not the apartments for servants, in our  
present acceptance of the term, but rooms of hospitality.

you are very respectively\* welcome, sir.—Fi  
wine.—[Exit Servant.] And how does that  
complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens  
bountiful good lord and master?

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health  
And what hast thou there under thy clo  
Flaminius?

*Flam.* 'Faith, nothing but an empty box,  
in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your  
supply; who, having great and instant occa  
fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to get  
nothing doubting your present assistance first

\* Respectively—respectfully.

la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? and! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would good a house. Many a time and often I th him, and told him on 't; and come er to him, of purpose to have him spend t he would embrace no counsel, take no ay coming. Every man has his fault, and is; I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er t.

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

se your lordship, here is the wine. uninius, I have noted thee always wise. e.

ur lordship speaks your pleasure. ave observed thee always for a towardly —give thee thy due,—and one that knows to reason; and canst use the time well, if thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you —[*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw t Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful out thou art wise; and thou know'st well ough thou com'st to me, that this is no time y; especially upon bare friendship, with-

Here's three solidares for thee: good me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare

t possible, the world should so much differ: t that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, worships thee!

[*Throwing the money away.*

I now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy

[*Exit LUCULLUS.*

y these add to the number that may scald

! in be thy damnation.

of a friend, and not himself!

p such a faint and milky heart,

s than two nights? O you gods,

ter's passion! This slave unto his honour

t meat in him;

t thrive, and turn to nutriment,

am'd to poison?

ies only work upon 't!

e 's sick to death, let not that part of

re

rd paid for, be of any power

ess, but prolong his hour!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

*Enter LUCIUS, with Three Strangers.*

the lord Timon? he is my very good honourable gentleman.

I know him for no less, though we are

o him. But I can tell you one thing, my

ch I hear from common rumours: now

happy hours are done and past, and his

from him.

o, do not believe it; he cannot want for

ut believe you this, my lord, that, not

of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to

ay talents; nay, urged extremely for 't,

hat necessity belonged to 't, and yet was

ell you, denied, my lord.

a strange case was that? now, before the

amed on't. Denied that honourable man;

little honour showed in 't. For my own

eds confess I have received some small

a him, as money, plate, jewels, and such

is here used in the sense of liberality.

like trifles, nothing comparing to us; yet, had he mis- took him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Ser.* May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

*Ser.* He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord: requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

*Luc.* I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

*Ser.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,

I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Ser.* Upon my soul 't is true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods I am not able to do 't, the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship: and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

*Ser.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I 'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;

And he that 's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this is the world's soul;

And just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's sport: who can call him his friend

That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,

Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse;

Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money

Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip:

And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)

He does deny him, in respect of his,

What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,

Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,

For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,

And honourable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,

I would have put my wealth into donation,

And the best half should have return'd to him,

So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,

Men must learn now with pity to dispense:

For policy sits above conscience.

[*Ezeunt.*

3 B

SCENE III.—*A Room in Sempronius's House.**Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in 't? Humph!  
'bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;  
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these  
Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.* My lord,  
They have all been touch'd and found base metal;  
For they have all denied him!

*Sem.* How! have they denied him?  
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?  
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—  
It shows but little love or judgment in him.  
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like phy-

sicians,  
Thrice give him over: Must I take th' cure upon me?  
H' has much disgrac'd me in 't, I 'm angry at him,  
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,  
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:  
And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I 'll requite it last? No.

So it may prove an argument of laughter  
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.  
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
H' had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;  
I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,  
And with their faint reply this answer join:  
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

*[Exit.]*  
*Serv.* Excellent! Your lordship 's a goodly villain.  
The devil knew not what he did when he made man  
politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think,  
but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.  
How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes vir-  
tuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot  
ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire: Of such a  
nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,  
Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead,  
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
Now to guard sure their master.  
And this is all a liberal course allows;  
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

*[Exit.]*SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Timon's House.**Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*Var. Serv.* Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.

*Hor.* Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and I think  
One business doth command us all; for mine  
Is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And, sir,  
Philotus too!

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother,  
What do you think the hour?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much?

*Phi.* Is not my lord as

*Luc. Serv.*

*Phi.* I wonder on 't; he was wont to shi  
*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are waxed  
him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recover  
I fear,

'T is deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and  
Find little.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I 'll show you how to observe a stran  
Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true,

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's  
For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how stran  
Timon in this should pay more than he owe  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich  
And send for money for 'em.

*Hor.* I am weary of this charge, the gods  
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's weal  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than st

*1 Var. Serv.* Yes, mine 's three thous  
What 's yours?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

*1 Var. Serv.* 'T is much deep: and it s  
by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine:  
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

*Enter FLAMINIUS.*

*Tit.* One of lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray,  
ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship: 'Pray, signi

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he know  
too diligent. *[Exit.]*

*Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak, mistak*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his steward as  
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him  
*Tit.* Do you hear, sir?

*1 Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

*Flav.* What do you ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.  
*Flav.*

If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'T were sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and b  
When your false masters eat of my lord's weal  
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his d  
And take down th' interest into their gullets

You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;  
Let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not w

*Flav.* If 't will not serve, 't is not so base  
For you serve knaves.

*1 Var. Serv.* How! what does his casual  
mutter?

*2 Var. Serv.* No matter what; he 's past  
revenge enough. Who can speak broader  
has no house to put his head in? Such may  
great buildings.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Tit.* O, here 's Servilius; now we shall  
answer.

*Serv.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen,

ur, I should derive much from 't: for, soul, my lord leans wond'rously to discomfortable temper has forsook him; he health, and keeps his chamber. Many do keep their chambers are not

far beyond his health, should the sooner pay his debts, dear way to the gods.

Good gods! cannot take this for answer, sir. *[Alcib.]* Servilius, help!—my lord! my

ON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following. are my doors oppos'd against my pas-

ver free, and must my house be enemy, my gaol? Oh I have feasted, does it now, kind, show me an iron heart?

Put in now, Titus.

rd, here is my bill.

Here 's mine.

And mine, my lord.

Serv. And ours, my lord.

ir bills.

Take me down with 'em: cleave me to the

le.\*

Alas! my lord,—

my heart in sums.

fifty talents.

But my blood,

Five thousand crowns, my lord.

thousand drops pays that.

—and yours?

v. My lord,—

v. My lord,—

me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

*[Exit.]*

I, I perceive our masters may throw their

money; these debts may well be called

for a madman owes 'em. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Have e'en put my breath from me, the

as:

evils.

Dear lord,—

t if it should be so?

lord,—

save it so:—My steward!

my lord.

ly. Go, bid all my friends again,

Flus, and Sempronius; all:

feast the rascals.

O my lord,

kick from your distracted soul;

much left, to furnish out

ble.

Be 't not in thy care; go,

invite them all; let in the tide

more; my cook and I 'll provide.

*[Exeunt.]*

ENE V.—The Senate House.

sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

lord, you have my voice to it;

body;

which Timon here employs is used by Dekker

forbook;—"They durst not strike down their

large bills;" the allusion is to bills, or battle-

'T is necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 Sen. Now, captain.

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;

(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:

Your words have took such pains, as if they labcur'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,

Is valour misbegot, and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born:

He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe;

And make his wrongs his outsides,

To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,

What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,

If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we

Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,

That stay at home, if bearing carry it;

And the ass, more captain than the lion;

The fellow loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;

But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.

To be in anger is impiety;

But who is man that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib.

In vain? his service done

At Lacedemon, and Byzantium,

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What 's that?

Alcib. Why, say, my lords, h' has done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em.

He 's a sworn rioter: he has a sin

That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner

If there were no foes, that were enough

To overcome him: in that beastly fury

He has been known to commit outrages,

And cherish factions: 't is infer'd to us,  
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.  
My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,  
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:  
And, for I know, your reverend ages love security,  
I'll pawn my victories, all my honour to you,  
Upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why let the war receive 't in valiant gore;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,  
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,  
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen. What?

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;  
It could not else be I should prove so base,  
To sue, and be denied such common grace:  
My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?  
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect;  
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me?  
Banish your dotage; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,  
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our  
spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt Senators.]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you  
may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!  
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money, and let out  
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,  
Rich only in large burts:—All those, for this?  
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate  
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment?  
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;  
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
'T is honour with most lands to be at odds;  
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—A magnificent Room in Timon's  
House.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter  
divers Lords, at several doors.

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honour-  
able lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when  
we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him, as he  
made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his  
new feasting.

1 Lord. I should think so: He hath sent me an  
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did  
urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond  
them, and I must needs appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my impor-  
tunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I  
am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provi-  
sion was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I  
how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here 's so. What was  
borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

3 Lord. He sent to me, sir.—Here he came.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen be  
how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of  
ship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer-  
ing than we your lordship.

Tim. [Aside] Nor more willingly learn  
such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, I  
will not recompense this long stay: feast you  
the music awhile; if they will fare so hard  
trumpet's sound: we shall to 't presently.

1 Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly  
lordship, that I returned you an empty mess.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[The banquet.]  
2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am  
shame, that when your lordship this other  
me I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours be-

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remem-  
Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and  
can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What 's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: Hear ye

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'T is so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how?

2 Lord. I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here  
feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will 't hold, will 't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will—and as-

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that  
would to the lip of his mistress: your diet  
all places alike. Make not a city feast of  
meat cool ere we can agree upon the first  
sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society  
fulness. For your own gifts make yourself  
but reserve still to give lest your deities  
Lend to each man enough, that one need  
another: for, were your godheads to borrow  
would forsake the gods. Make the meat  
more than the man that gives it. Let no  
twenty be without a score of villains: If there  
women at the table, let a dozen of them be  
are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the  
Athens, together with the common lag of poverty  
is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable  
tion. For these my present friends, as they  
nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to  
they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered, are full of  
Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

ber. I know not.  
 ay you a better feast never behold,  
 of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm  
 ater  
 fection. This is Timon's last;  
 and spangled you with flatteries,  
 ff, and sprinkles in your faces  
 [Throwing water in their faces.  
 g villainy. Live loath'd, and long,  
 g, smooth, detested parasites,  
 lestroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
 f fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,  
 ee slaves, vapours and minute-jacks!  
 d beast, the infinite malady  
 uite o'er!—What, dost thou go?  
 y physic first—thou too,—and thou;—  
 es the dishes at them, and drives them out.  
 lend thee money, borrow none.—  
 a motion? Henceforth be no feast,  
 villain 's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be  
 Of Timon, man, and all humanity. [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords, and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords?  
 2 Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?  
 3 Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?  
 4 Lord. I have lost my gown.  
 3 Lord. He 's but a mad lord, and nought but hu-  
 mour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day,  
 and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see  
 my jewel?  
 4 Lord. Did you see my cap?  
 2 Lord. Here 't is.  
 4 Lord. Here lies my gown.  
 1 Lord. Let 's make no stay.  
 2 Lord. Lord Timon 's mad.  
 3 Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.  
 4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day  
 stones. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

E. I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

me look back upon thee. O thou wall,  
 in those wolves, dive in the earth,  
 at Athens! Matrons turn, incontinent!  
 ail in children! Slaves and fools  
 rave wrinkled Senate from the bench,  
 r in their steads! To general filths  
 the instant, green Virginity—  
 r parent's eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;  
 render back, out with your knives,  
 r trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!  
 d robbers your grave masters are,  
 law! Maid, to thy master's bed;  
 is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,  
 n'd crutch from thy old limping sire,  
 out his brains! Piety and fear,  
 he gods, peace, justice, truth,  
 e, night rest, and neighbourhood,  
 manners, mysteries, and trades,  
 rvances, customs, and laws,  
 our confounding contraries,  
 fusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,  
 and infectious fevers heap  
 pe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,  
 enators, that their limbs may halt  
 their manners! Lust and liberty  
 minds and marrows of our youth;  
 the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 themselves in riot! Itches, blains,  
 Athenian bosoms; and their crop  
 prosy! Breath infect breath;  
 ciety, as their friendship, may  
 ison! Nothing I 'll bear from thee,  
 as, thou detestable town!  
 at too, with multiplying bans!  
 o the woods; where he shall find  
 it beast more kinder than mankind.  
 found (bear me, you good gods all)  
 is both within and out that wall!

the punctuation of the original. When Timon  
 look back upon thee," he apostrophizes the city  
 seat of his splendour and his misery. To say  
 metrical beauty of the pause after *thee*, there is  
 ore and propriety, as it appears to us, in the  
 hich we adopt.  
 here used in the sense of *turn*—turn yourself  
 y."

And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low!  
 Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with Two or Three Servants.

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward, where 's our master?  
 Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?  
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,  
 I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. Such a house broke!  
 So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not  
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,  
 And go along with him!

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs  
 From our companion thrown into his grave,  
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,  
 A dedicated beggar to the air,  
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
 Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
 That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
 Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;  
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
 Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
 Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,  
 The latest of my wealth I 'll share amongst you.  
 Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
 Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,  
 As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
 "We have seen better days." Let each take some;

[Giving them money  
 Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:  
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exeunt Servants  
 O, the fierce\* wretchedness that glory brings us!  
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
 Who 'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live

\* Fierce—violent, excessive.



But in a dream of friendship?  
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,  
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?  
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;  
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,<sup>a</sup>  
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!  
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?  
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
 My dearest lord,—bless'd to be most accurs'd,  
 Rich, only to be wretched—thy great fortunes  
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat  
 Of monstrous friends:  
 Nor has he with him to supply his life,  
 Or that which can command it.  
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:  
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;  
 Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*The Woods.**Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth  
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb  
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—  
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;  
 The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,  
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
 But by contempt of nature:  
 Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;  
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
 The beggar native honour:  
 It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,  
 The want that makes him lean.<sup>b</sup> Who dares, who dares,  
 In purity of manhood stand upright,  
 And say, "This man's a flatterer"? If one be,  
 So are they all; for every grize<sup>c</sup> of fortune  
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;  
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd  
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

*[Digging.]*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?  
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?  
 No, gods, I am no idle votarist.  
 Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this, will  
 make  
 Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;  
 Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.  
 Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why  
 this

<sup>a</sup> *Blood*—natural disposition.<sup>b</sup> There is considerable obscurity in all this passage, both in the progress of the thought and the form of expression. It appears to us that it may be simplified by bearing in mind that our idea runs through the whole from the commencement, "twinn'd brothers," down to "the want that makes him lean." Touch the twinn'd brothers with several fortunes, that is, with different fortunes, and the greater scorns the lesser. The poet then interposes a reflection that man's nature, obnoxious as it is to all miseries, cannot bear great fortune without contempt of kindred nature. The greater and the lesser brothers now change places:—<sup>c</sup> "Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord."

The lord is now despised, the beggar now honoured; and the poet goes on to show that the difference of property is the sole cause of the difference of estimation. He puts this in the most contemptuous way, making the power of feeding and fattening constitute the great distinction between the brother, whose pasture lards his sides, and him, the other brother, whose want produces leanness.

<sup>c</sup> *Grize*, grease, grieces, gree, are all words expressing a step a degree.

Will lug your priests and servants from you  
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their  
 This yellow slave  
 Will knit and break religions; bless the ad  
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieve  
 And give them title, knee, and approbation  
 With senators on the bench: this is it,  
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again  
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous so  
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and  
 To the April-day again.<sup>b</sup> Come, damned  
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt  
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
 Do thy right nature.—*[March afar of*  
*drum?—Thou 'rt quick,*  
 But yet I'll bury thee: Thou 'lt go, strong  
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—  
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. *[Keeping]*

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in manner; PHRYNIA and TIMON.**Alcib.* Speak, what art thou there?*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

*Alcib.* What is thy name? Is man so hat  
That art thyself a man?*Tim.* I am *misanthropos*, and hate man!  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.*Alcib.* I know th  
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and stran*Tim.* I know thee too; and more, than  
thee,I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules,  
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;  
Then what should war be? This fell whore  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sweet  
For all her cherubin look.*Phry.* Thy lips rot off!*Tim.* I will not kiss thee; then the rot  
To thine own lips again.*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to thi  
*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light  
But then renew I could not, like the moon;  
There were no suns to borrow of.*Alcib.* Noble Timon, what friendship may  
*Tim.* None, but to maintain my opinion.*Alcib.* What is it, Timon?  
*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform  
thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee,  
a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,  
a man!*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy mi  
*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prop  
*Alcib.* I see them now; then was a blessed  
*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of  
*Timon.* Is this the Athenian minion, whom  
Voic'd so regardfully?*Tim.* Art thou Timandra?  
*Timon.* Yes.*Tim.* Be a whore still! They love thee  
thee.Give them diseases, leaving with thee their  
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves  
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd  
To the tub-fast and the diet.*Timon.* Hang thee, man!*Timon.* Yes.*Tim.* Be a whore still! They love thee  
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thee.Give them diseases, leaving with thee their  
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves  
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd  
To the tub-fast and the diet.

on him, sweet Timandra; for his wits  
 and lost in his calamities.  
 The gold of late, brave Timon,  
 Proof doth daily make revolt  
 As band: I have heard, and griev'd,  
 Athens, mindless of thy worth,  
 Great deeds, when neighbour states,  
 Ord and fortune, trod upon them,—  
 See beat thy drum, and get thee gone.  
 Thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.  
 Dost thou pity him, whom thou dost  
 Leave alone?  
 Fare thee well:  
 I hold for thee.

Keep 't, I cannot eat it.  
 I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—  
 As thou 'gainst Athens?

Ay, Timon, and have cause.  
 Gods confound them all in thy conquest;  
 When thou hast conquer'd!  
 I am, Timon?  
 By killing of villains, thou wast born to  
 Untry.

Go on,—here 's gold,—go on;  
 Every plague, when Jove  
 High-vic'd city hang his poison  
 : Let not thy sword skip one:  
 I'd age for his white beard,  
 I'd: Strike me the counterfeit matron;  
 Only that is honest,  
 I'd: Let not the virgin's cheek  
 Trenchant sword; for those milk paps,  
 The window-bars bore at men's eyes,  
 The leaf of pity writ,  
 Own horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,  
 I smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;  
 I'd, whom the oracle  
 I'd pronounce thy throat shall cut,  
 I'd, and remorse: Swear against objects;  
 I'd, thine ears, and on thine eyes;  
 I'd, or yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,  
 I'd, iests in holy vestments bleeding,  
 I'd, not. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:  
 I'd, infusion; and, thy fury spent,  
 I'd, thyself! Speak not, be gone.  
 I'd, thou gold yet? I 'll take the gold thou  
 I'd, me,  
 I'd, myself.

How, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon

Timon. Give us some gold, good Timon:  
 I'd, thou more?

I'd, to make a whore forswear her trade,  
 I'd, shores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,  
 I'd, wantant: You are not oathable,—  
 I'd, now, you 'll swear, terribly swear,  
 I'd, adders and to heavenly agues,  
 I'd, gods that bear you,—spare your oaths,  
 I'd, or conditions: Be whores still;  
 I'd, pious breath seeks to convert you,  
 I'd, more, allure him, burn him up;  
 I'd, fire predominate his smoke,  
 I'd, coats: Yet may your pains, six months,  
 I'd, cry: And thatch your poor thin roofs  
 I'd, of the dead;—some that were hang'd,  
 I'd, wear them, betray with them: Whore

How may mire upon your face:  
 I'd, les!

Timon. Well, more gold;—What then;  
 I'd, we 'll do anything for gold.

So the 'Tale of Oedipus' according to John

Tim. Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,  
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
 That he may never more false title plead,  
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen  
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
 And not believes himself: down with the nose,  
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
 Of him, that his particular to foresee,  
 Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians  
 Bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
 Derive some pain from you: Plague all;  
 That your activity may defeat and quell  
 The source of all erection.—There 's more gold:  
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
 And ditches grave you all!<sup>a</sup>

Phry. & Timan. More counsel with more money,  
 Bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given  
 you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare-  
 well, Timon;

If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,

And take thy beegles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—  
 Strike.

[Drum beats. Exit ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA  
 and TIMANDRA.]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
 Should yet be hungry;—Common mother, thou,

[Digging]

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
 Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
 Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,  
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven  
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
 Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,  
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptions womb,  
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
 Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!  
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;  
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
 That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report  
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'T is then, because thou dost not keep a dog  
 Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;  
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?  
 This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?  
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;  
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot  
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.

<sup>a</sup> So in 'Chapman's Homer's Iliad':—

—"The throats of dogs shall gnaw  
 His manly limbs."

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
 By that which has undone thee : hinge thy knee,  
 And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,  
 Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,  
 And call it excellent : Thou wast told thus :  
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,  
 To knaves and all approachers : 'T is most just  
 That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,  
 Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee I 'd throw away myself.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself ;

A madman so long, now a fool : What, think'st  
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
 Will put thy shirt on warm ? Will these moist trees,  
 That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
 And skip when thou point'st out ? Will the cold brook,  
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures,—  
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
 Of wreakful heaven ; whose bare unhoussed trunks,  
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
 Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee ;  
 O ! thou shalt find—

*Tim.* A fool of thee : Depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why ?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not ; but say thou art a caitiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out ?

*Apem.* To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's ;

Dost please thyself in 't ?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* What ! a knave too ?

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on  
 To castigate thy pride, 't were well ; but thou  
 Dost it enforcedly ; thou 'dst courtier be again,  
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
 Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :  
 The one is filling still, never complete ;  
 The other, at high wish : Best state, contentless,  
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
 Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
 With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.  
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded  
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
 To such as may the passive drugs of it  
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself  
 In general riot ; melted down thy youth  
 In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd  
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
 Who had the world as my confectionary ;  
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men  
 At duty, more than I could frame employment ;  
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
 For every storm that blows ;—I, to bear this,  
 That never knew but better, is some burden :  
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
 Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate  
 men ?

They never flatter'd thee : What hast thou given ?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,

Must be thy subject ; who, in spite, put stuff

To some she beggar, and compounded thee

Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone ?

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou hadst

*Apem.* A

*Tim.*

*Apem.* I

*Tim.*

Were all th

I 'd give th

That the w

Thus would

*Apem.*

*Tim.* Fi

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If not, I w

*Apem.* V

*Tim.* Tl

Tell them

*Apem.* I

*Tim.*

For here it

*Apem.*

*Tim.*

Where fee

*Apem.*

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*Tim.* V

mind !

*Apem.*

*Tim.* T

*Apem.*

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*Tim.* C

*Apem.*

*Tim.* A

*Apem.*

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*Tim.* W

thou ever l

*Apem.*

*Tim.* I

keep a dog

*Apem.*

compare to

*Tim.* W

themselves

*Apem.*

*Tim.* W

sion of mer

*Apem.*

*Tim.* A

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wert thou

pard : wert

lion, and

fety were remotion; and thy defence,  
 it beast couldst thou be, that were not  
 st? and what a beast art thou already,  
 y loss in transformation!  
 ou couldst please me with speaking to  
 it have hit upon it here: The common-  
 s is become a forest of beasts.  
 has the ass broke the wall, that thou art

er comes a poet and a painter: The  
 try light upon thee: I will fear to catch  
 ay: When I know not what else to do,  
 sin.

there is nothing living but thee, thou  
 ne. I had rather be a beggar's dog  
 \*

art the cap of all the fools alive.  
 thou wert clean enough to spit upon.  
 gue on thee, thou art too bad to curse.  
 ains that do stand by thee are pure.  
 is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.  
 me thee.—

-but I should infect my hands.  
 ld my tongue could rot them off!  
 thou issue of a mangy dog!  
 me, that thou art alive;  
 see.

'Would thou wouldst burst!  
 Away,  
 gue! I am sorry I shall lose  
 [Throws a stone at him.

Beast!  
 Slave!  
 Toad!  
 Rogue, rogue, rogue!  
 PERMANTUS retreats backward, as going.  
 s false world; and will love nought  
 re necessities upon 't.  
 resently prepare thy grave;  
 ght foam of the sea may beat  
 'daily: make thine epitaph,  
 e at others' lives may laugh.  
 og-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.  
 on and sire! thou bright defiler  
 rest bed! thou valiant Mars!  
 g, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,  
 th thaw the consecrated snow  
 in's lap! thou visible god,  
 ose impossibilities,  
 n kiss! that speak'st with every tongue  
 e! O thou touch\* of hearts!  
 : man rebels; and by thy virtue  
 nfounding odds, that beasts  
 orld in empire!

'Would 't were so;—  
 n dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:  
 ong'd to shortly.

Throng'd to?  
 Ay.

ck, I prithee.  
 Live, and love thy misery!  
 ve so, and so die!—I am quit.  
 [Exit PERMANTUS.  
 men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.  
 e should he have this gold? It is some  
 one slender ort of his remainder: The  
 ld, and the falling from of his friends,  
 his melancholy.

noised he hath a mass of treasure.  
 s make the assay upon him. If he care  
 \* Touch—touch-stone.

not for 't, he will supply us easily: If he covetously  
 reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2 Ban. True; for he bears it not about him, 't is hid.

1 Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

2 Ban. 'T is his description.

3 Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do  
 want.

Tim. Your greatest want is you want much of  
 meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;  
 Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:  
 The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;  
 The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush  
 Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,  
 As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and  
 fishes:

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,  
 That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not  
 In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft  
 In limited\* professions. Rascal thieves,  
 Here 's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,  
 Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,  
 And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
 More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together;

Do villainy, do, since you protest<sup>b</sup> to do 't  
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:

The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction  
 Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,  
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:

The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
 The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,  
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen  
 From general excrement: each thing 's a thief;

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power  
 Have uncheck'd theft.<sup>c</sup> Love not yourselves: away;  
 Rob one another. There 's more gold: Cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves: To Athens go;  
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,  
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this  
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen. [TIMON retires to his cave.  
 3 Ban. He has almost charmed me from my pro-  
 fession, by persuading me to it.

1 Ban. 'T is in the malice of mankind, that he thus  
 advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over  
 my trade.

1 Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no  
 time so miserable but a man may be true.

[Exeunt Banditti.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!  
 Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?  
 Full of decay and failing? O monument  
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!  
 What an alteration of honour has  
 Desperate want made!  
 What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,  
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends:

\* Limited—legalized.

<sup>b</sup> Protest. The ordinary reading is *profess*. There appears  
 no necessity for the change, for either word may be used in the  
 sense of to declare openly.

<sup>c</sup> That is, the laws, being powerful, have their theft un-  
 checked.

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,  
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:  
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo  
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!  
He has caught me in his eye: I will present  
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,  
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

*TIMON comes forward from his cave.*

*Tim.* Away! what art thou?

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir?

*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;  
Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

*Tim.* Then I know thee not.

I ne'er had honest man about me; ay, all  
I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer:—then  
I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,  
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:  
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with  
weeping!

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord,  
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,  
To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?  
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.  
Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man  
Was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim  
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;—  
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—  
How fain would I have hated all mankind,

And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, sure thee,  
I fell with curses.  
Methinks, thou art more honest now than was;  
For by oppressing and betraying me,  
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:  
For many so arrive at second masters,  
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,  
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,  
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,  
Expecting in return twenty for one?)

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master, in whose breast  
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late;  
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feat:  
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.  
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,  
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,  
My most honour'd lord,  
For any benefit that points to me,  
Either in hope, or present, I 'd exchange  
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth  
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

*Tim.* Look thee, 't is so!—Thou singly honest man,  
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery  
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:  
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men;  
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none:  
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,  
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs  
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,  
Debts wither them to nothing: Be men like blasted  
woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!  
And so, farewell, and thrive.

*Flav.* O, let me stay, and comfort you my master.

*Tim.* If thou hat'st curses,  
Stay not: fly, whilst thou art bless'd and free;  
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Before Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.*

*Pain.* As I took note of the place, it cannot be far  
where he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? Does the  
rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and  
Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor  
straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'T is said he  
gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a try  
for his friends.

*Pain.* Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in  
Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore,  
't is not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this sup-  
posed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and  
is very likely to load our purposes with what they  
travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his  
having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation: only  
I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent  
that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best.  
Promising is the very air o' the time;  
It opens the eyes of expectation:

Performance is ever the duller for his act;  
And, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,  
The deed of saying is quite out of use.  
To promise is most courtly and fashionable:  
Performance is a kind of will, or testament,  
Which argues a great sickness in his judgment  
That makes it.

*Tim.* Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint  
man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking  
What I shall say I have provided for him:  
It must be a personating of himself:  
A satire against the softness of prosperity;  
With a discovery of the infinite flatteries  
That follow youth and opulency.

*Tim.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in these  
own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other  
men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him:  
Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True;  
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
Come.

*Tim.* I'll meet you at the turn. What a god  
gold,  
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,

ine feed!  
 rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;  
 d reverence in a slave:  
 ship! and thy saints for aye  
 th plagues, that thee alone obey!  
 m. [Advancing.  
 worthy Timon!  
 Our late noble master.  
 I once liv'd to see two honest men?

if your open bounty tasted,  
 ere retir'd, your friends fall'n off,  
 es natures—O abhorred spirits!  
 ips of heaven are large enough—  
 nobleness gave life and influence  
 being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover  
 bulk of this ingratitude  
 of words.  
 go naked, men may see 't the better:  
 onest, by being what you are,  
 it seen, and known.

He, and myself,  
 in the great shower of your gifts,  
 it it.

Ay, you are honest men.  
 re hither come to offer you our service.  
 honest men! Why, how shall I requite

ots, and drink cold water? no.  
 we can do, we'll do, to do you service.  
 re honest men: You have heard that I  
 gold;  
 have: speak truth: you're honest men.  
 is said, my noble lord: but therefore  
 friend, nor I.  
 onest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit  
 ens: thou art, indeed, the best;  
 it'st most lively.

So, so, my lord.  
 o, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,  
 [To the Poet.

swells with stuff so fine and smooth  
 ven natural in thine art.—  
 s, my honest-natur'd friends,  
 y you have a little fault:  
 monstrous in you; neither wish I  
 pains to mend.

Beseech your honour,  
 own to us.

You'll take it ill.  
 thankfully, my lord.

Will you, indeed?  
 it not, worthy lord.  
 's never a one of you but trusts a knave,  
 deceives you.

Do we, my lord?  
 al you hear him cog, see him dissemble,  
 patchery, love him, feed him  
 osom: yet remain assur'd,  
 ide-up villain.  
 e none such, my lord.

Nor I.  
 ou, I love you well; I'll give you gold,  
 llains from your companies:  
 stab them, drown them in a draught,  
 by some course, and come to me,  
 old enough.

then, my lord, let's know them.  
 hat way, and you this,—but two in  
 my:—

t, all single and alone,  
 lain keeps him company.  
 t, two villains shall not be, [To the Pain.

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst in t reside  
 [To the Poet.  
 But where one villain is, then him alandon.—  
 Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye  
 slaves:  
 You have work for me, there's payment: Hence!  
 You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—  
 Out, rascal dogs! [Exit, beating and driving them out.

## SCENE II.—The same.

Enter FLAVIUS and Two Senators.

Flav. It is vain that you would speak with Timon  
 For he is set so only to himself,  
 That nothing but himself, which looks like man,  
 Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:  
 It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,  
 To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike  
 Men are not still the same: 'T was time, and griefs,  
 That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,  
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
 The former man may make him: Bring us to him,  
 And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—  
 Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!  
 Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,  
 By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:  
 Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and  
 be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false  
 Be as a caut'rising to the root o' the tongue,  
 Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—  
 Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.  
 Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the  
 plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget  
 What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.  
 The senators, with one consent of love,  
 Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought  
 On special dignities, which vacant lie  
 For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,  
 Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:  
 Which now the public body,—which doth seldom  
 Play the recanter,—feeling in itself  
 A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
 Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;  
 And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,  
 Together with a recompense more fruitful  
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;  
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,  
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,  
 And write in thee the figures of their love,  
 Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;  
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears:  
 Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
 And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,  
 And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take  
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name  
 Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back  
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;  
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
 His country's peace.

*2 Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword  
Against the walls of Athens.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

*Tim.* Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir—  
Thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;  
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,  
In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,  
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,  
While you have throats to answer: for myself,  
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,  
But I do prize it at my love, before  
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosperous gods,  
As thieves to keepers.

*Flac.* Stay not, all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph;  
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness  
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough!

*1 Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country, and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wrack,  
As common bruit doth put it.

*1 Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

*1 Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass  
through them.

*2 Sen.* And enter in our ears like great triumphers  
In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Commend me to them;  
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do  
them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

*2 Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a tree, which grows here in my close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it: Tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

*Flac.* Trouble him no further, thus you still shall  
find him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again: but say to Athens,  
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
Whom once a day with his embossed froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,  
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—  
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:  
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!  
Graves only be men's works; and death their gain!  
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit TIMON.]

*1 Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably  
Coupled to nature.

*2 Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,  
And strain what other means is left unto us  
In our dear peril.

*1 Sen.* It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

Enter

*1 Sen.* The  
As full as the  
*Mess.*

Besides, his e  
Present appr

*2 Sen.* W  
Tim

*Mess.* I m  
Whom, thou  
Yet our old  
And made u  
From Alcibi  
With letters  
His fellowsh  
In part for h

*1 Sen.*

*3 Sen.* N  
The enemies  
Doth choke t  
Ours is the f

SCENE I

Enter

*Sold.* By  
Who's here!  
Timon is de  
Some beast r  
Dead, sure;  
I cannot rea  
Our captain  
An ag'd inte  
Before proud  
Whose fall t

SCENE

*Trumpets*  
*Alcib.* So  
Our terrible

Till now yo  
With all lic  
The scope of  
As slept with  
Have waude  
Our sufferan  
When crouc  
Cries, of itse  
Shall sit and  
And pury in  
With fear, a

*1 Sen.*  
When thy fi  
Ere thou had  
We sent to t  
To wipe out  
Above their

*2 Sen.*  
Transformed  
By humble  
We were not  
The common

*1 Sen.*  
Were not ere  
You have res  
That these g  
For private t

Nor are they living  
 motives that you first went out;  
 they wanted cunning, in excess,  
 their hearts. March, noble lord,  
 with thy banners spread:  
 n, and a tithed death,  
 res hunger for that food,  
 e loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth;  
 azard of the spotted die,  
 rotted.

All have not offended;  
 were, it is not square to take,  
 are, revenges: crimes, like lands,  
 ited. Then, dear countryman,  
 ranks, but leave without thy rage:  
 senian cradle, and those kin  
 : bluster of thy wrath, must fall  
 at have offended: like a shepherd,  
 fold, and cull the infected forth,  
 ltogether.

What thou wilt,  
 halt enforce it with thy smile,  
 t with thy sword.

Set but thy foot  
 ampir'd gates, and they shall ope;  
 send thy gentle heart before,  
 It enter friendly.

Throw thy glove;  
 of thine honour else,  
 it use the wars as thy redress,  
 it confusion, all thy powers  
 their harbour in our town, till we  
 by full desire.

Then there's my glove;

this line is not used in an evil sense, but with  
 stop of knowledge, wisdom;—Excessive shame  
 wanted wisdom has broken their hearts.

Descend, and open your uncharged ports;  
 Those enemies of Timon's, and mine owl,  
 Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,  
 Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears  
 With my more noble meaning,—not a man  
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
 But shall be remedied, to your public laws,  
 At heaviest answer.

*Both.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*]

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sol.* My noble general, Timon is dead;  
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:  
 And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which  
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression  
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib.* [*Rends.*] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul  
 bereft:

Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked cut-throats left!  
 Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:  
 Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not here thy gait.

These will express in thee thy latter spirits:  
 Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,  
 Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets  
 which

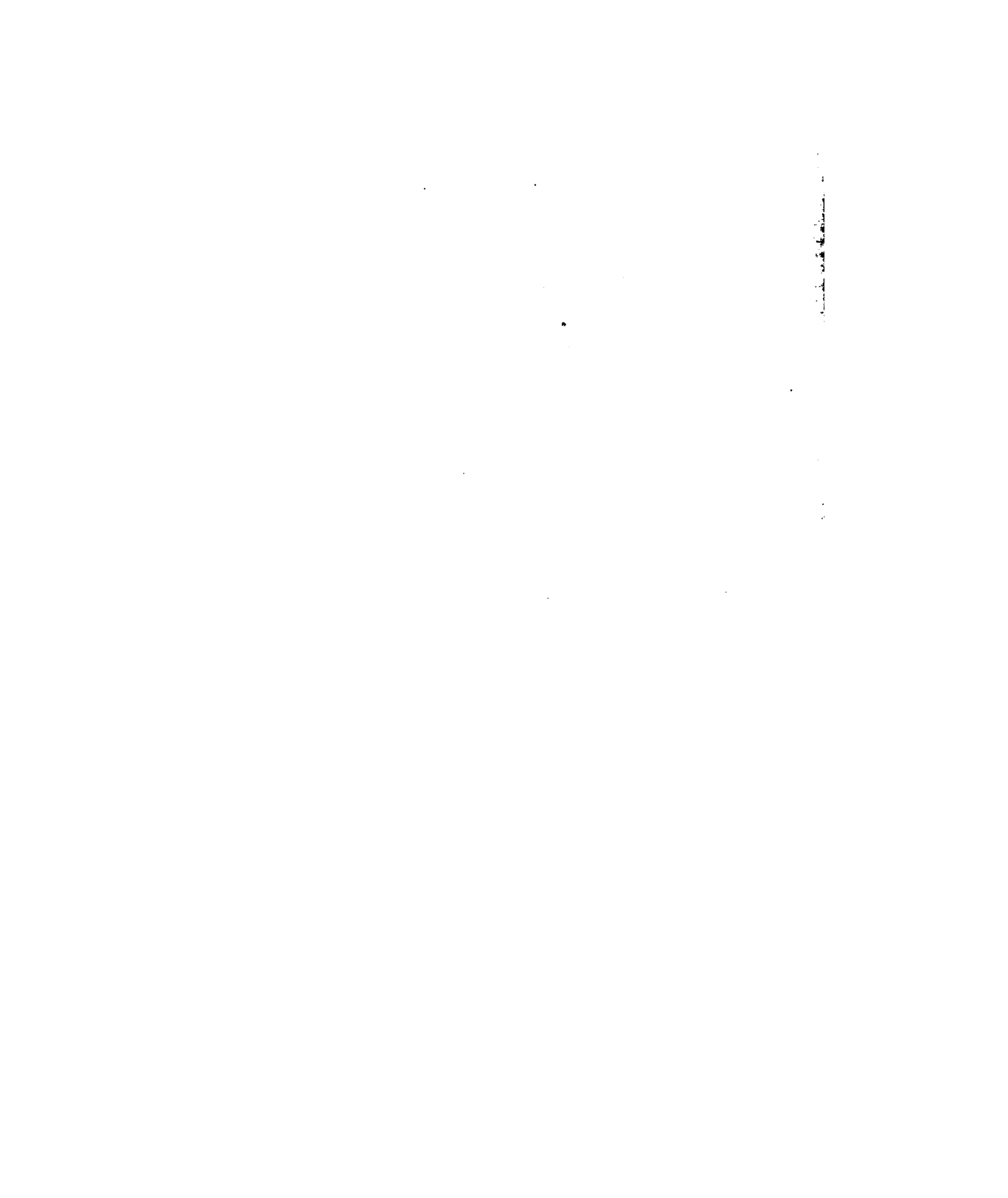
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead  
 Is noble Timon; of whose memory  
 Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,  
 And I will use the olive with my sword:  
 Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make  
 each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]







## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE original quarto edition of 'Troilus and Cressida' was printed in 1609. No other edition of the play was published until it appeared in the folio collection of 1623.

"The original story," says Dryden, "was written by one Lollius, a Lombard, in Latin verse, and translated by Chaucer into English; intended, I suppose, a satire on the inconstancy of women. I find nothing of it among the ancients, not so much as the name Cressida once mentioned. Shakspeare (as I hinted), in the *apprenticeship of his writing*, modelled it into that play which is now called by the name of 'Troilus and Cressida.' " Without entering into the question who Lollius was, we at once receive the 'Troilus and Creseide' of Chaucer as the foundation of Shakspeare's play. Of his perfect acquaintance with that poem there can be no doubt. Chaucer, of all English writers, was the one who would have the greatest charm for Shakspeare. Mr. Godwin has justly observed that the Shaksperian commentators have done injustice to Chaucer in not more distinctly associating his poem with this remarkable play. But although the main incidents in the adventures of the Greek lover and his faithless mistress, as given by Chaucer, are followed with little deviation, yet, independent of the wonderful difference in the characterisation, the whole story under the treatment of Shakspeare becomes thoroughly original. In no play does he appear to us to have a more complete mastery over his materials, or to mould them into more plastic shapes by the force of his most surpassing imagination. The great Homeric poem, the rude romance of the destruction of Troy, the beautiful elaboration of that romance by Chaucer, are all subjected to his wondrous alchemy; and new forms and combinations are called forth so lifelike, that all the representations which have preceded them look cold and rigid statues, not warm and breathing men and women. Coleridge's theory of the principle upon which this was effected is, we have no doubt, essentially true:—

"I am half inclined to believe that Shakspeare's main object (or shall I rather say his ruling impulse?) was to translate the poetic heroes of Paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurely*, warriors of Christian chivalry, and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Dürer." \*

Dryden, we have seen, speaks of Shakspeare's 'Troilus and Cressida' as a work of his apprenticeship. Dryden himself aspired to reform it with his own master-hand. The notion of Dryden was to convert the 'Troilus and

Cressida' into a regular tragedy. He complains that "the chief persons who give name to the tragedy are left alive: Cressida is false, and is not punished." The excitement of pity and terror, we are told, is the only ground of tragedy. Tragedy, too, must have "a moral that directs the whole action of the play to one centre." To this standard, then, is Shakspeare's 'Troilus and Cressida' to be reduced. The chief persons who give name to the tragedy are *not* to be left alive. Cressida is *not* to be false; but she is to die; and so terror and pity are to be produced. And then comes the moral:—

"Then, since from home-bred factions ruin springs,  
Let subjects learn obedience to their kings."

The management by which Dryden has accomplished this metamorphosis is one of the most remarkable examples of perverted ingenuity. He had a licentious age to please. He could not spare a line, or a word, of what may be considered the objectionable scenes between Pandarus, Troilus, and Cressida. They found no part of the "rubbish" he desired to remove. He has heightened them wherever possible; and what in Shakspeare was a sly allusion becomes with him a positive grossness. Now let us consider for a moment what Shakspeare intended by these scenes. Cressida is the exception to Shakspeare's general idea of the female character. She is beautiful, witty, accomplished,—but she is impure. In her, love is not a sentiment, or a passion,—it is an impulse. Temperament is stronger than will. Her love has nothing ideal, spiritual, in its composition. It is not constant, because it is not discriminate. Setting apart her inconstancy, how altogether different is Cressida from Juliet, or Viola, or Helena, or Perdita. There is nothing in her which could be called love: no depth, no concentration of feeling,—nothing that can bear the name of *devotion*. Shakspeare would not permit a mistake to be made on the subject; and he has therefore given to Ulysses to describe her, as *he* conceived her. Considering what his intentions were, and what really is the high morality of the characterisation, we can scarcely say that he has made the representation too prominent. When he drew Cressida, we think he had the feeling strong on his mind which gave birth to the 129th Sonnet. A French writer, in a notice of this play, says, "Les deux amants se voient, s'entendent, et sont *heureux*." Shakspeare has described such happiness:—

"A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;  
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:  
All this the world well knows; yet none know how  
To stunn the heaven that leads men to this hell."

It was this morality that Shakspeare meant to lose when he painted this one exception to the general part of his female characters.

\* Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 183.



# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- PRIAM, King of Troy.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.*
- HECTOR, son to Priam.**  
*Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 9.*
- ROILUS, son to Priam.**  
*Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.*
- PARIS, son to Priam.**  
*Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 8.*
- IPHOBUS, son to Priam.**  
*Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.*
- ELENUS, son to Priam.**  
*Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.*
- AS, a Trojan commander.**  
*Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 11.*
- ANDROPHAGUS, a Trojan commander.**  
*Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.*
- PHILOTHOUS, a priest, taking part with the Greeks.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 3.*
- NESTOR, uncle to Cressida.**  
*Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 11.*
- DEIPHOBUS, a bastard son to Priam.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 8.*
- NESTOR, the Grecian general.**  
*Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.*
- NESTOR, brother to Agamemnon.**  
*Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 8; sc. 10.*
- NESTOR, a Grecian commander.**  
*Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 9.*
- AJAX, a Grecian commander.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.*
- ULYSSES, a Grecian commander.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.*
- NESTOR, a Grecian commander.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.*
- DIOMEDES, a Grecian commander.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.*
- PATROCLUS, a Grecian commander.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.*
- THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 8.*
- ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2.*
- Servant to Troilus.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.*
- Servant to Paris.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 1.*
- Servant to Diomedes.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 5.*
- HELEN, wife to Menelaus.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 1.*
- ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 5.*
- CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam; a prophetess.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 5.*
- CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.*
- Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE.—TROY, AND THE GRECIAN CAMP BEFORE IT.

## PROLOGUE.

the scene. From isles of Greece  
 their high blood chaf'd,  
 of Athens sent their ships,  
 ministers and instruments  
 forty and nine that wore  
 gal, from the Athenian bay  
 Phrygia: and their vow is made  
 within whose strong immures  
 en, Menelaus' queen,  
 she sleeps,—and that's the quarrel  
 come;  
 wing barks do there disgorge  
 sightage: Now on Dardan plains  
 unbruised Greeks do pitch  
 ions: Priam's six-gated city,  
 mbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,  
 with massy staples,  
 and fulfilling bolts,

1—the French *orgueilleux*.  
 verb *fulfil* is here used in the original sense

Sperr up<sup>a</sup> the sons of Troy.  
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,  
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
 Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come  
 A prologue arm'd,<sup>b</sup>—but not in confidence  
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited  
 In like conditions as our argument,—  
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
 Leaps o'er the vaunt<sup>c</sup> and firstlings of those broils,  
 Beginning in the middle; starting thence away  
 To what may be digested in a play.  
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;  
 Now good, or bad, 't is but the chance of war.

<sup>a</sup> *Sperr up*. The original has *stirr* up, but we prefer the alteration. The relative positions of each force are contrasted. The Greeks pitch their pavilions on Dardan plains: the Trojans are shut up in their six-gated city. *Sperr* is used in the sense of to fasten, by Spenser and earlier writers.

<sup>b</sup> *Arm'd*. Johnson has pointed out that the Prologue was spoken by one of the characters in armour. This was noticed, because in general the speaker of the Prologue wore a black cloak.

<sup>c</sup> *Vaunt*—the van.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter TROIILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet,<sup>a</sup> I'll unarm again :  
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within ?  
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are stroug, and skilful to their strength,  
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;  
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my part I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding : but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the bolting : but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening : but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking ; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit ;  
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—  
So, traitor ! when she comes !—When is she thence ?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh would rive in twain ;  
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,  
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)  
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile :  
But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness  
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's (well, go to), there were no more comparison between the women. But, for my part, she is my kinswoman ; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dis-praise your sister Cassandra's wit ; but—

Tro. O, Pandarus ! I tell thee, Pandarus,—  
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep  
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad  
In Cressid's love : Thou answer'st, she is fair ;  
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice ;  
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,  
In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
Writing their own reproach ;<sup>b</sup> to whose soft seizure  
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Varlet—a servant. Tooke considers that *varlet* and *valet* are the same ; and that, as well as *varlet*, they mean *hireling*.

<sup>b</sup> We do not receive this passage as an interjection beginning "O ! that her hand ;" for what does Troilus desire ?—the wish is incomplete. The meaning we conceive to be rather,—in thy discourse thou handlest that hand of hers, in whose comparison, &c.

<sup>c</sup> Johnson explains spirit of sense as the most exquisite sensibility of touch.

Hard as the palm of ploughman ;—this thou  
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her  
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath got  
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let  
she is : if she be fair 't is the better for her  
not she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus ! How now, Pandarus ?

Pan. I have had my labour for my  
thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you  
tween and between, but small thanks for my

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus ?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore  
so fair as Helen : an she were not kin to me  
be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday,  
care I ? I care not an she were a black-  
all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair ?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or  
fool to stay behind her father ; let her to  
and so I'll tell her the next time I see her  
part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me ;  
all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamorous  
sounds !

Fools on both sides ! Helen must needs be  
When with your blood you daily paint her  
I cannot fight upon this argument ;  
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.  
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague  
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandarus ;  
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,  
As she is stubborn, chaste, against all suit.  
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,  
What Cressid is, what Pandarus, and what  
Her bed is India ; there she lies, a pearl :  
Between our Ilium and where she resides,  
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering sea,  
Ourselves, the merchant ; and this sailing sea  
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bliss.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus ? wherefore  
Tro. Because not there : This woman's a  
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day ?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and

Tro. By whom, Æneas ?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed : 't is but a scar to  
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn.

Æne. Hark ! what good sport is out of the

Tro. Better at home, if " would I might  
" may."

But to the sport abroad :—Are you bound to

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

SCENE II.—The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by ?

Queen Hecuba, and Helen.  
 either go they?

Up to the eastern tower,  
 commands as subject all the vale,

Hector, whose patience  
 e'd, to-day was mov'd :  
 sache, and struck his armourer ;  
 e were husbandry in war,  
 se he was harness'd light,  
 goes he ; where every flower  
 t, weep what it foresaw  
 h.

What was his cause of anger ?  
 ise goes, this : There is among the

blood, nephew to Hector ;  
 jax.

Good ; and what of him ?  
 y he is a very man *per se*,

e.  
 all men ; unless they are drunk, sick,

an, lady, hath robbed many beasts of  
 additions ; he is as valiant as the lion,  
 ear, slow as the elephant : a man into  
 th so crowded humours, that his valour  
 folly, his folly sauced with discretion :  
 hath a virtue that he hath not : a glimpse  
 an attainment but he carries some stain  
 scholy without cause, and merry against  
 th the joints of everything ; but every-  
 oint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many  
 e ; or purblind Argus, all eyes and

w should this man, that makes me  
 ctor angry ?

ay he yesterday coped Hector in the  
 ck him down ; the disdain and shame  
 ever since kept Hector fasting and

*Enter PANDARUS.*

ome here ?

s, your uncle Pandarus.

's a gallant man.

y be in the world, lady.

t that ? what 's that ?

narrow, uncle Pandarus.

narrow, cousin Cressid : What do you  
 morrow, Alexander.—How do you,  
 were you at Ilium ?

orning, uncle.

were you talking of when I came ?  
 oed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium ?  
 p, was she ?

was gone ; but Helen was not up.

; Hector was stirring early.

ere we talking of, and of his anger.

: angry ?

ays here.

e was so ; I know the cause too ; he 'll  
 o-day, I can tell them that : and there 's

come far behind him ; let them take  
 ; I can tell them that too.

is he angry too ?

Troilus ? Troilus is the better man of

iter ! there 's no comparison.

not between Troilus and Hector ? Do

: if you see him ?

I ever saw him before, and knew him.

say Troilus is Troilus.

ou say as I say ; for I am sure he is not

*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees

*Cres.* 'T is just to each of them ; he is himself.

*Pan.* Himself ? Alas, poor Troilus ! I would he were.

*Cres.* So he is.

*Pan.* 'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

*Cres.* He is not Hector.

*Pan.* Himself ? no, he 's not himself.—'Would 'a  
 were himself ! Well, the gods are above. Time must  
 friend, or end : Well, Troilus, well,—I would my  
 heart were in her body !—No, Hector is not a better  
 man than Troilus.

*Cres.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pan.* The other 's not come to 't ; you shall tell me  
 another tale when the other 's come to 't. Hector shall  
 not have his wit this year.

*Cres.* He shall not need it, if he have his own.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities ;—

*Cres.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beauty.

*Cres.* 'T would not become him, his own 's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece : Helen herself  
 swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour,  
 (for so 't is, I must confess.)—Not brown neither.

*Cres.* No, but brown.

*Pan.* Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

*Cres.* Why, Paris hath colour enough.

*Pan.* So he has.

*Cres.* Then Troilus should have too much : if she  
 praised him above, his complexion is higher than his ;  
 he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too  
 flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief  
 Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a  
 copper nose.

*Pan.* I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better  
 than Paris.

*Cres.* Then she 's a merry Greek, indeed.

*Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him  
 the other day into the compassed window,\*—and, you  
 know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

*Cres.* Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring  
 his particulars therein to a total.

*Pan.* Why, he is very young : and yet will he,  
 within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

*Cres.* Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter ?<sup>b</sup>

*Pan.* But, to prove to you that Helen loves him ;—  
 she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven  
 chin,—

*Cres.* Juno have mercy !—How came it cloven ?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 't is dimpled : I think his  
 smiling becomes him better than any man in all  
 Phrygia.

*Cres.* O, he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not ?

*Cres.* O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

*Pan.* Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that  
 Helen loves Troilus,—

*Cres.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove  
 it so.

*Pan.* Troilus ? why, he esteems her no more than I  
 esteem an addle egg.

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love  
 an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

*Pan.* I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she  
 tickled his chin !—Indeed, she has a marvellous white  
 hand, I must needs confess.

*Cres.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on  
 his chin.

\* *Compassed window*—a bow-window.

<sup>b</sup> *Lifter*—thief. We still say a trooper

*Cres.* Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.  
*Pan.* But there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.  
*Cres.* With mill-stones.  
*Pan.* And Cassandra laughed.  
*Cres.* But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—Did her eyes run o'er too?  
*Pan.* And Hector laughed.  
*Cres.* At what was all this laughing?  
*Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.  
*Cres.* An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.  
*Pan.* They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.  
*Cres.* What was his answer?  
*Pan.* Quoth she, "Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."  
*Cres.* This is her question.  
*Pan.* That's true; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons."—"Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?"—"The forked one," quoth he, "pluck it out, and give it him." But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.<sup>a</sup>  
*Cres.* So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.  
*Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.  
*Cres.* So I do.  
*Pan.* I'll be sworn't is true; he will weep you, an't were a man born in April.  
*Cres.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an't were a nettle against May.

[A retreat sounded.]  
*Pan.* Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.  
*Cres.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

*ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.*  
*Cres.* Speak not so loud.  
*Pan.* That's Æneas: Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.  
*Cres.* Who's that?

*ANTENOR passes over.*  
*Pan.* That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.  
*Cres.* Will he give you the nod?  
*Pan.* You shall see.  
*Cres.* If he do, the rich shall have more.

*HECTOR passes over.*  
*Pan.* That's Hector, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow;—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?  
*Cres.* O, a brave man!  
*Pan.* Is't a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!  
*Cres.* Be those with swords?

<sup>a</sup> *Used*—was excessive. The retort of Cressida accepts the word in its common signification

*PARIS passes over.*

*Pan.* Swords? anything, he cares not: come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder look ye yonder, niece. Is't not a gallant't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, Helen's heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.  
*Cres.* Who's that?

*HELENUS passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Helenus,—I marvel where that's Helenus;—I think he went not far.—That's Helenus.  
*Cres.* Can Helenus fight, uncle?  
*Pan.* Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight well:—I marvel where Troilus is!—Hark; hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a  
*Cres.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROILUS passes over.*

*Pan.* Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus! Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Troilus! the prince of chivalry.  
*Cres.* Peace, for shame, peace!  
*Pan.* Mark him; note him:—O leave me to look well upon him, niece; look you, how he looks, and how he goes!—O youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a daughter a goddess, he should take his admiring man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to his warrant, Helen, to change, would give money

*Forces pass over the stage.*

*Cres.* Here come more.  
*Pan.* Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all  
*Cres.* There is among the Greeks, Achilles  
*Pan.* Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a  
*Cres.* Well, well.  
*Pan.* Well, well?—Why, have you any  
*Cres.* Ay, a minced man: and then to be  
*Pan.* You are such another woman! one  
*Cres.* Upon my back to defend my belly;  
*Pan.* Wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy,  
*Cres.* Mine honesty; my mask, to defend my  
*Pan.* You, to defend all these: and at all these  
*Cres.* At a thousand watches.  
*Pan.* Say one of your watches.  
*Cres.* Nay, I'll watch you for that; and  
*Pan.* Of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot  
*Cres.* Would not have hit, I can watch you for  
*Pan.* Took the blow; unless it swell just hiding,  
*Cres.* It's past watching.  
*Pan.* You are such another!

*Enter TROILUS' Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.  
*Pan.* Where?  
*Boy.* At your own house; there he waits.  
*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come!  
*Cres.* I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good ones.

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*Pan.* You are such another!

en, uncle.  
 be with you, niece, by and by.  
 ring, uncle,—  
 a token from Troilus,  
 the same token—you are a bawd.  
 [Exit PANDARUS.  
 , gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,  
 mother's enterprise :  
 Troilus thousand-fold I see  
 glass of Pandar's praise may be ;  
 E Women are angels, wooing :  
 are done, joy's soul lies in the doing ;  
 w'd knows nought that knows not this,—  
 e thing ungain'd more than it is :  
 never yet that ever knew  
 sweet, as when desire did sue :  
 s maxim out of love I teach,—  
 is command ; ungain'd, beseech :  
 my heart's content firm love doth bear,  
 at shall from my eyes appear. [Exit.

L.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

nter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,  
 MENELAUS, and others.  
 inces,  
 ath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?  
 oposition that hope makes  
 s begun on earth below,  
 romis'd largeness : checks and disasters  
 reins of actions highest rear'd ;  
 the conflux of meeting sap,  
 and pine, and divert his grain  
 errant from his course of growth.  
 is it matter new to us,  
 e short of our suppose so far,  
 ven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand :  
 tion that hath gone before,  
 ave record, trial did draw  
 art, not answering the aim,  
 odied figure of the thought  
 surmised shape. Why then, you princes,  
 cheeks abash'd behold our works ;  
 em shames, which are, indeed, nought else  
 active trials of great Jove,  
 stive constancy in men ?  
 of which metal is not found  
 ove : for then, the bold and coward,  
 l fool, the artist and unread,  
 l soft, seem all affin'd and kin :  
 ind and tempest of her frown,  
 with a broad and powerful fan,  
 l, winnows the light away ;  
 th mass, or matter, by itself  
 virtue, and unmingled.  
 h due observance of thy godlike seat,  
 emnon, Nestor shall apply  
 rds. In the reproof of chance  
 proof of men : the sea being smooth,  
 hallow bauble boats dare sail  
 ent breast, making their way  
 nobler bulk !  
 offian Boreas once enrage  
 hetis, and anon, behold  
 bb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,  
 tween the two moist elements,  
 l horse : Where 's then the saucy boat,  
 untimber'd sides but even now  
 reatness ? either to harbour fled,  
 ast for Neptune. Even so  
 s show, and valour's worth, divide,  
 fortune : For, in her ray and brightness,  
 h more annoyance by the brize \*

\* *Brize*—the wind-fly.

Than by the tiger ; but when the splitting wind  
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
 And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing of  
 courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
 And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,  
 Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—  
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece  
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
 Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks  
 Besides the applause and approbation  
 The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[To AGAMEMNON.  
 And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,

[To NESTOR.  
 I give to both your speeches,—which were such  
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
 Should hold up high in brass ; and such again  
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
 Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree  
 On which the heavens ride, knit all Greeks' ears  
 To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—  
 Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca ; and be 't of less expect  
 That matter needless, of importless burden,  
 Divide thy lips, than we are confident,  
 When rank Thersites opes his mastick \* jaws,  
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,  
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,  
 But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected :  
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.  
 When that the general is not like the hive,  
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
 What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,  
 The unworthing shows as fairly in the mask.  
 The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,  
 Observe degree, priority, and place,  
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
 Office, and custom, in all line of order :  
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,  
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
 Amidst the other ; whose medicinal eye  
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
 Sans check, to good and bad ; But when the planets,  
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,  
 What plagues, and what portents ! what mutiny !  
 What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !  
 Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes, horrors,  
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
 The unity and married calm of states  
 Quite from their fixture ! O, when degree is shak'd,  
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
 The enterprise is sick ! How could communities,  
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
 The primogenitive and due of birth,  
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,

\* *Mastick*. We retain the word of the original. *Masticks* is there printed with a capital initial, as marking something emphatic. In all modern editions the word is rendered *maskeer*. We are inclined to think that *mastick* is not a typographical mistake. Every one has heard of Prynne's celebrated book, '*Historic-Mastix: The Player's Scourge* !' but it is not so generally known that this title was borrowed by the great controversy-scholar from a play first printed in 1610, but supposed to be written earlier, which is a satire upon actors and dramatic writers from first to last. It appears to us by no means improbable that an epithet should be applied to the "rank Thersites" which should pretty clearly point at one who had done enough to make him self obnoxious to the poet's fraternity.



But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
 Take but degree away, untune that string,  
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets  
 In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters  
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong  
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)  
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
 Then everything includes itself in power,  
 Power into will, will into appetite;  
 And appetite an universal wolf,  
 So doubly seconded with will and power,  
 Must make, perforce, an universal prey,  
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
 Follows the choking.  
 And this neglect of degree is it,  
 That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose  
 It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd  
 By him one step below; he, by the next;  
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,  
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick  
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
 And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
 Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.  
*Nest.* Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.  
*Agam.* The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,  
 What is the remedy?  
*Ulyss.* The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns  
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,  
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
 Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,  
 Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day  
 Breaks scurril jests;  
 And with ridiculous and awkward action  
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)  
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
 Thy topless deputation he puts on;  
 And like a strutting player, whose conceit  
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
 Twix his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,  
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming  
 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,  
 'T is like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,  
 Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd  
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,  
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;  
 Cries—"Excellent!—'T is Agamemnon just.—  
 Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,  
 As he, being 'dress'd to some oration."  
 That 's done;—as near as the extremest ends  
 Of parallels,—as like as Vulcan and his wife:  
 Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent;  
 'T is Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,  
 Arming to answer in a night alarm."  
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,  
 And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,  
 Shake in and out the rivet;—and at this sport,  
 Sir Valour dies; cries, "O!—enough, Patroclus;  
 Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all  
 In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,  
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
 Severals and generals of grace exact,  
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,

Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves  
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twain  
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
 With an imperial voice,) many are infect.  
 Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head  
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
 As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;  
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war  
 Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites  
 (A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)  
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;  
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

*Ulyss.* They tax our policy, and call it cowardice  
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;  
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act  
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—  
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
 When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure  
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—  
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:  
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war:  
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,  
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,  
 They place before his hand that made the engine;  
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
 By reason guide his execution.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trucket sound*]  
*Agam.* What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Men.* From Troy.  
*Agam.* What would you fore our tent?  
*Æne.*

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?  
*Agam.* Even this.  
*Æne.* May one that is a herald, and a prince,  
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?  
*Agam.* With surety stronger than Achilles' arm  
 Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice  
 Call Agamemnon head and general.

*Æne.* Fair leave, and large security. How may  
 A stranger to those most imperial looks  
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

*Agam.* How!  
*Æne.* Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
 The youthful Phoebus:  
 Which is that god in office, guiding men?  
 Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

*Agam.* This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy  
 Are ceremonious courtiers.

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
 As bending angels; that 's their fame in peace;  
 But when they would seem soldiers, they have good  
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's arm'd  
 Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,  
 Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lip!  
 The worthiness of praise distains his work.  
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth;  
 But what the repining enemy comments,  
 That breath fame blows; that praise, sale pure, transcends

*Agam.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Æneas*?  
*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Agam.* What 's your affair, I pray?

*Æne.* Sir, pardon: 't is for Agamemnon's sake.

*Agam.* He hears nought privately that comes  
 To Troy.

*Æne.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper

pet to awake his ear;  
 e on the attentive bent,  
 eak.  
 Speak frankly as the wind;  
 emnon's sleeping hour;  
 t know, Trojan, he is awake,  
 o himself.  
 Trumpet, blow loud,  
 voice through all these lazy tents;  
 ek of mettle, let him know,  
 ans fairly shall be spoke aloud.  
 [Trumpet sounds  
 t Agamemnon, here in Troy  
 l Hector, (Priam is his father,)  
 all and long-continued truce  
 ; he bade me take a trumpet,  
 pose speak. Kings, princes, lords!  
 among the fair'st of Greece,  
 honour higher than his ease;  
 praise more than he fears his peril;  
 s valour, and knows not his fear,  
 mistress more than in confession,  
 ows to her own lips he loves,)  
 r her beauty and her worth,  
 than hers—to him this challenge.  
 e of Trojans and of Greeks,  
 good, or do his best to do it,  
 r, wiser, fairer, truer,  
 ek did compass in his arms;  
 orrow with his trumpet call,  
 een your tents and walls of Troy,  
 ecian that is true in love:  
 ector shall honour him;  
 ay in Troy when he retires,  
 ames are sunburnt, and not worth  
 a lance. Even so much,  
 shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;  
 a have soul in such a kind,  
 all at home: But we are soldiers;  
 soldier a mere recreant prove,  
 t, hath not, or is not in love!  
 or hath, or means to be,  
 e Hector; if none else, I 'll be he.  
 im of Nestor, one that was a man  
 grand sire suck'd: he is old now;  
 e not in our Grecian mould  
 a, that hath one spark of fire  
 his love, tell him from me,—  
 silver beard in a gold beaver,  
 ntrace put this wither'd brawn;  
 im, will tell him, that my lady  
 a his grandame, and as chaste  
 the world; his youth in flood,  
 truth with my three drops of blood.  
 heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!  
 n.  
 lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;  
 o shall I lead you first.  
 have word of this intent;  
 ord of Greece, from tent to tent:  
 feast with us before you go,  
 welcome of a noble foe.  
 [Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.  
 or!  
 says Ulysses?  
 e a young conception in my brain,  
 e to bring it to some shape.  
 is 't?  
 't is:  
 ive hard knots: The seeded pride  
 is maturity blown up  
 es, must or now be cropp'd,  
 seed a nursery of like evil,  
 s all.

Nest. Well, and how?  
 Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,  
 However it is spread in general name,  
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.  
 Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,  
 Whose grossness little characters sum up.  
 And, in the publication, make no strain,  
 But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
 As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,  
 'T is dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,  
 Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
 Pointing on him.  
 Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?  
 Nest. Yes.  
 It is most meet; Whom may you else suppose,  
 That can from Hector bring his honour off,  
 If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,  
 Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;  
 For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
 With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,  
 Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd  
 In this wild action: for the success,  
 Although particular, shall give a scantling  
 Of good or bad unto the general;  
 And in such indexes, although small pricks  
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
 The baby figure of the giant mass  
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,  
 He that meets Hector issues from our choice:  
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
 Makes merit her election; and doth boil,  
 As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd  
 Out of our virtues; who, miscarrying,  
 What heart from hence receives the conquering part,  
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,  
 In no less working, than are swords and bows  
 Directive by the limbs.  
 Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech:—  
 Therefore 't is meet, Achilles meet not Hector.  
 Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,  
 And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,  
 The lustre of the better yet to show  
 Shall show the better. Do not consent  
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet;  
 For both our honour and our shame, in this,  
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.  
 Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are  
 they?  
 Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,  
 Were he not proud, we all should wear with him:  
 But he already is too insolent;  
 And we were better parch in Afric sun,  
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
 Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,  
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush  
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;  
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw  
 The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves  
 Give him allowance as the worthier man,  
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,  
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall  
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,  
 We 'll dress him up in voices: If he fall,  
 Yet go we under our opinion still  
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,  
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—  
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.  
 Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice,  
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.  
 Two curs shall tame each other: Pride alone  
 Must tarr the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone. [Exe.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Grecian Camp.**Enter AJAX and THERSITES.*

*Ajax.* Thersites,—  
*Ther.* Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?  
*Ajax.* Thersites,—  
*Ther.* And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run? were not that a botchy core?  
*Ajax.* Dog,—  
*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.  
*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel them. *[Strikes him.]*  
*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!  
*Ajax.* Speak then, thou vine<sup>a</sup>'dest<sup>a</sup> leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.  
*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!  
*Ajax.* Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.  
*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

*Ajax.* The proclamation—  
*Ther.* Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.  
*Ajax.* Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.  
*Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee: I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strik'st as slow as another.  
*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation,—  
*Ther.* Thou grumblest and rail'st every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.  
*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites!  
*Ther.* Thou shouldst strike him.  
*Ajax.* Cobloaf!  
*Ther.* He would pun<sup>b</sup> thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.  
*Ajax.* You whoreson cur! *[Beating him.]*  
*Ther.* Do, do.  
*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!  
*Ther.* Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego<sup>c</sup> may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!  
*Ajax.* You dog!  
*Ther.* You scurvy lord!  
*Ajax.* You cur! *[Beating him.]*  
*Ther.* Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*

*Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this? How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?  
*Ther.* You see him there, do you?  
*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter?  
*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.  
*Achil.* So I do; what's the matter?

<sup>a</sup> *dest*—vinewed—vinny—signifies decayed, mouldy; in the text is the superlative of *vinewed*. In the translation of the Bible we have "vinewed trad-

<sup>b</sup> *pun*—pound.

<sup>c</sup> *Assinego*—an ass.

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.  
*Achil.* Well, why I do so.  
*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.  
*Achil.* I know that, fool.  
*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.  
*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.  
*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit his evasions have ears thus long. I have brain more than he has beat my bones: I will sparrows for a penny, and his *pie mater* is the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts is—I'll tell you what I say of him.  
*Achil.* What?  
*Ther.* I say, this Ajax—  
*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.

*[AJAX offers to strike him, and interposes.]*

*Ther.* Has not so much wit—  
*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.  
*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's whom he comes to fight.  
*Achil.* Peace, fool!  
*Ther.* I would have peace and quietness fool will not: he there; that he; look you the  
*Ajax.* O thou damned cur! I shall—  
*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool's?  
*Ther.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will  
*Patr.* Good words, Thersites.  
*Achil.* What's the quarrel?  
*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl go learn me the proclamation, and he rails upon me.  
*Ther.* I serve thee not.  
*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.  
*Ther.* I serve here voluntary.  
*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax the voluntary, and you as under an impress.  
*Ther.* E'en so;—a great deal of your wit is your sinews, or else there he liars. Hector's great catch if he knock out either of your were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.  
*Achil.* What, with me too, Thersites?  
*Ther.* There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you the war.

*Achil.* What, what?  
*Ther.* Yes, good sooth. To, Achilles! to!  
*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.  
*Ther.* 'T is no matter; I shall speak as thou, afterwards.  
*Patr.* No more words, Thersites; peace.  
*Ther.* I will hold my peace when Achilles bids me, shall I?  
*Achil.* There's for you, Patroclus.  
*Ther.* I will see you banged, like clapp'd come any more to your tents; I will keep wit is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.  
*Patr.* A good riddance.  
*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through host:  
 That Hector, by the fifth<sup>d</sup> hour of the sun,

<sup>d</sup> *Fifth*. So the folio; the quarto has *first*. The chivalry did not encounter at the first hour of the fifth of a summer's morning the lines would be on ladies in their seats. The usages of chivalry are here plain.

pet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,  
 I'll call some knight to arms,  
 I'll charge; and such a one that dare  
 not what; 't is trash: Farewell.

Who shall answer him?  
 Not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,

Go you:—I'll go learn more of it.  
 [Exeunt.]

roy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and  
 HELENUS.

Many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
 As Nestor from the Greeks:  
 And all damage else—  
 Time, travel, expense,  
 And what else dear that is consum'd  
 In this cormorant war,—  
 Hec'tor, what say you to 't?  
 No man lesser fears the Greeks than I,  
 My particular, yet, dread Priam,  
 For more softer bowels,  
 Check in the sense of fear,  
 Out—"Who knows what follows?"  
 The wound of peace is surety,  
 The modest doubt is call'd  
 Wise, the tent that searches  
 Is the worst. Let Helen go:  
 Her mind was drawn about this question,  
 Amongst many thousand dimes,<sup>a</sup>  
 As Helen; I mean of ours  
 Many tenths of ours,  
 Not ours; nor worth to us,  
 The value of one ten;  
 What reason which denies  
 Her up?

Fie, fie, my brother!  
 The worth and honour of a king  
 And sad father, in a scale  
 As 't will you with counters sum  
 The worth of his infinite?  
 The vast most fathomless  
 Riches so diminutive  
 As 't fie, for godly shame!  
 I'll, though you bite so sharp at reasons,  
 Of them. Should not our father  
 The weight of his affairs with reasons,  
 Each hath none, that tells him so?  
 In dreams and slumbers, brother priest,  
 Reasones with reason. Here are your reasons:  
 My intent intends you harm;  
 I employ'd is perilous,  
 The object of all harm:  
 When Helenus beholds  
 His sword, if he do set  
 Reason to his heels;  
 When Mercury from Jove,  
 He's orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,  
 Reason, and sleep: Manhood and honour  
 In our hearts, would they but fat their  
 Reason; reason and respect  
 And lusthood deject.  
 She is not worth what she doth cost

't is aught but as 't is valued?  
 He dwells not in particular will;  
 He ate and dignity  
 't is precious of itself  
 't is mad idolatry  
 Hee is greater than the god;  
<sup>a</sup> Dimes—tenths.

And the will dotes that is inclinable  
 To what infectiously itself affects,  
 Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election  
 Is led on in the conduct of my will;  
 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
 Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,  
 Although my will distaste what it elected,  
 The wife I chose? there can be no evasion  
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:  
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,  
 When we have spoil'd them: nor the remainder viands  
 We do not throw in unrespective same,<sup>a</sup>  
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,  
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;  
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,  
 And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;  
 And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,  
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness  
 Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.  
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:  
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,  
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,  
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.  
 If you 'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went,  
 (As you must needs, for you all cried—"Go, go,")  
 If you 'll confess he brought home noble prize,  
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,  
 And cried—"Inestimable!") why do you now  
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;  
 And do a deed that fortune never did,  
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd  
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base  
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!  
 But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,  
 That in their country did them that disgrace,  
 We fear to warrant in our native place!  
 Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!  
 Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?  
 Tro. 'T is our mad sister, I do know her voice.  
 Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans!  
 Hect. It is Cassandra.

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,  
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid age, and wrinkled old,  
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,  
 Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes  
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.  
 Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears  
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand;  
 Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.  
 Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe  
 Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains  
 Of divination in our sister work  
 Some touches of remorse? or is your blood  
 So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,  
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,  
 Can qualify 'he same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,  
 We may not think the justness of each act  
 Such and no other than event doth form it;  
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds  
 Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures  
 Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel  
 Which hath our several honours all engag'd

<sup>a</sup> Some is used as a noun in the sense of a heap, or mass, collected in one place, in the first acceptance with the noun derivation.

To make it gracious. For my private part,  
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:  
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us  
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain!

*Par.* Else might the world convince of levity  
As well my undertakings as your counsels:  
But I attest the gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project.  
For what, alas, can these my single arms?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,  
And had as ample power as I have will,  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:  
You have the honey still, but these the gall;  
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up,  
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be  
That so degenerate a strain as this  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,  
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,  
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,  
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,  
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

*Hect.* Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;  
And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:  
The reasons you allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves  
All dues be render'd to their owners: Now  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband? if this law  
Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory.  
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—  
As it is known she is,—these moral laws  
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud  
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,

it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,  
methren, I propend to you  
to keep Helen still;  
use that hath no mean dependence  
and several dignities.  
there you touch'd the life of our design:  
dory that we more affected  
ornance of our heaving spleens,  
ish a drop of Trojan blood

Spent more in her defence. But, worth  
She is a theme of honour and renown;  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds  
Whose present courage may beat down  
And fame, in time to come, canonize us.  
For, I presume, leave Hector would not  
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,  
As smiles upon the forehead of this act  
For the wide world's revenge.

*Hect.* I am your  
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.  
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
The dull and factious nobles of the Grecs  
Will strike amazement to their dazowy eyes  
I was advertis'd their great general slept,  
Whilst emulation in the army crept;  
This, I presume, will wake him.

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp. Before  
Tent.

Enter *THESSITES*.

*Ther.* How now, Thersites? what, last  
rith of thy fury? Shall the elephant  
thus? he beats me, and I rail at him; O  
faction! would it were otherwise; that I  
whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn  
raise devils, but I'll see some issue of  
execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a  
If Troy be not taken till these two under  
walls will stand till they fall of themselves  
great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget  
Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, let  
pentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if yet take  
little less-than-little wit from them that  
which short-armed ignorance itself know  
dant scarce, it will not in circumvention  
from a spider, without drawing the mass  
cutting the web. After this, the vengeance  
whole camp! or rather, the bone-ache! I  
thinks, is the curse dependant on those  
placket. I have said my prayers; and  
say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter *PATROCLUS*.

*Patr.* Who's there? Thersites? guard  
come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remembered a gift  
thou wouldst not have slipped out of my  
tion: but it is no matter: Thyself upon  
common curse of mankind, folly and  
thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee!  
and discipline come not near thee! Let  
thy direction till thy death! then if she  
out says thou art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn  
upon't, she never shrouded any but  
Where's Achilles?

*Patr.* What, art thou devout? was that?

*Ther.* Ay: the heavens hear me!

Enter *ACHILLES*.

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

*Achil.* Where, where?—Art thou come?  
cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not  
in to my table so many meals?—Come, no  
memnon!

*Ther.* Thy commander, Achilles.—Then  
Patroclus, what's Achilles?

*Patr.* Thy lord, Thersites: Then tell  
thee, what's thyself?

*Ther.* Thy knower, Patroclus: Then tell  
troilus, what art thou?

*Patr.* Thou mayst tell that knowest.

to tell.  
 decline the whole question. Agamemnon  
 Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Pa-  
 and Patroclus is a fool.

fool; I have not done.  
 a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.  
 Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool;  
 and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.  
 this; come.

Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command  
 Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Aga-  
 Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and  
 and so positive.

Am I a fool?  
 that demand of the prover.—It suffices  
 look you, who comes here?

AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,  
 and AJAX.

Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come  
 Thersites. [Exit.

is such patchery, such juggling, and  
 all the argument is, a cuckold and a  
 quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and  
 you. Now the dry *serpigo* on the sub-  
 and lechery, confound all! [Exit.

is Achilles?  
 his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.  
 he known to him that we are here.—  
 messengers, and we lay by  
 ents, visiting of him:  
 so; lest, perchance, he think  
 ve the question of our place,  
 at we are.

I shall so say to him. [Exit.  
 w him at the opening of his tent;

on-sick, sick of proud heart: you may  
 ody, if you will favour the man; but,  
 s pride: But why, why? let him show  
 A word, my lord. [Takes AGAM. aside.  
 moves Ajax thus to bay at him?  
 les hath inveigled his fool from him.  
 Thersites?

Will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost

you see, he is his argument that has his  
 illes.  
 better; their fraction is more our wish  
 on: But it was a strong counsel a fool

imity that wisdom knits not, folly may  
 ere comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

hilles with him.  
 ephant hath joints, but none for courtesy:  
 for necessity, not for flexure.  
 s bids me say—he is much sorry  
 e than your sport and pleasure  
 greatness, and this noble state,  
 m; he hopes it is no other,  
 alth and your digestion sake,  
 s breath.

Hear you, Patroclus;—  
 acquainted with these answers:  
 wing'd thus swift with scorn,  
 or apprehensions.  
 he bath; and much the reason  
 it to him: yet all his virtues,  
 f his own part beheld,

\* *Revert*—rebelled.

Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;  
 Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,  
 Are like to rot unfasted. Go and tell him  
 We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,  
 If you do say—we think him over-proud,  
 And under-honest; in self-assumption greater  
 Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than him-  
 self

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;  
 Disguise the holy strength of their command,  
 And underwrite in an observing kind  
 His humorous predominance; yea, watch  
 His pettish lines, his ebbs, his flows, as if  
 The passage and whole carriage of this action  
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add.  
 That, if he overhold his price so much,  
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine  
 Not portable, lie under this report—  
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:  
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give  
 Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Exit.  
 Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,  
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[Exit ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?  
 Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.  
 Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks  
 himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.  
 Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?  
 Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as va-  
 liant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and  
 altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth  
 pride grow? I know not what pride is.  
 Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your  
 virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself:  
 pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chro-  
 nicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, de-  
 vours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engender-  
 ing of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: Is't not strange? [Aside.

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.  
 Agam. What's his excuse?  
 Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,  
 Without observance or respect of any,  
 In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why, will he not, upon our fair request,  
 Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,  
 He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness.  
 And speaks not to himself, but with a pride  
 That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth  
 Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,  
 That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,  
 Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
 And batters 'gainst itself. What should I say?  
 He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it  
 Cry—"No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—  
 Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:  
 'T is said, he holds you well; and will be led,  
 At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!  
 We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
 When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord  
 That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,  
 And never suffers matter of the world  
 Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve

And ruminat himself,—shall he be worshipp'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is,  
By going to Achilles;  
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;  
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns  
With entertaining great Hyperion.  
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;  
And say in thunder—"Achilles go to him."

*Nest.* O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*]

*Dio.* And how his silence drinks up this applause!

*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him  
Over the face.

*Agam.* O, no, you shall not go.

*Ajax.* An a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:  
Let me go to him.

*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow!

*Nest.* How he describes himself! [*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable?

*Ulyss.* The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* I'll let his humours blood.

*Agam.* He will be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind!

*Ulyss.* Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* A should not bear it so, a should eat swords  
first: Shall pride carry it?

*Nest.* An't would, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*]

*Ulyss.* He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

*Nest.* He's not yet through warm: force him with  
praises: Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*]

*Ulyss.* My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[*To AGAM.*]

*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so.

*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

*Ulyss.* Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you say  
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as  
*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall pash  
us! Would he were a Trojan!

*Nest.* What a vice were it in Ajax now

*Ulyss.* If he were proud—

*Dio.* Or covetous

*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne—

*Dio.* Or strange, or

*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou

composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wit

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confineth

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd

You should not have the eminence of him;

But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father?

*Ulyss.* Ay, my good son.

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him

*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here; the hawk

Keeps thicket. Please it our general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand

And here's a lord,—come knights from east

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best

*Agam.* Go we to council. Let Achilles

Light boats may sail swift, though greater

deep.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

*Pan.* Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you  
follow the young lord Paris?

*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean.

*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must  
needs praise him.

*Serv.* The lord be praised!

*Pan.* You know me, do you not?

*Serv.* Faith, sir, superficially.

*Pan.* Friend, know me better; I am the lord  
Pandarus.

*Serv.* I hope I shall know your honour better.

*Pan.* I do desire it.

*Serv.* You are in the state of grace. [*Music within.*]

*Pan.* Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are  
my titles:—What music is this?

*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Do you the musicians?

Yes, sir.

Do they to?

Nearest, sir.

*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?

*Serv.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love me.

*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir?

*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another  
too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At what  
do these men play?

*Serv.* That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry,  
request of Paris my lord, who's there in person  
him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of her  
invisible soul,—

*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida?

*Serv.* No, sir, Helen; could you not be  
pleas'd by her attributes?

*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast  
the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris  
prince Troilus: I will make a compliment  
upon him, for my business sees'th.

*Serv.* Sodd'n business! there's a sterv'd piece!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all

\* In Shakspeare's time it was the highest compliment  
man whose wit or learning was reversed, and he  
had thus his wits.

desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide  
to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be

ard, you are full of fair words.  
ak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.  
is good broken music.

he broke it, cousin: and, by my life,  
t whole again; you shall piece it out  
our performance:—Nell, he is full of

ady, no.

sooth; in good sooth, very rude.  
d, my lord! well, you say so in fits.  
usiness to my lord, dear queen:—My  
uchsafe me a word?

his shall not hedge us out: we'll hear  
y.

reet queen, you are pleasant with me.  
y, my lord,—My dear lord, and most  
your brother Troilus—

nd Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—  
sweet queen; go to:—commends him-  
partely to you.

all not bob us out of our melody: If  
incholy upon your head!

queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet

to make a sweet lady sad is a sour

at shall not serve your turn; that shall  
a. Nay, I care not for such words:

ny lord, he desires you, that if the king  
upper you will make his excuse.

rd Pandarus,—  
ays my sweet queen,—my very very

xploit's in hand? where sups he to-

but my lord,—  
ays my sweet queen?—My cousin will

o. You must not know where he sups.  
my life, with my disposer Cressida.

no such matter, you are wide; come,  
sick.

'll make excuse.  
od my lord. Why should you say  
our poor disposer's sick.

y! what do you spy?—Come, give me  
—Now, sweet queen.

this is kindly done.  
ce is horribly in love with a thing you  
n.

hall have it, my lord, if it be not my

, she'll none of him; they two are twain.  
g in, after falling out, may make them

some, I'll hear no more of this; I'll  
now.

y, prithee now. By my troth, sweet!  
fine forehead.

a may, you may.  
y song be love: this love will undo us  
Cupid, Cupid!

ay, that it shall, i' faith.  
d now, love, love, nothing but love.

I troth, it begins so:

ow, nothing but love, still more!  
for, oh, love's bow  
shoots back and doe:

The shaft confounds,  
Set that it wounds,  
Does still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!  
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,  
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!  
So dying love lives still:  
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!  
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

*Helen.* In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love; and that  
breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts,  
and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is  
love.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of love? hot blood, ho  
thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: is  
love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield  
to-day?

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all  
the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day,  
but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my  
brother Troilus went not?

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something; you know all,  
lord Pandarus.

*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how  
they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's  
excuse?

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Commend me to your niece.

*Pan.* I will, sweet queen.

[Exit.

[A retreat sounded.

*Par.* They are come from field: let us to Priam's  
hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you  
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,  
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,  
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,  
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more  
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

*Helen.* 'T will make us proud to be his servant,  
Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty  
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;  
Yea, overshines ourself.

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exit

SCENE II.—Troy. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

*Pan.* How now? where's thy master? at my cousin  
Cressida's?

*Serv.* No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him  
thither.

Enter TROILUS.

*Pan.* O, here he comes—How now, how now?

*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin?

*Tro.* No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,  
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,  
And give me swift transpittance to those fields  
Where I may wallow in the lily beds  
Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle Pandarus,  
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
And fly with me to Cressid!

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.  
[Exit PANDARUS.

*Tro.* I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense. What will it be,  
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;  
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:  
I fear it much; and I do fear besides.



That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* She's making her ready, she'll come straight:  
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and  
fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a  
sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she  
fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

*[Exit PANDARUS.]*

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:  
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;  
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring  
The eye of majesty.

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush? shame's  
a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her  
that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone  
again? you must be watched ere you be made tame,  
must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an  
you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.<sup>a</sup>  
Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this cur-  
tain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how  
loth you are to offend daylight! an't were dark you'd  
close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.  
How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter;  
the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out  
ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the  
ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

*Tro.* You have bereft me of all words, lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll  
bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity  
in question. What, billing again? Here's—<sup>a</sup> In wit-  
ness whereof the parties interchangeably—Come in,  
come in: I'll go get a fire. *[Exit PAN.]*

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Tro.* O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

*Cres.* Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—  
O my lord!

*Tro.* What should they grant? what makes this  
pretty abruptness? What too curious dreg espies my  
sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cres.* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

*Tro.* Fears make devils cherubins; they never see  
truly.

*Cres.* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds  
safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear:  
To fear the worst oft cures the worse.

*Tro.* O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all  
Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Nor nothing monstrous neither?

*Tro.* Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow  
to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking  
it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough,  
than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is  
the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite,  
and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless,  
and the act a slave to limit.

*Cres.* They say, all lovers swear more performance  
than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they  
never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten,  
and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They  
that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are  
they not monsters?

*Tro.* Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as  
we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go  
bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall  
have a praise in present: we will not name desert be-  
fore his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be  
humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such  
to Cressida, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock

<sup>a</sup> Fills—fills, shafts.

for his truth; and what truth can speak true  
than Troilus.

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* What, blushing still? have you  
talking yet?

*Cres.* Well, uncle, what folly I commit  
to you.

*Pan.* I thank you for that; if my lad  
you, you'll give him me: Be true to my  
flinch, chide me for it.

*Tro.* You know now your hostages; y  
word, and my firm faith.

*Pan.* Nay, I'll give my word for her to  
dred, though they be long ere they are won  
constant, being won: they are huns, I can  
they'll stick where they are thrown.

*Cres.* Boldness comes to me now, and bring  
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and d  
For many weary months.

*Tro.* Why was my Cressid then so hard to

*Cres.* Hard to seem won; but I was won  
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me:  
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.  
I love you now; but not, till now, so much.  
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;  
My thoughts were like unbridled children,  
Too headstrung for their mother: See, we  
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I wou'd you  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man  
Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my  
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak  
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your  
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness d  
My soul of counsel from me: Stop my

*Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet music issue

*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith.

*Cres.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon  
'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:  
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I  
For this time will I take my leave, my lord

*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid?

*Pan.* Leave! an you take leave till  
moraing,—

*Cres.* Pray you, content you.

*Tro.* What offends

*Cres.* Sir, mine own company.

*Tro.* You can  
Yourself.

*Cres.* Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you:  
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,  
To be another's fool. Where is my wit!

I would be gone:—I speak I know not what

*Tro.* Well know they what they speak it  
wisely.

*Cres.* Perchance, my lord, I show more  
love:

And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
To angle for your thoughts: But you see  
Or else you love not: For to be wise, and  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with god

*Tro.* O, that I thought it could be in a  
(As, if it can, I will presume in you.)

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth.

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!

Or, that persuasion could but thus content  
That my integrity and truth to you

anted with the match and weight  
 nowed purity in love;  
 en uplifted! but, alas,  
 s truth's simplicity,  
 ban the infancy of truth.  
 at I'll war with you.

O virtuous fight,  
 th right wars who shall be most right!  
 i love shall, in the world to come,  
 truths by Troilus: when their rhymes  
 of oath, and big compare,  
 truth tir'd with iteration,—  
 l, as plantage to the moon,  
 as turtle to her mate,  
 mant, as earth to the centre,—  
 comparisons of truth,  
 entic author to be cited,  
 ilus shall crown up the verse,  
 be numbers.

Propbet may you be!  
 r swerve a hair from truth,  
 old and hath forgot itself,  
 ops have worn the stones of Troy.  
 ivion swallow'd cities up,  
 ates characterless are grated  
 ing; yet let memory  
 false, among false maids in love,  
 dsehood! when they have said, as false  
 r, as wind, as sandy earth,  
 s, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
 nd, or stepdame to her son;  
 ay, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
 esid.

a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll  
 e.—Here I hold your hand: here, my  
 ver you prove false one to another, since  
 uch pains to bring you together, let all  
 tween be called to the world's end after  
 ll them all—Pandars; let all constant  
 uses, all false women Cressids, and all  
 Pandars! say, amen.

Whereupon I will show you a cham  
 because it shall not speak of your pretty  
 ss it to death: away.  
 grant all tongue-tied maidens here,  
 er, and Pandar to provide this geer!  
 [Exeunt.]

ACT III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

HENON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,  
 X, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

princes, for the service I have done you,  
 of the time prompts me aloud  
 ompense. Appear it to your mind,  
 the sight I bear in things to love,  
 a'd Troy, left my possession,  
 tor's name; expos'd myself,  
 nd possess'd conveniences,  
 rtunes; sequest'ring from me all  
 uaintance, custom, and condition,  
 d most familiar to my nature;  
 o you service, am become  
 e world, strange, unacquainted:  
 ou, as in way of taste,  
 w a little benefit,  
 any register'd in promise,  
 y live to come in my behalf.  
 at wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make de-

g appears to us sufficiently clear—through my  
 owing what things I should love.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
 Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.  
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)  
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
 Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,  
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,  
 That their negotiations all must slack,  
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence  
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
 In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,  
 And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have  
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,  
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
 Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow  
 Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 't is a burthen  
 Which I am proud to bear. [Exeunt DIOM. and CAL.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—  
 Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
 As if he were forgot; and, princes all,  
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:  
 I will come last: 'T is like, he'll question me,  
 Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on  
 him:

If so, I have derision medicinable,  
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink;  
 It may do good: pride hath no other glass  
 To show itself, but pride; for supple knees  
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
 A form of strangeness as we pass along;—  
 So do each lord; and either greet him not,  
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
 Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?  
 You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?  
 Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?  
 Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. [Exeunt AGAM. and NEST.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [Exit MEN.]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not  
 Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bow,  
 To send their smiles before them to Achilles;  
 To come as humbly as they us'd to creep  
 To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'T is certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,  
 Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,  
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,  
 As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,  
 Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;  
 And not a man, for being simply man,  
 Hath any honour; but honour for those honours  
 That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,  
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit:  
 Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too.

Do one pluck down another, and together  
Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:  
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy  
At ample point all that I did possess,  
Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find out  
Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;  
I'll interrupt his reading.—  
How now, Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son!

*Achil.* What are you reading?

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here  
Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted,  
How much in having, or without, or in,  
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection;  
As when his virtues shining upon others  
Heat them, and they retort that heat again  
To the first giver.

*Achil.* This is not strange. Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,  
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,  
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd  
Salutes each other with each other's form.  
For speculation turns not to itself.

Till it hath travell'd, and is married there  
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position,  
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:  
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,  
That no man is the lord of anything,  
(Though in end of him there is much consisting.)  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, rever-

berates

The voice again; or, like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;  
And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;  
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things  
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!  
What things again most dear in the esteem,  
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,  
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,  
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,  
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
While others play the idiots in her eyes!  
How one man eats into another's pride,  
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!  
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrinking.

*Achil.* I do believe it: for they pass'd by me  
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me  
Good word nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:  
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
Your honour travels in a strait so narrow,

Where o  
For emu  
That on  
Or hedg  
Like to  
And lea  
Or, like  
Lie the  
O'errun  
Though  
For time  
That sli  
And wit  
Grasps-i  
And fare  
Remune  
For beau  
High bir  
Love, fr  
To envid  
One tou  
That all  
Though  
And giv  
More las  
The pres  
Then ma  
That all  
Since th  
Than w  
And stil  
If thou v  
And cas  
Whose g  
Made en  
And dra  
*Achil.*

I have st

*Ulyss.*

The reas

'T is kno

With ou

*Achil.*

*Ulyss.*

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The fool

*Patr.*

A womar

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Sweet, ro

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We shock

shall Ajax fight with Hector?  
 They receive much honour by him.  
 His station is at stake;  
 or'd.

O, then beware;  
 that men do give themselves:  
 necessary  
 a blank of danger;  
 rue, subtly taints  
 idly in the sun.  
 sites hither, sweet Patroclus:  
 jax, and desire him  
 rds after the combat,  
 : I have a woman's longing,  
 sick withal,  
 his weeds of peace:  
 to behold his visage,  
 w. A labour sav'd!

Thersites.

and down the field, asking for

singly to-morrow with Hector;  
 y proud of an heroic cudgel-  
 ying nothing.

t be?  
 is up and down like a peacock,  
 ruminates, like an hostess that  
 her brain to set down her reckon-  
 a politic regard, as who should  
 his head, and 't would out: and  
 is coldly in him as fire in a flint,  
 without knocking. The man's  
 if Hector break not his neck  
 tak it himself in vainglory. He  
 "Good-morrow, Ajax;" and he  
 tmemnon." What think you of  
 : for the general? He is grown  
 ageless, a monster. A plague  
 y wear it on both sides, like a  
 my ambassador to him, Thersites.

*Ther.* Who, I? why, ne'll answer nobody; he pro-  
 fesses not answering; speaking is for beggars: he wears  
 his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence;  
 let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see  
 the pageant of Ajax.

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: Tell him, I humbly  
 desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous  
 Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure  
 safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and  
 most illustrious, six-or-seven-times honoured captain-  
 general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax.

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector  
 to his tent,—

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

*Ther.* Agamemnon?

*Patr.* Ay, my lord.

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* What say you to 't?

*Ther.* God be wi' you, with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock  
 it will go one way or other; bowsoever, he shall pay for  
 me ere he has me.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* Fare you well, with all my heart.

*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

*Ther.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music  
 will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains,  
 I know not: But, I am sure, none: unless the fiddler  
 Apollo gets his sinews to make catlings on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

*Ther.* Let me carry another to his horse; for that's  
 the more capable creature.

*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd:  
 And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

*Ther.* Would the fountain of your mind were clear  
 again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather  
 be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

—Troy. A Street.

*Æneas, and Servant with a torch;*  
*DELPHOBUS, ANTEHOR, DIO-*  
*with torches.*

As that there?

'T is the lord Æneas.  
 there in person?  
 a to lie long,  
 othing but heavenly business  
 te of my company,  
 and too.—Good morrow, lord

Æneas; take his hand:  
 your speech, wherein  
 in a whole week by days,  
 held.

Health to you, valiant sir,  
 the gentle truce:\*  
 rm'd, as black defiance,

requires explanation: Æneas wishes  
 there is no question, argument, be-  
 s out of the truce

As heart can think or courage execute.

*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:

But, when contention and occasion meet,

By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,

With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly

With his face backward.—In humane gentleness.

Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,

Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,

No man alive can love, in such a sort,

The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

*Dio.* We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,

If to my sword his fate be not the glory,

A thousand complete courses of the sun!

But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,

With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

*Æne.* We know each other well.

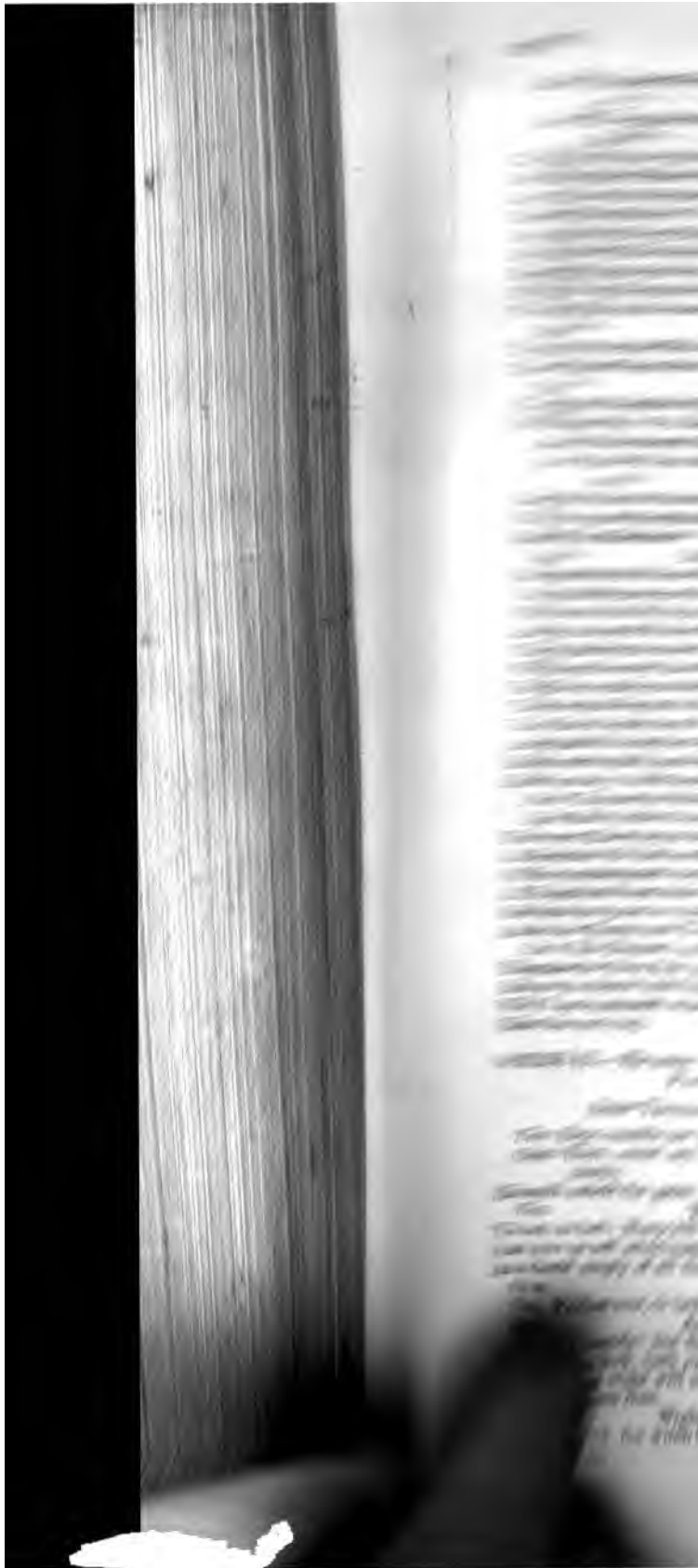
*Dio.* We do; and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most despitefull'st gentle greeting

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—

What business, lord, so early?

\* This is the common construction of the age of Shakespeare.



hem: and, my lord Æneas  
 see; you did not find me here.  
 good, my lord; the secrets of nature  
 gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROIUS and ÆNEAS.*  
 issible? no sooner got but lost? The  
 or! the young prince will go mad. A  
 Antenor! I would they had broke's

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

ow? what's the matter? Who was

igh you so profoundly? where's my  
 one?

uncle, what's the matter?  
 I were as deep under the earth as I am

ods!—what's the matter?  
 get thee in. 'Would thou hadst ne'er  
 ew thou wouldst be his death:—O poor  
 plague upon Antenor!

uncle, I beseech you on my knees,  
 what's the matter?

must be gone, wench, thou must be  
 changed for Antenor; thou must to thy  
 one from Troilus; 't will be his death;  
 ne; he cannot bear it.

immortal gods!—I will not go.  
 must.

not, uncle: I have forgot my father;  
 is of consanguinity;

no blood, no soul so near me,  
 Troilus.—O you gods divine!

name the very crown of falsehood  
 e Troilus! Time, force, and death,

what extremity you can;  
 base and building of my love

entre of the earth,  
 ngs to it.—I will go in, and weep;—

ay bright hair, and scratch my praised  
 \*;

voice with sobs, and break my heart  
 Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*

—*The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

TROIUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, AN-  
 TENOR, and DIOMEDES.

eat morning; and the hour prefix'd  
 to this valiant Greek

n.—Good my brother Troilus,  
 uty what she is to do,

to the purpose.  
 Walk in to her house;

to the Grecian presently:  
 d when I deliver her,

ar; and thy brother Troilus  
 offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

what 't is to love;  
 I shall pity, I could help!—

k in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

—*The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

oderate, be moderate.  
 tell you me of moderation?

o, full, perfect, that I taste,  
 a sense as strong as that

Which causeth it: How can I moderate it?

If I could temporize with my affection,  
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
 The like allayment could I give my grief:  
 My love admits no qualifying cross:  
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

*Enter TROIUS.*

*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes, a sweet duck!

*Cres.* O Troilus! Troilus!

*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me em-  
 brace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

O heart, heavy heart.

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away  
 nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse  
 we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs!

*Tro.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,  
 That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,  
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
 Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

*Cres.* Have the gods envy?

*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.

*Cres.* And is it true that I must go from Troy?

*Tro.* A hateful truth.

*Cres.* What, and from Troilus too?

*Tro.* From Troy, and Troilus.

*Cres.* Is 't possible?

*Tro.* And suddenly: where injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents

Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:

We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,

Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,

With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,

Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

*Æne.* [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

*Tro.* Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius

<sup>80</sup>  
 Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or

my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit PAN.*

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?

*Tro.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!

When shall we see again?

*Tro.* Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—

*Cres.* I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us:

I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers

As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

*Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this

sleeve.

*Cres.* And you this glove. When shall I see you?

3 11

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
To give thee nightly visitation.  
But yet, be true.

*Cres.* O heavens!—be true, again?  
*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love;  
The Grecian youths are full of quality;  
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,  
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;  
How novelties may move, and parts with person,  
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy  
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)  
Makes me afraid.

*Cres.* O heavens! you love me not.  
*Tro.* Die I a villain then!  
In this I do not call your faith in question,  
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,  
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,  
To which the Grecians are most prompt and preg-  
nant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,  
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think I will?

*Tro.* No.  
But something may be done that we will not:  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeful potency.

*Æne.* [Within.] Nay, good my lord,—

*Tro.* Come, kiss, and let us part.

*Par.* [Within.] Brother Troilus!

*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither;  
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

*Cres.* My lord, will you be true?

*Tro.* Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;  
While others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit  
Is—plain, and true,—there 's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTEHOR, DEIPHOBUS, and  
DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,  
Which for Antenor we deliver you:  
At the port, lord, I 'll give her to thy hand;  
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.  
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam is in Ilium.

*Dio.* Fair lady Cressid,  
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleas'd your fair usage; and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,  
To shame the seal of my petition to thee,  
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,  
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;  
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
I 'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:  
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,  
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,  
I 'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,  
I 'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth  
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—he 't so,  
I 'll speak it in my spirit and behaviour,—no.

*Tro.* C  
This brave  
Lady, giv  
To our ow

*Par.* E  
*Æne.*  
The princ  
That swor  
*Par.* ]

*Dei.* L  
*Æne.* ]  
Let us ad  
The glory  
On his fai

SCENE

*Enter A*  
*clus,* ]

*Agam.*  
Anticipati  
Give with  
Thou drea  
May pierc  
And hale

*Ajaz.*  
Now crac  
Blow, vill

*Out-swel*  
Come, str

Thou blou  
*Ulyss.*

*Achil.*  
*Agam.*

*Ulyss.*  
He rises o  
In aspirat

*Agam.*  
*Dio.*  
*Agam.*

*Nest.* (

*Ulyss.*  
'T were b

*Nest.* ]  
So much

*Achil.* ]  
Achilles b

*Men.* I  
*Patr.* I

For thus p  
And parte

*Ulyss.*  
For which

*Patr.* ]  
Patroclus

*Men.*  
*Patr.* I

*Men.* I  
*Cres.* I

*Patr.* I  
*Cres.*

The kiss y  
Therefore

*Men.* I  
*Cres.* ]

*Men.* A  
*Cres.* ]  
That you  
*Men.* ]

No, I'll be sworn.  
were no match, your nail against his horn.—  
lady, beg a kiss of you?  
may.

I do desire it.  
Why, beg then.  
by then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,  
is a maid again, and his.  
in your debtor, claim it when 't is due.  
ever 's my day, and then a kiss of you.  
y, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA.  
woman of quick sense.

Fie, fie upon her!  
engage in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
it speaks; her wanton spirits look out  
out and motive of her body.  
counterers, so glib of tongue,  
coasting welcome ere it comes,  
oclap the tables of their thoughts  
king reader! set them down  
spoils of opportunity,  
ers of the game. [Trumpet within.  
Trojans' trumpet.

Yonder comes the troop.  
HOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other  
Trojans, with Attendants.

ail, all you state of Greece! what shall be  
me  
victory commands? Or do you purpose,  
ll be known? will you, the knights  
edge of all extremity  
other, or shall be divided  
se or order of the field?  
ask.

Which way would Hector have it?  
cares not, he'll obey conditions.  
is done like Hector; but securely done,  
ully, and great deal disprizing  
oppos'd.

If not Achilles, sir,  
ir name?  
If not Achilles, nothing.  
herefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know  
is;—  
nity of great and little,  
pride excel themselves in Hector;  
most as infinite as all,  
rank as nothing. Weigh him well,  
rich looks like pride is courtesy.  
s half made of Hector's blood:  
roof half Hector stays at home;  
half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
d knight, half Trojan and half Greek.  
maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.  
ere is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,  
r Ajax: as you and lord Æneas  
in the order of their fight,  
ther to the uttermost,  
eath: the combatants being kin,  
their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.  
hey are oppos'd already.  
What Trojan is that same that looks so  
avy?  
he youngest son of Priam; a true knight;  
ture, yet matchless: firm of word;  
deeds, and deedless in his tongue;  
provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:  
ed hand both open, and both free;  
has he gives; what thinks he shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,  
Is more vindicative than jealous love:  
They call him Troilus; and on him erect  
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth  
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,  
Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight.  
Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!  
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;  
Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!  
Dio. You must no more. [Trumpets cease.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,  
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;  
The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:  
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so  
That thou couldst say—"This hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg  
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,  
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member  
Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,  
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,  
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd: Let me embrace thee, Ajax:  
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:  
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:  
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.  
Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable  
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes

Cries, "This is he,") could promise to himself  
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,  
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;  
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.  
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,  
(As seld' I have the chance,) I would desire

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.  
Dio. 'T is Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles  
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:  
And signify this loving interview  
To the expecters of our Trojan part;  
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.  
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.  
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;  
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes

Shall find him by his large and portly size.  
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one  
That would be rid of such an enemy;

But that 's no welcome: Understand more clear  
What 's past, and what 's to come, is strew'd with lustre  
And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and truth,  
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing.



Bids thee, with most divine integrity,  
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.  
*Hect.* I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.  
*Agam.* My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.  
[To TROILUS.]  
*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-  
ing;—  
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.  
*Hect.* Whom must we answer?  
*Ane.* The noble Menelaus.  
*Hect.* O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,  
thanks!  
Mock not, that I affect the untraded\* oath;  
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:  
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.  
*Men.* Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.  
*Hect.* O, pardon; I offend.  
*Nest.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft.  
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,  
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,  
And seen thee scoring forfeits and subduements,  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,  
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;  
That I have said unto my standers-by,  
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"  
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,  
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,  
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;  
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,  
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;  
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.  
*Ane.* 'Tis the old Nestor.  
*Hect.* Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,  
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—  
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.  
*Nest.* I would my arms could match thee in conten-  
tion,  
As they contend with thee in courtesy.  
*Hect.* I would they could.  
*Nest.* Ha!  
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.  
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.  
*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city stands,  
When we have here her base and pillar by us.  
*Hect.* I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.  
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.  
*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:  
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,  
Must kiss their own feet.  
*Hect.* I must not believe you:  
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;  
And that old common arbitrator, time,  
Will one day end it.  
*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it.  
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:  
After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me, and set me at my tent.  
*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—  
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee:  
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint.

\* Untraded—unused, uncommon.

*Hect.*  
*Achil.*  
*Hect.*  
*Achil.*  
*Hect.*  
*Achil.*  
As I wo  
*Hect.*  
But ther  
Why do  
*Achil.*  
Shall I r  
That I r  
And ma  
Hector's  
*Hect.*  
To ans  
Think at  
As to pr  
Where t  
*Achil.*  
*Hect.*  
I'd not  
For I'll  
But, by  
I'll kill  
You wis  
His uso  
But I'll  
Or may  
*Ajar.*  
And you  
Till acci  
You may  
If you h  
Can scar  
*Hect.*  
We have  
The Gre  
*Achil.*  
To-morr  
To-night  
*Hect.*  
*Agam*  
There in  
As Hect  
Concur t  
Beat lou  
That thi  
*Tro.* I  
In what  
*Ulyss.*  
There Di  
Who nei  
But give  
On the fi  
*Tro.* §  
After we  
To bring  
*Ulyss.*  
As gentl  
This Cre  
That wai  
*Tro.* C  
A mock  
She was  
But, still

## ACT V.

Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

his blood with Greekish wine to  
nitar I'll cool to-morrow.—  
st him to the height.  
s Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

How now, thou core of envy?  
f nature, what's the news?  
i picture of what thou seemest, and  
pers, here's a letter for thee.  
nce, fragment?  
full dish of fool, from Troy.  
the tent now?  
n's box, or the patient's wound.  
Adversity! and what need these

ilent, boy; I profit not by thy talk:  
e Achilles' male varlet.  
t, you rogue! what's that?  
nasculine whore. Now the rotten  
h, guts-gripping, ruptures, catarrhs,  
back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw  
rs, wheezing lungs, bladders full of  
as, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable  
velled fee-simple i' the pelt, take  
i preposterous discoveries!  
damnable box of envy, thou, what  
se thus?  
thee?  
you ruinous butt; you whoreson  
r, no.

art thou then exasperate, thou idle  
sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap  
t tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou?  
rld is pestered with such water-flies;  
re!

Patroclus, I am thwarted quite  
ose in to-morrow's battle.  
i queen Hecuba;  
nghter, my fair love;  
I gaging me to keep  
sworn. I will not break it:  
fame; honour, or go, or stay:  
ere, this I'll obey.  
tes, help to trim my tent;  
eting must all be spent.

Exit ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.  
much blood and too little brain,  
mad; but if with too much brain  
hey do, I'll be a curer of madmen.  
s,—an honest fellow enough, and  
s; but he has not so much brain as  
goodly transformation of Jupiter  
he bull,—the primitive statue and  
f cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn  
at his brother's leg,—to what form,  
uld wit larded with malice, and  
sit, turn him to? To an ass were  
ass and ox: to an ox were nothing;  
ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a  
ard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring  
dd not care: but to be Menelaus,

I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I  
would be if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be  
the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-  
day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is;  
There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night  
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' genera!

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sin,  
sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to  
those

Ther. go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[Exit AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

Achil. Old Nestor tattles; and you too, Diomed,  
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,  
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes  
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[Aside to TROILUS.]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[Exit DIOMED; ULYSSES, and TRO. following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exit ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a  
most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he  
leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: He will  
spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;  
but when he performs, astronomers foretell it that it is  
prodigious, there will come some change; the sun bor-  
rows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will  
rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they  
say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Cal-  
chas' tent; I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all  
incontinent varlets! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where 's your  
daughter?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after  
them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

*Dio.* How now, my charge ?  
*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*]  
*Tro.* Yea, so familiar!  
*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.  
*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.  
*Dio.* Will you remember?  
*Cres.* Remember? yes.  
*Dio.* Nay, but do then;  
 And let your mind be coupled with your words.  
*Tro.* What should she remember?  
*Ulyss.* List!  
*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.  
*Ther.* Roguery!  
*Dio.* Nay, then,—  
*Cres.* I'll tell you what:  
*Dio.* Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are a fore-sworn—  
*Cres.* In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?  
*Ther.* A juggling trick, to be secretly open.  
*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me?  
*Cres.* I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;  
 Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.  
*Dio.* Good night.  
*Tro.* Hold, patience!  
*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan?  
*Cres.* Diomed,—  
*Dio.* No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.  
*Tro.* Thy better must.  
*Cres.* Hark! one word in your ear.  
*Tro.* O plague and madness!  
*Ulyss.* You are mov'd, prince, let us depart, I pray you,  
 Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself  
 To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;  
 The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.  
*Tro.* Behold, I pray you!  
*Ulyss.* Nay, good my lord, go off:  
 You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.  
*Tro.* I pray thee, stay.  
*Ulyss.* You have not patience; come.  
*Tro.* I pray you, stay; by hell, and hell torments,  
 I will not speak a word.  
*Dio.* And so, good night.  
*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.  
*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee?  
 O wither'd truth!  
*Ulyss.* Why, how now, lord?  
*Tro.* By Jove,  
 I will be patient.  
*Cres.* Guardian!—why, Greek!  
*Dio.* Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.  
*Cres.* In faith, I do not; come hither once again  
*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?  
 You will break out.  
*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!  
*Ulyss.* Come, come.  
*Tro.* Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:  
 There is between my will and all offences  
 A guard of patience:—stay a little while.  
*Ther.* How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and  
 potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!  
*Dio.* But will you then?  
*Cres.* In faith, I will, la: never trust me else.  
*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.  
*Cres.* I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*]  
*Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.  
*Tro.* Fear me not, sweet lord;  
 I'll not be myself, nor have cognition  
 What I feel; I am all patience.

*Ther.* M  
*Cres.* H  
*Tro.* O  
*Ulyss.*  
*Tro.* I  
*Cres.* Y  
 He lov'd r  
*Dio.* W  
*Cres.*  
 I will not  
 I prithee, I  
*Ther.* M  
*Dio.* I  
*Cres.*  
*Dio.*  
*Cres.* O  
 Thy maste  
 Of thee, ar  
 And gives  
 As I kiss t  
 He that ta  
*Dio.* I  
*Tro.* I  
*Cres.* Y  
 I'll give y  
*Dio.* I  
*Cres.*  
*Dio.* C  
*Cres.* T  
 But, now;  
*Dio.*  
*Cres.* H  
 And by he  
*Dio.* T  
 And griev  
*Tro.* W  
 It should  
*Cres.* Y  
 I will not  
*Dio.*  
 Thou neve  
*Cres.* Y  
 But it stra  
*Dio.*  
*Ther.* M  
 pleases me  
*Dio.* W  
*Cres.*  
 Do come:  
*Dio.*  
*Cres.* G  
 Troilus, fa  
 But with r  
 Ah! poor  
 The error  
 What erro  
 Minds swa  
*Ther.* A  
 Unless she  
*Ulyss.*  
*Tro.*  
*Ulyss.*  
*Tro.* T  
 Of every  
 But, if I te  
 Shall I not  
 Sith yet th  
 An esperan  
 That doth

ns had deceptive functions,  
calumniate.  
re?

I cannot conjure, Trojan.  
not sure.

Most sure she was.  
ny negation hath no taste of madness.  
mine, my lord: Cressid was here but

ot be believ'd for womanhood!  
mothers; do not give advantage  
ties, apt, without a theme,  
, to square the general sex  
e: rather think this not Cressid.  
hath she done, prince, that can soil our  
rs?

at all, unless that this were she.  
ie swagger himself out on 's own eyes?  
e? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:  
a soul, this is not she;  
ows, if vows be sanctimony,  
e the gods' delight,  
in unity itself,

O madness of discourse,  
up with and against thyself!  
y! where reason can revolt  
on, and loss assume all reason  
; this is, and is not, Cressid!  
l there doth conduce a fight  
ature, that a thing inseparate  
ider than the sky and earth;  
cious breadth of this division  
e for a point, as subtle  
roken woof, to enter  
tance! strong as Pluto's gates;  
tied with the bonds of heaven  
tance! strong as heaven itself;  
aven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;  
er knot, five-finger tied,  
her faith, orts of her love,  
scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques  
a faith, are bound to Diomed.  
worthy Troilus be half attach'd  
h here his passion doth express?  
ek; and that shall be divulged well  
: red as Mars his heart  
enus: never did young man fancy  
and so fix'd a soul.

As much as I do Cressida love,  
ight hate I her Diomed:  
ine that he 'll bear in his helm;  
e compos'd by Vulcan's skill,  
d bite it: not the dreadful spout  
do the hurricano call,  
nass by the almighty sun,  
more clamour Neptune's ear  
han shall my prompted sword  
ned.  
tickle it for his concupy.  
id! O false Cressid! false, false, false!  
stand by thy stained name,  
m glorious.

O, contain yourself;  
aws ears hither.

Enter *ÆNEAS*.

been seeking you this hour, my lord:  
is arming him in Troy;  
d, stays to conduct you home.  
with you, prince:—My courteous lord,  
—  
ed fair!—and Diomed,  
wear a castle on thy head!  
ring you to the gates

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROIUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

*Ther.* 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I  
would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode.  
Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of  
this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond  
than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery;  
still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A  
burning devil take them! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter *HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.*

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?  
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hect.* You train me to offend you; get you gone:  
By the everlasting gods, I'll go.

*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the  
day.

*Hect.* No more, I say.

Enter *CASSANDRA.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?

*And.* Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.  
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

*Cas.* O, it is true.

*Hect.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

*Hect.* Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;  
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,  
For we would give much, to count violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

*Cas.* It is the purpose that makes strong the vow  
But vows to every purpose must not hold:  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say;  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.—

Enter *TROIUS.*

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

*Hect.* No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,  
youth,

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:  
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion than a man.

*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me  
for it.

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecians fall,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise and live.

*Hect.* O, 't is fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector!

*Hect.* How now? how now?

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods,  
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,  
And when we have our armour buckled on,

The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;  
Spar them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

*Hect.* Fie, savage, fie!

*Tro.* Hector, then 't is wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

*Tro.* Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;  
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.*

*Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:  
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

*Pri.* Come, Hector, come, go back:  
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;  
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
Therefore, come back.

*Hect.* Æneas is a-field;  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
This morning to them.

*Pri.* Ay, but thou shalt not go.

*Hect.* I must not break my faith.  
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

*Cas.* O Priam, yield not to him.

*And.* Do not, dear father.

*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with you:  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit ANDRO.*]

*Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.* O farewell, dear Hector.  
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!  
Look, now thy wounds do bleed at many vents!  
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!  
Behold destruction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

*Tro.* Away!—Away!

*Cas.* Farewell.—Yet, soft.—Hector, I take my leave:  
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:  
Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth and fight;  
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

*Pri.* Farewell: the gods with safety stand about  
thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRI. and HECT. Alarums.*]

*Tro.* They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,  
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

*As TROIUS is going out, enter, from the other side,*  
*PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

*Tro.* What now?

*Pan.* Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

*Tro.* Let me read.

*Pan.* A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick  
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and  
what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you  
one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes  
too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man  
were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What  
says she there?

*Tro.*

The effect  
Go, win  
My love  
But edifi

*Pan.*

*Tro.*  
Pursue t

SCENE

*Alc.*

*Ther.*

I'll go  
Diomed,  
knave's  
see them  
loves the  
masterly  
sembling  
the other  
—that s  
that san  
blackber  
cur, Aja  
and now  
and wil  
begin to  
ill opini

*Tro.*

I would

*Dio.*

I do not  
Withdre  
Have at

*Ther.*

Trojan!

*Hect.*

Art thou  
*Ther.*

knave; a

*Hect.*

*Ther.*

a plague

become

swallowe

racle. Y

them.

*Dio.*

Present t

Fellow, c

Tell her

And am

*Serv.*

*Agam.*

Hath bea

Hath Do

And stan

Upon the

Epistrop

and Thous, deadly hurt;  
 or, or slain; and Palamedes  
 bruin'd: the dreadful Sagittary  
 umbers; haste we, Diomed,  
 ent, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

near Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
 nail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.  
 usand Hectors in the field:  
 lights on Galathea his horse,  
 ks work; anon, he's there afoot,  
 y fly, or die, like scaled sculls\*  
 ching whale; then is he yonder,  
 strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
 fore him like the mower's swath:  
 nd everywhere, he leaves and takes;  
 beying appetite  
 will he does; and does so much  
 call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

ourage, courage, princes! great Achilles  
 eping, cursing, vowing vengeance;  
 unds have rous'd his drowsy blood,  
 his mangled Myrmidons,  
 , handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to  
 ctor. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
 mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,  
 roilus; who hath done to-day  
 tastic execution;  
 I redeeming of himself,  
 careless force, and forceless care,  
 k, in very spite of cunning,  
 , all.

Enter AJAX.

ilus, thou coward Troilus! [Exit.  
 Ay, there, there.  
 o, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Where is this Hector?  
 thou boy-queller, show thy face;  
 is to meet Achilles angry.  
 e's Hector? I will none but Hector.  
 [Exit.

VI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

ilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

us, I say! where's Troilus?  
 What wouldst thou?  
 dd correct him.  
 e I the general, thou shouldst have my  
 e.  
 ction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

iter Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou  
 tor,  
 life thou ow'st me for my horse!  
 art thou there?  
 fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.  
 my prize. I will not look upon.

als of fish. We have the word in Milton ('Para-  
 vii.)—  
 hat with their fins and shinning scales  
 nder the green wave, in sculls that oft  
 be mid sea."

Tro. Come both you cogging Greeks; have at you  
 both. [Exit fighting.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O well fought, my youngest  
 brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee:—Ha!—Have at thee,  
 Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.

Hect. Fare thee well:—  
 I would have been much more a fresher man  
 Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: Shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,

Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!

I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly  
 mark:—

No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;

I'll frush\* it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—The same.

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;

Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found,

Empale him with your weapons round about;

In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—

It is decreed Hector the great must die. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.—The same.

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then THER-  
 SITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at  
 it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Lo, Paris, 'loo! now my  
 double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull  
 has the game:—ware horns, ho! [Ex. PAR. and MEN.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a  
 bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard or'd, bast-  
 ard in valour, in everything illegitimate. 'One bear  
 will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard?  
 Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the  
 son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment:  
 Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Exit.

SCENE IX.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,  
 Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

\* Frush—break to pieces.

Now is my day's work done : I'll take good breath :  
Rest, sword : thou hast thy fill of blood and death !

[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield  
behind him.*]

*Enter* ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set ;  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :  
Even with the veil and darkening of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hect.* I am unarm'd ; forego this vantage, Greek.

*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike ; this is the man I seek.

[*Hector falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou ; now, Troy, sink down ;  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—  
On, Myrmidons ; and cry you all amain,  
" Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Hark ! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,  
And, stickler-like,\* the armies separate.

My half-supp'd sword that frankly would have fed,  
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheaths his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail ;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The same.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIO-  
MEDES, and others, marching. *Shouts within.*

*Agam.* Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

*Nest.* Peace, drums.

[*Within.*] Achilles!

Achilles ! Hector 's slain ! Achilles !

*Dio.* The bruit is Hector 's slain, and by Achilles.

*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam.* March patiently along :—Let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter* ÆNEAS and Trojans.

*Æne.* Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the field :  
Never go home ; here starve we out the night.

*Enter* TROIUS.

*Tro.* Hector is slain.

*All.* Hector ?—The gods forbid !

*Tro.* He 's dead ; and at the murderer's horse's tail,  
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—

\* *Stickler-like.* A stickler was an arbitrator, or sidesman ;  
one who presided over the combats of quarter-staff and wrestling.

Frown on,

Sir, gods,

I say, at o

And linger

*Æne.* M

*Tro.* Y

I do not sp

But dare a

Address th

Who shall

Let him th

Go in to T

There is a

Make well

Cold statu

Scare Troy

Hector is o

Stay yet :-

Thus prom

Let Titan

I'll throug

c

No space o

I'll haunt

That moul

Strike a fre

Hope of re

*As* TROIUS

*Pan.* B

*Tro.* He

Pursue thy

*Pan.* A

O world !

spised ! O

set a' work

endeavour

what verse

Full me

Till he h

And beir

Sweet ho

Good trade

As many

Your eyes,

Or, if you

Though not

Brethren, a

Some two r

It should b

Some galley

Till then I

And, at th



PERICLES.



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE first edition of 'Pericles' appeared in 1609, under the following title:—"The late and much admired play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the birth and life of his daughter Mariana. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted [by] his Maiesties Seruants at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the sign of the Sunne in Paternoster-row, &c. 1609." Other quarto editions appeared in 1611, in 1619, in 1630, and in 1635. The variations in these from the text of 1609 are very slight. In 1664 'Pericles' first appeared in the folio collection of Shakspeare's works, being introduced into the third edition, whose title-page states—"Unto this impression is added seven plays never before printed in folio."

We advocate the belief that 'Pyrocles,' or 'Pericles,' was a very early work of Shakspeare, in some form, however different from that which we possess. That it was an early work we are constrained to believe; not from the evidence of particular passages, which may be deficient in power or devoid of refinement, but from the entire construction of the dramatic action. The play is essentially one of movement, which is a great requisite for dramatic success; but that movement is not held in subjection to an unity of idea. But with this essential disadvantage we cannot doubt that, even with very imperfect dialogue, the action presented a succession of scenes of very absorbing interest. The introduction of Gower, however inartificial it may seem, was the result of very profound skill. The presence of Gower supplied the unity of idea which the desultory nature of the story wanted. Nevertheless, such a story we believe could not have been chosen by Shakspeare in the seventeenth century, when his art was fully developed in all its wondrous powers and combinations. With his perfect mastery of the faculty of representing, instead of recording, the treatment of a story which would have required perpetual explanation and connection would have been painful to him, if not impossible.

Dr. Drake has bestowed very considerable attention upon the endeavour to prove that 'Pericles' ought to be received as the indisputable work of Shakspeare. Yet his arguments, after all, amount only to the establishment of the following theory: "No play, in fact, more openly discloses the hand of Shakspeare than 'Pericles,' and fortunately his share in its composition appears to have been very considerable; he may be distinctly, though not frequently, traced, in the first and second acts; after which, *feeling the incompetency of his fellow-labourer*, he seems to have assumed almost the entire management of the remainder, nearly the whole

of the third, fourth, and fifth acts bearing indisputable testimony to the genius and execution of the great master."\* We have no faith whatever in this very easy mode of disposing of the authorship of a doubtful play—of leaving entirely out of view the most important part of every drama, its action, its characterization, looking at the whole merely as a collection of passages, of which the worst are to be assigned to some *âme damnée*, and the best triumphantly claimed for Shakspeare. There are some, however, who judge of such matters upon broader principles. Mr. Hallam says, "Pericles is generally reckoned to be in part, and only in part, the work of Shakspeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character, for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw, and a general feebleness of the tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakspeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted."† Here "the poverty and bad management of the fable"—"the want of any effective or distinguishable character," are assigned for the belief that the structure could not have been Shakspeare's. But let us accept Dryden's opinion that

"Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore,"

with reference to the original structure of the play, and the difficulty vanishes. It was impossible that the character of the early drama should not have been impressed upon Shakspeare's earliest efforts. Do we therefore think that the drama, as it has come down to us, is presented in the form in which it was first written? By no means. We agree with Mr. Hallam that in parts the language seems rather that of Shakspeare's "second or third manner than of his first." But this belief is not inconsistent with the opinion that the original structure was Shakspeare's. No other poet that existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century—perhaps no poet that came after that period, whether Massinger, or Fletcher, or Webster—could have written the greater part of the fifth act. Coarse as the comic scenes are, there are touches in them unlike any other writer but Shakspeare. We are willing to believe that, even in the very height of his fame, Shakspeare would have bestowed any amount of labour for the improvement of an early production of his own, if the taste of his audiences had from time to time demanded its continuance upon the stage. It is for this reason that we think that the 'Pericles' which appears to have been in some respects a new play at the beginning of the seventeenth century was the revival of a play written by Shakspeare some twenty years earlier.

\* 'Shakspeare and his Times,' vol. ii. p. 208.

† 'History of Literature,' vol. iii. p. 268.



# P E R I C L E S.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

**PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.**  
*Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**LIGANUS, a lord of Tyre.**  
*Act II. sc. 2; Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**SCANES, a lord of Tyre.**  
*Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4.*

**MIDES, King of Pentapolis.**  
*Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.*

**DION, Governor of Tharsus.**  
*Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4.*

**DIACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.**  
*Act IV. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**HEMON, a lord of Ephesus.**  
*Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.*

**DIACHUS, servant to Antiochus.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

**DIACHUS, servant to Dionysa.**  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

**Marshall.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 3.*

**A Pander and his Wife.**  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 6.*

**BOULT, servant to the Pander.**  
*Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 6.*

**GOWER, as Chorus.**  
*Appears, Act I. Chorus. Act II. Chorus. Act III. Chorus. Act IV. Chorus, sc. 4. Act V. Chorus, sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**The Daughter of Antiochus.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*

**DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.**  
*Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.*

**THAISA, daughter to Simonides.**  
*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.*

**MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*

**LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.**  
*Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

**DIANA.**  
*Appears, Act V. sc. 2.*

*Lords, Knights, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.*

SCENE,—DISPERSEDLY IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

## ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Before the Palace of Antioch.*

A song of old was sung,  
As ancient Gower is come;  
Of man's infirmities,  
Your ear, and please your eyes.  
Been sung, at festivals,  
At feasts, and holy-ales;  
To men and ladies, in their lives  
And for restoratives.  
To use is to make men glorious;  
As, *quo antiquius, eo melius.*  
Common in these latter times,  
It's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
To hear an old man sing,  
Whose wishes pleasure bring,  
To old and young, and that I might  
For you, like taper-light.  
Antioch then, Antiochus the Great  
Of this city, for his chiefest seat;  
Set in all Syria;  
As what mine authors say;  
To give unto him took a pheece,<sup>a</sup>  
And left a female heir,  
Whom, blythe, and full of face,  
He had lent her all his grace:  
From the father liking took,  
To incest did provoke;

<sup>a</sup> *As their lives—duris g their lives.*  
<sup>b</sup> *As pheece, or fore, s a mate.*

Bad child, worse father! to entice his own  
To evil, should be done by none.  
By custom, what they did begin  
Was with long use account'd no sin.  
The beauty of this sinful dame  
Made many princes thither frame,  
To seek her as a bedfellow,  
In marriage-pleasures playfellow:  
Which to prevent, he made a law,  
(To keep her still, and men in awe,  
That who so ask'd her for his wife,  
His riddle told not, lost his life:  
So for her many a wight did die,  
As you grim looks do testify.  
What ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
I give, my cause who best can justify. *[Exit]*

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Antioch.*

*Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

*Per.* I have, Antiochus, and with a soul  
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. *[Music]*

*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For the embracements, even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfectiours.

*Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.*

*Per.* See where she comes, appareld like the spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!  
Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever 'ras'd, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.  
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire in my breast  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness!

*Ant.* Prince Pericles—

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:  
Her face, like heav'n, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain:  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
You sometime famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,  
That, without covering save yon field of stars,  
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
For going on Death's net, whom none resist.

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught  
My frail mortality to know itself.

And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must:  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust it error.  
I'll make my will then; and, as sick men do  
Who know the world, see heav'n, but feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you  
And all good men, as every prince should do;  
My riches to the earth from whence they came;  
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of Antiochus.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
I wait the sharpest blow.

*Ant.* Scorning advice; read the conclusion then;  
Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,  
As these before, so thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

*Per.* Like a bold champion I assume the lists,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought,  
But faithfulness, and courage.

#### THE RIDDLE.

"I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh which did me breed:  
I sought a husband, in which labour,  
I found that kindness in a father.  
He's father, son, and husband mild,  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last: but O, ye powers!  
That give heav'n countless eyes to view men's acts,  
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.*

not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:

*Per.* All 'say'd yet is the ancient reading; which Percy sug-  
gest—of all who have essay'd yet.

But I must tell  
For he's no man  
That, knowing  
You're a fair vi  
Who, finger'd to  
Would draw he  
But being play'  
Hell only danc  
Good sooth, I c

*Ant.* Prince  
For that's an a  
As dangerous as  
Either expound

*Per.* Great k  
Few love to hea  
'T would 'braid  
Who hath a bo  
He's more seci  
For vice repeat  
Blows dust in c  
And yet the g  
The breath is g  
To stop the a

casts  
Copp'd hills to  
By man's oppr  
Kings are earth  
And if Jove st  
It is enough y  
What being m  
All love the w  
Then give my

*Ant.* Heave  
meat

But I will glo  
Tyre

Though by the  
Your expositic  
We might pro  
Yet hope, succ  
As your fair s  
Forty days lo  
If by which t  
This mercy sh  
And, until the  
As doth befit c

[*Ere*

*Per.* How  
When what is  
The which is  
If it be true t  
Then were it  
As with foul i  
Where now y  
By your unfin  
(Which pleas  
And she an ec  
By the deflin  
And both like  
On sweetest fl  
Antioch, farev  
Blush not in  
Will shun no  
One sin, I kn  
Murder's as  
Poison and t  
Ay, and the t  
Then, lest my  
By flight I l

*Ant.* He b  
me  
To have his l

ive to trumpet forth my infamy,  
 old, Antiochus doth sin  
 bed manner :  
 instantly this prince must die ;  
 my honour must keep high.  
 is there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Doth your highness call ?  
 ard, you're of our chamber, and our  
 private actions to your secrecy ;  
 faithfulness we will advance you.  
 ld here 's poison, and here 's gold ;  
 nce of Tyre, and thou must kill him ;  
 to ask the reason why,  
 I it. Say, is it done ?  
 ord, 't is done.

Enter a Messenger.

Enough.  
 h cool yourself, telling your haste.  
 rd, prince Pericles is fled.

As thou  
 after ; and like an arrow, shot  
 perien'd archer, hits the mark  
 vel at, so do thou ne'er return,  
 /st, prince Pericles is dead.  
 nd, if I can get him within my pistol's  
 ke him sure enough : so farewell to your  
 [Exit.  
 rd, adieu ! till Pericles be dead,  
 end no succour to my head. [Exit.

SCENE II. — Tyre.

PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

ne disturb us : why should this charge  
 oughts,—  
 sion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,  
 us'd a guest, as not an hour,  
 rious walk, or peaceful night,  
 e grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet ?  
 ourt mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,  
 ich I feared, is at Antioch,  
 ns far too short to hit me here ;  
 sure's art can joy my spirits,  
 er's distance comfort me ;  
 ; the passions of the mind,  
 first conception by mis-dread,  
 ishment and life by care ;  
 hat but fear what might be done,  
 e, and cares it be not done.  
 ;—the great Antiochus  
 am too little to contend,  
 eat, can make his will his act)  
 peaking, though I swear to silence ;  
 to say I honour him,  
 say dishonour him :  
 make him blush in being known,  
 ource by which it might be known ;  
 es he 'll o'erspread the land,  
 nt of war will look so huge,  
 I drive courage from the state ;  
 quish'd, ere they do resist,  
 ish'd, that ne'er thought offence :  
 em, not pity of myself,  
 re but as the tops of trees,  
 roots they grow by, and defend them,)

is the reading of all the copies, has here no  
 eg to Malone. Orest is therefore adopted.  
 said just before ?—

e course by which it might be known ?  
 the stint of war. Stint is synonymous with  
 cess.

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,  
 Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue :  
 They do abuse the king that flatter him,  
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;  
 The thing that which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
 To which that spark gives heat and stronger glowing ;  
 Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,  
 Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.  
 When signior Sooth here doth proclaim a peace,  
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life :  
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,  
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook  
 What shipping, and what lading 's in our haven,  
 And then return to us. Helicanus, thou  
 Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dar- in princes' frowns,  
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from  
 whence

They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from  
 thee.

Hel. I have ground the axe myself ; do but you  
 strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise : sit down, thou art no flat-  
 terer ;

I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid,  
 That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid !  
 Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
 Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
 What wouldst thou have me do ?

Hel. To bear with patience  
 Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus ;  
 That minister'st a potion unto me,  
 That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.  
 Attend me then ; I went to Antioch,  
 Whereas, thou know'st, against the face of death,  
 I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
 From whence an issue I might propagate ;  
 Are arms<sup>b</sup> to princes, and bring joys to subjects.  
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;  
 The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest ;  
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father,  
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth :<sup>c</sup> but thou know'st this,  
 'T is time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.  
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
 Under the covering of a careful night,  
 Who seem'd my good protector : and, being here,  
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed ;  
 I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears  
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the years :  
 And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)  
 That I should open to the listening air,  
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
 To keep his bed of blackness unmaid ope,—  
 To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms,  
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ;  
 When all, for mine, if I may call 't offence,  
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :  
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,  
 Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir !

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my  
 cheeks,

<sup>a</sup> Whereat, in the sense of where.

<sup>b</sup> Which are arms, &c., is here uncorrected.

<sup>c</sup> To smooth signifies to flatter.

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;  
And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me leave  
to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear;  
And justly too, I think; you fear the tyrant,  
Who either by public war, or private treason,  
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
Till that his rage and anger be forgot;  
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life:  
Your rule direct to any; if to me,  
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;  
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—

*Hel.* We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,  
From whence we had our being and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus  
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;  
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
The care I had and have of subjects' good,  
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;  
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:  
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,\*  
Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Eze.*]

## SCENE III.

Enter THALIARD.

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here  
must I kill king Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure  
to be hanged at home: 't is dangerous.—Well, I per-  
ceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion,  
that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, de-  
sired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see  
he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a  
villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be  
one.

Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords of Tyre.

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,  
Further to question me of your king's departure.  
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

*Hel.* If further yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch—

*Thal.* What from Antioch? [*Aside.*]

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)  
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so:  
And doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* Well, I perceive  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he's gone, the king sure must please  
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—  
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre.

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles;  
But since my landing I have understood,  
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels;  
My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it,

\* Convince, in the sense of overcome.

Commended to our master, not to us:  
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

## SCENE IV.—Tharsus.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and others.

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here  
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope  
For who digs hills because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a hill.  
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs  
Here they're but felt, and seen\* with mine  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they high

*Cle.* O Dionyza,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants  
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish  
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep as  
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till tongues  
Fetch breath that may proclaim them lost  
If heaven slumber, while their creatures wake  
They may awake their helpers to comfort.  
I'll then discourse our woes felt several years  
And, wanting breath to speak, help me at last.  
*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir.

*Cle.* This Tharsus, over which I have  
ment,

A city, on whom plenty held full hand,  
For riches strew'd herself even in the street  
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss  
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd,  
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorned  
Like one another's glass to trim them by:  
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the  
And not so much to feed on, as delight;  
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* Oh, 't is too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do!  
change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, and  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance  
As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
They are now starv'd for want of exercise;  
Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's use,  
Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for  
Those mothers who, to nouze up their babes  
Thought nought too curious, are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they love  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and  
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life  
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeps  
Here many sink, yet those which see them  
Have scarce strength left to give them bread  
Is not this true?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness

*Cle.* O let these cities that of Plenty's  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, bear these  
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.  
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

\* Dionyza means to say that here their griefs are  
seen with mischief's eyes—eyes of discontent and  
if topp'd with other tales—that is, cut down by de-  
—like groves they will rise higher, be more abundant

ve descried, upon our neighbouring  
ships make hitherward.  
as much.  
comes but brings an heir,  
d as his inheritor ;  
some neighbouring nation,  
e of our misery,  
e hollow vessels with their power,  
the which are down already ;  
quest of unhappy me,  
's got to overcome.  
the least fear ; for, by the semblance  
gs display'd, they bring us peace,  
us favourers, not as foes.  
k't st like him 's untutor'd to repeat,  
airest show, means most deceit.  
hat they will, and what they can,  
ar ?  
lowest, and we are half way there :  
ral, we attend him here,  
t he comes, and whence he comes,  
ves.  
y lord.  
is peace, if he on peace consist ; \*  
nable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships, and number of our men,  
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets :  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;  
And these our ships (you happily may think  
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,  
With bloody views expecting overthrow)  
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

*Omnis.* The gods of Greece protect you !  
And we will pray for you.

*Per.* Arise, I pray you, rise ;  
We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !  
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen),  
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here a while,  
Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

re have you seen a mighty king  
wis, to incest bring :  
tee and benign lord,  
ove awful both in deed and word.  
n, as men should be,  
past necessity.  
su those in trouble's reign,  
te, a mountain gain.  
s conversation  
give my benizon)  
barsus, where each man  
s writ he spoken can :<sup>b</sup>  
ember what he does,  
atue to make him glorious :  
to the contrary  
to your eyes ; what need speak I ?

*Dumb show.*

*Per* PERICLES talking with CLEON ; all  
th them. *Enter at another door a  
with a letter to PERICLES ; PERICLES  
ter to CLEON ; PERICLES gives the  
eward, and knights him.*

*ER.* at one door, and *CLE.* at another.<sup>c</sup>

ane hath stay'd at home,  
oney, like a throne,  
' labours ; for though he strive  
sil, keeps good alive ;  
ll his prince's desire,  
of all that haps in Tyre :  
ard came full bent with sin,  
tent to murder him ;  
' Tharsus 't was not best  
hien to make his rest :  
g so, put forth to seas,  
o men bin, there 's seldom ease ;

on.  
f this obscure line probably is—thinks all he  
y writ  
omb show literally, as in the original.

For now the wind begins to blow ;  
Thunder above, and deeps below,  
Make such unquiet, that the ship  
Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split,  
And he, good prince, having all lost,  
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd :  
All perishen of man, of pelf,  
Ne aught escapen'd but himself ;  
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
Threw him ashore to give him glad :  
And here he comes ; what shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower ; this 'longs the text.\* [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—Pentapolis.

*Enter PERICLES, wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven !  
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
Is but a substance, that must yield to you ;  
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath,  
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
To have heretofore a prince of all his fortunes ;  
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,  
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche !<sup>b</sup>  
2 *Fish.* Ha, come, and bring away the nets.  
1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say !  
3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?  
1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now : come away, or  
I'll fetch thee with a wamion.  
3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor  
men that were cast away before us, even now.

\* Douce explains this clearly—'This 'longs the text' is, in  
Gower's elliptical construction, *this belongs to the text* ; I need  
not comment upon it ; you will see it.

<sup>b</sup> *Pilche* is most probably a name ; as we have afterwards  
*Patch-breech*.

1 *Fish*. Alas, poor souls! it griev'd my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish*. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh; a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish*. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they 've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

*Per*. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish*. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish*. Why, man?

3 *Fish*. Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

*Per*. Simonides?

3 *Fish*. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per*. How from the finny subject<sup>a</sup> of the sea These fishers tell the infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve, or men detect! Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish*. Honest, good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.<sup>b</sup>

*Per*. You may see, the sea hath cast me on your coast.

2 *Fish*. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

*Per*. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish*. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 *Fish*. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

*Per*. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish*. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

*Per*. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man through'd up with cold; my veins are chill, And have no more of life than may suffice To give my tongue that heat to ask your help: Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish*. Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on, keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and more'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per*. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish*. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

*Per*. I did but crave.

<sup>a</sup> Subject must be taken as a plural noun.

<sup>b</sup> This is the reading of the original, and has occasioned some discussion. Does it not mean that the fisherman, laughing at the rarity of being honest, remarks, if it be a day (i. e. a saint's or red-letter day) fits you, search out of (not in) the calendar, and nobody look after it (there, as it would be useless)?

2 *Fish*. But crave? then I'll turn e so I shall scape whipping.

*Per*. Why, are all your beggars whipp

2 *Fish*. O, not all, my friend, not your beggars were whipped, I would v office than to be a beadle. But, master, up the net. [Exeunt two of t

*Per*. How well this honest mirth becom

1 *Fish*. Hark you, sir, do you know w *Per*. Not well.

1 *Fish*. Why, I'll tell you; this is polis, and our king, the good Simonides.

*Per*. The good king Simonides, do yo

1 *Fish*. Ay, sir, and he deserves so to his peaceable reign, and good government

*Per*. He is a happy king, since he g subjects the name of good, by his gover far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish*. Marry, sir, half a day's jourr tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and her birthday; and there are princes and from all parts of the world to just and t love.

*Per*. Were my fortunes equal to my d wish to make one there.

1 *Fish*. O, sir, things must be as th what a man cannot get, he may lawfully wife's soul.<sup>a</sup>

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing

2 *Fish*. Help, master, help; here's a the net, like a poor man's right in the hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 't is and 't is turn'd to a rusty armour.

*Per*. An armour, friends! I pray you, Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my ce Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself And, though it was mine own, part of mit Which my dead father did bequeath to w With this strict charge (even as he left hi "Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shi Twixt me and death (and pointed to thi For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like nec The which the gods protect thee from! t thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any ma Took it in rage, though calm'd they've g I thank thee for it; my shipwrack now 's! Since I have here my father's gift in his w

1 *Fish*. What mean you, sir?

*Per*. To beg of you, kind friends, this e For it was some time target to a king; I know it by this mark; he lov'd me deat And for his sake, I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereig Where with it I may appear a gentleman; And if that ever my low fortune's better, I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest you

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the

*Per*. I'll show the virtue I have borne t  
1 *Fish*. Why, d' ye take it, and the ge good on 't!

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend, t made up this garment through the rough t water: there are certain condolements. e I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember t you had it.

*Per*. Believe it, I will;

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the rapture of the sea, This jewel holds his hiding on my arm;

<sup>a</sup> We cannot attempt to explain this. There is in this play than that of Antiochus.

ne I will mount myself  
er, whose delightful steps  
he gazer joy to see him tread.—  
end, I yet am unprovided  
ases.<sup>a</sup>  
e 'll sure provide: thou shalt have my  
make thee a pair; and I 'll bring thee to  
self.  
honour be but a goal to my will,  
I rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.]

—A public Way or Platform, leading to  
A Pavilion by the side of it for the re-  
the King and Princess.<sup>b</sup>

ONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.  
the knights ready to begin the triumph?  
hey are, my liege;  
ir coming, to present themselves.  
rn them, we are ready; and our daughter,  
whose birth these triumphs are,  
beauty's child, whom Nature gat  
e, and seeing wonder at. [Exit a Lord.]  
leaseth you, my royal father, to express  
lations great, whose merit 's less.  
fit it should be so; for princes are  
ch heaven makes like to itself:  
e their glory, if neglected,  
sir renown, if not respected.  
ir honour, daughter, to explain  
f each knight, in his device.  
ich, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.  
r a Knight; he passes over the stage, and  
Squire presents his shield to the Princess.  
is the first that doth prefer himself?  
night of Sparta, my renowned father;  
ce he bears upon his shield  
thiop reaching at the sun;  
ix tua vita mihi.

oves you well, that holds his life of you.  
[The second Knight passes.]

cond that presents himself?  
ince of Macedon, my royal father;  
ce he bears upon his shield  
night, that 's conquer'd by a lady:  
us, in Spanish, *Piu per dulcura que per  
ra.* [The third Knight passes.]

what 's the third?  
third of Antioch; and his device,  
chivalry: the word, *Me pompa provexit*  
e. [The fourth Knight passes.]

t is the fourth?  
urning torch that 's turned upside down;  
*od me alit, me extinguit.*  
b shows that beauty hath his power and will,  
e well inflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth Knight passes.]  
fifth, an hand environed with clouds,  
gold, that 's by the touchstone tried:  
is, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[The sixth Knight passes.]  
what 's the sixth and last, the which the  
ght himself  
graceful courtesy deliver'd?  
seems to be a stranger; but his present  
branch, that 's only green at top;  
s *hac spe vivo.*

stty moral;  
cted state wherein he is,  
ou his fortunes yet may flourish,  
e had need mean better than his outward  
y

<sup>a</sup> Armour for the legs.  
is description of the scene is modern.

Can any way speak in his just commend:  
For, by his rusty outside, he appears  
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes  
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust  
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.  
But stay, the knights are coming; we 'll withdraw  
Into the gallery. [Exeunt.]

[Great shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight.]

SCENE III.—A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants, and the  
Knights from tilting.

Sim. Knights,  
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,  
Since every worth in show commends itself.  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:  
You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;  
To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed;  
And you 're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the  
feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:  
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,  
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,  
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,  
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,  
Wishing him my meat: sure he 's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He 's but a country gentleman; has done no  
more

Than other knights have done; has broken a staff,  
Or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. You king 's to me, like to my father's picture,  
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;  
Had princes sit like stars about his throne,  
And he the sun, for them to reverence.

None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,  
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;  
Where<sup>a</sup> now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;  
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men,  
For he 's their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that 's stor'd unto the brim  
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips.)

We drink this health to you.

<sup>a</sup> Where—whereas.



*Knights.* We thank your grace.  
*Sim.* Yet pause a while; you knight doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court  
 Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
 Note it not you, Thaisa?

*Thai.* What is 't to me, my father?

*Sim.* O, attend, my daughter;  
 Princes, in this, should live like gods above,  
 Who freely give to every one that comes  
 To honour them:  
 And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,  
 Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.  
 Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,  
 Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me  
 Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;  
 He may my proffer take for an offence,  
 Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How! do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

*Thai.* Now, by the gods, he could not please me better. *[Aside.]*

*Sim.* And further tell him, we desire to know of him,  
 Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, hath drunk to you.

*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,  
 Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre—(my name Pericles;  
 My education has been in arts and arms;) *[Aside.]*  
 Who, looking for adventures in the world,  
 Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
 And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,  
 A gentleman of Tyre, who only by  
 Misfortune of the sea has been bereft  
 Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
 And will awake him from his melancholy.  
 Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
 And waste the time, which looks for other revels.  
 Even in your armours, as you are address'd,  
 Will very well become a soldier's dance:  
 I will not have excuse, with saying, this  
 Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;  
 Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

*[The Knights dance.]*

So, this was well ask'd; 't was so well perform'd.  
 Come, sir; here is a lady that wants breathing too:  
 And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre  
 Are excellent in making ladies trip;  
 And that their measures are as excellent.

*Per.* In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

*Sim.* Oh, that 's as much as you would be denied

*[The Knights and Ladies dance.]*

Of your fair courtesies.—Unclasp, unclasp;  
 Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
 But you the best. *[To PERICLES.]* Pages and lights,  
 to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,  
 We have given order to be next our own.

*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
 For that 's the mark I know you level at:  
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
 To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV.—Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.*

*Hel.* No, Escanes, know this of me,  
 \* Stiochus from incest liv'd not free;

For which, the most high gods not minded  
 To withhold the vengeance that they had  
 Due to this heinous capital offence;  
 Even in the height and pride of all his gl  
 When he was seated in a chariot of  
 An inestimable value, and his daughter  
 With him, a fire from heaven came and  
 Those bodies, even to loathing; for they  
 That all those eyes ador'd them\* ere their  
 Scorn now their hand should give them b  
*Esca.* 'T was very strange.

*Hel.* And yet but just  
 This king were great, his greatness was no  
 To bar heav'n's shaft, but sin had his rev  
*Esca.* 'T is very true.

*Enter three Lords.*

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private con  
 Or council, hath respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve wid  
 3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not

1 *Lord.* Follow me then: lord Helican  
*Hel.* With me? and welcome: happy d

1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen  
 And now at length they overflow their bas

*Hel.* Your griefs, for what? wrong not  
 you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble  
 But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
 Or know what ground 's made happy by hi  
 If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out  
 If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him then  
 And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,  
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
 And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death 's, indeed, the str  
 censure: b

And knowing this kingdom is without a he  
 (Like goodly buildings left without a roof  
 Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,  
 That best know'st how to rule, and how to  
 We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

*Omn.* Live, noble Helicane.

*Hel.* Try honour's cause; forbear your  
 If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.  
 Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
 Where 's hourly trouble, for a minute's eas  
 A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you  
 To forbear the absence of your king;  
 If in which time expir'd, he not return,  
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
 But if I cannot win you to this love,  
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
 And in your search spend your adventures

Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he 's a fool that will  
 And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
 We with our travels will endeavour it.

*Hel.* Then you love us, we you, and  
 hands;

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands

#### SCENE V.—Pentapolis.

*Enter SIMONIDES reading a Letter; the Knights attend him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simon  
*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let  
 That for this twelvemonth she will not undergo  
 A married life:

\* An elliptical construction—all these eyes were  
 them.  
 b Censure—opinion.

o herself is only known,  
herself by no means can I get.  
May we not get access to her, my lord?  
th, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her  
ber, that it is impossible.  
noons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;  
eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,  
virgin honour will not break.  
Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt.*]

I despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:  
here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,  
re to view nor day nor light.  
mistress, your choice agrees with mine;  
ell:—nay, how absolute she 's in 't,  
; whether I dislike or no.  
commend her choice,  
longer have it be delay'd:  
comes;—I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

fortune to the good Simonides!  
you as much! Sir, I am beholden to you,  
et music this last night: I do  
sars were never better fed  
elightful pleasing harmony.  
your grace's pleasure to commend;  
rt.

Sir, you are music's master.  
worst of all her scholars, my good lord.  
me ask you one thing. What do you think  
ter, sir?  
ost virtuous princess.  
she is fair too, is she not?  
fair day in summer; wondrous fair.  
daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;  
that you must be her master,  
be your scholar; therefore look to it.  
unworthy for her schoolmaster.  
thinks not so; peruse this writing else.  
t 's here!  
; she loves the knight of Tyre?  
; 's subtilty to have my life. [*Aside.*]  
to entrap me, gracious lord,  
ad distressed gentleman,  
im'd so high to love your daughter,  
offices to honour her.  
; hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art

*Per.* By the gods I have not;  
Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor!

*Sim.* Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat (unless it be a king),  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[*Aside.*]

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent.  
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove, he 's honour's enemy.

*Sim.* No!—  
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA.*

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you?

*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offence  
At that would make me glad?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so preemptory?

I am glad of it with all my heart.

[*Aside.*]

I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent, bestow

Your love and your affections upon a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in blood as I myself.)

[*Aside.*]

Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame

Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—

Man and wife;

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:

And, being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;—

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—

What, are you both pleas'd?

*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

*Sim.* What, are you both agreed?

*Both.* Yes, if it please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, that I 'll see you wed;

Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

*Enter GOWER.*

Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;  
but snores, the house about,  
under by the o'er-fed breast  
most pompous marriage feast.  
, with eyne of burning coal,  
aches from \* the mouse's hole;  
ckets sing at the oven's mouth,  
blither for their drouth.  
hath brought the bride to bed,  
by the loss of maidenhead,  
is moulded:—Be attent,  
ne that is so briefly spent,  
our fine fancies quaintly eche;<sup>b</sup>  
dumb in show, I 'll plain with speech.

<sup>a</sup> fore—a short distance off. <sup>b</sup> Eche—eche out.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA, a nurse. SIMONIDES shows [his daughter] the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart.*

*Gow.* By many a derne<sup>a</sup> and painful perch  
Of Pericles the careful search  
By the four opposing coignes,  
Which the world together joins,  
Is made, with all due diligence,  
That horse and sail, and high expense.

<sup>a</sup> Derne—solitary.

Can stand the quest. At last from Tyre  
 (Fame answering the most strange inquire)  
 To the court of king Simonides  
 Are letters brought; the tenor these:  
 Antiochus and his daughter dead;  
 The men of Tyrus on the head  
 Of Helicanus would set on  
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none;  
 The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;  
 Says to them, if king Pericles  
 Come not home in twice six moons,  
 He, obedient to their dooms,  
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
 Yravisied the regions round,  
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,  
 "Our heir apparent is a king:  
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"  
 Brief he must hence depart to Tyre;  
 His queen with child, makes her desire  
 (Which who shall cross?) along to go;  
 (Omit we all their dole and woe:)  
 Lychorida her nurse she takes,  
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
 Hath their keel cut; but fortune mov'd,  
 Varies again: the grizzled north  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
 That, as a duck for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives.  
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-near  
 Doth fall in travail with her fear:  
 And what ensues in this fell storm,  
 Shall for itself, itself perform;  
 I will relate; action may  
 Conveniently the rest convey:  
 Which might not what by me is told.—  
 In your imagination hold  
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck  
 The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.

## SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast  
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having call'd them from the deep! O still  
 Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; gently quench  
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,  
 How does my queen?—Thou storm, venomously,  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the ear of death,  
 Unheard—Lychorida!—Lucina, O  
 Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
 Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
 Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I  
 Am like to do: take in your arms this piece  
 Of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm.  
 Here's all that is left living of your queen,  
 A little daughter; for the sake of it,  
 Be manly, and take comfort.

Per.

Oh ye gods!  
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
 And snatch them straight away? We, here below,  
 Recall not what we give, and therein may  
 Use honour with you.

Lyc.  
 Even for this  
 Per.  
 For a more I  
 Quiet and g  
 For thou art  
 That e'er wa  
 Thou hast as  
 As fire, air,  
 To herald th  
 Even at the  
 Thy portage  
 Now the goo

1 Sail. W  
 Per. Cou  
 It hath done  
 Of this poor  
 I would it w  
 1 Sail. S  
 thou? Bl  
 2 Sail. B  
 kiss the mo  
 1 Sail. S  
 works high, t  
 ship be clear  
 Per. That  
 1 Sail. P  
 been still of  
 Therefore br  
 straight.

Per. Be it  
 Lyc. Here  
 Per. A te  
 No light, no  
 Forgot thee u  
 To give thee  
 Must cast th  
 Where, for a  
 And aye-rem  
 And hummir  
 Lying with s  
 Bid Nestor b  
 My casket ar  
 Bring me the  
 Upon the pill  
 A priestly fa  
 2 Sail. S  
 caulk'd and t  
 Per. I tha  
 2 Sail. W  
 Per. Thith  
 Alter thy cou  
 2 Sail. B  
 Per. O ma  
 There will I  
 Cannot hold c  
 At careful nu  
 I'll bring the

## SCENE II.—

Enter CERES

Cer. Philer

<sup>a</sup> Strong is, a  
 in easterne." W  
 with the concise  
 sailors wants is  
 distely, is off th  
 and the ship is  
 the helm:—"V  
 astern."

<sup>b</sup> Coffin, and c  
<sup>c</sup> Pursue not t

Enter PHILEMON.

My lord call?  
 And meat for these poor men;  
 turbulent and stormy night.  
 Men in many; but such a night as this,  
 endur'd.  
 My master will be dead ere you return;  
 can be minister'd to nature,  
 him. Give this to the 'pothecary,  
 it works. [To PHILEMON.]

Enter two Gentlemen.

Tomorrow.  
 Good morrow to your lordship.  
 Why do you stir so early?  
 For lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
 had did quake;  
 alas! did seem to rend,  
 pure surprise and fear  
 e the house.  
 is the cause we trouble you so early;  
 and dry.

O you say well.  
 much marvel that your lordship, having  
 you, should at these early hours  
 den slumber of repose:

so conversant with pain,  
 t compell'd.

I held it ever,  
 ing were endowments greater  
 and riches: careless heirs  
 er darken and expend;  
 attends the former,  
 god. 'Tis known, I ever  
 ysic, through which secret art,  
 authorities, I have  
 ny practice) made familiar  
 y aid, the bless'd infusions  
 getives, in metals, stones;  
 of the disturbances  
 ks, and of her cures; which gives me  
 in course of true delight  
 y after tottering honour,  
 re up in silken bags,  
 d and death.

honour hath through Ephesus pour'd

d hundreds call themselves  
 who by you have been restor'd:  
 knowledge, your personal pain, but

open, hath built lord Cerimon  
 own as time shall never—

two Servants with a Chest.

there.  
 that?

the sea toss up upon our shore  
 of some wrack.  
 own, let 's look upon it.  
 like a coffin, sir.

Whate'er it be,  
 heavy. Wrench it open straight;  
 ach be o'ercharg'd with gold,  
 straint of Fortune it belches upon us.  
 so, my lord.

The strongest timbers of a building,  
 knowledge,  
 are for Measure:—

"Merely thou art death's fool,  
 thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
 sun'st toward him still."

Cer. How close 't is caulk'd and bitum'd  
 Did the sea cast it up?

Ser. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
 As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open;  
 Soft—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.  
 Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.  
 Oh you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

1 Gent. Most strange!  
 Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state!  
 Balm'd and entreasur'd with full bags of spices!  
 A passport too! Apollo, perfect me  
 In the characters! [He reads out of a scroll!]

"Here I give to understand  
 (If e'er this coffin drive a-land),  
 I, king Pericles, have lost  
 This queen, worth all our mundane cost.  
 Who finds her, give her burying,  
 She was the daughter of a king:  
 Besides this treasure for a fee,  
 The gods requite his charity!"

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
 That even cracks for woe! This chanc'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.  
 Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;

For look how fresh she looks!—They were too rough  
 That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within;  
 Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.  
 Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
 And yet the fire of life kindle again  
 The o'erpress'd spirits. I have heard of an Egyptian  
 That had nine hours lien dead,  
 Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant with napkins and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—  
 The rough and woeful music that we have,  
 Cause it to sound, beseech you.  
 The viol once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block!  
 The music there.—I pray you, give her air;—  
 Gentlemen, this queen will live:  
 Nature awakes; a warmth breathes out of her;  
 She hath not been entranc'd above five hours.  
 See how she 'gins to blow into life's flower again!

1 Gent. The heavens, through you, increase our  
 wonder,

And set up your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,  
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
 Which Pericles hath lost,  
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;  
 The diamonds of a most praised water  
 Do appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,  
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
 Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.]

Thai. O dear Diana,  
 Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is this?

2 Gent. Is not this strange?  
 1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours;  
 Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.  
 Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,  
 For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,  
 And Esculapius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying her away]

SCENE III.—Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,  
 and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;  
 My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
 In a litigious peace. You and your lady  
 Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
 Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,  
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.

*Dion.* O your sweet queen!  
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,  
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

*Per.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe, Marina,  
(Whom, for she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,)  
Here I charge your charity withal,  
Leaving her the infant of your care, beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord; but think,  
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,  
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)  
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe, Marina,  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:  
But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!

*Per.* I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me to it,  
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,  
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show will in 't.<sup>a</sup> So I take my leave:  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I have one myself,

Who shall not be more dear to my respect  
Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my than  
*Cle.* We 'll bring your grace even to  
shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptun  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will em  
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—(C  
Lychorida, no tears:  
Look to your little mistress, on whose g  
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in C*

*Enter CERIMON and THAI*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some o  
Lay with you in your coffer; which an  
At your command. Know you the cha

*Thai.* It is my lord's. That I was al  
I well remember, even on my yearning:  
But whether there delivered or no,  
By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say;  
But since king Pericles, my wedded lord  
I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery  
Will I take me to, and never more have

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as y  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may 'bide until your date ex  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that 's  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift

## ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.  
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder. But, alack!  
That monster Envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
And in this kind hath our Cleon  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even right for marriage fight; this maid  
Hight Philoten: and it is said  
For certain in our story, she  
Would ever with Marina be.  
Be 't when she weav'd the sleided silk  
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;  
Or when she would with sharp needl wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound  
By hurting it; or when to the lute  
She sung, and made the night-bird mute  
That still records<sup>b</sup> with moan; or when  
She would with rich and constant pen

<sup>a</sup> The original has "unscissar'd shall this hair." He will not  
be shall be unscissar'd. But when Pericles in the fifth  
his daughter, he will "clip to form" what makes  
so dismal;" and beautify what for "fourteen years  
ach'd."

<sup>b</sup> Records—makes music—sings.

Vail to her mistress Dian; still  
This Philoten contends in skill  
With absolute Marina: so  
The dove of Paphos might with the cr  
Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
All praises, which are paid as debts,  
And not as given. This so dark  
In Philoten all graceful marks,  
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
A present murderer does prepare  
For good Marina, that her daughter  
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead,  
And curs'd Dionyza hath  
The pregnant instrument of wrath  
Prest<sup>b</sup> for this blow. The unborn ev  
I do commend to your content:  
Only I carried winged time  
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;  
Which never could I so convey,  
Unless your thoughts went on my wip  
Dionyza doth appear,  
With Leonine, a murderer.

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open place a  
sea-shore.*

*Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember; thou hast sw  
'T is but a blow, which never shall be know  
Thou canst not do a thing in the world w  
To yield thee so much profit. Let not care

<sup>a</sup> Until you die.

<sup>b</sup> Press—sings

ld, inflaming love i' thy bosom,  
ly; nor let pity, which  
re cast off, melt thee, but be  
purpose.  
't; but yet she is a goodly creature.  
ter then the gods above should have her.  
weeping for her only mistress' death.  
!?

I am resolv'd.

*MARINA, with a basket of flowers.*

will rob Tellus of her weed,  
en with flowers: the yellows, blues,  
ts, and marigolds,  
\* hang upon thy grave,  
ays do last. Ah me! poor maid,  
it, when my mother died,  
e is like a lasting storm,  
m my friends.  
ow, Marina! why do you keep alone?  
daughter is not with you? Do not  
ood with sorrowing; you have  
Lord! how your favour 's chang'd  
itable woe!  
our flowers, ere the sea mar them.  
me; the air 's quick there,  
id sharpens the stomach. Come,  
r by the arm, walk with her.  
ay you;  
you of your servant.  
come;  
our father, and yourself,  
foreign heart. We every day  
: when he shall come, and find  
ll reports thus blasted,  
e breadth of his great voyage;  
lord and me, that we have ta'en  
est courses. Go, I pray you,  
eerful once again; reserve<sup>b</sup>  
mplexion which did steal  
g and old. Care not for me;  
one.

Well, I will go;  
o desire to it.

come, I know 't is good for you.  
ur, Leonine, at the least;  
I have said.

I warrant you, madam.  
ve you, my sweet lady, for a while;  
, do not heat your blood:  
ave a care of you.

My thanks, sweet madam.

[*Exit* DIONYZA.]

early that blows?

South-west.

was born the wind was north.

Was 't so?

er, as nurse said, did never fear,  
d seamen," to the sailors, galling  
s with hauling of the ropes;  
the mast, endur'd a sea  
t the deck.

When was this?

was born.

nor wind more violent;

old copies. The modern reading is *chaplet*.  
at the poet was thinking of the *green mound*  
resting-place of the humble, and not of the  
be adorned with wreaths. Upon the grassy  
hang a *carpet* of flowers—he will *strew*  
fore said. The *carpet* of Shakspeare's time  
stry, or embroidery, spread upon tables;  
s with which Marina will cover the grave of  
ave been, in her imagination, so intertwined  
pet, usually bright with the flowers of the  
\* *Reserve*—preserve.

And from the ladder-tackle washes off  
A canvas-climber: "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"  
And with a dropping industry they skip  
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion  
*Leon.* Come, say your prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life;  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,  
To any living creature: believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But I wept for it. How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,  
Or my life imply her any danger?

*Leon.* My commission

is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.  
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow  
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:  
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:  
Your lady seeks my life;—come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,

And will despatch.

*Enter* Pirates *whilst she is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*LEON. runs away*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let 's  
have her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt* Pirates *with* MARINA.]

## SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Re-enter* LEONINE.

*Leon.* These roguing thieves serve the great pirate  
Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;  
There 's no hope she 'll return. I 'll swear she 's dead,  
And thrown into the sea.—But I 'll see further;  
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit*]

## SCENE III.—*Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.*

*Enter* Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

*Pand.* Boul.

*Boult.* Sir.

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full  
of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by  
being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures.  
We have but poor three, and they can do no more than  
they can do; and they with continual action are even  
as good as rotten.

*Pand.* Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we  
pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used  
in every trade, we shall never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true: 't is not our bringing up  
of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some  
eleven—

*Boult.* Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again  
But shall I search the market?



ask you 'll turn a child again.  
 chief lord of all this spacious world,  
 undo the deed. O lady,  
 blood than virtue, yet a princess  
 single crown o' the earth,  
 f compare! O villain Leonine,  
 st poison'd too!  
 rnk to him, it had been a kindness  
 thy face: What canst thou say  
 ericles shall demand his child?  
 she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,  
 r ever to preserve.  
 ht; I 'll say so. Who can cross it?  
 y the impious innocent,  
 est attribute, cry out,  
 foul play."

O, go to. Well, well,  
 ts beneath the heavens, the gods  
 rst.

Be one of those that think  
 ns of Tharsus will fly hence,  
 to Pericles. I do shame  
 at a noble strain you are,  
 ward a spirit.

To such proceeding  
 his approbation added,  
 e pre-consent, he did not flow  
 le courses.  
 so then:  
 know, but you, how she came dead,  
 know, Leonine being gone.  
 a my child, and stood between  
 rtunes: none would look on her,  
 gazes on Marina's face;  
 is blurted at, and held a malkin  
 ime of day. It pierc'd me thorough;  
 u call my course unnatural,  
 child well loving, yet I find,  
 e an enterprise of kindness,  
 our sole daughter.

Heavens forgive it!  
 as for Pericles,  
 e say? We wept after her hearse,  
 ve mourn: her monument  
 'd, and her epitaphs  
 lden characters express  
 se to her, and care in us  
 se 't is done.

Thou art like the harpy,  
 ay, dost, with thine angel's face,  
 e eagle's talons.  
 re like one, that superstitiously  
 be gods, that winter kills the flies:  
 you 'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

before the Monument of MARINA at  
 Tharsus.

as time we waste, and longest leagues  
 short,  
 rockles, have and wish but for 't;  
 take your imagination)  
 to bourne, region to region.  
 g pardon'd, we commit no crime  
 language, in each several clime  
 enes seem to live. I do beseech you,  
 ne, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,  
 our story. Pericles  
 thwarting the wayward seas,  
 (by many a lord and knight,  
 ighter, all his life's delight,  
 whom Helicanus late  
 time to great and high estate,  
 ern. Bear you it in mind,  
 us goes along behind.

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought  
 This king to Tharsus (think his pilot thought,  
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on),  
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.  
 Like motes and shadows see them move a while;  
 Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

*Dumb show.*

Enter PERICLES at one door, with all his train;  
 CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shoots  
 PERICLES the tomb [of MARINA]; whereat PERI-  
 CLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a  
 mighty passion departs.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!  
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;  
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'erflow'd,  
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears  
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;  
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,  
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit  
 The epitaph is for Marina writ  
 By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on MARINA's monument.]

"The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here,  
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.  
 She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,  
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;  
 Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,  
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:  
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:  
 Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,  
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No vizor does become black villainy,  
 So well as soft and tender flattery.  
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
 And bear his courses to be ordered  
 By lady Fortune; while our tears must play  
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,  
 In her unholy service. Patience then,  
 And think you now are all in Mitylene. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

*Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.*

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as  
 this, she being once gone.

1 Gent. But to have divinity preach'd there! did  
 you ever dream of such a thing?

2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-  
 houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 Gent. I 'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I  
 am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—The same. *A Room in the Brothel.*

*Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of  
 her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the  
 god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must  
 either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she  
 should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kind-  
 ness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons,  
 her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would  
 make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss  
 of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll disfigure  
 us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid o' 't, but

\* Please you wit—be pleased to know.



the way to the port. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

*Bowl.* We should have both lord and low, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter LYSIMACHUS.*

*Lys.* How now? How a dozen of virginities?

*Bowl.* Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

*Bowl.* I am glad to see your honour in good health.

*Lys.* You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

*Bowl.* We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylena.

*Lys.* If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

*Bowl.* Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

*Lys.* Well; call forth, call forth.

*Bowl.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

*Lys.* What, prithee?

*Bowl.* O, sir, I can be modest.

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

*Enter MARINA.*

*Bowl.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

*Lys.* 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you;—leave us.

*Bowl.* I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

*Bowl.* First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*]

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

*Bowl.* Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

*Bowl.* Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Have you done?

*Bowl.* My lord, she 's not pac'd yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.*]

*Lys.* Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* What I cannot name but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* Ever since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

*Lys.* Why, roots of shame; thing of my peevish wooing. But I prithee shall not come, bring me

*Mar.* If you put upon you That thought you

*Lys.* How sage.

*Mar.* For my Fortune hath p Where since I Dearer than ph Would set me Though they di That flies i' the

*Lys.*

Thou couldst h could

Had I brought Thy speech has Persever in tha And the gods s

*Mar.* The g

*Lys.*

That I came w The very doors Fare thee well. And I doubt n Hold; here 's A curse upon l That robs thee It shall be for

[

*Bowl.* I bes *Lys.* Avaun Your house, bu Would sink an

*Bowl.* How with you. If a breakfast in shall undo a spaniel. Com

*Mar.* Whith

*Bowl.* I my the common h way. We 'll Come your wa

*Bowl.* How *Bowl.* Wor spoken holy w

*Bowl.* O at

*Bowl.* She afore the face o

*Bowl.* Mar

*Bowl.* The a nobleman, at

ball; saying h

*Bowl.* Boul sure: crack the malleable.

*Bowl.* An i she is, she shal

*Mar.* Hark,

*Bowl.* She had never cox

She 's born to womenkind? rosemary and

se, mistress; come your way with me.  
 ther would you have me?  
 take from you the jewel you hold so dear.  
 ee, tell me one thing first.  
 e now, your one thing?  
 t canst thou wish thine enemy to be?  
 y, I could wish him to be my master, or  
 stress.  
 er of these are yet so bad as thou art,  
 better thee in their command.  
 a place, for which the pained'st fiend  
 not in reputation change:  
 damn'd door-keeper to every coyst'el  
 aquirng for his tib;  
 e fistng of every rogue thy ear  
 food is such  
 belch'd on by infected lungs.  
 at would you have me do? go to the wars,  
 where a man may serve seven years for the  
 and have not money enough in the end to  
 eden one?  
 nything but this thou doest. Empty  
 es, or common sewers of filth;  
 nature to the common hangman;

Any of these ways are better yet than this:  
 For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,  
 Would own a name too dear. That the gods would safely  
 Deliver me from this place! Here, here 's gold for thee  
 If that thy master would gain ought by me,  
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
 With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;  
 And I will undertake all these to teach.  
 I doubt not but this populous city will  
 Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again,  
 And prostitute me to the basest groom  
 That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I  
 can place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But amongst honest women?

*Boult.* Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst  
 them. But since my master and mistress have bought  
 you, there 's no going but by their consent: therefore I  
 will make them acquainted with your purpose, and  
 I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough.  
 Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

*Enter GOWEN.*

arina thus the brothel scapes, and chances  
 est house, our story says.  
 ke one immortal, and she dances  
 -like to her admired lays:  
 s she dumbs; and with her needl com-  
 s  
 vn shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;  
 her art sisters the natural roses;  
 silk, twin with the rubied cherry:  
 s lacks she none of noble race,  
 their bounty on her; and her gain  
 he cursed bawd. Here we her place,  
 father turn our thoughts again,  
 left him on the sea. We there him  
 :  
 en before the winds he is arriv'd  
 his daughter dwells; and on this coast  
 n now at anchor. The city striv'd  
 ne's annual feast to keep: from whence  
 s our Tyrian ship spies,  
 s sable, trimm'd with rich expense;  
 s in his barge with fervour hies.  
 s proposing once more put your sight:  
 ericles think this the bark:  
 at is done in action, more, if might,  
 scover'd; please you sit and hark. [*Exit.*]

*-On board PERICLES' ship off Mitylene.  
 million on deck, with a Curtain before it;  
 within it, reclined on a couch. A barge  
 e the Tyrian vessel.*

*Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel,  
 to the barge; to them HELICANUS.*

Where is the lord Helicanus? He can  
 [To the Sailor of Mitylene.] O, here he is.  
 s barge put off from Mitylene, and in it  
 s the governor, who craves to come aboard.  
 will?  
 he have his. Call up some gentlemen.  
 Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*  
 th your lordship call?

*Hel.* Gentlemen, there is some one of worth would  
 come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go  
 on board the barge.*]

*Enter from thence LYSIMACHUS, attended; the Tyrian  
 Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir, this is the man that can, in ought you  
 would, resolve you.

*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

*Hel.* And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,  
 And die as I would do.

*Lys.* You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,  
 Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
 I made to it, to know of whence you are.

*Hel.* First, what is your place?

*Lys.* I am the governor of this place you lie before.

*Hel.* Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
 A man, who for this three months hath not spoken  
 To any one, nor taken sustenance,  
 But to prorogue his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature?

*Hel.* Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;  
 But the main grief of all springs from the loss  
 Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

*Lys.* May we not see him?

*Hel.* You may,

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak to any.

*Lys.* Yet let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him, sir. [*PERICLES discovered.*] This  
 was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,  
 Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,  
 Royal sir!

*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

*Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager  
 Would win some words of him.

*Lys.*

*T* is well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,  
 And other chosen attractions, would allure,  
 And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
 Which now are midway stopp'd!

She is all happy as the fairest of all,  
And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

[*Whispers one of the attendant Lords. Exit Lord  
in the barge of LYSIMACHUS.*]

*Hel.* Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit  
That bears recovery's name. But since your kindness  
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy,  
Which if we should deny, the most just God  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.  
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young  
Lady.*

*Lys.* O here's the lady that I sent for. Welcome,  
fair one!

Is't not a goodly presence?

*Hel.* She's a gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such a one, that were I well assur'd  
Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,  
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided none but I and my companion  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her,  
And the gods make her prosperous! [*MARINA sings.*]

*Lys.* Mark'd he your music?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord,  
Lend ear.

*Per.* Hum, ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,  
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and awkward casualties  
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist:  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

[*Aside.*]

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,  
You would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon  
me.

You are like something, that—What country-woman?  
Here of these shores?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores:  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.

My dearest w  
My daughter  
brows

Her stature to  
As silver-voic  
And cas'd as

Who starves!  
The more she

*Mar.* Whe  
You may dis

*Per.*  
And how ach

You make m  
*Mar.* If I  
Like lies disd

*Per.*  
Falseness can

Modest as Ju  
For the crow

And make m  
To points tha

Like one I lo  
Didst thou no

(Which was  
From good de

*Mar.*  
*Per.* Repo

Thou hadst b  
And that thou

If both were c  
*Mar.* Some

But what my  
*Per.* Tell

If thine, consi  
Of my endur:

Have suffer'd  
Like Patience

Extremity ou  
How lost th

virg  
Recount, I de

*Mar.* My  
*Per.*

And thou: by  
To make me

*Mar.* Patie  
*Per.* Nay,

Thou little kr  
To call thyse

*Mar.*  
By one that h

*Per.* How  
*Mar.* You

But, not to be  
I will end her

*Per.*  
Have you a w

Well; speak  
And wherefore

*Mar.*  
For I was born

*Per.*  
*Mar.* My n

Who died the  
As my good n

Deliver'd weep  
*Per.* O, sto

This is the rar  
Did mock sad

My daughter  
you

I'll hear you  
And never int

carce believe me; 't were best I did  
 ive you by the syllable  
 deliver. Yet give me leave—  
 these parts? where were you bred?  
 my father, did in Tharsus leave me;  
 with his wicked wife,  
 er me: and having woo'd  
 pt it, who having drawn to do 't,  
 came and rescued me;  
 tylene. But, good sir, whither  
 ? Why do you weep? It may be  
 impostor; no, good faith;  
 to king Pericles,  
 cles be.  
 anus!  
 lord?  
 a grave and noble counsellor,  
 ral; tell me, if thou canst,  
 , or what is like to be,  
 ide me weep?  
 I know not; but  
 , sir, of Mitylene  
 r.  
 would tell her parentage;  
 hat, she would sit still and weep.  
 nus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
 ut me to present pain;  
 of joys rushing upon me,  
 t of my mortality,  
 th their sweetness. O come hither,  
 t him that did thee beget;  
 m at sea, buried at Tharsus,  
 again!—O Helicanus,  
 s, thank the holy gods as loud  
 ns us: This is Marina.—  
 ther's name? tell me but that,  
 er be confirm'd enough,  
 d ever sleep.  
 I pray, what is your title?  
 cles of Tyre; but tell me now  
 n's name: as in the rest you said,  
 d-like perfect, the heir of kingdoms,  
 to Pericles thy father.  
 ore to be your daughter, than  
 r's name was Thaisa?  
 other, who did end  
 an.  
 ssing on thee, rise; thou art my  
 arments. Mine own, Helicanus, she  
 us, as she should have been,  
 : she shall tell thee all;  
 kneel, and justify in knowledge,  
 incess.—Who is this?  
 e governor of Mitylene,  
 our melancholy state,  
 ou.  
 : you.  
 ; I am wild in my beholding.  
 y girl! But hark, what music's this?  
 y Marina, tell him  
 it, for yet he seems to doubt,  
 my daughter.—But what music?  
 I hear none.  
 pheres: list, my Marina.  
 ood to cross him; give him way.  
 nds do ye not hear?  
 My lord, I hear—  
 Most heavenly music:  
 st'ning, and thick slumber  
 res; let me rest. [He sleeps.

*Lys.* A pillow for his head.  
 So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,  
 If this but answer to my just belief,  
 I'll well remember you.  
 [Exeunt LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and  
 attendant Lady.

## SCENE II.—The same.

PERICLES on deck asleep; DIANA appearing to him  
 as in a vision.

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,  
 And do upon mine altar sacrifice.  
 There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
 Before the people all  
 Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:  
 To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,  
 And give them repetition to the like.  
 Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:  
 Do 't, and be happy: by my silver bow  
 Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA disappears.  
*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,  
 I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike  
 Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
 For other service first: toward Ephesus  
 Turn our blown sails: eftsoons I'll tell thee why.

[To HELICANUS.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  
 And give you gold for such provision  
 As our intents will need?

*Lys.* Sir,

With all my heart; and when you come ashore,  
 I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
 Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
 You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina.

[Exeunt.

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at  
 Ephesus.

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run;  
 More a little, and then dumb.  
 This, as my last boon, give me,  
 (For such kindness must relieve me.)  
 That you aptly will suppose  
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
 What minstrelsy, what pretty din,  
 The regent made in Mitylin,  
 To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,  
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd  
 To fair Marina; but in no wise,  
 Till he had done his sacrifice,  
 As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
 The interim, pray you, all confound.  
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
 At Ephesus, the temple see,  
 Our king, and all his company.  
 That he can hither come so soon,  
 Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus;  
 THAISIA standing near the altar, as high priestess;  
 a number of Virgins on each side; GERIMON and  
 other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,  
 HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

*Per.* Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,  
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre,

Whic, frighted from my country, did wed  
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.  
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver livery. She, at Tharsus,  
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years  
He sought to murder: but her better stars  
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai.* Voice and favour!—  
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*]  
*Per.* What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!

*Per.* Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

*Per.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.  
*Per.* 'T is most certain.  
*Per.* Look to the lady:—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.  
Early in blust'ring morn this lady was  
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin, and  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her  
Here in Diana's temple.

*Per.* May we see them?  
*Per.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,  
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is  
Recovered.

*Thai.* O, let me look upon him!  
If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death!

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!  
*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed drown'd  
And dead.

*Per.* Immortal Dian!  
*Thai.* Now I know you better.—  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*]  
*Per.* This, this; no more, you gods! your present  
kindness  
Makes my past miseries sports: You shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

*Mar.* My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.  
[*Kneels to THAISIA.*]  
*Per.* Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,  
Thaisa;  
Thy burthen at the sea, and call'd Marina,  
For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Bless'd, and mine own!  
*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!  
*Thai.* I know you not.  
*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.  
Can you remember what I call'd the name?  
I have nam'd him oft.

*Thai.* 'T was Helicanus then.  
*Per.* Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he.  
Now do I long to hear how you were found;  
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,  
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, to  
whom

The gods have shown their power; that can first  
To last resolve you.

*Per.* Reverend sir, the gods  
Can have no mortal officer more like  
A god than you. Will you deliver how  
This dead queen re-lives?

*Per.* I will, my lord.  
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with her  
How she came plac'd here within the temple;  
No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Diana!  
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer  
Night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,  
This prince, the fair-betroth'd of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,  
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,  
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good cheer  
Sir, that my father's dead.

*Per.* Heavens make a star of him! Yet the  
queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days.  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyre reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,  
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]  
*Enter Gowen.*

*Gow.* In Antiochus and his daughter, you  
heard  
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:  
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen  
(Although assail'd with fortune's surge and lee,  
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last,  
In Helicanus may you well descry  
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:  
In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
The worth that learned charity eye sees.  
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when these  
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd  
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;  
That him and his they in his palace burn.  
The gods for murder seemed so content  
To punish them; although not done, but meant.  
So, on your patience ever more attending,  
New joy wait on you! Here our play hath end.

[*Exit Gowen.*]

[*End of Act.*]



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

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'THE Tragedy of Coriolanus' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. With the exception of a few obvious typographical errors, such as invariably occur even under the eye of an author when a book is printed from manuscript, the text is wonderfully accurate.

'The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by Plutarch, done into English by Thomas North,' is a book on many accounts to be venerated. It is still the best translation of Plutarch we have,—full of fine robust English,—a book worthy of Shakspeare to read and sometimes to imitate. Here he found the story of Coriolanus told in the most graphic manner; and he followed it pretty literally. Nieouhr places this story amongst the fabulous legends of Rome. Plutarch, and especially Shakspeare, have made it almost impossible to believe that such Romans did not really live, and think, and talk, and act, as we see them in these wonderful pictures of humanity.

The leading idea of Shakspeare's 'Coriolanus'—the pivot upon which all the action turns—the key to the bitterness of factious hatred which runs through the whole drama—is the contest for power between the patricians and plebeians. This is a broad principle, assuming various modifications in various states of society, but very slightly varied in its foundations and its results. He that truly works out the exhibition of this principle must paint *men*, let the scene be the Rome of the first Tribunes, or the Venice of the last Doges. With the very slightest changes of accessaries,

the principle stands and democracy, historical truth, a Shakspeare has em But suppose he had subject with what had learnt that story is to be re period; that in shades of different population of Rome much more comparative of Plutarch learning, he had plebeian and patric display of it, acco industry and accuracy subject. It is even been betrayed into necessarily have d and enduring me vividly—under such—with such univ, some persons of st to complain, acc that his plebeians haughty. The t partiality is compl



## CORIOLANUS.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**CORIOLANUS**, a noble Roman.

sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 8; sc. 9. Act II.  
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1;  
V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

**AUFIDIUS**, a general, against the Volces.

sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1.  
Act III. sc. 1.

**ANTONIO**, a general, against the Volces.

sc. 6; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III.  
sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

**AGRIPPA**, friend to Coriolanus.

1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1;

**VELUTUS**, a tribune of the people.

1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III.  
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

**RUTUS**, a tribune of the people.

1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III.  
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

**MARCUS**, son to Coriolanus.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

A Roman Herald.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

**TULLUS AUFIDIUS**, general of the Volces.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 7  
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 7.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

Appear, Act V. sc. 5.

A Citizen of Antium.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

Two Volcian Guards.

Appear, Act V. sc. 2.

**VOLUMNIA**, mother to Coriolanus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV.  
sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

**VIRGILIA**, wife to Coriolanus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.  
Act V. sc. 3.

**VALERIA**, friend to Virgilia.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

Gentlewoman attending Virgilia.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians, *Ædiles*,  
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to  
Aufidius, and other Attendants.

ACT I. PARTLY IN ROME; AND PARTLY IN THE TERRITORIES OF THE VOLCIANS AND ANTIATES.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter a Party of mutinous Citizens, with staves,  
swords, and other weapons.

1. We proceed any further, hear me speak.  
2. Speak. [Several speaking at once.]

3. We are all resolved rather to die than to  
be so abused.

4. We are all resolved.

5. We know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy  
to the people.

6. We know 't.

7. We will kill him, and we'll have corn at our  
old price.

8. Talking on 't: let it be done: away,  
away!

9. All good citizens.

10. We are accounted poor citizens; the patri-  
cians are accounted rich; we are accounted  
poor citizens; the patri-

11. That authority surfeits on would relieve  
us; but they will yield us but the superfluity, while  
we are in need; and we are too dear: the lean-  
ness, the object of our misery, is as an  
incubus upon us; the abundance, the object of  
their covetousness, is as a sickle to reap us:  
let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

12. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

13. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

14. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

15. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

16. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

17. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

18. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

19. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

20. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

21. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

22. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

23. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

24. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

25. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

26. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

27. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

28. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

29. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

30. Let us have vengeance for the gods' sake, and  
let us have bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius  
Marcius?

*Cit.* Against him first: he 's a very dog to the com-  
monalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his  
country?

1. *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him  
good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being  
proud.

*All.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously  
he did it to that end; though soft-conscienced men can  
be content to say it was for his country, he did it to  
please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is,  
even to the altitude of his virtue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature you ac-  
count a vice in him: You must in no way say he is  
covetous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accu-  
sations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repeti-  
tion. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The  
other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating  
here? to the Capitol!

*All.* Come, come.

1. *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA

2. *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath  
always loved the people.

1. *Cit.* He 's one honest enough: "Would all the  
world were so!"



*Men.* What work 's, my countrymen, in hand?  
Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

*2 Cit.*<sup>a</sup> Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

*2 Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care

Have the patricians of you. For your wants,

Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them

Against the Roman state; whose course will on

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder than can ever

Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,

The gods, not the patricians, make it; and

Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,

You are transported by calamity

Thither where more attends you; and you slander

The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

*2 Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er

cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-

houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to

support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act estab-

lished against the rich; and provide more piercing

statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If

the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the

love they bear us.

*Men.* Either you must

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,

Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you

A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;

But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture

To scale 't<sup>b</sup> a little more.

*2 Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not

think to sob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't

please you, deliver.

*Men.* There was a time when all the body's mem-

bers

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—

That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And mutually participate; did minister

Unto the appetite and affection common

Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

*2 Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even

(For, look you, I may make the belly smile

As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied

To the discontented members, the mutinous

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly

As you malign our senators, for that

They are not such as you.

*2 Cit.* Your belly's answer

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,

Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpet,

With other muniments and petty helps

In this our fabric, if that they—

*Men.* What then!

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then!

*2 Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be

Who is the sink o' the body,—

*Men.* Well, what the

*2 Cit.* The former agents, if they did com-

What could the belly answer?

*Men.* I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have li-

Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

*2 Cit.* You are long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, ge-

Your most grave belly was deliberate,

Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:

"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he

"That I receive the general food at first,

Which you do live upon: and fit it is;

Because I am the storehouse, and the shop

Of the whole body: But if you do remember,

I send it through the rivers of your blood,

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the

And through the cranks and offices of man:

The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,

From me receive that natural competency

Whereby they live." And though that all at

You, my good friends," (this says the belly,)—

*2 Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

*Men.* "Though all at on-

See what I do deliver out to each;

Yet I can make my audit up, that all

From me do back receive the flour of all,

And leave me but the bran." What say you?

*2 Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you it?

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly

And you the mutinous members: For examine

Their counsels and their cares; digest things

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall

No public benefit, which you receive,

But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you:

And no way from yourselves.—What do you

You, the great toe of this assembly?—

*2 Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe!

*Men.* For that, being one o' the lowest, least

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,

<sup>a</sup> The usual punctuation of this passage is—

"I send it through the rivers of your blood,

Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the

And, through the cranks and offices of man,

The strongest nerves," &c.

The obvious meaning of the passage without any

forced punctuation (the original uses an *and* and the

appears to us to be,—I send the general food through

of your blood, to the court, the heart; I send it to

the brain, and through the cranks and offices (nerves)

the whole body. By this means

"The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,

From me receive that natural competency

Whereby they live."

<sup>a</sup> All the subsequent dialogue with Menenius is given by the modern editors to the first citizen. The first citizen is a hater of public men,—the second of public measures; the first would kill Coriolanus,—the second would repeal the laws relating to corn and usury. He says not one word against Coriolanus. We are satisfied that it was not Shakspeare's intention to make the low brawler against an individual argue so well with Menenius in the matter of the "kingly-crowned head." &c.

<sup>b</sup> To scale 't. It is necessary to see how Shakspeare has used this verb in other passages. In the second act Sicinius tells the citizens,

"You have found,  
Scaling his present bearing with his past,  
That he's your fixed enemy."

Dr. Johnson explains this, "Weighing his past and present behaviour." In 'Measure for Measure' when the Duke explains his project to Isabella, he says, by this is "the corrupt deputy scaled." Upon this passage Johnson says, "To scale the deputy may be to reach him, or it may be to strip him." Here he differs from his interpretation of the passage in 'Coriolanus.' But surely "the corrupt deputy" may be "scaled" in the same way that the bearing of Coriolanus is "scaled." If interpretation be good for two of the passages, why not for 'd,—that of the text before us? Menenius will venture to try the value, of the "pretty tale" a little more; h they may have heard it, he will again scale it.

to win some vantage.—  
ready your stiff hats and clubs;  
rats are at the point of battle,  
must have bale<sup>a</sup>—Hail, noble Marcius!

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

ks.—What 's the matter, you dissentious  
ses,  
the poor itch of your opinion,  
ves scabs?

We have ever your good word.  
at will give good words to thee will flatter  
ring.—What would you have, you curs,  
peace, nor war? the one affrights you,  
kes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
uld find you lions finds you hares;  
geese: You are no surer, no,  
oal of fire upon the ice,  
n the sun. Your virtue is,  
worthy whose offence subdues him,  
it justice did it. Who deserves greatness  
hate: and your affections are  
appetite, who desires most that  
increase his evil. He that depends  
ours swims with fins of lead,  
en oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?  
dinate you do change a mind;  
noble that was now your hate,  
t was your garland. What 's the matter,  
several places of the city  
st the noble senate, who,  
ls, keep you in awe, which else  
n one another?—What 's their seeking?  
orn at their own rates; whereof, they say,  
ell stor'd.

Hang 'em! They say!  
y the fire, and presume to know  
i' the Capitol: who 's like to rise,  
and who declines: side factions, and give

arrriages; making parties strong,  
such as stand not in their liking  
cobbled shoes. They say there 's grain  
gh!  
bility lay aside their ruth,<sup>b</sup>  
se my sword, I 'd make a quarry  
ds of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
ck<sup>c</sup> my lance.

these are almost thoroughly persuaded;  
undantly they lack discretion,  
assing cowardly. But, I beseech you,  
e other troop?

They are dissolved: Hang 'em!  
y were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,  
roke stone walls, that dogs must eat,  
e made for mouths, that the gods sent not  
ich men only:—With these shreds  
beir complainings; which being answer'd,  
s granted them, a strange one,  
heart of generosity,  
hl power look pale,) they threw their caps  
l hang them on the horns o' the moon,  
emulation.

What is granted them?  
tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,  
choice: One 's Junius Brutus,  
tus, and I know not—'Sdeath!  
ould have first unroof'd the city,  
'd with me; it will in time  
wer, and throw forth greater themes  
n's arguing.

This is the only instance in which Shakspeare  
dive bale; though we have frequently baleful.  
th—pity. <sup>a</sup> Pick—pitch.

*Men.* This is strange.  
*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger, hastily.*

*Mess.* Where 's Caius Marcius?  
*Mar.* Here: What 's the matter?

*Mess.* The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.  
*Mar.* I am glad on 't; then we shall have means to  
vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators,  
JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

*1 Sen.* Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told  
us;

The Volces are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.  
I sin in envying his nobility:  
And were I anything but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the ears, and  
he

Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*1 Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is;  
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:  
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius;  
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O, true bred!

*1 Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I  
know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* Lead you on:

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;

Right worthy you priority.<sup>a</sup>

*Com.* Noble Marcius!

*1 Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone.

*[To the Citizens.*

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,  
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

*[Exeunt Senators, COM., MAR., TIT., and MENEN.  
Citizens steal away.]*

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird<sup>b</sup> the gods.

*Sic.* Be-mock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him: he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.<sup>c</sup>

*Sic.* Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow

Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder

His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius.

<sup>a</sup> We must here understand, worthy of priority.

<sup>b</sup> Gird. This is the verb of Falstaff's noun, "Every man  
has a gird at me."

<sup>c</sup> There is much dispute about the meaning of this sentence.

<sup>d</sup> The present wars devour him is clear enough, we think;  
the wars absorb, eat up the whole man: and then comes the  
explanation; he is grown too proud of his valour—of being so  
valiant.

*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aims,  
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot  
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
A place below the first: for what miscarries  
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure  
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he  
Had borne the business!"

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his demerits<sup>a</sup> rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come:  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults  
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
In aught be merit not.

*Sic.* Let 's hence, and hear  
How the despatch is made: and in what fashion,  
More than in singularity, he goes  
Upon this present action.

*Bru.* Let 's along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

*1 Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,  
And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours?  
Whatever have<sup>b</sup> been thought on in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'T is not four days gone  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think  
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [Reads.]

"They have press'd a power, but it is not known  
Whether for east or west: The dearth is great;  
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,  
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 't is bent: most likely, 't is for you:  
Consider of it."

*1 Sen.* Our army 's in the field:  
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly  
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when  
They needs must show themselves; which in the  
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,  
To take in<sup>c</sup> many towns, ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

*2 Sen.* Noble Aufidius,  
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:  
Let us alone to guard Corioli:  
If they set down before us, for the remove  
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find  
They 've not prepar'd for us.

*Auf.* O, doubt not that;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;  
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'T is sworn between us we shall ever<sup>d</sup> strike  
Till one can do no more.

<sup>a</sup> *Demerits.* The word is used in a similar sense in 'Othello,' that of *merits*. The meaning of ill-deserving was acquired later; for *demerit* is constantly used for *desert* by the old writers.

<sup>b</sup> *Whatever have*—elliptically, whatever things have.

<sup>c</sup> *in*—subdus.  
<sup>d</sup> *ever strike* we understand, we shall continue to  
we adopt the modern reading of *never*, we must  
be in the sense of striking a colour—yielding.

*All.* The gods assist you  
*Auf.* And keep your honours safe!

*1 Sen.* Farewell.

*2 Sen.*

*All.* Farewell.

SCENE III.—Rome. An Apartment in  
House.

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: They sit  
two low stools, and sew.

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express  
in a more comfortable sort: If my son were  
hand, I should freelier rejoice in that absence  
he won honour, than in the embracements of  
where he would show most love. When yet he  
tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb  
youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way  
for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should  
him an hour from her beholding; I,—consider  
honour would become such a person; that 't  
better than picture-like to hang by the wall, 't  
made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek  
where he was like to find fame. To a crook was  
him; from whence he returned, his brows bent  
oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not new  
at first hearing he was a man-child, than not  
seeing he had proved himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam,  
then?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been  
I therein would have found issue. Hear me  
sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons, each in my love  
and none less dear than thine and my good life  
had rather had eleven die nobly for their country  
one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come  
to you.

*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire  
to my chamber.  
*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

*Vir.* Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;  
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning  
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus:  
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,  
Though you were born in Rome!" His bloody  
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes  
Like to a harvest-man, that 's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

*Vir.* His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

*Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man  
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria  
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit.]

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!  
*Vol.* He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his heels  
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam.

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both? you are manifold  
keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine  
good faith.—How does your little son?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the sword, and hear  
than look upon his schoolmaster.

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son—I'll see

boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him  
y half an hour together: he has such a  
sentenance. I saw him run after a gilded  
d when he caught it, he let it go again;  
gain; and over and over he comes, and  
atched it again: or whether his fall en-  
t how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and  
warrant, how he mammocked it!  
of his father's moods.

sd, la, 't is a noble child.

ack, madam.

s, lay aside your stitchery; I must have  
idle huswife with me this afternoon.

good madam; I will not out of doors.

out of doors?

hall, she shall.

sd, no, by your patience: I will not over  
till my lord return from the wars.

you confine yourself most unreasonably.

ust go visit the good lady that lies in.

I wish her speedy strength, and visit her  
ers; but I cannot go thither.

, I pray you?

not to save labour, nor that I want love.

would be another Penelope: yet, they say,  
he spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill

' moths. Come; I would your cambric

as your finger, that you might leave

r pity. Come, you shall go with us.

good madam, pardon me; indeed I will

uth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you

s of your husband.

od madam, there can be none yet.

y, I do not jest with you; there came

n last night.

sd, madam?

riest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it.

The Volces have an army forth, against

us the general is gone, with one part of

ower: your lord and Titus Lartius are

ee their city Corioli; they nothing doubt

al to make it brief wars. This is true, on

and so, I pray, go with us.

me excuse, good madam; I will ob-ey

hing hereafter.

er alone, lady; as she is now, she will

ir better mirth.

oth, I think she would:—Fare you well,

good sweet lady.—Prithee, Virgilia, turn

s out o' door, and go along with us.

at a word, madam, indeed I must not.

uch mirth.

, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*

*Alarums and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS*  
*Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Mes-*

*enger comes news:—A wager, they have*

*horse to yours, no.*

T is done.

Agreed.

has our general met the enemy?

y lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

he good horse is mine.

I'll buy him of you.

I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him

ill.

undred years.—Summon the town.

far off lie these armies?

Within this mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'latum, and they ours.  
*Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work;*

*That we with smoking swords may march from hence,*

*To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.*

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some*

*Senators, and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

*1 Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he:

That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: Our gates,

Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, afar off;

[*Other alarums.*]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes

Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* O, they are at it!

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

*The Volces enter, and pass over the stage.*

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave

Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,

Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my

fellows;

He that retires I'll take him for a Volce,

And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarums, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.*

*The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-*

*enter MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome!—you herd of—Boils and

plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd

Further than seen, and one infect another

Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run

From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale

With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,

And make my wars on you! look to 't: Come on;

If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another alarum. The Volces and Romans re-entes,*

*and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into*

*Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:

'T is for the followers fortune widens them,

Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*]

*1 Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

*2 Sol.* Nor I.

*3 Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*]

*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS.*

*Lart.* What is become of Marc'us?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

*1 Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,

With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,

Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,

To answer all the city.

*Lart.* O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,

And when it bows stands up! Thou art left, Marc'us

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,

Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

3 F 2

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.  
*Lart.* O! 't is Marcus:  
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.  
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.  
2 *Rom.* And I this.  
3 *Rom.* A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.  
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

*Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.*

*Mar.* See here these movers, that do prize their hours  
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them!—  
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him!—  
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

*Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent  
For a second course of fight.

*Mar.* Sir, praise me not;  
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page!

*Mar.* Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest!—So, farewell.

*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcus!— [Exit MAR.]  
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind: Away! [Exit.

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of Cominius.*

*Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are  
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,  
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard  
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods  
Lead their successes as we wish our own:  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

*Enter a Messenger.*

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

*Mess.* The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcus battle:  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st truth,  
Thinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?  
*Mess.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring thy news so late?

*Mess.* Spies of the Volturnus  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*Com.* What  
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!  
He has the stamp of Marcus; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*Mar.* Come I too late  
*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder  
More than I know the sound of Marcus' trumpet  
From every meaner man.

*Mar.* Come I too late  
*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood  
But mantled in your own.

*Mar.* O! let me clip  
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heat  
As merry as when our nuptial day was done  
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

*Com.* Flower of war  
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other,  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave  
Which told me they had beat you to your tents?  
Where is he? Call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone  
He did inform the truth: But for our gentle  
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did  
From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail  
*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell? I do not  
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so?

*Com.* Marcus, we have at disadvantage fought  
And did retire, to win our purpose.

*Mar.* How lies their battle? Know you  
side  
They have plac'd their men of trust?

*Com.* As I guess  
Their hands in the vaward are the Antiatles,  
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.

*Mar.* I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
We have made to endure friends, that you do  
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiatles:  
And that you not delay the present; but,  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts  
We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking; take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action.

*Mar.* Those are they  
That most are willing:—If any such be  
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this point  
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report;  
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country's dearer than himself;  
Let him alone, or so many so minded,  
Wave thus, [waving his hand] to express his mind.

with Marc'us.

*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

ne! Make you a sword of me?  
ows be not outward, which of you  
r Volces? None of you but is  
ar against the great Aufidius  
is hard as his. A certain number,  
anks to all, must I select from all: the rest  
the business in some other fight,  
will be obey'd. Please you to march;  
shall quickly draw out my command,  
so are best inclin'd.

March on, my fellows:  
I this ostentation, and you shall  
all with us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

*LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of soldiers, and a Scout.*

o, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,  
set them down. If I do send, despatch  
turies to our aid; the rest will serve  
t holding: If we lose the field,  
I keep the town.

Fear not our care, sir.  
I hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  
r, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps.*

*Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee  
as a promise-breaker.

We hate alike;  
owns a serpent I abhor  
thy fame, and envy: Fix thy foot  
at the first budger die the other's slave,  
his doom him after!

If I fly, Marc'us,  
I like a hare.

Within these three hours, Tullus,  
ought in your Corioli walls,  
what work I pleas'd; 'T is not my blood  
you seat me mask'd: for thy revenge  
thy power to the highest.

Wert thou the Hector  
he whip of your bragg'd progeny,  
I list not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Voices come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*  
and not valiant—you have sham'd me  
condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*]

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

*A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other soldiers.*

I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,  
I believe thy deeds: but I'll report it  
others shall mingle tears with smiles;  
at patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
admire; where ladies shall be frighted,  
they quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,  
the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours.

Shall say, against their hearts,—“We thank the gods,  
Our Rome hath such a soldier!”—  
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,  
Having fully din'd before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.*

*Lart.* O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparison:  
Hadst thou beheld—

*Mar.* Pray now, no more: my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done,  
As you have done: that's what I can; induc'd  
As you have been; that's for my country:  
He that has but effected his good will  
Hath overta'en mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know  
The value of her own: 't were a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,  
(In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* Should they not,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,  
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all  
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,  
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution,  
At your only choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marc'us! Marc'us! cast up their caps and lances; COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*]

*Mar.* May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall  
I' the field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel grows soft  
As the parasite's silk!

Let them be made an overture for the wars!<sup>a</sup>  
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd  
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,  
Which without note here 's many else have done,  
You shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolic:  
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted  
In praises sauc'd with lies.

*Com.* Too modest are you;  
More cruel to your good report than grateful

<sup>a</sup> We here venture to make an important change in the generally received reading of this passage. It is invariably printed thus:—

“May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall  
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows  
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made  
An overture for the wars!”

The commentators have long notes of explanation; and they leave the matter more involved than they found it. The slight change we have made gives a perfectly clear meaning. Opposed as we are to editorial licence, we hold ourselves keeping within due bounds in substituting *where* for *when*, and *them* for *him*; for there are several instances of these words having been misprinted in the original copies.

Tell us that give you truly: by your patience.  
 If 'twain yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
 Like one that means his proper harm, in minutes.  
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,  
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
 Wears this war's zarland: in token of the action  
 My noble steel, known to the camp, I give him.  
 With all his trim belonging: and, from this time,  
 For what he do before Corioli, call him,  
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
**CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.**—  
 Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

*All.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

*Cor.* I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
 Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—  
 I mean to stride your steel; and, at all times,  
 To undercrest your good addition,  
 To the fairness of my power.

*Com.* So, to our tent:  
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
 To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
 Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome  
 The best, with whom we may articulate,  
 For their own good, and ours.

*Lart.* I shall, my lord.

*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I that now  
 Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
 Of my lord general.

*Com.* Take it: 't is yours.—What is 't?

*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
 At a poor man's house: he us'd me kindly:  
 He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;  
 But then Aufidius was within my view,  
 And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you  
 To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O, well begg'd!  
 Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
 Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name!

*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot!—  
 I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—  
 Have we no wine here?

*Com.* Go we to our tent:

The blood of  
 It should be

*SCENE*

*A flourish.*

*Auf.* The  
*1 Sol.* T

*Auf.* Com  
 I would I we

Being a Vale  
 What good c

I the part th  
 I have fought

And wouldst  
 As often as w

If e'er again  
 He is mine, c

Hath not that  
 I thought to c

True sword  
 Or wrath, or

*1 Sol.*  
*Auf.* Bobb

pois  
 With only su

Shall fly out  
 Being naked,

The prayers c  
 Embarqueme

Their rotten  
 My hate to

At home, upo  
 Against the h

Wash my the  
 Learn how 't

Be hostages f  
*1 Sol.*

*Auf.* I am  
 I pray you, c

thit  
 How the world

I may spur o  
*1 Sol.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

*Men.* The augurer tells me we shall have news to-  
 night.

*Bru.* Good, or bad?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for  
 they love not Marcius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians  
 would the noble Marcius.

*Bru.* He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Men.* He 's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb.  
 You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall  
 ask you.

*Both Trib.* Well, sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you  
 two have not in abundance?

*Bru.* He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

*Sic.* Especially in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This  
 you are cens  
 right-hand fil

*Both Trib.*

*Men.* Beca

be angry?

*Both Trib.*

*Men.* Why

thief of occasi

give your dis

pleasures; at

you, in being

*Bru.* We c

*Men.* I kn

helps are man

drous single:

much alone.

turn your eye

\* *Embarquem*

Johnson c

that every man

his neighbour's

stows his own."

interior survey of your good selves! O, and then, sir?

Then you should discover a brace of unad, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) me.

Menenius, you are known well enough too. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and to have a cup of hot wine with not a drop of water in 't; said to be something imperfect, the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-trivial motion: one that converses more of the night than with the forehead of the day.

What I think I utter; and spend my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink touch my palate adversely, I make a matter of it. I cannot say your worships have a matter well, when I find the ass in common major part of your syllables: and though content to bear with those that say you are wise men, yet they lie dead that tell you so. If you see this in the roap of my follows it that I am known well enough to harm can your bisson<sup>a</sup> conspectivities this character, if I be known well enough

to you, sir, come, we know you well enough. I know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. I am notorious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you are so wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause of an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then in controversy of three-pence to a second day. When you are hearing a matter between a party, if you chance to be pinched with the like faces like mummings; set up the bloody ill patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-controversy bleeding, the more entangled in the thing: all the peace you make in their cause with the parties knaves: You are a pair of

knives, come, you are well understood to be a pair for the table, than a necessary bencher.

Every priest must become mockers, if they suffer such ridiculous subjects as you are. Speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth of your beards; and your beards deserve a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, imbed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you say, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap worth all your predecessors since Deuigh, peradventure, some of the best of them are hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; for conversation would infect my brain, and of the beastly plebeians: I will be gone by leave of you.

Menenius and Sicinius retire to the back of the stage.

VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

As fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, only, no nobler,) whither do you follow your

honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius after the love of Juno, let 's go.

Menenius coming home? Marcius worthy Meuenius; and with most production.

Menenius my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee!—as coming home!

Menenius. Nay, 't is true. Here 's a letter from him; the state hath

<sup>a</sup> Bisson—blind.

another, his wife another; and I think there 's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw 't.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric<sup>a</sup> tick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows: <sup>b</sup> Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 't was time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he bath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow!

Men. True? I 'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I 't the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*a shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nery arm doth lie;

Which, being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,

With fame, a name to Caius Marcius;

These in honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O! you have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*]

<sup>a</sup> Empiric<sup>a</sup> tick. This is a word coined from empiric, and is spelt in the original "empiric<sup>a</sup> ticks."

<sup>b</sup> Volumnia here answers the question of Menenius, "brings a (he) victory in his pocket?" without noticing the old man's observation about the "wounds."



*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up!  
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius,  
And by deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,  
What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?  
But, O thy wife!

*Cor.* My gracious silence, hail!  
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,  
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,  
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now the gods crown thee!  
*Cor.* And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*  
*Vol.* I know not where to turn;—O welcome home;  
And welcome, general:—And you are welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,  
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy: Welcome:  
A curse begin at very root of his heart  
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three  
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,  
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not  
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:  
We call a nettle but a nettle;  
And the faults of fools but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.  
*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on.

*Cor.* Your hand, and yours:  
[*To his wife and mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
The good patricians must be visited;  
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,  
But with them change of honours.

*Vol.* I have liv'd  
To see inherited my very wishes,  
And the buildings of my fancy:  
Only there 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,  
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother,  
I had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the Capitol!  
[*Flourish. Cornets. Esecunt in state, as before.*  
*The Tribunes remain.*

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
sights  
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse  
Into a rapture<sup>a</sup> lets her baby cry,  
While she chats him; the kitchen malkin<sup>b</sup> pins  
Her richest lockram<sup>c</sup> 'bout her reechy neck,  
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,  
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
With variable complexions: all agreeing  
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens  
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames  
Commit the war of white and damask, in  
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil  
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,  
As if that whatsoever god who leads him  
Were slily crept into his human powers,  
And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden,  
I warrant him consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin, and end; but will  
Lose those he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there 's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt not the commoners, for whom we stand,

<sup>a</sup>ure—fit.

<sup>b</sup>A scarecrow, a figure of rags, is called a *malkin*  
and was no doubt a coarse linen.

But they, upon their ancient malice, will  
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours  
Which that he 'll give them, make I as little of  
As he is proud to do 't.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put  
The napless<sup>a</sup> vesture of humility;  
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* <sup>T is</sup>  
*Bru.* It was his word: O, he would miss it,  
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him  
And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

*Bru.* 'T is most like, he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then, as our good will,  
A sure destruction.

*Bru.* So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For an end,  
We must suggest the people in what hatred  
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he  
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleasures,  
And dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war; who have their provand  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say,—suggest  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall teach the people,—(which time shall not want  
If he be put upon 't, and that 's as easy  
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire  
To kindle their dry stubble;<sup>b</sup> and their blast  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What 's the matter?

*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitol.  
'T is thought that Marcius shall be consul:  
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,  
And the blind to hear him speak: <sup>Matrons</sup>  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs  
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue; and the common people  
A shower and thunder, with their caps and staves:  
I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let 's to the Capitol;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*

*Enter Two Officers, to lay cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: <sup>But</sup>  
many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 't is thought of some  
one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That 's a brave fellow; but he 's very  
proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men  
have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and  
there be many that they have loved, they know not  
wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, and  
hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus  
neither to care whether they love or hate him, neither

<sup>a</sup> *Napless*—threadbare.

<sup>b</sup> *This*—this plan—is the antecedent to "will be his fire"

dge he has in their disposition; and, carelessness, lets them plainly see 't. did not care whether he had their love indifferently 'twixt doing them neither but he seeks their hate with greater hey can render it him; and leaves not at may fully discover him their oppoem to affect the malice and displeasure as bad as that which he dislikes, to their love.

ath deserved worthily of his country: is not by such easy degrees as those who, ple and courteous to the people, bonany further deed to have them at all tion and report: but he hath so planted heir eyes, and his actions in their hearts, gues to be silent, and not confess so nd of ingrateful injury; to report otherlice, that, giving itself the lie, would ad rebuke from every ear that heard it. ore of him: he is a worthy man: Make oming.

r, with *Lictors before them*, COMINIUS MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other INIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators *aces*; the Tribunes *take theirs also by*

g determin'd of the Volces, Titus Lartius, it remains, out of this our after-meeting, ble service, that hath his country: Therefore, please you, nd grave elders, to desire sul, and last general ad successes, to report worthy work perform'd ius Coriolanus; whom both to thank, and to remember ke himself.

Speak, good Cominius: out for length, and make us think, 's defective for requital, tch it out. Masters o' the people, your kindest ears; and, after, tion toward the common body, asses here.

We are convented; treaty; and have hearts pour and advance ir assembly.

Which the rather us'd to do, if he remember of the people than priz'd them at.

That 's off, that 's off;<sup>b</sup> ther had been silent: Please you ius speak?

Most willingly: tion was more pertinent e you give it.

He loves your people; : to be their bedfellow.— us, speak.—Nay, keep your place. RIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.

thello says—  
"My demerits  
May speak, unbanneted."  
how the bonnet. But in the text before us we used also means without the bonnet. Malone ibly took off their bonnets without any he context appears to us to give exactly the : "His ascent is not by such easy degrees as been supple and courteous to the people," as "without any further deed." at is nothing to the matter.

I Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon; I had rather have my wounds to heal again, Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft, When blows have made me stay, I fled from words. You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people, I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.  
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit Cor.]

Men. Masters o' the people, Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter, (That 's thousand to one good one,) when you now see He had rather venture all his limbs for honour, Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held

That valour is the chiefest virtue, And most dignifies the haver: if it be, The man I speak of cannot in the world Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years, When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator, Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian chin he drove The bristled lips before him: he bestrid An o'erpress'd Roman, and i' the consul's view Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met, And struck him on his knee:<sup>a</sup> in that day's feats, When he might act the woman in the scene, He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;

And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since, He lurch'd<sup>b</sup> all swords o' the garland. For this last, Before and in Corioli, let me say I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers; And by his rare example made the coward Turn terror into sport: as weeds before A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp,) Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot He was a thing of blood, whose every motion Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted With shunless destiny, aidless came off, And with a sudden re-enforcement struck Corioli like a planet: Now all 's his: When by and by the din of war gan pierce His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit Re-quickened what in flesh was fatigate, And to the battle came he; where he did Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if 'T were a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd Both field and city ours, he never stood To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man  
I Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at; And look'd upon things precious as they were The common muck o' the world; he covets less Than misery itself would give; rewards His deeds with doing them; and is content To spend the time, to end it.

<sup>a</sup> On his knee—down on his knee.  
<sup>b</sup> Lurch'd. The term is, or was, used in some game of cards, in which a complete and easy victory is called a lurch.

*Men.* He's right noble;  
Let him be call'd for.

*1 Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

*Off.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
To make thee consul.

*Cor.* I do owe them still  
My life and services.

*Men.* It then remains  
That you do speak to the people.

*Cor.* I do beseech you,  
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot  
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you  
That I may pass this doing.

*Sic.* Sir, the people  
Must have their voices; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to 't:—  
Pray you, go fit you to the custom;  
And take to you, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with your form.

*Cor.* It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

*Bru.* Mark you that?  
*Cor.* To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus:—  
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only:—

*Men.* Do not stand upon 't:—  
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

*Sen.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish.* Then exeunt Senators.  
*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*Sic.* May they perceive his intent! He will require  
them,

As if he did condemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come, we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here; on the market-place  
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* The Market-place.

*Enter several Citizens.*

*1 Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought  
not to deny him.

*2 Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

*3 Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is  
a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us  
his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our  
tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if  
he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our  
noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous;  
and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a  
monster of the multitude; of the which, we being  
members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous mem-  
bers.

*1 Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little  
help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the  
corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed  
multitude.

*3 Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that  
our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,  
some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured:  
and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of  
one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and  
their consent of one direct way should be at once to all  
points o' the compass.

*2 Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you  
wit would fly?

*3 Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon as  
man's will, 't is strongly wedged up in a  
but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, soar  
*2 Cit.* Why that way?

*3 Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being  
melted away with rotten dews, the fourth way  
for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

*2 Cit.* You are never without your tricks:  
you may.

*3 Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your  
that's no matter, the greater part carries it:  
he would incline to the people, there was  
worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility  
behaviour. We are not to stay altogether,  
by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and  
He's to make his requests by particulars:  
every one of us has a single honour, in giving  
own voices with our own tongues: therefore  
and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content.  
*Men.* O sir, you are not right: have you not  
The worthiest men have done 't?

*Cor.* What must I  
I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my wounds  
I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From the noise of our own drums.

*Men.* O me, the gods!  
You must not speak of that: you must desire  
To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me? Hang  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by them.

*Men.* You'll mar  
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray  
In wholesome manner.

*Enter two Citizens.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces  
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a  
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

*1 Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought  
*Cor.* Mine own desert.

*2 Cit.* Your own desert?

*Cor.* Ay, not mine own desire.

*1 Cit.* How! not your own desire?

*Cor.* No, sir: 'T was never my desire yet to  
the poor with begging.

*1 Cit.* You must think, if we give you anything  
hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the corn  
*1 Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly, sir? I pray, let me have  
wounds to show you, which shall be yours in part.  
Your good voice, sir; what say you?

*2 Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.  
*Cor.* A match, sir:—There is in all two  
voices begged:—I have your alms; adieu.

*1 Cit.* But this is something odd.  
*2 Cit.* An't were to give again,—But 'tis no  
[*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

*Enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with  
your voices that I may be consul, I have here a  
tomary gown.

*3 Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country,  
you have not deserved nobly.

ma?  
e been a scourge to her enemies, you  
her friends; you have not, indeed,  
people.

ld account me the more virtuous that I  
mon in my love. I will, sir, flatter  
the people, to earn a dearer estimation  
condition they account gentle: and  
of their choice is rather to have my  
, I will practise the insinuating nod,  
a most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I  
e bewitchment of some popular man,  
fully to the desirers. Therefore, be-  
be consul.

to find you our friend: and there-  
voices heartily.

ve received many wounds for your

seal your knowledge with showing  
e much of your voices, and so trouble

gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Ex.*  
t voices!—

better to starve,

e which first we do deserve.

h gown should I stand here,

I Dick, that do appear,

ches? Custom calls me to 't:—

e, in all things should we do 't?

ne time would lie unswept,

error be too highly heap'd

er. Rather than fool it so,

and the honour go

do thus.—I am half through;

'd, the other will I do.

er *thros other Citizens.*

ices.—

our voices I have fought;

voices; for your voices, bear

ten odd; battles thrice six

ard of; for your voices

things, some less, some more; your

consul.

me nobly, and cannot go without any

let him be consul: The gods give

him good friend to the people!

m. God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

ices!

ius, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

e stood your limitation; and the

e people's voice:

he official marks invested,

the senate.

Is this done?

of request you have discharg'd:

it you; and are summon'd

your approbation.

the senate-house?

There, Coriolanus.

nge these garments?

You may, sir.

straight do; and, knowing myself

e-house.

you company.—Will you along?

ere for the people.

Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,  
'T is warm at his heart.

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters? have you chose this  
man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

*Bru.* We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor and worthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,

He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 't is his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us

His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*Cit.* No, no; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*

3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could show

in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore:" When we granted that,

Here was,—"I thank you for your voices,—thank

you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,

I have no further with you:"—was not this mockery?

*Sic.* Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

*Bru.* Could you not have told him,

As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving

A place of potency, and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves? You should have said

That as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices,

And translate his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,

And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd

Either his gracious promise, which you might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

Or else it would have gall'd his sturly nature,

Which easily endures not article

Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,

You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,

And pass'd him unelected.

*Bru.* Did you perceive

He did solicit you in free contempt,

When he did need your loves; and do you think

That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,

When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry

Against the rectorship of judgment?

*Sic.* Have you,

Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again,

On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow

Your sued-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece

'em.

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends, They have chose a consul that will from them take Their liberties; make them of no more voice Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.* Let them assemble; And, on a safer judgment, all revoke Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride, And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not With what contempt he wore the humble weed: How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves, Thinking upon his services, took from you The apprehension of his present portance, Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.* Lay a fault on us, your tribunes, that we labour'd (No impediment between) but that you must Cast your election on him.

*Sic.* Say, you chose him More after our commandment, than as guided By your own true affections; and that your minds Pre-occupied with what you rather must do Than what you should, made you against the grain To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you, How youngly he began to serve his country, How long continued: and what stock he springs of, The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son Who, after great Hostilius, here was king: Of the same house Publius and Quintus were That our best water brought by conduits hither [And Censorinus, darling of the people,] And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor, Was his great ancestor.

*Sic.* One thus descended That hath beside well in his person wrought To be set high in place, we did commend To your remembrances: but you have found Scaling his present bearing with his past, That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke Your sudden approbation.

*Bru.* Say, you ne'er had (Harp on that still,) but by our putting on; And presently, when you have drawn your swords Repair to the Capitol.

*Sic.* We will so: almost all repent in this [Several speak. *Exeunt*

*Bru.* Let them go on; This mutiny were better put in hazard, Than stay, past doubt, for greater: If, as his nature is, he fall in rage With their refusal, both observe and answer The vantage of his anger.

*Sic.* To the Capitol! Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own Which we have goaded onward.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

*Cornets.* Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

*Cor.* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?  
*Lart.* He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the Volces stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon us again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul, so That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius?  
*Lart.* On safeguard he came to me; and did curse Against the Volces, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me?  
*Lart.* He did, my lord.  
*Cor.* How? what?

*Lart.* How often he had met you, sword to sword: That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he?  
*Lart.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.  
[To LARTIUS.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people, The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them; For they do prank them in authority, Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no further.

*Cor.* Ha! what is that?

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to go on: no farther.

*Cor.* What makes this change?

*Men.* The matter.

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the noble and the

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's

1 *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the

place.

*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.

*Sic.* Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your heads?

Must these have voices, that can yield them to And straight disclaim their tongues?—What offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not the Have you not set them on?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by

To curb the will of the nobility;

Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,

Nor ever will be rul'd.

*Bru.* Call 't not a plot:

The people cry you mock'd them; and, of late

When corn was given them gratis, you repeal'd

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.* Not to the

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them since?

*Bru.* How! I inform

<sup>a</sup> The line in brackets is not in the original, but

by Pope. Something is clearly wanting to connect

being censor; and Plutarch tells us who was "noble"

—Censorinus also came of that family, that was so

because the people had chosen him censor twice.

<sup>b</sup> Silence—since.

like to do such business.<sup>a</sup>  
 Not unlike,  
 er yours.  
 should I be consul? By yon clouds,  
 ill as you, and make me  
 ne.  
 You show too much of that  
 rile stir: If you will pass  
 bound, you must inquire your way,  
 it of, with a gentler spirit;  
 ble as a consul,  
 n for tribune.

Let 's be calm,  
 e are abus'd,—set on.<sup>b</sup>—This palt'ring  
 e; nor has Coriolanus  
 shonour'd rub, laid falsely  
 f his merit.

Tell me of corn!  
 ch, and I will speak 't again;—  
 not now.

Not in this heat, sir, now.  
 live, I will.—My nobler friends,  
 ons:  
 rank-scented many,  
 ne as I do not flatter,  
 d themselves: I say again,  
 we nourish 'gainst our senate  
 bellion, insolence, sedition,  
 es have plough'd for, sow'd and scat-  
 with us, the honour'd number;  
 ue, no, nor power, but that  
 given to beggars.

Well, no more.  
 e words, we beseech you.  
 How! no more?  
 y I have shed my blood,  
 rd force, so shall my lungs  
 air decay, against those meazels,  
 i should tetter us, yet sought  
 catch them.  
 k o' the people as if you were a god  
 man of their infirmity.  
 ell we let the people know 't.  
 hat? his choler?

as the midnight sleep,  
 l be my mind!

It is a mind  
 i a poison where it is,  
 urther.

Shall remain!—  
 ton of the minnows? mark you  
 !!

'T was from the canon.  
 Shall!  
 unwise patricians, why,  
 ckless senators, have you thus  
 e to choose an officer,  
 empty *shall*, being but  
 se o' the monsters, wants not spirit  
 your current in a ditch,  
 hannel his? If he have power,  
 ignorance: if none, awake  
 enity. If you are learned,  
 a fools: if you are not,  
 ahions by you. You are plebeians,  
 s: and they are no less,  
 voices blended, the greatest taste  
 s. They choose their magistrate;

in of Cominius is according to the old copy.  
 17.  
 amongst the *cura*.  
 18.

And such a one as ne, woo puts his *shall*,  
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench  
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,  
 It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches  
 To know, when two authorities are up,  
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
 The one by the other.

*Com.* Well—on to the market-place.

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel to give forth  
 The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was used  
 Sometime in Greece,—

*Men.* Well, well, no more of that.

*Cor.* Though there the people had more absolute  
 power,  
 I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
 The ruin of the state.

*Bru.* Why shall the people give  
 One that speaks thus, their voice?

*Cor.* I 'll give my reasons,  
 More worthier than their voices. They know the corn  
 Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd  
 They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to the war,  
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
 They would not thread the gates: this kind of service  
 Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,  
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd  
 Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation  
 Which they have often made against the senate,  
 All cause unborn, could never be the native  
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
 How shall this bosom multiplied digest  
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
 What's like to be their words:—"We did request it;  
 We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
 They gave us our demands:"—Thus we debase  
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
 Call our cares, fears: which will in time  
 Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in  
 The crows to peck the eagles.

*Men.* Come, enough.

*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.

*Cor.* No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
 Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—  
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom  
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
 Real necessities, and give way the while  
 To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows  
 Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—  
 You that will be less fearful than discreet;  
 That love the fundamental part of state  
 More than you doubt the change on 't; that prefer  
 A noble life before a long, and wish  
 To jump \* a body with a dangerous physic  
 That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out  
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick  
 The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour  
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity which should become it;  
 Not having the power to do the good it would,  
 For the ill which doth control it.

*Bru.* He has said enough.

*Sic.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
 As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—  
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?  
 On whom depending, their obedience fails  
 To the greater bench: In a rebellion,  
 When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
 Thou were they chosen; in a better hour,

\* Jump—in the sense of risk.

Let what is most be said, it must be most,  
And thro' their power? the dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason!

*Sic.* This a cause? no.

*Bru.* The *Ætles*, be!—let him be apprehended.

*Sic.* Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS*] in whose name, myself

Attack thee, as a traitorous innovator,

A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!

*Bru. and Pat.* We'll smother him.

*Com.* Aged sir, handle off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones  
Out of thy garments!

*Sic.* Help, ye citizens!

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ætles, and a rabble of Citizens.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he that would take from you all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, *Ætles*!

*Cor.* Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*]

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

*Tribunes, patricians, citizens!*—what, ho!

*Sicinus, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!*

*Cor.* Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

*Men.* What is about to be?—I am out of breath;

*Confusion's* near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes

To the people.—*Coriolanus*, patience:—

*Speak, good Sicinius.*

*Sic.* Hear me, people;—Peace!

*Cor.* Let's hear our tribunes:—Peace! *Speak, speak!*

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties:

*Marcus* would have all from you; *Marcus*,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

*Men.* *Fie, fie, fie!*

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city but the people?

*Cor.* True,

The people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

*Cor.* You so remain.

*Men.* And so are like to do.

*Com.* That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation;

And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.\*

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,

Upon the part o' the people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, *Marcus* is worthy

Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore lay hold of him;

\* We give this speech, as in the original, to the calm and

re-verend *Cominius*. *Coriolanus* is standing apart, in proud and

sullen rage; and yet the modern editors put these four lines

in his mouth, as if it was any part of his character to argue

with the people about the prudence of their conduct. The

editors continue this change in the persons to whom the

speeches are assign'd, without the slightest regard, as it appears

to us, to the exquisite characterisation of the poet. Amidst all

this tumult the first words which *Coriolanus* utters, according

to the original copy, are, "No, I'll die here." He again continues

silent; but the modern editors must have him talking;

so they put in his mouth the calculating sentence, "We

are many friends as enemies," and the equally character-

istic of *Menenius*—"I would they were barbarians,"

we left all these passages precisely as they are in the

original.

Beat him to the rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence  
Down destruction cast him.

*Bru.* *Ætles*, seize him!

*Cor.* Yield, *Marcus*, yield.

*Men.* Hear me, we will

Search you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Æt.* Peace, peace!

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's best;

And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently refuse.

*Bru.* *Sic*, these old ways,

That seem like gradient helps, are very poisonous

When the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,

And bear him to the rock.

*Cor.* No; I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*]

There's some among you have believ'd me fighting;

Come, try upon yourselves what you have set on.

*Men.* Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw

a while.

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

*Men.* Help *Marcus*; help

You that be noble; help him, young and old!

*Cor.* Down with him, down with him!

[*In this scuffling, the Tribunes, &c. seize*

*and the people are beat in.*]

*Men.* Go, get you to your house; be gone, you!

All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

*Com.* Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?

1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 't is a sore upon

You cannot tent yourself; Begone, beseech you.

*Com.* Come, sir, along with us.

*Men.* I would they were barbarians, (as they are,

Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are

not,

Though call'd i' the porch o' the *Capitol*.)—Be gone,

Put not your worthy rage into your tongues;

One time will owe another.

*Cor.* On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

*Men.* I could myself take up a brace of the best of

them; yea, the two tribunes.

*Com.* But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;

And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands

Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence

Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear

What they are used to bear.

*Men.* Pity you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old wit be in request

With those that have but little; this must be patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

*Com.* Nay, come away.

[*Exit CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*]

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world;

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart is his

mouth:

What his breast forges that his tongue must vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever

He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]

Here's goodly work!

2 *Pat.* I would they were so bad!

*Men.* I would they were in *Tyler*!—What a

vengeance,

Could he not speak them fair!

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.*

*Sic.* Where is this rascal?

depopulate the city,  
man himself?

You worthy tribunes,—  
all be thrown down the Tarpeian rock  
hands; he hath resisted law,  
law shall scorn him further trial  
erity of the public power,  
sets at naught.

He shall well know  
tribunes are the people's mouths,  
hands.

He shall, sure on 't.

[Several speak together.

Sir, sir,—

Peace!

not cry havoc, where you should but hunt  
warrant.

Sir, how comes 't, that you have help  
rescue?

Hear me speak :—  
the consul's worthiness,  
his faults :—

Consul!—what consul?  
consul Coriolanus.

He consul!

o, no, no, no!  
by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good  
ple,  
rd, I would crave a word or two;  
all turn you to no further harm  
h loss of time.

Speak briefly then;  
remptory, to despatch  
traitor: to eject him hence  
danger; and to keep him here  
leath; therefore it is decreed,  
ght.

Now the good gods forbid,  
owned Rome, whose gratitude  
deserved children is enroll'd  
a book, like an unnatural dam  
eat up her own!  
a disease that must be cut away.  
e 's a limb, that has but a disease;  
t it off; to cure it, easy.  
done to Rome that 's worthy death?  
memies? The blood he hath lost,  
re vouch is more than that he hath,  
ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:  
left, to lose it by his country,  
ll, that do 't, and suffer it,  
se end o' the world.

This is clean kann.\*  
dy awry: When he did love his country,  
im.

The service of the foot,  
angren'd, is not then respected  
re it was—<sup>b</sup>

We 'll hear no more :—  
o his house, and pluck him thence;  
tion, being of catching nature,  
tr.

One word more, one word.  
sted rage, when it shall find  
uncann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
ounds to his heels. Proceed by process;  
(as he is belov'd) break out,  
eat Rome with Romans.

If it were so,—  
do ye talk?

is to mean, nothing to the purpose.  
k of Menenius is interrupted. He would ask  
ve just not to respect the "service" of the  
ed."

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our *Ædiles* smote! ourselves resisted!—Come :—

*Men.* Consider this;—he has been bred i' the wars  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In bolted language; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.

*I Sen.* Noble tribunes,  
It is the humane way: the other course  
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,  
Be you then as the people's officer :—  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place :—We 'll attend you  
there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed  
In our first way.

*Men.* I 'll bring him to you :—

Let me desire your company. He must come,  
[To the Senators.

Or what is worse will follow.

*I Sen.* Pray you, let 's to him. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears; present me  
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

*I Pat.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads  
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder  
When one but of my ordinance stood up  
To speak of peace or war. I talk of you; [To Vol.  
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me  
False to my nature? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* O, sir, sir, sir,  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man you are,  
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions, if  
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

*Men.* Come, come, you have been too rough, some-  
thing too rough:

You must return, and mend it.

*I Sen.* There 's no remedy;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray be counsell'd:

I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger  
To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman!  
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that



'The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic  
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*Cor.* What must I do?

*Men.* Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.* Well,

What then? what then?

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;

Must I then do 't to them?

*Vol.* You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,  
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,  
That they combine not there.

*Cor.* Tush, tush!

*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour, in your wars, to seem

The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,  
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war; since that to both  
It stands in like request?

*Cor.* Why force you this?

*Vol.* Because that now it lies you on to speak  
To the people; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,  
But with such words that are but rotes in  
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables  
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.  
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd  
I should do so in honour: I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;  
And you will rather show our general lowts  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what that want might ruin.

*Men.* Noble lady!

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

*Vol.* I prithee now, my son,

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;  
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)  
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,  
Which often,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart,<sup>a</sup>  
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry  
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,  
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,  
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,  
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame  
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
As thou hast power and person.

*Men.* This but done,

Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.

<sup>a</sup> This passage has been a stumbling-block to the commentators; and they want to know how the waving the head corrects the stout heart. They have forgotten the maxim which Volunmia has just uttered, "Action is eloquence." She is explaining her meaning by her action:—waving thy head, which often wave—thus—(and she then waves her head several times). She adds, "correcting thy stout heart," be "humble the ripest mulberry."

*Vol.* Prithee now  
Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou hast  
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,  
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* I have been i' the market-place: as  
't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness, or by absence; all 's in argu.

*Men.* Only fair speech.

*Com.* I think 't will work  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must, and will—  
Prithee now say you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go show them my unshak'd  
Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart  
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:  
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcius they to dust should graft,  
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place  
You have put me now to such a part, which never  
I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we 'll permit

*Vol.* I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast wish'd  
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do 't:

Away my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knave  
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up  
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd hand  
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't:  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.* At thy choice then:

To beg of thee it is my more dishonour,  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'd'st it from me  
But owe thy pride thyself.

*Cor.* Pray, be content:

Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd  
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:  
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return command:  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I' the way of flattery, further.

*Vol.* Do your will.

*Com.* Away! the tribunes do attend you—  
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
Than are upon you yet.

*Cor.* The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go  
Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour.

*Men.* Ay, but mildly.

*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [Exit

SCENE III.—*The same. The Market-place.*

*Enter SICIPIUS and BRUCCUS.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home that he shall

r: If he evade us there,  
his envy to the people;  
il, got on the Antiates,  
ated.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

me?

He's coming.

How accompanied?  
Menenius, and those senators  
sur'd him.

Have you a catalogue  
that we have procur'd,  
poll?

I have; 't is ready.  
collected them by tribes?

I have.  
presently the people hither:  
ear me say "It shall be so  
strength o' the commons," be it either  
e, or banishment, then let them,  
"fine;" if death, cry "death;"  
old prerogative  
truth o' the cause.

I shall inform them.  
en such time they have begun to cry,  
se, but with a din confus'd  
ent execution  
ice to sentence.

Very well.  
m be strong, and ready for this hint,  
ap to give 't them.

Go about it.— [*Exit Ædile.*]  
r straight: He hath been us'd  
and to have his worth  
: Being once chaf'd, he cannot  
to temperance: then he speaks  
sart: and that is there which looks  
his neck.

US, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,  
and Patricians.

re he comes.

Calmly, I do beseech you.  
n ostler, that for the poorest piece  
ave by the volume.—The honour'd gods  
safety, and the chairs of justice  
orthy men! plant love among us!  
temples with the shows of peace,  
ets with war!

Amen, amen!

wish.

*Enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

ur, ye people.  
our tribunes; audience: Peace, I say!  
ar me speak.

Well, say.—Peace, ho!  
be charg'd no further than this present  
ine here?

I do demand,  
m to the people's voices,  
era, and are content  
censure for such faults  
d upon you?

I am content.  
rens, he says he is content:  
ice he has done, consider;  
unds his body bears, which show  
e holy churchyard.

Scratches with briars,  
ught only.

Consider further,  
walks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier: Do not take  
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.

*Com.* Well, well, no more.

*Cor.* What is the matter,  
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say then: 't is true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take  
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical;  
For which you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How! Traitor?

*Men.* Nay; temperately: Your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!  
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*Cit.* To the rock; to the rock with him!

*Sic.* Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even this,  
So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath serv'd well for Rome,—

*Cor.* What! do you prate of service?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.*

*Men.* Is this the promise that you made your mother?

*Com.* Know, I pray you,—

*Cor.* I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, flogging, pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

*Sic.* For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
Envied against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power; as now at last  
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence  
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it: In the name o' the people,  
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, banish him our city;  
In peril of precipitation  
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates; I' the people's name,  
I say it shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so: It shall be so; let him away!  
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
friends;—

*Sic.* He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

*Com.*

Let me speak:  
I have been consul, and can show, from Rome,  
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
More holy and profound, than mine own life,  
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins; then if I would  
Speak that—

*Sic.* We know your drift: Speak what?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,  
As enemy to the people and his country:  
It shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so, it shall be so.  
*Cor.* You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate  
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;  
And here remain with your uncertainty!  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders; till, at length,  
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)  
Making not reservation of yourselves,  
(Still your own foes,) deliver you,

As most abated captives, to some nation  
That won you without blows! Despairing  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:  
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS,  
Senators, and Patricians.*]

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone.

*Cit.* Our enemy is banish'd! he is  
hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up*

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;  
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend us through the city.

*Cit.* Come, come, let's see him out at gates  
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—*Cor.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS,  
COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the  
beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage? you were used  
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves  
A noble cunning: you were used to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heavens! O heavens!

*Cor.* Nay, I prithee, woman,—  
*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,  
And occupations perish!

*Cor.* What, what, what!  
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,  
Droop not; adieu!—Farewell, my wife! my mother!  
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,  
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 't is to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well  
My hazards still have been your solace: and  
Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen<sup>a</sup>  
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,) your son  
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautelous baits and practice.

*Vol.* My first<sup>b</sup> son,  
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee a while: Determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposure to each chance  
That starts i' the way before thee.

*Cor.* O the gods!  
*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,  
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth

<sup>a</sup> The *fen* is the pestilential abode of the "lonely dragon,"  
which he makes "feared and talk'd of more than seen."

<sup>b</sup> *First*—in the sense of noblest.

A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.

*Cor.* Fare ye well:—  
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art the  
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruise'd: bring me but out at gates  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, O  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still; and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily  
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep:  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods  
I'd with thee every foot!

*Cor.* Give me thy hand.  
Come.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the*

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUCCUS, and an*

*Sic.* Bid them all home; he's gone, and  
further.—  
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see here side  
In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

*Sic.* Bid them hence:  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dimiss them in  
[*Exit*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and Menenius*  
Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why

*Sic.* They say she's mad.

*Bru.* They have to do

Keep on your way.

*Vol.* O, you're well met: The banish'd  
gods

Requite your love!

*Men.* Peace, peace! he not so low

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you could

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be  
[*Exit*]

shall stay too: [*To SicIN.*] I would I  
the power  
ny husband.

Are you mankind? \*  
fool: Is that a shame?—Note but this  
—  
an my father? Hadst thou foxship  
n that struck more blows for Rome,  
st spoken words?

O blessed heavens!  
noble blows, than ever thou wise words;  
e's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—  
i shalt stay too:—I would my son  
ia, and thy tribe before him,  
rd in his hand.

What then? What then!  
n end of thy posterity.  
rds, and all.—  
e wounds that he does bear for Rome!  
e, come, peace!  
ld he had continued to his country  
and not unknit himself  
ot he made.

I would he had.  
uld he had! 'T was you incens'd the  
le:  
udge as fitly of his worth,  
ose mysteries which heaven  
e earth to know.

Pray, let us go.  
pray, sir, get you gone:  
e a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this;  
i the Capitol exceed  
house in Rome, so far my son,  
usband here, this, do you see,  
ave banish'd, does exceed you all.  
well, we'll leave you.

Why stay we to be baited  
t wants her wits?  
Take my prayers with you.—  
ods had nothing else to do,  
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]  
n my curses! Could I meet them  
y, it would unclog my heart  
eavy to 't.

You have told them home,  
roth, you have cause. You'll sup with  
's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
tarve with feeding.—Come, let 's go:  
nt puling, and lament as I do,  
o-like. Come, come, come.  
fle, fie! [*Exeunt.*]

III.—*A Highway between Rome and  
Antium.*

*a Roman and a Volce, meeting.*  
ow you well, sir, and you know me: your  
, is Adrian.  
so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.  
a Roman; and my services are, as you  
em: Know you me yet?  
nor? No.  
same, sir.  
had more beard when I last saw you, but  
well appeared \* by your tongue. What 's  
ome? I have a note from the Volcian  
rou out there: You have well saved me a

Sicinius asks insultingly whether Volturnus is  
man with the roughness of a man?  
res—scudered apparent.

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrec-  
tions: the people against the senators, patricians, and  
nobles.

*Volc.* Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state  
thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation,  
and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing  
would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so  
to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that  
they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the  
people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever.  
This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature  
for the violent breaking out.

*Volc.* Coriolanus banished?

*Rom.* Banished, sir.

*Volc.* You will be welcome with this intelligence,  
Nicanor.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have  
heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is  
when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble  
Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his  
great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of  
his country.

*Volc.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus  
accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my  
business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most  
strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of  
their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

*Volc.* A most royal one: the centurions, and their  
charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertain-  
ment,\* and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am  
the man, I think, that shall set them in present action.  
So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your com-  
pany.

*Volc.* You take my part from me, sir; I have the  
most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Antium. Before Aufidius's House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and  
muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium: City,  
'T is I that made thy widows: many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will,

Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,

At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, beseech you?

*Cit.* This, here, before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir; farewell.

[*Exit Citizen.*]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,  
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who, twin, as 't were, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissension of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep  
To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,  
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—  
My birthplace hate I, and my love 's upon—

\* *In the entertainment—under engagement for pay.*

This enemy town.—I'll enter : if he slay me,  
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

*Music within. Enter a Servant.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine ! What service is here !  
I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

*Enter another Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Where 's Cotus ? my master calls for him.  
Cotus ! [Exit.]

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* A goodly house : The feast smells well : but I  
Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servant.*

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend ? Whence are  
you ? Here 's no place for you : Pray, go to the door.

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus.

*Re-enter second Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir ? Has the porter his  
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such com-  
panions ? Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away !

2 *Serv.* Away ! Get you away.

*Cor.* Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave ? I'll have you talked  
with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow 's this ?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on : I cannot  
get him out o' the house : Prithce, call my master to  
him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow ? Pray  
you, avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand ; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you ?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some  
other station ; here 's no place for you ; pray you,  
avoid : come.

*Cor.* Follow your function, go ! and batten on cold  
bits. [Pushes him away.]

3 *Serv.* What, will you not ? Prithce, tell my mas-  
ter what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [Exit.]

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou ?

*Cor.* Under the canopy ?

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy ?

*Cor.* Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where 's that ?

*Cor.* I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows ?—What an  
ass it is !—Then thou dwellest with daws too ?

*Cor.* No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir ! Do you meddle with my master ?

*Cor.* Ay ; 't is an honest service than to meddle  
with thy mistress : Thou prat'st, and prat'st ; serve with  
thy trencher, hence ! [Beats him away.]

*Enter Aufidius and the second Servant.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow ?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir ; I'd have beaten him like a dog,  
but for disturbing the lords within.

*Auf.* Whence com'st thou ? what wouldst thou ? Thy  
name ? Why speak'st not ? Speak, man : What 's thy  
name ?

*Cor.* If, Tullus, [unmuffling] not yet thou know'st

me, and, seei  
am, necessity

*Auf.* Wha

*Cor.* A na

And harsh in

*Auf.*

Thou hast a

Bears a com

Thou show'st

*Cor.* Prep

yet

*Auf.* I kn

*Cor.* My r

To thee parti

Great hurt at

My surname

The extreme

Shed for my

But with tha

And witness

Which thou :

The cruelty :

Permitted by

Have all fors

And suffer'd

Whoop'd out

Hath brough

Mistake me :

I had fear'd

I would have

To be full q

Stand I befor

A heart of w

Thine own p

Of shame see

And make m

That my rev

As benefits t

Against my

Of all the un

Thou dar'st r

Thou art tir

Longer to liv

My throat t

Which not t

Since I have

Drawn tuns

And cannot l

It be to do th

*Auf.*

Each word th

A root of anc

Should from

And say, "

Than thee, al

Mine arms al

My grained :

And scar'd t

The anvil of

As hotly and

As ever in an

Content agai

I lov'd the m

Sigh'd truer

Thou noble t

Than when I

Bestride my

We have a p

Once more t

Or lose mine

Twelve sever

Dreamt of en

b Under th

en down together in any sleep,  
helm, biting each other's throat,  
half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,  
other quarrel else to Rome, but that  
ence banish'd, we would muster all  
s to seventy; and, pouring war  
vels of ungrateful Rome,  
flood o'erbeat. O, come, go in,  
r friendly senators by the hands;  
re here, taking their leaves of me,  
epar'd against your territories,  
for Rome itself.

You bless me, gods!  
efore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have  
of thine own revenges, take  
f of my commission; and set down,—  
i art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
y's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;  
knock against the gates of Rome,  
isit them in parts remote,  
em, ere destroy. But come in:  
mend thee first to those that shall  
thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
friend than e'er an enemy;  
is, that was much. Your hand! Most wel-  
me!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*  
*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!  
By my hand, I had thought to have strucken  
cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his  
e a false report of him.

What an arm he has! He turned me about  
nger and his thumb, as one would set up a

Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-  
n: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—  
I how to term it.

He had so; looking as it were,—'Would I  
I but I thought there was more in him than  
ik.

So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the  
' the world.

I think he is: but a greater soldier than he,  
t.

Who? my master?

Nay, it's no matter for that.

Worth six of him.

Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be  
soldier.

Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say  
e defence of a town our general is excellent.  
Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter third Servant.*

O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you  
rv.

rv. What, what, what? let's partake.

I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I  
be a condemned man.

rv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Why, here's he that was wont to thwack  
—Caius Marcius.

Why do you say thwack our general?

I do not say thwack our general; but he was  
I enough for him.

Come, we are fellows, and friends; he was  
d for him; I have heard him say so himself.  
He was too hard for him directly, to say the  
before Corioli he scotched him and notched  
carbonado.

Am he had been cannibally given, he might  
I and eaten him too.

But more of thy news?

Why, he is so made on here within, as if he

were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the  
table: no question asked him by any of the senators,  
but they stand bald before him: Our general himself  
makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand,  
and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But  
the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the mid-  
dle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the  
other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole  
table. He'll go, he says, and sowle<sup>a</sup> the porter of  
Rome gates by the ears: He will mow all down before  
him, and leave his passage polled.<sup>b</sup>

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do 't as any man I can  
imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do 't? he will do 't: For, look you, sir, he  
has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as  
it were,) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as  
we term it) his friends whilst he's in directitude.<sup>c</sup>

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up  
again, and the man in blood, they will out of their bur-  
rows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall  
have the drum struck up this afternoon: 't is, as it were,  
a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe  
their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world  
again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase  
tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as  
far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible,  
and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy;  
mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more  
bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'T is so; and as wars, in some sort, may be  
said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace  
is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one  
another. The wars for my money. I hope to see  
Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they  
are rising.

*All.* In, in, in, in!

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI.—Rome. A public Place.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;  
His remedies are tame i' the present peace  
And quietness o' the people, which before  
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends  
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,  
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, beheld  
Dissentious numbers pretering streets, than see  
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going  
About their functions friendly.

*Enter MENENIUS.*

*Bru.* We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?

*Sic.* 'T is he, 't is he: O, he is grown most kind of  
late. Hail, sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus is not much missed but with  
his friends; the commonwealth doth stand; and so  
would do, were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much better,  
if he could have temporis'd.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

<sup>a</sup> *Sowle*—a provincial word for pull out.

<sup>b</sup> *Polled*—cleared.

<sup>c</sup> *Directitude*. Malone would read *Directitude*. He thinks  
the servant was not meant to talk absolute nonsense. Why  
then does the other servant use the meaning of the fine word?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

*Cit.* The gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* Good-e'en, our neighbours.

*Bru.* Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

*1 Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live, and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

*Cit.* Now the gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time

Than when these fellows ran about the streets,

Crying, Confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,—

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

*Sic.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Ædile.*

*Æd.* Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,

Reports, the Volces with two several powers

Are enter'd in the Roman territories;

And with the deepest malice of the war

Destroy what lies before them.

*Men.* 'T is Aufidius,

Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,  
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,  
And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you of Marcius?

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be  
The Volces dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot he!

We have record that very well it can:  
And three examples of the like have been  
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this:  
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,  
And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.* Tell not me:

I know this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The nobles, in great earnestness, are going  
All to the senate-house: some news is coming  
That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'T is this slave;—  
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!  
Nothing but his report!

*Mess.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*Sic.* What more fearful?

*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
(How probable I do not know,) that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;  
I vows revenge as spacious as between  
young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most li

*Bru.* Rais'd only that the weaker sort may  
Good Marcius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick o

*Men.* This is unlikely:  
He and Aufidius can no more stone\*  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* You are sent for to the senate;  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories; and have already,  
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* O, you have made good work!

*Men.* What news? w

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own  
and

To melt the city leads upon your gates;  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;

*Men.* What's the news? what's the news?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their censures  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an auger's bore.

*Men.* Pray now, your news!—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray,  
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

*Com.*

He is their god; he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better; and they follow him  
Against us brats, with no less confidence  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You have made good

You, and your apron-men; you that stood so  
Upon the voice of occupation, and  
The breath of garlic eaters!

*Com.* He'll shako your Rome about your

*Men.* As Hercules did shake down mellow  
You have made fair work!

*Bru.* But is this true, w

*Com.* Ay; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,  
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame  
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it!

The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people  
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they  
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charge  
even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein show'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'T is true.

If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume 't, I have not the face  
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have  
hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

*Com.* You have

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Tri.* Say not we brought it.

*Men.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him; he  
beasts,

\* *Stone*—be reconciled—*at one*.

ables, gave way unto your clusters,  
m out o' the city.

But, I fear,  
t in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
e of men, obeys his points  
officer:—Desperation  
strength, and defence,  
make against them.

*Enter a Troop of Citizens.*

Here come the clusters.—  
with him?—You are they  
ir unwholesome, when you cast  
reasy caps, in hooting  
xile. Now he's coming;  
pon a soldier's head  
prove a whip; as many coxcombs  
ps up, will he tumble down,  
your voices. 'T is no matter;  
us all into one coal,  
d it.  
e hear fearful news.

For mine own part,  
nish him, I said 't was pity.  
did I.  
did I; and, to say the truth, so did  
: That we did we did for the best; and  
gly consented to his banishment, yet it  
will.

goodly things, you voices!  
You have made  
n and your cry!—Shall us to the

what else? [*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*  
ers, get you home, be not dismay'd.  
that would be glad to have  
they so seem to fear. Go home,  
n of fear.

ds be good to us! Come, masters, let's  
said we were i' the wrong when we  
we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*  
t like this news.

the Capitol:—'Would half my wealth  
for a lie!

Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

—*A Camp; at a small distance from  
Rome.*

AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

still fly to the Roman?  
t know what witchcraft's in him; but  
e him as the grace fore meat,  
de, and their thanks at end;

And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now;  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier  
Even to my person, than I thought he would  
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature  
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir,  
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not  
Join'd in commission with him: but either had borne  
The action of yourself, or else to him  
Had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure,  
When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,  
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;  
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone  
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry  
Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;  
And the nobility of Rome are his:  
The senators and patricians love him too:  
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people  
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,  
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it  
By sovereignty of nature. First he was  
A noble servant to them; but he could not  
Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride,  
Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,  
To fall in the disposing of those chances  
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,  
Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace  
Even with the same austerity and garb  
As he controll'd the war; but one of these  
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,  
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,  
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,  
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time:  
And power, unto itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
Rights by rights fouler,\* strength by strength do fail.  
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

E I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and  
others.

ll not go: you hear what he hath said  
etime his general; who lov'd him  
rticular. He call'd me father:  
? Go, you that banish'd him;  
s tent fall down and knee\*

original. Shakspeare uses *knee* as a verb in

\* To knee his throne."

The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd  
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.* Do you hear?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name:

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

That we have bled together. Coriolanus

He would not answer to: forbaid all names;

\* *Fouler.* We may understand the meaning of the expression  
if we substitute the opposite epithet, *finer*. As it is, the lesser  
rights drive out the greater—the fairer rights fall through the  
*fouler*.



He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire  
Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so; you have made good work:  
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,  
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him how royal 't was to pardon  
When it was less expected: He replied,  
It was a bare petition of a state  
To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well;  
Could he say less?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For his private friends: His answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome musty chaff: He said, 't was folly  
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose the offence.

*Men.* For one poor grain or two?  
I am one of those: his mother, wife, his child,  
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:  
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt  
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your aid  
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not  
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

*Men.* No; I 'll not meddle.  
*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.* What should I do?  
*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcius.

*Men.* Well, and say that Marcius return me,  
As Cominius is return'd, unheard; what then?  
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness? Say 't be so?

*Sic.* Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure  
As you intended well.

*Men.* I 'll undertake it:  
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well: he had not din'd:  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We put upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I 'll watch  
him

Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I 'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I 'll prove him,  
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge  
Of my success. [*Exit.*]

*Com.* He 'll never hear him.  
*Sic.* Not?

*Com.* I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye  
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury  
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;  
'T was very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me  
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,  
He sent in writing after me,—what he would not;  
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:\*

\* Coriolanus sends "in writing" both "what he would do" and "what he would not;" and, in justification of the harshness of his demands, he adds that he is "bound with an oath to yield to his conditions,"—that is, to make his sole law the "conditions" in which he had become placed—his duty to the "state";—to yield himself up entirely to the guidance of "auditions."

So that all hope is vain,  
Unless\* his noble mother, and his wife;  
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's be  
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volscians  
before Rome. The Guard at their station.*

*Enter to them MENENIUS.*

1 G. Stay: Whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and

*Men.* You guard like men; 't is well: But  
leave,

I am an officer of state, and come  
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

*Men.* From

1 G. You may not pass, you must return: you  
Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You 'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire  
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

*Men.* Good my friend

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots<sup>b</sup> to blanks  
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menenius

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your  
Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover: I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have  
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;  
For I have ever verified my friends  
'Of whom he 's chief' with all the size that  
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,  
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his  
Have almost stamp'd the leasing; therefore, let  
I must have leave to pass.

1 G. Faith, sir, if you had told as many  
behalf, as you have uttered words in your  
should not pass here; no, though it were as  
lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Prithee, fellow, remember my name  
nius, always factionary on the party of your

2 G. Howsoever you have been his list, (as  
you have,) I am one that, telling the  
say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I  
speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

*Men.* I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he  
you, when you have pushed out your gates  
defender of them, and in a violent popular  
given your enemy your shield, think to  
venge with the easy groans of old women,  
the palms of your daughters, or with the  
of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be?  
think to blow out the intended fire your city  
flame in, with such weak breath as this? No,  
deceived: therefore, back to Rome, and prepare  
execution: you are condemned; our general  
you out of reprieve and pardon.

*Men.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I was  
would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back  
go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood  
that 's the utmost of your having;—back.

\* Unless is here used in the sense of exempt.

<sup>b</sup> Lots are the whole number of things, and  
a proportion of the whole number.

at fellow, fellow,—

CORIANUS and AUFIDIUS.

the matter?  
 you companion, I'll say an errand for  
 know now that I am in estimation; you  
 hat a jack guardant cannot office me  
 riolanus: guess, but by my entertain-  
 if thou stand'st not i' the state of hang-  
 death more long in spectatorship, and  
 ring; behold now presently, and swoon  
 me upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in  
 out thy particular prosperity, and love  
 an thy old father Menenius does! O,  
 n! thou art preparing fire for us; look  
 er to quench it. I was hardly moved to  
 ut being assured none but myself could  
 ve been blown out of your gates with  
 ure thee to pardon Rome, and thy peti-  
 men. The good gods assuage thy wrath,  
 egs of it upon this varlet here; this who,  
 th denied my access to thee.

away?  
 other, child, I know not. My affairs  
 o others: Though I owe  
 perly, my remission lies  
 sts. That we have been familiar,  
 lness shall poison rather  
 how much.—Therefore, be gone.  
 at your suits are stronger than  
 just my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,  
 ; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.*  
 re sent it. Another word, Menenius,  
 thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,  
 d in Rome: yet thou behold'st—  
 rep a constant temper.

[*Exit CORIANUS and AUFIDIUS.*  
 ir, is your name Menenius?  
 a spell, you see, of much power: You  
 come again.

hear how we are shent\* for keeping your  
 cause, do you think, I have to swoon?  
 er care for the world nor your general:  
 as you, I can scarce think there's any,  
 st. He that hath a will to die by himself,  
 n another. Let your general do his worst.  
 at you are, long; and your misery in-  
 r age! I say to you, as I was said to,  
 [*Exit.*

le fellow, I warrant him.  
 erty fellow is our general: He is the  
 ot to be wind-shaken. [*Exit.*

E III.—*The tent of Coriolanus.*

CORIANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

ll before the walls of Rome to-morrow  
 ost.—My partner in this action,  
 et to the Volcian lords how plainly  
 his business.

Only their ends  
 ected; stopp'd your ears against  
 it of Rome; never admitted  
 per, no, not with such friends  
 been sure of you.

This last old man,  
 crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
 re the measure of a father;  
 me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
 im; for whose old love I have  
 w'd sourly to him) once more offer'd

\* Shent—rebuked

The first conditions which they did refuse,  
 And cannot now accept, to grace him only,  
 That thought he could do more; a very little  
 I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,  
 Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
 Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
 In the same time 't is made? I will not,—

Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS,  
 VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould  
 Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
 The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!  
 All bond and privilege of nature break!  
 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—  
 What is that curtsy worth! or those doves' eyes,  
 Which can make gods forsworn!—I melt, and am not  
 Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;  
 As if Olympus to a molehill should  
 In supplication nod: and my young boy  
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
 Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Voices  
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never  
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,  
 As if a man were author of himself,  
 And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd  
 Makes you think so.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now,  
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,  
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,  
 For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O, a kiss  
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
 I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip  
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,  
 And the most noble mother of the world  
 Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels.*  
 Of thy deep duty more impression show  
 Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O, stand up bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
 I kneel before thee; and unproperly  
 Show duty, as mistaken all this while  
 Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

*Cor.* What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
 Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds  
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;  
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
 What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior;

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola,  
 The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,  
 That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,  
 And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours,  
 Which by the interpretation of full time  
 May show like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers,  
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
 Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove  
 To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
 And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy.

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself, Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace : Or, if you 'd ask, remember this before,— The things I have forsworn to grant may never Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate Again with Rome's mechanics :—Tell me not Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not To allay my rages and revenges, with Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* O, no more, no more ! You have said you will not grant us anything ; For we have nothing else to ask but that Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ; That, if you fail in our request, the blame May hang upon your hardness ; therefore hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volces, mark ; for we 'll Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself How more unfortunate than all living women Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ; Making the mother, wife, and child, to see The son, the husband, and the father, tearing His country's bowels out. And to poor we Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy : For how can we, Alas ! how can we for our country pray, Whereto we are bound ? together with thy victory, Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person, Our comfort in the country. We must find An evident calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win : for either thou Must, as a foreign recreant, be led With manacles through our streets, or else Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ; And bear the palm, for having bravely shed Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son, I purpose not to wait on fortune till These wars determine :<sup>\*</sup> if I cannot persuade thee Rather to show a noble grace to both parts Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner March to assault thy country than to tread (Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb, That brought thee to this world.

*Vir.* Ay, and mine, That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name Living to time.

*Boy.* A shall not tread on me ; I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be, Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. I have sat too long. [Rising.]

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus. If it were so that our request did tend To save the Romans, thereby to destroy The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us, As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit Is that you reconcile them : while the Volces May say, " This mercy we have show'd ; " the Romans, " This we receiv'd ; " and each in either side Give the all-bail to thee, and cry, " Be bless'd For making up this peace ! " Thou know'st, great son, ' end of war 's uncertain ; but this certain,

<sup>\*</sup> Determine—come to an end.

That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name, Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ; Whose chronicle thus writ,—" The man who nobly But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ; Destroy'd his country ; and his name remains To the ensuing age abhorr'd. " Speak to me, sir : Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour, To imitate the graces of the gods ; To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air, And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ? Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak : He cares not for your weeping. Speak, then, lady : Perhaps thy childishness will move him more Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets us part Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy ; When she, (poor hen ! ) fond of no second hood, Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home, Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust, And spurn me back : But, if it be not so, Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee That thou restrain'st from me the duty which To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away : Down, ladies ! let us shame him with our tears. To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride Than pity to our prayers. Down : An end : This is the last :—So we will home to Rome, And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold our This boy, that cannot tell what he would have, But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship, Does reason our petition with more strength Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go : This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ; His wife is in Corioli, and his child Like him by chance :—Yet give us our despatch. I am hush'd until our city be afire, And then I 'll speak a little.

*Cor.* O mother, mother !

[Holding VOLUCENA by the hand, who kneels.] What have you done ? Behold the heavens do open. The gods look down, and this unnatural scene They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O ! You have won a happy victory to Rome : But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it, Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd, If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—Aufidius, though I cannot make true war, I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius, Were you in my stead, would you have heard A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius !

*Auf.* I was mov'd withal.

*Cor.* I dare be sworn you were. And, sir, it is no little thing to make Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir, What peace you 'll make, advise me : for my part, I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you ; and pray you Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

*Auf.* I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and honour

At difference in thee : out of that I 'll work Myself a former fortune.

[The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.]  
*Cor.* Ay, by and by ; [To Vol. and Vir.] But we will drink together ; and you shall hear A better witness back than words, which we, On like conditions, will have countenanced. Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve To have a temple built you : all the swords In Italy, and her confederate arms, Could not have made this peace. [Exeunt.]

NE IV.—Rome. *A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond'

, what of that?

t be possible for you to displace it with  
ger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome,  
s mother, may prevail with him. But I  
no hope in 't; our throats are sentenced,  
n execution.

ossible that so short a time can alter the  
a man?

re is differency between a grub and a  
t your butterfly was a grub. This Mar-  
c from man to dragon: he has wings; he 's  
creeping thing.

ved his mother dearly.

lid he me: and he no more remembers his  
han an eight-year old horse. The tartness  
urs ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves  
e, and the ground shrinks before his tread-  
able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks  
and his hum is a battery. He sits in his  
hing made for Alexander. What he bids  
shed with his bidding. He wants nothing  
eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

erney, if you report him truly.

aint him in the character. Mark what  
ther shall bring from him: There is no  
in him than there is milk in a male tiger;  
r poor city find: and all this is 'long of

ods be good unto us!

in such a case the gods will not be good  
hen we banished him we respected not  
e returning to break our necks, they re-

*Enter a Messenger.*

if you 'd save your life, fly to your house;  
s have got your fellow-tribune,  
n up and down; all swearing, if  
ladies bring not comfort home,  
him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

What 's the news?

od news, good news:—the ladies have  
vail'd,  
s are dialog'd, and Marcius gone:  
y did never yet greet Rome,  
xpulsion of the Tarquins.

Friend,

ain this is true? is it most certain?  
ertain as I know the sun is fire:  
you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?  
s an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
sported through the gates. Why, bark you!  
gets and hautboys sounded, and drums  
aten, all together. *Shouting also within.*  
s, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
dance. Hark you! *Shouting again.*

This is good news:

et the ladies. This Volumnia  
onsuls, senators, patricians,  
of tribunes such as you  
nd full: You have pray'd well to-day;  
s, for ten thousand of your throats  
given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

*Shouting and music.*

the gods bless you for their tidings: next,  
bankfulness.

*Mess.*

Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.*

They are near the city?

*Mess.*

Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.*

We will meet them.

And help the joy.

*Going.*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians,  
and People. They pass over the Stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,

And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,

Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;

Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!

*[A flourish with drums and trumpets.*

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antium. *A public Place.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords of the city I am here:

Deliver them this paper: having read it,

Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,

Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse

The city ports by this hath enter'd, and

Intends to appear before the people, hoping

To purge himself with words: Despatch.

*[Exeunt Attendants.*

*Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.*

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

*Auf.*

Even so

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,

And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.*

Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent wherein

You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you

Of your great danger.

*Auf.*

Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain whilst

'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.*

I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits

A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd

Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,

He water'd his new plants with dew of flattery,

Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,

He bow'd his nature, never known before

But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,

When he did stand for consul, which he lost

By lack of stooping,—

*Auf.*

That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;

Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;

Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way

In all his own desires; nay, let him choose

Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,

My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame,

Which he did end all his; and took some pride

To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,

I seem'd his follower, not partner; and

He wag'd me with his countenance, as if

I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.*

So he did, my lord:

The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,

When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd

For no less spoil than glory,—

*Auf.* There was it;—  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action: Therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, bark!

[Drums and trumpets sound, with great  
shouts of the people.]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home; but he returns  
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear  
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more;  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

*Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I have not deserv'd it;  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you?

*Lords.* We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines: but there to end  
Where he was to begin, and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge; making a treaty where  
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

*Auf.* He approaches; you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a crowd  
of Citizens with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;  
No more infected with my country's love  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage led your wars, even to  
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home  
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
With no less honour to the Antiates,  
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,  
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords;  
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  
He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor!—How now?—

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.

*Cor.* Marcius!

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou think  
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Corioli?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome  
(I say your city) to his wife and mother:  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at others.

*Cor.* Hear't it

*Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears

*Cor.*

*Auf.* No more.

*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my  
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O sh  
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ev  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my  
Must give this cur the lie: and his own nat  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him, th  
My beating to his grave) shall join to thrus  
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and bear m

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and  
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False h  
If you have writ your annals true, 't is the  
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli:  
Alone I did it.—Boy!

*Auf.* Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune  
Which was your shame, by this unholv lea  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

*Con.* Let him die for 't. [Several spe  
*Cit.* [Speaking promiscuously.] Tear his

do it presently. He killed my son;—my d  
He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed m

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace  
The man is noble, and his fame fills m  
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to  
Shall have judicious \* bearing.—Stand, Au  
And trouble not the peace.

*Cor.* O, that I had him  
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawfi sword!

*Auf.* Insolent villain!

*Con.* Kill, kil kill, kill, kill him!

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw  
CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUSTIN  
on him.]

*Lords.* Hold, hold, h

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O!

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereof  
weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all,  
Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know  
rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great dang  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll see  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your hono  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his bod

And mourn you for him: let him be regard  
As the most noble corse that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience

Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone,

And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up  
Help, three o' the chieftest soldiers; I'll be us  
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully:  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist. [Exeunt, bearing the body of Cori

A dead march sounded.

\* Justified—judicial.



H. MILLAR, SC.

G. H. T. DEL.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.



to Concord. Her power had increased; her territory had extended. In compounding their differences the patricians and the plebeians had appropriated to themselves all the wealth and honours of the state. There was a neglected class that the social system appeared to reject, as well as to despise. The aristocratic party was again brought into a more terrible conflict with the impoverished and the destitute. Civil war was the natural result. Sulla established a short-lived constitution. The dissolution of the Republic was at hand: the struggle was henceforth to be not between classes, but individuals. The death of Julius Cæsar was soon followed by the final termination of the contest between the republican and the monarchical *principle*. Shakspeare saw the grandeur of the crisis; and he seized upon it for one of his lofty expositions of political philosophy. He has treated it as no other poet would have treated it, because he saw the exact relations of the contending principle to the future great history of mankind. The death of Cæsar was not his catastrophe: it was the death of the Roman Republic at Philippi.

Of all Shakspeare's characters none require to be studied with more patient attention than those of Brutus and Cassius, that we may understand the resemblances and the differences of each. The leading distinctions between these two remarkable men, as drawn by Shakspeare, appear to us to be these: Brutus acts wholly upon principle; Cassius partly upon impulse. Brutus acts only when he has reconciled the contemplation of action with his speculative opinions; Cassius allows the necessity of *some* action to run before and govern his opinions. Brutus is a philosopher; Cassius is a partisan. Brutus therefore deliberates and spares; Cassius precipitates and denounces. Brutus is the nobler instructor; Cassius the better politician. Shakspeare, in the first great scene between them, brings out these distinctions of character upon which future events so mainly

detect a want of art; and drawn by Shakspeare, has been drawn below the historical colour, but as representing him in that Shakspeare was wholly of the action of *this drama* of power, was haunted by desiring the title of king. For cause that made him more desire he had to be called upon which the whole act turns. There might have been the subject. The death of the catastrophe. The monarchical principles might have been the subject. The republican principles might have been the subject. The death of Cæsar; and previously held the balance between the two principles. We have claimed, indeed, our principles of Cæsar and his principles of Cæsar's greatness and chose another course. An ready slippancy, of ignorant wanted classical knowledge trouble? "The fault of the plot," says Hazlitt. The truth had he said—the character of the plot. While Cæsar is upon the plot. While Cæsar is upon the poet, largely interpreting the ward workings of "the called king;" and most a notions of characterization together we profess to receive of Cæsar with a perfect character that character upon fixed the prominent character of the plot to be. It is true

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p><b>JULIUS CÆSAR.</b> Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. <i>SAR, a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.</i> Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5. <i>NIUS, a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.</i> Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. <i>PIDUS, a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.</i> Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. <i>CICERO, a senator.</i> Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. <i>PUBLIUS, a senator.</i> Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. <i>ILIUS LENA, a senator.</i> Appears, Act III. sc. 1. <i>a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.</i> Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. <i>inspirator against Julius Cæsar.</i> Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3. <i>spirator against Julius Cæsar.</i> Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. <i>conspirator against Julius Cæsar.</i> Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. <i>onspirator against Julius Cæsar.</i> Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. <i>a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.</i> Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. <i>BER, a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.</i> Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. <i>spirator against Julius Cæsar.</i> Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. <i>LAVIUS, a tribune.</i> Appears, Act I. sc. 1.</p>	<p><i>MARULLUS, a tribune.</i> Appears, Act I. sc. 1. <i>ARTEMIDORUS, a sophist of Cnidos.</i> Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. <i>A Soothsayer.</i> Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. <i>CINNA, a poet.</i> Appears, Act III. sc. 3. <i>A Poet.</i> Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. <i>LUCILIUS, a friend to Brutus and Cassius.</i> Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. <i>TITINIUS, a friend to Brutus and Cassius.</i> Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3. <i>MESSALA, a friend to Brutus and Cassius.</i> Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. <i>Young CATO, a friend to Brutus and Cassius.</i> Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4. <i>VOLUMNIUS, a friend to Brutus and Cassius.</i> Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5. <i>VARRO, servant to Brutus.</i> Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. <i>CLITUS, servant to Brutus.</i> Appears, Act V. sc. 5. <i>CLAUDIUS, servant to Brutus.</i> Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. <i>STRATO, servant to Brutus.</i> Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5. <i>LUCIUS, servant to Brutus.</i> Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. <i>DARDANIUS, servant to Brutus.</i> Appears, Act V. sc. 5. <i>PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.</i> Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3. <i>CALPHURNIA, wife to Cæsar.</i> Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. <i>PORTIA, wife to Brutus.</i> Appears, Act I. sc. 2; Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. <i>Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &amp;c.</i></p>
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A GREAT PART OF THE PLAY AT ROME: AFTERWARDS AT SARDIS; AND NEAR PHILIPPI.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

*MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.*  
Come, you idle creatures, get you

What! know you not,  
you ought not walk,  
lay, without the sign  
—Speak, what trade art thou?  
a carpenter.

Why, leather apron, and thy rule?  
Is thy best apparel on?—  
What art thou?  
In respect of a fine workman, I am  
a cobbler.  
What trade art thou? Answer me directly.

*2 Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe  
conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Flav.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,  
what trade?

*2 Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me:  
yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou  
saucy fellow!

*2 Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

\* The modern editors give this speech to Marullus; and they propose other changes in the allotment of the speeches to the tribunes. They assume that only one should take the lead; whereas it is clear that the dialogue is more natural, certainly more dramatic, according to the original arrangement, where Flavius and Marullus alternately rate the people, like two smiths smiting on the same anvil.



2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl : I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes ; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings he home ?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !  
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The livelong day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds,  
Made in her concave shores ?

And do you now put on your best attire ?  
And do you now cull out a holiday ?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?  
Be gone !

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Ex. Citizens.*]  
See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd ;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;  
This way will I : Disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so ?  
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter ; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets :  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Place.*

*Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR ; ANTONY, for the course ; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following ; among them a Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,—

*Casca.* Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*]  
*Cæs.* Calphurnia,—

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—  
*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Ke off their steril curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember ;  
When Cæsar says " Do this," it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.

*Sooth.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Ha ! Who calls ?  
*Casca.* Bid every noise be still :—Peace !

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press that calls on a  
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry, Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.  
*Cæs.* What are you ?

*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides  
*Cæs.* Set him before me ; let me see his face.

*Cæs.* Fellow, come from the throng : I  
Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now ? Speak  
*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :—  
[*Senet. Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

*Cæs.* Will you go see the order of the court ?  
*Bru.* Not I.

*Cæs.* I pray you, do.  
*Bru.* I am not gamesome : I do lack some

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;  
I'll leave you.

*Cæs.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
And show of love, as I was wont to have :  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,  
Be not deceiv'd : If I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behavior ;  
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved  
(Among which number, Cassius, be you not)  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cæs.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook  
By means whereof this breast of mine hath  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cæs.* 'T is just :  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will show  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have seen  
Where many of the best respect in Rome  
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me ?

*Cæs.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself,  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :  
Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protestor ; if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them ; or if you know

myself in haughting  
; then hold me dangerous.  
[Flourish and shout.  
means this shouting? I do fear the  
le  
for their king.

Ay, do you fear it?  
sink you would not have it so.  
ld not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—  
do you hold me here so long?  
you would impart to me?  
oward the general good,  
ne eye, and death i' the other,  
k on both indifferently:  
ls so speed me as I love  
onour more than I fear death.  
r that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
I know your outward favour.  
s the subject of my story.—  
hat you and other men  
ife; but, for my single self,  
it be as live to be  
a thing as I myself.

as Cæsar; so were you:  
fel as well; and we can both  
iter's cold as well as he:  
a raw and gusty day,  
Tiber chafing with her shores,  
ne, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
re into this angry flood,  
onder point?"—Upon the word,  
was, I plunged in,  
follow: so, indeed, he did.  
r'd; and we did buffet it  
ews; throwing it aside  
it with hearts of controversy.  
ld arrive the point propos'd,  
Help me, Cassius, or I sink."

ur great ancestor,  
ames of Troy upon his shoulder  
es bear, so, from the waves of Tiber  
Cæsar: And this man  
a god; and Cassius is  
ature, and must bend his body,  
ssly but nod on him.  
when he was in Spain,  
fit was on him, I did mark  
ake: 't is true, this god did shake:  
s did from their colour fly;  
eye whose bend doth awe the world  
tre: I did hear him groan:  
ngue of his that bade the Romans  
write his speeches in their books.

"Give me some drink, Titinius."  
Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
a feeble temper should  
of the majestic world,  
alm alone. [Shout. Flourish.  
r general shout!

it these applauses are  
onours that are heap'd on Cæsar.  
man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
s; and we petty men  
s huge legs, and peep about  
es dishonourable graves.  
me are masters of their fates:  
Brutus, is not in our stars,  
s, that we are underlings.

rive without the preposition has an example in  
of Milton:—  
"Who shall spread his airy flight,  
ne with indefatigable wings  
he vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
appy isle."

Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [Shout.  
Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
What you would work me to, I have some aim;  
How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
I will consider; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear: and find a time  
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;  
Brutus had rather be a villager,  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning  
Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;  
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf.

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak: Would you speak with me?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad?

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice: What was the last cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offer'd him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'T is very like: he hath the falling sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, and honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeas'd them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he, when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

Did Cicero say anything?

*i.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

To what effect?

Nay, an I tell you that I'll ne'er look you in the face again: But those that understood him

smiled at one another, and shook their heads: mine own part, it was Greek to me. I can give you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, the scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence well. There was more foolery yet, if I can but remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Cæsar?

*Casca.* No, I am promis'd forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind be as good as your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so: farewell both.

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown Cæsar! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cas.* So he is now, in execution of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you.

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so:—till then, think of the business. [*Exit*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see Thy honourable metal may be wrought From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 't is meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes; For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd? Cæsar doth bear me hard: But he loves Brutus. If I were Brutus now, and he were Cæsar, He should not humour me. I will this night In several hands, in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, Writings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at: And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure; For we will shake him, or worse days ensue.

### SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca: Brought you home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you? *Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cæsar, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and do, To be exalted with the threatening clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven; Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you anything more remarkable?

*Casca.* A common slave (you know one by sight) Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remained unscorch'd. Besides, (I have not since put up my sword) Against the Capitol I met a lion,

\* To bring one on his way was to seem just.

me, and went surly by  
me: and there were drawn  
hundred ghostly women,  
their fear; who swore they saw  
folk up and down the streets.  
The bird of night did sit,  
upon the market-place,  
singing. When these prodigies  
meet, let not men say  
reasons,—They are natural;”  
they are portentous things  
that they point upon.  
It is a strange-disposed time:  
Strange things, after their fashion,  
in response of the things themselves.  
The Capitol to-morrow?  
No; for he did bid Antonius  
that he would be there to-morrow.  
What then, Casca: this disturbed sky

Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Where?

A Roman.

What is good. Casca, by your voice.  
What is good. Cassius, what night is  
this?—  
Leaving night to honest men.  
You never knew the heavens menace so?  
It has known the earth so full of

we walk'd about the streets,  
into the perilous night;  
And, Casca, as you see,  
as soon to the thunder-stone:  
The red-blue lightning seem'd to open  
the heaven, I did present myself  
and very flash of it.  
Therefore did you so much tempt the

men to fear and tremble,  
mighty gods, by tokens, send  
signals to astonish us.  
Hail, Casca; and those sparks of life  
that are a Roman you do want,  
do not: You look pale, and gaze,  
and cast yourself in wonder,  
and impatience of the heavens:  
Consider the true cause  
of this, why all these gliding ghosts,  
phantoms, from quality and kind;  
Sons, and children calculate;  
Signs change from their ordinance,  
And pre-formed faculties,  
And ability,—why, you shall find,  
I infus'd them with these spirits,  
Instruments of fear and warning  
of your state.  
Casca, name to thee a man  
of a fearful night;  
The lightning opens graves, and roars  
in the Capitol:  
Louder than thyself, or me,  
The earth; yet prodigious grown,  
And these strange eruptions are.  
What Caesar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?  
Who it is: For Romans now  
are like to their ancestors,

original has *glaz'd*. A well-known quotation  
given by Stevens, is decisive as to the  
word in the passage before us.—  
Must no speculation in those eyes  
bea dost glare with?

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Caesar as a king:  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.]

Casca. So can I:  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with hands will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O, grief!  
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this  
Before a willing bondman: then I know  
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man  
That is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold my hand:  
Be factious\* for redress of all these griefs;  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know by this they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element  
In favour's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in  
haste.

Cas. 'T is Cinna, I do know him by his gait;  
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.  
O, Cassius, if you could but win the noble Brutus  
To our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper  
And look you, lay it in the praetor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window: set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,

\* *Factions*. To be factious, in its original sense, is to be  
doing; but Malone suggests that it means "embody a party or  
faction."

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

*Cin.* All, but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will bid,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Ex. Cin.*]  
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already; and the man entire,

Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.  
*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's eyes,  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.  
*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and ere day  
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Brutus's Orchard.

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius! ho!—  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When, Lucius, when!—Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?  
*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Bru.* It must be by his death; and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—  
How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—  
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
Remorse<sup>b</sup> from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:  
But when he once attains the utmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities:  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;  
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir,  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

*Bru.* Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
't is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]  
"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.  
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!"

So in 'Richard II.'—

"When, Harry, when!"

<sup>a</sup> A common expression of impatience.

<sup>b</sup> Remorse—i. e. pity tenderness.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"—  
Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up.  
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What  
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king  
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated  
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee  
If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

*Bru.* 'T is good. Go to the gate; some  
[*Exit.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,  
I have not slept.  
Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of a man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 't is your brother Cassius<sup>b</sup> at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about  
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour.<sup>c</sup>

*Bru.* Let them enter. [*Exit.*]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek out  
spiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:  
For if thou path,<sup>d</sup> thy native semblance show,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

<sup>a</sup> *A man.* So the original; but Steevens and other editors omit the article, which clearly explains what he intended it. *A man* individualizes the description; and the "genius" on the one hand, means the spirit, or the compelling higher power moving the spirit, while the "mortal instruments" has reference to the bodily powers which sets in action.

<sup>b</sup> Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

<sup>c</sup> Favour—countenance.

<sup>d</sup> Path—walk on a trodden way—more forward motion.

CASCA, DECIVS, CINNA, METELLUS  
IMBRI, and TREBONIUS.

we are too bold upon your rest :  
Brutus. Do we trouble you ?  
been up this hour ; awake all night.  
men that come along with you ?  
every man of them ; and no man here  
is : and every one doth wish  
at opinion of yourself  
ble Roman fears of you  
us.

He is welcome hither.  
Decius Brutus.

He is welcome too.  
Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this, Metellus  
Imbri.  
We are all welcome.  
We care do interpose themselves  
at night ?  
entreat a word ? [ *They whisper.*  
The east : Doth not the day break

on, sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines  
clouds are messengers of day.  
I shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.  
My sword, the sun arises ;  
it way growing on the south,  
the fruitful season of the year.  
We hence, up higher toward the north  
his fire ; and the high east  
Capitol, directly here.  
We your hands all over, one by one.  
I us swear our resolution.  
I an oath : If not the face of men,  
of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
We are weak, break off betimes,  
I hence to his idle bed ;  
I led tyranny range on,  
I drop by lottery. But if these,  
I they do, bear fire enough  
I rid, and to steel with valour  
I rits of women ; then, countrymen,  
I any spur but our own cause  
I address ? what other bond,  
I means, that have spoke the word,  
I alter ? and what other oath,  
I honesty engag'd,  
I be, or we will fall for it ?  
I and cowards, and men cautious,  
I lions, and such suffering souls  
I strong ; unto bad causes swear  
I as men doubt : but do not stain  
I of our enterprise,  
I massive metal of our spirits,  
I for our cause, or our performance,  
I th ; when every drop of blood  
I can bears, and nobly bears,  
I several bastardy,  
I he smallest particle  
I that hath pass'd from him.  
I at of Cicero ? Shall we sound him ?  
I stand very strong with us.  
I is not leave him out.

No, by no means.  
We have him ; for his silver hairs  
We as a good opinion,  
I voices to commend our deeds ;  
I his judgment rul'd our hands ;  
I d wildness, shall no whit appear,  
I ed in his gravity.  
I e him not ; let us not break with him ;

*Cautious*—wary, circumspect.

For he will never follow anything  
That other men begin.

Casca. Then leave him out.  
Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.  
Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar ?  
Casca. Decius, well urg'd :—I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar : We shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver ; and you know his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;  
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood ;  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,  
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,  
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;  
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds ;  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
When Cæsar's head is off.

Casca. Yet I fear him :  
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—  
Bru. Alas, good Cassius ! do not think of him :  
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar :  
And that were much he should ; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.  
Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;  
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[ *Clock strikes*  
Bru. Peace ! count the clock.  
Casca. The clock hath stricken three.  
Treb. 'T is time to part.

Casca. But it is doubtful yet  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :  
For he is superstitious grown of late ;  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies ;  
It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd  
I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does ; being then most flattered.  
Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.  
Casca. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.  
Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?  
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.  
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.  
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him ;<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> By him—by his house.

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
Send him but tidings, and I'll fashion him.

*Cæs.* The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you,  
*Brutus*—

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember  
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;  
Let not our looks put on our purposes;  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:  
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy! *Lucius*!—Fast asleep! It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care drives in the brains of men:  
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you  
now?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

*Por.* Not for yours neither. You have ungently,  
*Brutus,*

Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:  
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What is Brutus sick?  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,  
I beseech you, by my once commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you: for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
From darkness.

Kneel not, gentle Portia.  
I would not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
I should know no secrets  
of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
I should know no secrets  
to you? Am I yourself  
in sort or limitation;  
or at meals, comfort your bed,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know it  
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:  
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience  
And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the character of my sad brows:—  
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Por.*]

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

*Lucius,* who 's that knock?

*Luc.* Here is a sick man that would speak with  
*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of—  
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.  
*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, leave  
To wear a kerchief! 'Would you were not sick!

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have it hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius,*  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable lions!  
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick men  
*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must make sick?

*Bru.* That must be also. What it is, my *Caius,*  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot;  
And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me close. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.* A Room in Cæsar's Tent.  
*Thunder and lightning.* *Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at part  
to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!" Who's within?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?  
*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifices,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord.

*Enter CALPURNIA.*

*Cal.* What aery you, Cæsar? Think you  
forth?





SCENE III.—*The same. A Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.*

*Art.* "CÆSAR, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Calpurnius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you. Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,"

"ARTEMIDORUS"

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live:  
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—  
O constancy, be strong upon my side!  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—  
Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?  
And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth: And take good note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.*

*Prithee, listen with*

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fay,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Por.*

*Come hither, boy*

Which way hast thou been?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is 't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended  
wards him?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I  
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is nam'd:  
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. *[Exit.*

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!  
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit  
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;  
Say I am merry: come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *[Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

*A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O, Cæsar, read mine first: for mine's a suit  
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What, urge you your petitions in the street?  
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cæs.* What enterprise, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

*[Advances to CÆSAR.]*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cæs.* He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive:  
I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

*Cæs.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention—  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cæs.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*[Exit ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.]*

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd: \* press near, and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.

*Cæs.* Are we all ready? what is now amiss?

That Cæsar, and his senate, must remove?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most powerful

Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:—

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men;

And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,

\* Address'd—address'd.

of children. Be not fond,  
 That Caesar bears such rebel blood,  
 That thaw'd from the true quality  
 Of such melteth fools; I mean sweet words,  
 Flattering, and base spaniel fawning.  
 By decree is banished:  
 Send, and pray, and fawn, for him,  
 Like a cur, out of my way.  
 For doth not wrong: nor without cause  
 Justified.

There is no voice more worthy than my own,  
 To speak sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,  
 To tell of my banish'd brother?  
 I'll touch his hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;  
 That Publius Cimber may  
 Have free mediation for repeal.  
 Enter BRUTUS.

Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon:  
 Thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
 Thy speech doth fire the blood,  
 To set on fire the ambition for Publius Cimber.  
 It would be well mov'd if I were as you;  
 For I would move, and prayers would move me:  
 As constant as the northern star,  
 So fixed and resting quality  
 Have I in the firmament.

Painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
 Fire, and every one doth shine;  
 But one in all doth hold his place:  
 So I will furnish'd well with men,  
 With blood, and apprehensive;  
 For I do know but one  
 That holds on his rank,  
 And motion: and, that I am he,  
 I'll show it,—even in this,  
 That constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
 And that I do remain to keep him so.

Enter CÆSAR.—  
 Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?  
 Enter CÆSAR.—

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?  
 Speak, hands, for me.

*He stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches  
 of his arm. He is then stabbed by several  
 conspirators, and at last by MARCUS  
 BRUTUS.*

*Brutus falls, Cæsar.  
 Dies. The senators and people retire in  
 confusion.*

Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—  
 Proclaim, cry it about the streets,  
 To the common pulpits, and cry out,  
 Liberty, and enfranchisement!  
 Senators! be not affrighted;  
 And still—ambition's debt is paid.  
 To the pulpit, Brutus.

And Cassius too.  
 Where's Publius?

Quite confounded with this mutiny.  
 Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's  
 Come—  
 Not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;  
 My arm intended to your person,  
 I'll leave you else: so tell them, Publius.  
 Leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
 As you should do your age some mischief,  
 So—and let no man abide this deed  
 Of ours.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Where is Antony?  
 To his house amaz'd:  
 Children stare, cry out, and run,  
 As wondrously on a day.  
 We'll know your pleasures:—

That we shall die we know; 't is but the time,  
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Casca.* Why he that cuts off twenty years of life  
 Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
 So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd  
 His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
 And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
 Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
 Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;  
 And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
 Let's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence  
 Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
 In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
 That now on Pompey's basis lies along,  
 No worthier than the dust!

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
 So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
 The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:  
 Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels  
 With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

*Bru.* Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:  
 Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;  
 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:  
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
 Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;  
 Say, I lov'd Brutus, and I honour him;  
 Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
 How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
 So well as Brutus living; but will follow  
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,  
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
 I never thought him worse.  
 Tell him, so please him, come unto this place,  
 He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
 Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant]

*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.  
*Cas.* I wish we may: but yet have I a mind  
 That fears him much; and my misgiving still  
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark  
 Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?  
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
 Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—  
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
 As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument  
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
 With the most noble blood of all this world.  
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
 Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony! beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done :  
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :  
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear ;  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand :  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;  
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.—  
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true :  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corpse ?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave  
hart ;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.  
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie !

*Cas.* Mark Antony,—  
*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius ;  
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;  
Then in a friend it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;  
But what compact mean you to have with us ?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle.  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That 's all I seek :  
And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place ;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.—  
You know not what you do : Do not consent  
That Antony speak in his funeral :

Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter ?

*Bru.* By your pardon ;—  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death ;  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission,  
And that we are contented Cæsar shall  
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall : I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;  
And say you do 't by our permission ;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral : And you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;  
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.  
[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry "Havock,"<sup>a</sup> and let slip the dogs of war ;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?  
*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—  
O Cæsar !— [*Seeing the lord*]

*Ant.* Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what  
chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile ;  
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse  
Into the market-place : there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;  
According to the which thou shalt disclose  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with Cæsar's body*]

<sup>a</sup> *Havock*, according to Sir William Blackstone, was a  
military operation of ancient times, the word by which  
you was made that no quarter should be given.

NE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

us and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.  
will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.  
follow me, and give me audience, friends—  
you into the other street,  
numbers.—

ill hear me speak, let them stay here;  
ill follow Cassius, go with him;  
reasons shall be rendered  
leath.

I will hear Brutus speak.

ill hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,  
illy we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

e noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!  
patient till the last.

untrymen, and lovers! hear me for my  
be silent, that you may hear: believe me  
our; and have respect to mine honour,  
y believe: censure me in your wisdom;  
e senses, that you may the better judge.  
any in this assembly, any dear friend of  
him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was  
his. If then that friend demand why Brutus  
loves Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I  
less, but that I loved Rome more. Had  
Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than  
were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar  
weeps for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice  
was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was  
slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy,  
e; honour, for his valour; and death, for his  
Who is here so base that would be a bond-  
y, speak; for him have I offended. Who  
ade that would not be a Roman? If any,  
him have I offended. Who is here so vile  
love his country? If any, speak; for him  
led. I pause for a reply.

e, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*  
none have I offended. I have done no  
ear than you shall do to Brutus. The  
his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his  
tenanted, wherein he was worthy; nor his  
reed, for which he suffered death.

STONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who,  
had no hand in his death, shall receive the  
dying, a place in the commonwealth: As  
shall not? With this I depart: That, as  
est lover for the good of Rome, I have the  
for myself, when it shall please my country  
death.

Brutus, live! live!  
ing him with triumph home unto his house.  
ve him a statue with his ancestors.  
it him be Cæsar.

Cæsar's better parts

would in Brutus.  
e'll bring him to his house with shouts and  
amours.

countrymen,—

Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

face, ho!

ed countrymen, let me depart alone,  
y sake, stay here with Antony:

Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,  
mission, is allow'd to make.

t you not a man depart,

ie, till Antony have spoke.

ay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says for Brutus' sake.

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cit.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your  
ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me.

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his say-  
ings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the  
crown;

Therefore, 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than An-  
tony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,



III.—*The same. A Street.*  
*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*  
 to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,  
 kily charge my fantasy:  
 wander forth of doors,  
 ds me forth.  
*Enter Citizens.*  
 your name?  
 are you going?  
 to you dwell?  
 a married man or a bachelor?  
 every man directly.  
 briefly.  
 wisely.  
 truly, you were best.  
 my name? Whither am I going?  
 !? Am I a married man or a bache-  
 answer every man directly, and briefly,  
 ; wisely I say, I am a bachelor.  
 as much as to say they are fools that

marry: You 'll bear me a lang for that, I fear. I ro-  
 ceed; directly.  
*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.  
 1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?  
*Cin.* As a friend.  
 2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.  
 4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.  
*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.  
 3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.  
*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.  
 1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.  
*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.  
 4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his  
 bad verses.  
*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.  
 2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but  
 his name out of his heart, and turn him going.  
 3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-  
 brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to  
 Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius':  
 away; go! [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

—*A Room in Antony's House.\**  
*Antony, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.*  
 any then shall die; their names are  
 other too must die; Consent you,  
 I?  
 ent—  
 Prick him down, Antony.  
 addition Publius shall not live,  
 r's son, Mark Antony.  
 not live: look, with a spot I damn  
 you to Cæsar's house;  
 ther, and we shall determine  
 me charge in legacies.  
 all I find you here?  
 r at the Capitol. [Exit LEP.]  
 slight unmeritable man,  
 o errands: Is it fit,  
 old divided he should stand  
 o share it?  
 So you thought him;  
 e who should be prick'd to die,  
 ence and proscription.  
 , I have seen more days than you:  
 ay these honours on this man,  
 of divers slanderous loads,  
 r them as the ass bears gold,  
 at under the business,  
 en, as we point the way;  
 ght our treasure where we will,  
 wu his load, and turn him off,  
 y ass, to shake his ears,  
 amons.  
 You may do your will;  
 and valiant soldier.  
 horse, Octavius; and, for that,  
 store of provender.  
 at I teach to fight,  
 to run directly on;  
 ion govern'd by my spirit.  
 te, is Lepidus but so;

He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:  
 A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
 On objects, arts, and imitations,<sup>a</sup>  
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
 Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,  
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
 Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius  
 Are levying powers: we must straight make head:  
 Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,  
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;  
 And let us presently go sit in council,  
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
 And open perils surest answer'd.  
*Oct.* Let us do so: for we are at the stake,  
 And bay'd about with many enemies;  
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
 Millions of mischief. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and  
 Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.*  
*Bru.* Stand, ho!  
*Luc.* Give the word, ho! and stand.  
*Bru.* What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?  
*Luc.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is come  
 To do you salutation from his master.  
 [PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]  
*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,  
 In his own change, or by ill officers,  
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
 Things done, undone: but if he be at hand  
 I shall be satisfied.  
*Pin.* I do not doubt  
 But that my noble master will appear  
 Such as he is, full of regard and honour.  
*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;  
 How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.  
*Luc.* With courtesy, and with respect enough  
 But not with such familiar instances,  
 Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
 As he hath used of old.

It is well known, did not meet at Rome to  
 ption. But it is evident that Shakspere  
 Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's  
 he shall find his confederates " or here, or

\* Lepidus is called barren, because, a mere follower of others,  
 he feeds  
<sup>a</sup> On objects, arts, and imitations,  
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
 Begin his fashion."

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?  
*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd :  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

*Bru.* Hark, he is arriv'd :—  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho !  
*Bru.* Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.  
*Bru.* Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;  
And when you do them—

*Bru.* Cassius, be content ;  
Speak your griefs<sup>a</sup> softly,—I do know you well :—  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle : Bid them move away ;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no man  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus.*

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm ?  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement !  
*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember !  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

<sup>a</sup> *Griefs*—grievances.

*Cas.* Brutus, bait not me ;  
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man !

*Cas.* Is't possible ?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ?

*Cas.* O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

*Bru.* All this ? ay, more : Fret, till your purple  
break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I bear  
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you ! for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this ?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier :  
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well : For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way ; you wrong  
Brutus ;

I said an elder soldier, not a better :  
Did I say better ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cassar liv'd he durst not thus  
mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace ! you durst not so have touch'd  
him.

*Cas.* I durst not ?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What ? durst not tempt him ?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love ;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for :  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me :—  
For I can raise no money by vile means :  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wrap  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection ! I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me : Was that done like Cassius ?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not :—he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath  
heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

dly eye could never see such faults.  
 er's would not, though they do appear  
 Olympos.  
 Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
 lves alone on Cassius,  
 weary of the world :  
 e loves; brav'd by his brother ;  
 bondman; all his faults observ'd,  
 ok, learn'd and conn'd by rote,  
 teeth. O, I could weep  
 mine eyes!—There is my dagger,  
 aked breast; within, a heart  
 itus' mine, richer than gold :  
 t a Roman, take it forth ;  
 ee gold, will give my heart :  
 lidst at Cæsar; for, I know,  
 t hate him worst thou lov'dst him better  
 lov'dst Cassius.

Sheath your dagger ;  
 you will, it shall have scope ;  
 ll, dishonour shall be humour.  
 are yoked with a lamb  
 er as the flint bears fire ;  
 orced, shows a hasty spark,  
 cold again.

Hath Cassius liv'd  
 and laughter to his Brutus,  
 l blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?  
 spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.  
 confess so much? Give me your hand.  
 y heart too.

O Brutus!—  
 What 's the matter?  
 ou not love enough to bear with me,  
 humour which my mother gave me  
 tful?

Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
 ver-earnest with your Brutus,  
 ir mother chides, and leave you so.

[Noise within.  
 n.] Let me go in to see the generals.  
 radge between them, 't is not meet

s.] You shall not come to them.  
 n.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.  
 w? What 's the matter?  
 me, you generals: What do you mean?  
 ends, as two such men should be;  
 more years, I am sure, than ye.  
 ! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!  
 t hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!  
 th him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.  
 ve his humour, when he knows his time:  
 e wars do with these jiggling fools?  
 ce!

Away, away, be gone! [Exit Poet.]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.  
 s and Titinius, had the commanders  
 t their companies to-night.  
 me yourselves, and bring Messala with

us. [Exit LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.  
 Lucius, a bowl of wine.  
 t think you could have been so angry.  
 us, I am sick of many griefs.  
 : philosophy you make no use,  
 e to accidental evils.  
 n bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.  
 rtia?  
 lead.  
 ap'd I killing when I cross'd you so!

O insupportable and touching loss!  
 Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;  
 And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
 Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death  
 That tidings came:—With this she fell distract,  
 And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl o'  
 wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in

yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Mes-

sala:

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is

'T is better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a forc'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;



Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :  
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :  
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius :  
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd  
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought. *[Exit.]*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;  
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

*[Exit PINDARUS.]*

This day I breathed first : time is come round,  
And where I did begin there shall I end ;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

*Pin.* *[Above.]* O my lord !

*Cas.* What news ?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen that make to him on the spur ;  
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him ;  
Now, Titinius !—Now some 'light :—O, he 'lights too :—  
He 's ta'en ;—and hark ! they shout for joy. *[Shout.]*

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.—  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

*Enter PINDARUS.*

Come hither, sirrah :  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath !  
Now, be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the hilts ;  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,  
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. *[Dies.]*

*Pin.* So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him ?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart !

*Mes.* Is not that he ?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,  
So his red blood Cassius' day is set ;  
The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;  
Our deeds are done ! Our dearest days are done !  
Our success hath done this deed

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this  
O hateful error, melancholy's child !

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not ? O error, soon conceiv'd,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus ! Where art thou, Pindarus ?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius : whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;  
For piercing steel, and darts envenom'd,  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

*[Exit Messala.]*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius !  
Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give 't thee ? Didst thou not bid me  
shout ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything.  
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come away,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
By your leave, gods :—This is a Roman's part :  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *[Exit.]*

*Alarum.* *Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.*

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder ; and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails. *[Low noise.]*

*Cato.* Brave Titinius !

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these ?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe some tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body ;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come.—

And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on.—

'T is three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet we fight.

We shall try fortune in a second flight. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum.* *Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies,*

*then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your hands.

*Cato.* What bastard doth not ! Who will not fight  
me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho ! *[Charges the army.]*

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I

Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

*[Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is over-*

*powered, and falls.]*

*Luc.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ;

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

I Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.* Only I yield to thee.

h that thou wilt kill me straight;  
 [Offering money.  
 d be honour'd in his death.  
 must not.—A noble prisoner!  
 a, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.  
 ill the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, my lord.  
 is he?  
 Antony; Brutus is safe enough;  
 ee that no enemy  
 alive the noble Brutus:  
 d him from so great a shame!  
 nd him, or alive, or dead,  
 nd like Brutus, like himself.  
 not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,  
 in worth: keep this man safe,  
 ndness: I had rather have  
 friends, than enemies. Go on,  
 Brutus be alive, or dead:  
 ord, unto Octavius' tent,  
 ; is chanc'd. [Exeunt.

V.—Another part of the Field.

ES, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and  
 VOLUMNIUS.  
 poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.  
 e show'd the torchlight; but, my lord,  
 ck; he is or ta'en, or slain.  
 e down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;  
 fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[Whispering.  
 , my lord? No, not for all the world.  
 then, no words.

I 'll rather kill myself.  
 hee, Dardanius.— [Whispers him.  
 Shall I do such a deed?  
 anius!

us!  
 I request did Brutus make to thee?  
 him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.  
 that noble vessel full of grief,  
 er even at his eyes.  
 ither, good Volumnius: list a word.  
 ays my lord?

Why, this, Volumnius:  
 cesar hath appear'd to me  
 es by night: at Sardis once;  
 ight, here in Philippi fields.  
 r is come.

Not so, my lord.  
 am sure it is, Volumnius.  
 world, Volumnius, how it goes;  
 ve beat us to the pit:  
 y to leap in ourselves,  
 they push us. Good Volumnius,  
 hat we two went to school together;  
 ar love of old, I prithee,  
 sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.  
 not an office for a friend, my lord.  
 [Alarum still.

Clit. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.  
 Bru. Farewell to you—and you;—and you, Volum-  
 nius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
 Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,  
 My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,  
 I found no man but he was true to me.  
 I shall have glory by this losing day,  
 More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
 So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue  
 Hath almost ended his life's history:  
 Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,  
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within; Fly fly, fly!  
 Clit. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence; I will follow.  
 [Exeunt CLIT., DARD., and VOL.

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:  
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect;  
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:  
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my  
 lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:  
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.  
 [He runs on his sword, and dies.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,  
 MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their army.

Oct. What man is that?  
 Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;  
 The conquerors can but make a fire of him;  
 For Brutus only overcame himself,  
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,  
 Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.  
 Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.  
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

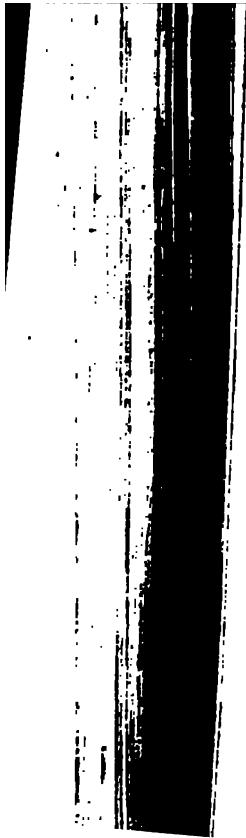
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.  
 Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?  
 Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
 That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
 All the conspirators, save only he,  
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
 He only, in a general honest thought,  
 And common good to all, made one of them.  
 His life was gentle; and the elements  
 So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,  
 And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,  
 With all respect and rites of burial.  
 Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
 Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—  
 So call the field to rest: and let 's away,  
 To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt.





ANTONY  
AND  
CLEOPATRA.

INTRODUCTORY RE

'THE Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is not divided into acts and scenes in the original; but the stage-directions, like those of the other Roman plays, are very full. The text is, upon the whole, remarkably accurate; although the metrical arrangement is, in a few instances, obviously defective.

The Life of Antonius, in North's 'Plotarch,' has been followed by Shakspeare with very remarkable fidelity; and there is scarcely an incident which belongs to this period of Antony's career which the poet has not engrafted upon, his wonderful performance. The poetical power, subjecting the historical minuteness to an all-pervading harmony, is one of the most remarkable efforts of Shakspeare's genius.

"Of all Shakspeare's historical plays," says Coleridge, "Antony and Cleopatra is by far the most wonderful." He again says, assigning it a place even higher than that of being the most wonderful of the *historical* plays, "The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the Antony and Cleopatra is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, and Othello." The epithet "wonderful" is unquestionably the right one to apply to this drama. It is too vast, too gorgeous, to be approached without some prostration of the understanding. It pours such a flood of noonday splendour upon our senses, that we cannot gaze upon it steadily. We have read it again and again; and the impression which it leaves again and again is that of wonder.

The ANTONY of this play is of course the Antony of Julius Cæsar;—not merely the historical Antony, but the dramatic Antony, drawn by the same hand. He is the orator that showed dead Cæsar's mantle to the Roman people; he is the soldier that after his triumph over Brutus said, "This was a man." We have seen something of his character; we have learnt a little of his voluptuousness; we have heard of the "masker and the reveller;" we have beheld the unscrupulous politician. But we cannot think meanly of him. He is one great, either for good or for evil. Since he fought

at Philippi  
Cæsar thus a

Wast beate  
Hirtius and  
Did Famin  
Though da  
Than avag

There came a

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And these

And, higher

"Her tongue

Her heart

That stand

And neithe



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY, a *triumvir*.

Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10; sc. 12; sc. 13.

TAVIUS CÆSAR, a *triumvir*.

Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 6; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 1; sc. 2.

ÆMIL LEPIDUS, a *triumvir*.

Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2.

## SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.

S ENOBARDUS, a *friend of Antony*.

Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 8; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 9.

VITIDIUS, a *friend of Antony*.

Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

EROS, a *friend of Antony*.

Act I. sc. 5; sc. 9. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 12.

CARUS, a *friend of Antony*.

Act III. sc. 8. Act IV. sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10.

BRETAS, a *friend of Antony*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 12. Act V. sc. 1.

METRIUS, a *friend of Antony*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

PHILO, a *friend of Antony*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

CECENAS, a *friend of Cæsar*.

Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

GRIPPA, a *friend of Cæsar*.

Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 1.

LABELLA, a *friend of Cæsar*.

Act III. sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

OCULIUS, a *friend of Cæsar*.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

MYRUS, a *friend of Cæsar*.

Appears, Act III. sc. 10; sc. 11.

GALLUS, a *friend of Cæsar*.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

MENAS, a *friend of Pompey*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.

MENEGRATES, a *friend of Pompey*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

VARRIUS, a *friend of Pompey*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar*.

Appears, Act III. sc. 8.

CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony*.

Appears, Act III. sc. 7; sc. 8.

SILIUS, an *officer in Ventidius's army*.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

EUPHRONIUS, an *ambassador from Antony to Cæsar*.

Appears, Act III. sc. 10; sc. 11.

ALEXAS, an *attendant on Cleopatra*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.

MARDIAN, an *attendant on Cleopatra*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 11; sc. 13.

SELEUCUS, an *attendant on Cleopatra*.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

DIOMEDES, an *attendant on Cleopatra*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 12; sc. 13.

## A Soothsayer.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3.

## A Clown.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 7; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 8; sc. 10; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.

OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.

CHARMIAN, an *attendant on Cleopatra*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.

IRAS, an *attendant on Cleopatra*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—DISPERSED; IN SEVERAL PARTS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

## ACT I.

Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

but this dotage of our general's measure: those his goodly eyes, files and musters of the war like plated Mars, now bend, now turn, to devotion of their view front: his captain's heart, scuffles of great fights hath burst in his breast, renegues\* all temper;

renounces. This is usually spelt *reneges*. The have adopted gives us the proper pronunciation,

And is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple\* pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

\* *Triple* is here used in the sense of third, or one of three. So in 'All's Well that Ends Well' we have a *triple eye* for a third eye. We are not aware that any other author uses *triple* otherwise than in the ordinary sense of three-fold.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.  
*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven,  
 new earth.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome—  
*Ant.* Grates me:<sup>a</sup>—The sum.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony:  
 Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows  
 If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent  
 His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;  
 Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;  
 Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

*Ant.* How, my love!  
*Cleo.* Perchance,—nay, and most like,  
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
 Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
 Where's Fulvia's process?<sup>b</sup> Caesar's, I would say.—  
 Both.—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,  
 Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine  
 Is Caesar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame  
 When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch  
 Of the rang'd empire<sup>c</sup> fall! Here is my space.  
 Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike  
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life  
 Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,  
 And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,  
 On pain of punishment, the world to weat<sup>d</sup>  
 We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood!  
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?  
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony  
 Will be himself—

*Ant.* But stir'd by Cleopatra.<sup>e</sup>—  
 Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,  
 Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:  
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
 Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.  
*Ant.* Fie, wrangling queen!  
 Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives  
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!  
 No messenger; but thine and all alone,  
 To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note  
 The qualities of people. Come, my queen;  
 Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO., with their Train.*]

*Dem.* Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight?  
*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
 He comes too short of that great property  
 Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I'm full sorry  
 That he approves the common liar, who  
 Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope  
 Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.*

*Char.* Lord ALEXAS, sweet ALEXAS, most anything  
 ALEXAS, almost most absolute ALEXAS, where's the sooth-  
 sayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I

<sup>a</sup> *Grates me*—offends me; is grating to me.  
<sup>b</sup> *Process*—summons.  
<sup>c</sup> *Rang'd empire*. Capell properly explains this—"Orderly  
 rang'd—whose parts are now entire and distinct, like a number  
 of built edifices."  
<sup>d</sup> *Weat*—to know.  
<sup>e</sup> *Anty* accepts Cleopatra's belief of what he will be. He  
 himself; but still under the influence of Cleopatra; and  
 what that influence is, he continues, "Now, for the  
 love," &c.

knew this husband, which, you say, must  
 horns with garlands!

*Alex.* Soothsayer.  
*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir,  
 things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrets  
 A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; with  
 Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.  
*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.  
*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than y

*Char.* He means in flesh.  
*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!  
*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be attent

*Char.* Hush!  
*Sooth.* You shall be more loving than

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with  
*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent jests  
 be married to three kings in a forenoon,

them all: let me have a child at fifty, to w  
 of Jewry may do homage: find me to ma

Octavius Caesar, and companion me with m  
*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life  
 figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and prov'd a fa  
 fortune

Than that which is to approach.  
*Char.* Then, belike my children shall have

Prithoe, how many boys and wenches must I  
*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a wumb

And fertile every wish, a million.  
*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a wish.

*Alex.* You think none but your sheels an  
 your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras here.  
*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-  
 be—drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if  
 else.

*Char.* Even as the o'erflowing Nilus press  
 mine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot see  
*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful

nostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prit  
 her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.  
*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.  
*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of  
 better than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.  
*Char.* Our worse thoughts heavens mend!

—come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him  
 woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee

let her die too, and give him a worse! and let  
 follow worse, till the worst of all follow him

to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis,  
 this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of

weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!  
*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that praye

people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a  
 man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to see

<sup>e</sup> *Change*—vary, give a different appearance

re uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep  
and fortune him accordingly!

Amen.  
Now, now! if it lay in their hands to make me  
lady, they would make themselves whores but  
not.  
Tush! here comes Antony.

Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

How now my lord?

No, lady.

Was he not here?

No, madam.

He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden  
thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—  
Madam.

Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's  
Alexas?

Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

We will not look upon him: Go with us.  
Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS,  
ARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.  
Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.  
Against my brother Lucius?

By:

What war had end, and the time's state  
ends of them, jointing their force 'gainst  
Caesar;

Enter issue in the war, from Italy,  
first encounter, drave them.

Well, what worst?

The nature of bad news infects the teller.  
When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:  
It are past are done with me.—'T is thus:  
I am true, though in his tale lie death,  
as he flatter'd.

Labiens

(If news) hath, with his Parthian force,  
Asia from Euphrates;  
bearing banner shook from Syria  
and to Ionia;

Antony, thou wouldst say,—

O, my lord!

Speak to me home, mince not the general  
consequence;

Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:  
In Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults  
with full licence as both truth and malice  
be to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds  
that quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,  
bring us Fare thee well a while.  
I do your noble pleasure.

[Exit.

From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.  
The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?  
He stays upon your will.

Let him appear.—

My Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Myself in dotage.—What are you?

Seized upon. Nearly all Shakspeare's contem-  
poraries to the second syllable of Euphrates short.  
proposes to read *missis* instead of *winds*. Before we  
reading we must be satisfied that the old one is  
do we "bring forth weeds?" In a heavy and  
when there are no "quick winds" to mellow the  
up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough,  
ands, then, are the voices which bring us true reports  
to our inaction. When these winds lie still we  
seeds. But the metaphor is carried farther: the  
rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the know-  
own faults—ills—is as the ploughing itself—the

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Where die she?

2 Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a letter.

Ant.

Forbear me.—

[Exit Messenger

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:  
What our contempts do often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;  
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break off;  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how  
mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our  
departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die:  
It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though,  
between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed  
nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this,  
dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon  
far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death,  
which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such  
a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing  
but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her  
winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater  
storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this  
cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower  
of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful  
piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal,  
would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.  
When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man  
from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth;  
comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out  
there are members to make new. If there were no more  
women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the  
case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with consol-  
ation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—  
and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water  
this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state  
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here can-  
not be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which  
wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break  
The cause of our expellence to the queen,  
And get her love to part. For not alone  
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,  
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too  
Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius  
Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands  
The empire of the sea; our slippery people  
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserv



Till his deserts are past) begin to throw  
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,  
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,  
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,  
The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,  
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do 't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—

I did not send you:—If you find him sad

Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report

That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit* ALEXAS.]

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,  
You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do I do not?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;  
In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Enter* ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

*Cleo.* I am sick and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;  
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand farther from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;

'Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 't is I that keep you here,

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think you can be mine, and true,  
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words: No going then;—  
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;  
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven: They are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know  
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a while; but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change: My more particular,  
And that which most with you should safe my going  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read

The garboils<sup>b</sup> she awak'd; at the last, best;

See when and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,

As you shall give the advice: By the fire

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,

Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war

As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—

But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,

So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;

And give true evidence to his love, which stands

An honourable trial.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.

I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;

Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears

Belong to Egypt: ° Good now, play one scene

Of excellent dissembling; and let it look

Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood; no more.

*Cleo.* You can do better yet; but this is wretchedly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target,—Still he mends!

But this is not the best: Look, prithee, Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman does become

The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it;

Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;

That you know well: Something it is I would,—

O, my oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'T is sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;

Since my becomings kill me, when they do not

Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword

Sit laurel<sup>d</sup> victory, and smooth success

Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come:

<sup>a</sup> Safe—render safe.

<sup>b</sup> Garboils—disorders, commotions.

<sup>c</sup> Egypt—the queen of Egypt.

<sup>d</sup> Laurel. The use of the substantives adjectively was a peculiarity of the poetry of Shakespeare's time, which has been revived with advantage in our own day.

so abides, and flies,  
ling here, go'st yet with me,  
ecting, here remain with thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

—Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

ay see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
s natural vice to hate  
etitor: from Alexandria  
s: He fishes, drinks, and wastes  
ight in revel: is not more manlike  
; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
than he: hardly gave audience,  
to think he had partners: You shall  
here  
be abstract of all faults  
allow.

I must not think there are  
arken all his goodness:  
im, seem as the spots of heaven,  
ight's blackness; hereditary,  
rebas'd; what he cannot change,  
chooses.  
e too indulgent: Let's grant it is not  
on the bed of Ptolemy;  
lom for a mirth; to sit  
um of tipping with a slave;  
sts at noon, and stand the buffet  
at smell of sweat; say, this becomes  
re must be rare indeed  
ngs cannot blemish,) yet must Antony  
his soils,\* when we do bear  
in his lightness. If he fill'd  
th his voluptuousness,  
d the dryness of his bones,  
't: but, to confound such time.  
y from his sport, and speaks as loud  
, and ours,—'t is to be chid  
; who, being mature in knowledge,  
rience to their present pleasure,  
judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Here's more news.  
ddings have been done; and every hour,  
ar, shalt thou have report  
l. Pompey is strong at sea  
e is belov'd of those  
fear'd Cæsar: to the ports  
repair, and men's reports  
wrong'd.

I should have known no less:—  
ght us from the primal state,  
y was wish'd, until he were:  
an, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,  
being lack'd. This common body,  
nd flag upon the stream,  
k, lackeying the varying tide,  
motion.

Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menas, famous pirates,  
ve there; which they ear and wound  
ery kind: Many hot inroads  
aly; the borders maritime  
ink on 't, and flush youth revolt:  
ep forth but 't is as soon  
for Pompey's name strikes more  
air resisted.

Antony,

Soils—delicaments, taints.

Leave thy lascivious vassals.\* When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did  
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps  
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on: And all this  
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* 'T is pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome: 'T is time we twain  
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,  
Assemble me immediate council: Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
To front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell.

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord: What you shall know  
meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir;  
I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN

*Cleo.* Charmian,—

*Char.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

*Char.* Why, madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time  
My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him too much.

*Cleo.* O, 't is treason!

*Char.* Madam, I trust not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure  
In aught an eunuch has: 'T is well for thee,  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed?

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing  
But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet I have fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

\* *Vassals.* The spelling of the original is *vassals*. The modern reading is *vassals*. Now, in three other passages of the original, where the old English word *vassal* is used, it is *vassal*. *Vassal* is employed by Shakespeare in the strict meaning of drunken revelry; and that could scarcely be called "lascivious." On the contrary, "leave thy lascivious vassals" expresses Cæsar's contempt for Cleopatra and her minions, who were strictly the vassals of Antony, the queen being one of his tributaries.



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*[Faint, illegible text in the middle left column, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

*[Faint, illegible text in the middle right column, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

n to use our strongest hands.

[*Exeunt.*

l.—Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed, come you well, to entreat your captain's gentle speech.

I shall entreat himself: if Cæsar move him, look over Cæsar's head, loud as Mars. By Jupiter, thearer of Antonius' beard, have 't to-day!

'T is not a time smaching.

Every time matter that is then born in it. small to greater matters must give way. of the small come first.

Your speech is passion: stir no embers up. Here comes Antony.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

And yonder Cæsar.

CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA. compose<sup>a</sup> well here, to Parthia: us.

not know, Mecænas; ask Agrippa: friends,

unbin'd us was most great, and let not us rend us. What 's amiss, tly heard: When we debate ference loud, we do commit ailing wounds: Then, noble partners, or I earnestly beseech,) : sourest points with sweetest terms, grow to the matter.

'T is spoken well: e our armies, and to fight, us. come to Rome.

Thank you.

Sit.

Sit, sir.

Nay, then. n, you take things ill which are not so; discern you not.

I must be laugh'd at, ing, or a little, I yself offended; and with you world: more laugh'd at, that I should in derogately, when to sound your name 'd me.

My being in Egypt, Cæsar, o you? ore than my residing here at Rome u in Egypt: Yet if you there n my state, your being in Egypt question.

How intend you, practis'd? may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent here befall me. Your wife and brother on me; and their contestation r you, you were the word of war. lo mistake your business; my brother never n his act: I did inquire it; learning from some true reports, ir swords with you. Did he not rather authority with yours; impose—agree, come to agreement.

And make the wars alike against my stomach, Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel, As matter whole you have to make it with,<sup>a</sup> It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself by laying defects of judgment to me; but you patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;

I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't, Very necessity of this thought, that I, Your partner in the cause gainst which he fought, Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife, I would you had her spirit in such another: The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar, Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant Did you too much disquiet: for that you must But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you When rioting in Alexandria; you Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, He fell upon me, ere admitted; then Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day, I told him of myself; which was as much As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken The article of your oath; which you shall never Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak; The honour is sacred which he talks on now, Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar; The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them: The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather; And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may, I 'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia, To have me out of Egypt, made wars here; For which myself, the ignorant motive, do So far ask pardon as belitts mine honour To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'T is noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further The griefs between ye: to forget them quite, Were to remember that the present need Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go on then; your considerate stone.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The meaning appears to us—if you 'll patch a quarrel so as to seem the whole matter you have to make it with, you must not patch it with this complaint. *Whole* is opposed to *patch*.

<sup>b</sup> This is most probably an allusion to the old saying, "as silent as a stone."

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge  
O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa;  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserv'd of rashness.<sup>a</sup>

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men;  
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both  
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke:  
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"  
To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar,  
And his power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:  
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
And sway our great designs!

*Cæs.* There's my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live  
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen!

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;  
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,  
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,  
Leat my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon us:  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What is his strength by land?

*Cæs.* Great and increasing:

But by sea he is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.

"Would we had spoke together! Hasten we for it:  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I'll lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus.  
Not lack your company.

<sup>a</sup> Of rashness—on account of rashness.

*Lep.*  
Not sickness

*Mec.* Wel  
*Eno.* Hall  
my honourab

*Agr.* Goo  
*Mec.* We  
well digested

*Eno.* Ay,  
and made th  
*Mec.* Eigt  
and but twel

*Eno.* Thi  
much more i  
deserved noti

*Mec.* She  
square to her  
*Eno.* Wh  
up his heart,

*Agr.* The  
devised well  
*Eno.* I wi

The barge sh  
Burnt on the s  
Purple the s

The winds  
sil

Which to th  
The water, w  
As amorous

It beggar'd s  
In her pavili  
O'er-picturir

The fancy ou  
Stood pretty  
With divers

To glow the  
And what th  
*Agr.*

*Eno.* Her  
So many me  
And made t

A seeming r  
Swell with t  
That yarely

A strange in  
Of the adjac  
Her people

Enthron'd ir  
Whistling to  
Had gone to

And made s  
*Agr.*  
*Eno.* Up

Invited her  
It should be  
Which she

Whom ne'en  
Being barbe  
And, for his

For what hi  
*Agr.*  
She made g

He plough'd  
*Eno.*  
Hop forty p

And having  
That she di  
And, breath

<sup>a</sup> The pun  
love-sick. Th  
with them.

Now Antony must leave her utterly.  
Never; he will not;  
not wither her, nor custom stale  
its variety: Other women cloy  
tastes they feed; but she makes hungry  
what she satisfies. For vilest things  
humble themselves in her; that the holy priests  
when she is riggish.  
Of beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
of Antony, Octavia is  
lottery to him.

Let us go.—  
Cicero, make yourself my guest,  
and abide here.

Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

III.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them,*  
Attendants, *and a Soothsayer.*

The world, and my great office, will sometimes  
come from your bosom.

All which time  
the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
for you.

Good night, sir.—My Octavia,  
my blemishes in the world's report:  
I kept my square; but that to come  
shall be done by the rule. Good night, dear  
lady.—

Good night, sir.

Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?  
'Would I had never come from thence, nor  
er!

If you can, your reason?

I see it in my motion, have it not in my  
But yet bid you to Egypt again.

May I say to me,  
the tunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?  
Cæsar's.

O Antony, stay not by his side:  
I am (that thy spirit which keeps thee) is  
irragious, high, unmatchable,  
Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel  
a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore  
peace enough between you.

Speak this no more.

To none but thee; no more, but when to  
thee.

Do not play with him at any game,  
sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens  
shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
aid to govern thee near him;  
way, 't is noble.

Get thee gone:  
ventidius I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,  
spoken true: The very dice obey him;  
our sports my better cunning faints  
chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:  
I do win the battle still of mine,  
is all to nought; and his quails ever  
are, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:  
though I make this marriage for my peace,

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

That my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,  
that to Parthia; your commission's ready:  
I see, and receive it [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.*

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten  
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount\*  
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,  
My purposes do draw me much about;  
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec., Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:  
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd  
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come  
too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—  
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'T was merry when  
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;

*Enter a Messenger.*

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—  
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:  
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark:  
we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;  
But there's no goodness in thy face, if Antony  
Be free and healthful:—so tart a favour

\* *At the Mount.* This no doubt means at Mount Misenum.

To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

*Mess.* Will 't please you hear me?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:  
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mess.* Madam, he 's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou 'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like "but yet," it does allay  
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet!"  
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithce, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: He 's friends with Cæsar;  
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report:  
He 's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mess.* Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!  
[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you?—Hence,  
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head;  
[*She hales him up and down.*]  
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

*Mess.* Gracious madam,  
I that do bring the news made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say, 't is not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

*Mess.* He 's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.  
[*Draws a dagger.*]

*Mess.* Nay, then I 'll run:—  
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Ex.*]  
*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:  
The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—  
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him:—  
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

*Re-enter Messenger.*

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves, when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty

*Cleo.* Is he married?  
I cannot hate thee worse than I do  
If thou again say, Yes.

*Mess.* He is married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold  
still?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.* O, I would thou did  
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made  
A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence;  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mess.* Take no offence that I would not offend y  
To punish me for what you make me do  
Seems much unequal: he is married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of h  
That art not what thou 'rt sure of!—Get thee hence  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome  
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em!

[*Exit Mess.*]

*Char.* Good your highness, patience  
*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar  
*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for 't now

Lead me from hence;  
I faint; O Iras, Charmian.—'T is no matter:—  
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him  
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,  
Her inclination; let him not leave out  
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit Alex.*]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,  
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,  
'T other way he 's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[*To MARRIUS*]  
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian  
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.  
[*Exit*]

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

*Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum  
and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, AN  
TONY, ENOBARBUS, MÆCENAS, with Soldiers march  
ing.*

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine;  
And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* Most meet  
That first we come to words; and therefore have we  
Our written purposes before us sent;  
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword;  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,  
That else must perish here.

*Pom.* To you all three,  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
There saw you labouring for him. What was it  
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what  
Made all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
To drench the Capitol; but that they would  
Have one man but a man? And that is it  
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden  
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with d

\* The passage is somewhat obscure, but it has been explained:—"Thou art not an honest man, of which thyself assured, because thy master's fault has made of thee."

ee at sea: at land, thou know'st  
circumt thee.

At land, indeed,  
me of my father's house;  
o builds not for himself,  
t mayst.

Be pleas'd to tell us  
present) how you take  
ent you.

There's the point.  
ot be entreated to, but weigh  
brac'd.

And what may follow,  
ne.

You have made me offer  
and I must  
rates; then, to send  
Rome: This 'greed upon,  
'd edges, and bear back

That's our offer.  
Know then,  
ere, a man prepar'd  
But Mark Antony  
atience:—Though I lose  
elling, you must know,  
ur brother were at blows,  
's Sicily, and did find  
y.

I have heard it, Pompey;  
d for a liberal thanks,

Let me have your hand:  
to have met you here.  
he east are soft; and thanks to you,  
dier than my purpose, hither;  
t it.  
Since I saw you last,  
son you.

Well, I know not  
fortune casts upon my face;  
all she never come,  
er vassal.

Well met here.  
Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:  
ion may be written,  
as.

That's the next to do.  
each other ere we part; and let us  
begin.

That will I, Pompey.  
t, take the lot: but, first  
gyptian cookery

I have heard that Julius Cæsar  
g there.

You have heard much.  
meanings, sir.

And fair words to them.  
ch have I heard:—  
pollodoros carried—  
that:—He did so.

What, I pray you?  
een to Cæsar in a mattress.  
now: How far'st thou, soldier?

Well;  
do; for I perceive  
d.

Let me shake thy hand;  
I have seen thee fight,  
thy behaviour.

Sir,  
sch; but I have prais'd you,  
deserv'd ten times as much  
lid.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness  
It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all:  
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs., Ant., Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt POM., CÆS., ANT., LEP.,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made  
this treaty.—[*Aside.*—] You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me;  
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own  
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me  
your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they  
might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their  
hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a  
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his  
fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark  
Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'T is true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would  
not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more  
in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band  
that seems to tie their friendship together will be the  
very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy,  
cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark  
Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then  
shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar;  
and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their  
amity shall prove the immediate author of their vari-  
ance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he  
married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you  
aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats  
in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII.—*On board Pompey's Galley, lying  
near Misenum.*

*Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a banquet*

1 *Serv.* Here they 'll be, man: Some o' their plants  
are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will  
blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposi-  
tion, he cries out "no more;" reconciles them to his  
entreaty, and himself to the drink.



1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MENEAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.*

*Ant.* Thus do they, sir: [*To Cæs.*] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth Or foison follow: The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You have strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

*Men.* Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

*Pom.* Say in mine ear: what is 't?

*Men.* Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

[*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* Forbear me till anon,—

This wine for Lepidus.

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it: and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'T is a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [*To MEN. aside.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you—Where 's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

*Pom.* I think thou 'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What 's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it, And though thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jew Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

*Pom.* Show me which

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou should'st ha' And not have spoke on 't! In me, 't is still in thee, it had been good service. Thou 'st not my profit that does lead mine loss: Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy an' Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done as I should have found it afterwards well done, But must condemn it now. Desist, and bid 'em hold.

*Men.* For this, I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more— Who seeks, and will not take, when once he Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus

*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I 'll pledge it to him.

*Eno.* Here 's to thee, Menas.

*Men.* Enobarbus, ay.

*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There 's a strong fellow, Menas. [*To the Attendant who carries off the cups.*

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* A bears the third part of the weight. Seest not?

*Men.* The third part then is drunk: Would all, that it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the wheel.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels here is to Caesar.

*Cæs.* I could well forbear it. It 's monstrous labour when I wash my brain And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it, I 'll make answer: But I had rather fast from all four days, Than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor! Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals?

And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let 's ha' 't, good soldiers.

*Ant.* Come, let us all take hands; Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd us In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.— Make battery to our ears with the loud music: The while, I 'll place you. Then the boy shall

The holding\* every man shall bear, as loud As his strong sides can volley. [*Music plays, and places them hand to hand.*

## SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyes:  
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd.  
Cup us, till the world go round;  
Cup us, till the world go round!

*Cæs.* What would you more?—Pompey, Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let 's go: You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong drink is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath antic'd us all. What needs more words! Good Antony, your hand.

\* Holding—the burden of the song.

I'll try you o' the shore.  
 sir; give 's your hand.  
 ky, you have my father-house,—  
 friends: Come, down into the boat.  
 I you fall not.—Menas, I'll not on  
 [Exeunt POM., CÆS., ANT.,  
 and Attendants.

Men. No, to my cabin.—  
 These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—  
 Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell  
 To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd, sound  
 out! [A flourish of trumpets, with drums.  
 Eno. Ho, says a!—There 's my cap.  
 Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

E 1.—A Plain in Syria.

as it were in triumph, with SILIUS,  
 ans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead  
 is borne before him.

ing Parthia, art thou struck; and

es of Marcus Crassus' death  
 —Bear the king's son's body  
 Thy Pacorus, Orodes,  
 us Crassus.

Noble Ventidius,  
 arthian blood thy sword is warm,  
 ians follow; spur through Media,  
 the shelters whither  
 thy grand captain Antony  
 triumphant chariots, and  
 y head.

O Silius, Silius,  
 h: A lower place, note well,  
 at an act: For learn this, Silius,  
 lone, than by our deed  
 fame, when him we serve 's away.  
 r, have ever won  
 r than person: Sossius,  
 a Syria, his lieutenant,  
 lation of renown,  
 l by the minute, lost his favour.  
 us more than his captain can  
 in's captain: and ambition,  
 s, rather makes choice of loss,  
 darkens him.  
 do Antonius good,  
 d him; and in his offence  
 nance perish.

Thou hast, Ventidius, that,  
 a soldier, and his sword,  
 nction. Thou wilt write to Antony?  
 ly signify what in his name,  
 l of war, we have effected;  
 ners, and his well-paid ranks,  
 m horse of Parthia  
 o' the field.

Where is he now?  
 eth to Athens: whither with what

st convey with us will permit,  
 fore him.—On, there; pass along.  
 [Exeunt.

me. An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's  
 House.

PA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

the brothers parted?  
 despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;  
 sealing. Octavia weeps  
 e; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,  
 st, as Menas says, is troubled  
 kness.

'T is a noble Lepidus.  
 e one: O, how ne loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go  
 no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent  
 praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best:—Yet he loves  
 Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot  
 Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love  
 To Antony. But as for Cæsar,  
 Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So,—  
 [Trumpets.

This is to horse—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;  
 Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife  
 As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band  
 Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,  
 Let not the piece of virtue which is set  
 Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,  
 To keep it builded, be the ram to batter  
 The fortress of it: for better might we  
 Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
 This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,  
 Though you be therein curious, the least cause  
 For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,  
 And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!  
 We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.

The elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April 's in her eyes: It is love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What,

Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
 Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,  
 That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,  
 And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [Aside to AGrippa.

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.\*

\* Stevens says that "a horse is said to have a cloud in his  
 face when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead  
 between his eyes."

*Agr.* Why, Enobarbus?  
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a  
rheum;  
What willingly he did confound<sup>a</sup> he wail'd:  
Believe 't, till I weep too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy!  
*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way!

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]  
*Ant.* Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?  
*Alex.* Half afraid to come.  
*Cleo.* Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,  
But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—  
*Cleo.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.  
*Cleo.* Where?  
*Mess.* Madam, in Rome  
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?  
*Mess.* She is not, madam.  
*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,  
or low?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.  
*Cleo.* That 's not so good:—he cannot like her long.  
*Char.* Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.  
*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and  
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps:  
Her motion and her station<sup>b</sup> are as one:  
She shows a body rather than a life;  
A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?  
*Mess.* Or I have no observance.  
*Char.* Three in Egypt  
Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He 's very knowing,  
I do perceive 't:—There 's nothing in her yet:—  
The fellow has good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.  
*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I prithee.  
*Mess.* Madam,

She was a widow.  
*Char.* Widow?—Charmian, hark.  
*Ant.* And I do think she 's thirty.

<sup>a</sup> *found—destroy.*

<sup>b</sup> *station* is the act of standing, as *motion* is the act of moving.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't  
round?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part too, they are foolish  
so.

Her hair, what colour?

*Mess.* Brown, madam: And her forehead  
As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There 's gold for d  
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—  
I will employ thee back again; I find thee  
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;  
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit M.*]

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much  
That so I harried<sup>a</sup> him. Why, methinks, by  
This creature 's no such thing.

*Char.* Nothing, madam.  
*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and  
know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend  
And serving you so long!

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet,  
Charmian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write: All may be well enough.  
*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in Antony's Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
That were excusable, that, and thousands more  
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd  
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and  
To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not  
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me,  
When the best hint was given him: he not look'd  
Or did it from his teeth.<sup>b</sup>

*Octa.* O my good lord,  
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,  
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts:  
The good gods will mock me presently,  
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband,  
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win husband  
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway  
Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia,  
Let your best love draw to that point which would  
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself: better I were not yours,  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you request,  
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother: Make your sweetest love  
So your desires are yours.

*Octa.* Thanks to my lord,  
The Jove of power make me most weak, most  
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would  
As if the world should cleave, and that cleave  
Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins  
Turn your displeasure that way; for our families  
Can never be so equal, that your love

<sup>a</sup> *Harried.* To harry is to vex, to torment, to weary  
same as harass.

<sup>b</sup> He look'd not upon the people as one who is  
them with sincerity—he spoke from his teeth, and not  
full utterance of the heart.

move with them. Provide your going ;  
own company, and command what cost  
mind to. [Exeunt.

The same. Another Room in the same.

ENOBARRBUS and EROS, meeting.

now, friend Eros ?  
's strange news come, sir.  
man ?  
r and Lepidus have made wars upon

old : What is the success ?  
r, having made use of him in the wars  
y, presently denied him rivalry ; would  
take in the glory of the action : and not  
accuses him of letters he had formerly  
pey ; upon his own appeal, seizes him :  
rd is up, till death enlarge his confine.

world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no  
;  
ween them all the food thou hast,  
the one the other. Where 's Antony ?  
; walking in the garden — thus ; and  
as  
lies before him ; cries, " Fool, Lepidus !"  
e throat of that his officer,  
l Pompey.

Our great navy 's rigged.  
taly, and Caesar. More, Domitius ;  
as you presently : my news  
old hereafter.

"T will be nought :  
—Bring me to Antony.

; sir. [Exeunt.

—Rome. A Room in Caesar's House.

CAESAR, AGRIPPA, and MEOBURNAS.

gning Rome, he has done all this : And

—here 's the manner of it,—  
place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
himself in chairs of gold  
enthron'd : at the feet, sat  
m they call my father's son ;  
lawful issue, that their lust  
made between them. Unto her  
abishment of Egypt ; made her  
Cyprus, Lydia,

This in the public eye ?  
common show-place, where they exer-

re proclaim'd, The kings of kings :  
Parthia, and Armenia,  
xander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
and Phœnicia : She  
ents of the goddess Isis  
ar'd ; and oft before gave audience,  
s, so.

Let Rome be thus inform'd.  
queasy with his insolence already,  
l thoughts call from him.  
ople know it ; and have now receiv'd

Whom does he accuse ?  
: and that, having in Sicily  
us spoil'd, we had not rated him  
isle : then does he say, he lent me  
unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,  
of the triumvirate  
w'd ; and, being, that we detain

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change ; for what I have conquer'd,  
I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

Mec. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Caesar, and my lord ! hail, most dear  
Caesar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away !

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you  
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus ? You  
come not

Like Caesar's sister : The wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way  
Should have borne men ; and expectation fainted,  
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven  
Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are come  
A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented  
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown  
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you  
By sea and land ; supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
My grieved ear withal : whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,  
Being an abstract 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now ?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire  
Up to a whore ; who now are levying  
The kings o' the earth for war : He hath assembled  
Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king  
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas :  
King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;  
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,  
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,  
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other !

Cæs. Welcome hither :  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth !  
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities ;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome :  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods.  
To do you justice, make their ministers  
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort ;  
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.  
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you.  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off;  
And gives his potent regiment\* to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

*Octa.* Is it so, sir?  
*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome; Pray you,  
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Antony's Camp, near to the Promontory of Actium.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.  
*Eno.* But, why, why, why?  
*Cleo.* Thou hast forsok<sup>b</sup> my being in these wars;  
And say'st, it is not fit.  
*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?  
*Cleo.* If not denounc'd against us, why should not we  
Be there in person?  
*Eno.* [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely<sup>c</sup> lost; the mares would bear  
A soldier, and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say?  
*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,  
What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity; and 't is said in Rome,  
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,  
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,  
And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done:  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is it not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in<sup>d</sup> Tornyne?—You have heard on 't, sweet?  
*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! What else?  
*Ant.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares us to 't.  
*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd:  
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:  
Their ships are yare: yours, heavy. No disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.  
*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego

\* Regiment—government, authority.  
<sup>b</sup> He—spoken against. <sup>c</sup> Merely—entirely.  
<sup>d</sup> Take in—gain by conquest.

The way which promises assurance, and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.  
*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.  
*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we beat  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the  
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,  
*Enter a Messenger.*

We then can do 't at land.—Thy business?  
*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is dead  
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 't is impossible  
Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse—We'll to sea

*Enter a Soldier.*

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?  
*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you miscount  
This sword, and these my wounds! Let the Egyptians  
And the Phœnicians go a ducking; we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away.  
[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA*  
*ENOBARBUS.*]

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.  
*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action  
Not in the power on 't: So our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?  
*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Junius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar  
Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome  
His power went out in such distractions,<sup>e</sup>  
As beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, here?  
*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.  
*Can.* Well, I know the

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius.  
*Can.* With news the time's with labour: and  
forth,  
Each minute, some.

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium.*

*Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.*

*Cæs.* Taurus,—  
*Taur.* My lord.  
*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep  
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.  
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:  
Our fortune lies upon this jump.

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on you side o' the  
In eye of Cæsar's battle: from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly.

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army  
way over the stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant  
CÆSAR, the other way. After their going  
heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*  
*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can hold  
longer:

<sup>e</sup> Distractions—distractions.

ed, the Egyptian admiral,  
 in sixty, fly, and turn the rudder :  
 mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCARUS.*

Gods, and goddesses,  
 the synod of them !

What 's thy passion ?  
 the greater cante<sup>a</sup> of the world is lost  
 in Rome ; we have kiss'd away  
 our provinces.

How appears the fight ?  
 our side like the token'd pestilence,<sup>b</sup>  
 is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,  
 thy o'ertake ! i' the midst o' the fight,—  
 he goes like a pair of twins appear'd,  
 one lame, or rather ours the elder,  
 upon her, like a cow in June,  
 and flies.  
 If I beheld :  
 I sicken at the sight, and could not  
 bear the view.

She once being loof'd,  
 in of her magic, Antony,  
 sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,  
 fight in height, flies after her :  
 an action of such shame ;  
 manhood, honour, ne'er before  
 so itself.

Alack, alack !

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

Fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
 most lamentably. Had our general  
 known himself, it had gone well :  
 an example for our flight,  
 by his own.

Are you thereabouts ? Why then, good  
 friend, indeed. [Aside.]  
 Are the Peloponnesus are they fled  
 so easy to't ;  
 will attend what further comes.  
 Caesar will I render  
 and my horse ; six kings already  
 in way of yielding.

I'll yet follow  
 the chance of Antony, though my reason  
 is against me. [Exeunt.]

[Enter ANTONY and ATTENDANTS.]

*Enter ANTONY and ATTENDANTS.*

The land bids me tread no more upon't,  
 to bear me !—Friends, come hither,  
 in the world, that I  
 my way for ever :—I have a ship  
 sold ; take that, divide it ; fly,  
 our peace with Cæsar.

Fly ! not we.  
 I fled myself ; and have instructed cowards  
 to show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone ;  
 I resolv'd upon a course,  
 I need of you ; be gone :  
 in the harbour, take it.—O,  
 if I blush to look upon :  
 do mutiny, for the white  
 grown for rashness, and they them  
 doting.—Friends, be gone ; you shall  
 from me to some friends, that will  
 say for you. Pray you, look not sad,

and  
 sentence—the pestilence which is mortal, when  
 set on the skin which are called God's tokens.  
 the god fly.

Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint  
 Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left  
 Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straightway :  
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
 Leave me, I pray, a little : pray you now :—  
 Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command.  
 Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

*Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.  
*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do ! why, what else ?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno !

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir ?

*Ant.* O fie, fie, fie !

*Char.* Madam,—

*Iras.* Madam ; O good empress !—

*Eros.* Sir, sir,—

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes :—He, at Philippi, kept  
 His sword even like a dancer ;<sup>a</sup> while I struck  
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 't was I  
 That the mad Brutus ended : he alone  
 Dealt on lieutenantry,<sup>b</sup> and no practice had  
 In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No matter.

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him ;  
 He is unqualified with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;  
 Her head 's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but  
 Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation ;  
 A most un noble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,  
 How I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
 By looking back on what I have left behind  
 'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord !  
 Forgive my fearful sails ; I little thought  
 You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well  
 My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
 And thou shouldst tow me after : O'er my spirit  
 Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that  
 Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
 Command me.

*Cleo.* O, my pardon.

*Ant.* Now I must  
 To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
 And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who  
 With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,  
 Making and marring fortunes. You did know  
 How much you were my conqueror ; and that  
 My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
 Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* Pardon, pardon.

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates  
 All that is won and lost : Give me a kiss :  
 Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,  
 Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—  
 Some wine, within there, and our viands :—Fortune  
 knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> A passage in "All's Well that Ends Well" explains this allusion :—

"Till honour be bought up, and so *swayed* down,  
 But one to dance with."

<sup>b</sup> Made war by lieutenants.

SCENE X.—*Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.**Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from Antony.—  
Know you him?

*Dol.* Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster :  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter EUPHRONIUS.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Eup.* Such as I am, I come from Antony :  
I was of late as petty to his ends,  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be it so : Declare thine office.  
*Eup.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,  
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens : This for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;  
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there : This if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Eup.* Fortune pursue thee !

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 't is time : Despatch ;  
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,

[*To THYREUS.*]

And in our name, what she requires ; add more,  
From thine invention, offers : women are not  
In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure  
The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, Thyreus,  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;  
And what thou think'st at his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.**Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

*Eno.* Think, and die.

*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What although you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The mered<sup>a</sup> question : 'T was a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Prithee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer ?

<sup>a</sup> *Mered.* Mere is a boundary ; and to mere is to mark, to  
"vit."

*Eup.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so  
yield

*Us up.*

*Eup.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord ?

*Ant.* To him again : Tell him, he wears the  
Of youth upon him ; from which the world shows  
Something particular : his coins, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's ; whose ministers would prove  
Under the service of a child, as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar : I dare him then  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me declin'd,\* sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone : I 'll write it ; follow me.

[*Exeunt ANT. and*

*Eno.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,  
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast addid  
His judgment too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony !—See, my women  
Against the blown rose may they stop their noses,  
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

*Eno.* Mine honesty and I begin to squand. [*Exit*  
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make  
Our faith mere folly :—Yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter THYREUS.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will !

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends ; say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;  
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,  
Whose he is, we are ; and that is Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So—

Thus then, thou most renown'd : Cæsar entreats  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Go on : Right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O !

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore, it  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

*Cleo.* He is a god, and knows  
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.* To be sure of that,  
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so bold,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee.

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him ? for as partly beg

\* Johnson explains the passage thus : "I require of thee  
not to depend on that superiority which the conquest of  
different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer as such  
man, in this decline of my age or power."

o give. It much would please him,  
 times you should make a staff  
 but it would warm his spirits,  
 ne you had left Antony,  
 elf under his shroud,  
 landlord.

What's your name?  
 name is Thyreus.

Most kind messenger,  
 esar this, In disputation  
 u'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt  
 wn at 's feet, and there to kneel:  
 his all-obeying breath I hear  
 gypt.

'T is your noblest course.  
 ortune combating together,  
 ner dare but what it can,  
 y shake it. Give me grace to lay  
 our hand.

Your Caesar's father,  
 ath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
 ps on that unworthy place,  
 ses.

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Favours, by Jove that thunders!—  
 fellow?

One, that but performs  
 f the fullest man, and worthiest  
 and obey'd.

You will be whipp'd.  
 ach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods  
 devils!  
 ts from me: Of late, when I cried "ho!"  
 o a muss,\* kings would start forth,  
 ur will?" Have you no ears?

Enter Attendants.

yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip  
 etter playing with a lion's whelp,  
 old one dying.

Moon and stars!  
 Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
 wledge Caesar, should I find them  
 the hand of she here, (What's her name,  
 Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,  
 y, you see him cringe his face,  
 and for mercy: Take him hence.  
 Antony.—

Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
 in:—The Jack of Caesar's shall  
 and to him.

[Exit Attendants, with THYREUS.  
 blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!  
 flow left unpress'd in Rome,  
 setting of a lawful race,  
 of women, to be abus'd  
 oks on feeders?]

Good my lord,—  
 ave been a boggler ever:—  
 n our viciousness grow hard,  
 t!) the wise gods seal our eyes  
 th; drop our clear judgments; make us  
 us; laugh at us, while we strut  
 on.

O, is it come to this?  
 d you as a morsel cold upon  
 trencher: nay, you were a fragment  
 ppey's; besides what hotter hours,  
 vulgar fame, you have

trouble.  
 oks on feeders" is one that bestows favours

Luxuriously pick'd out: For, I am sure,  
 Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
 You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
 And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with  
 My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,  
 And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were  
 Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
 The horned herd! for I have savage cause;  
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
 A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,  
 For being yare\* about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent  
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry  
 To follow Caesar in his triumph, since  
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth  
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
 Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to Caesar,  
 Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,  
 He makes me angry with him: for he seems  
 Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,  
 Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;  
 And at this time most easy 't is to do 't;  
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike  
 My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has  
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
 As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:  
 Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [Exit THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon  
 Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone  
 The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes  
 With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,  
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
 And poison it in the source; and the first stone  
 Drop in my neck: as it determines, so  
 Dissolve my life! The next Caesarian smite!  
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,  
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
 By the discandring<sup>b</sup> of this pelleted storm,  
 Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile  
 Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Caesar sits down in Alexandria; where  
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
 Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy too  
 Have knit again, and fleet,<sup>c</sup> threat'ning most sea-like.  
 Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady!  
 If from the field I shall return once more  
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle;  
 There's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
 And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives  
 Of me for jests: but now, I'll set my teeth,

\* Yare—nimble.

<sup>b</sup> Discandring. To dis-candring is to dis-quander, to scatter.

<sup>c</sup> Fleet—the old word for fleet.



And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,  
Let 's have one other gaudy night :<sup>a</sup> call to me  
All my sad captains ; fill our bowls once more ;  
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birthday :  
I had thought to have held it poor ; but, since my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we 'll speak to them ; and to-night I 'll  
force  
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen ;

There 's as  
I 'll make  
Even with

*Eno.* N  
Is to be fri  
The dove  
A diminut  
Restores hi  
It eats the  
Some way

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.*

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter ; AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS,  
and others.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt : my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal  
combat,

*Cæs.* Let the old ruffian know,  
I have many other ways to die ; mean time,  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction : Never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight :—Within our files there are  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done ;  
And feast the army : we have store to do 't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,  
IRAB, ALEXAS, and others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius ?

*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not ?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I 'll fight : or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well ?

*Eno.* I 'll strike ; and cry, " Take all."

*Ant.* Well said ; come on.—  
Call forth my household servants ; let 's to-night

*Enter Servants.*

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  
Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—  
Thou,—and thou,—and thou :—you have serv'd me  
well,

And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* What means this ?

*Eno.* 'T is one of those odd tricks which sorrow  
shoots  
Out of the mind. [ *Aside.* ]

*Ant.* And thou art honest too.  
I wish I could be made so many men ;  
And all of you clapp'd up together in

<sup>a</sup> *Gaudy night*—a night of rejoicing.

An Anton  
So good as  
*Serv.*

*Ant.* W  
Scant not  
As when n  
And suffer  
*Cleo.*

*Eno.* T  
*Ant.*

May be, it  
Haply, yo  
A man's le

You 'll see  
As one tha  
I turn you

Married to  
Tend me t  
And the g

*Eno.*

To give th  
And I, an  
Transform

*Ant.*

Now the w  
Grace grov  
You take

For I spak  
To burn t  
I hope wel

Where rat  
Than deat  
And drow

## SCEN

1

1 *Sold.*

2 *Sold.*

Heard you

1 *Sold.*

2 *Sold.*

Good nigh

1 *Sold.*

2 *Sold.*

Have care

3 *Sold.*

[

4 *Sold.*

]

<sup>a</sup> In ' *At*

<sup>b</sup> God 'll d )

reward you.

<sup>c</sup> These i

y thrive, I have an absolute hope  
 dmen will stand up.  
 T is a brave army,  
 of purpose. [*Music of hautboys under the stage.*]  
 Peace, what noise?  
 List, list!  
 Hark!  
 Music i' the air.  
 Under the earth.  
 It signs well,  
 not?  
 No.  
 Peace, I say. What should this mean?  
 T is the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,  
 ves him.  
 Walk; let 's see if other watchmen  
 what we do. [*They advance to another post.*]  
 How now, masters?  
 How now?  
 do you hear this? [*Several speaking together.*]  
 Ay: Is 't not strange?  
 Do you hear, masters? do you hear?  
 Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;  
 e how 't will give off.  
 [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'T is strange.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

E IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and  
 others, attending.

Eros! mine armour, Eros!  
 Sleep a little.  
 No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,  
 Eros!

*Enter Eros, with armour.*

Good fellow, put thine iron on:—  
 e be not ours to-day, it is  
 we brave her.—Come.

Nay, I 'll help too.  
 this for?

Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
 ourer of my heart;—False, false; this, this.  
 Sooth, la, I 'll help: Thus it must be.

Well, well!  
 I thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?  
 an thy defences.

Briefly, sir.  
 Is not this buckled well?

Rarely, rarely;  
 unbuckles this, till we do please  
 t for our repose, shall hear a storm.—  
 nblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire  
 ut at this than thou: Despatch.—O love,  
 u couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
 I occupation! thou shouldst see

*Enter an Officer, armed.*

an in 't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:  
 k'st like him that knows a warlike charge:  
 eas that we love we rise betime,  
 o 't with delight.

A thousand, sir,  
 ough 't be, have on their riveted trim,  
 he port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*]

*Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.*

The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.  
 Good morrow, general.

'T is well blown, lads,  
 ning, like the spirit of a youth  
 uns to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.  
 Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,  
 This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*]  
 And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
 On more mechanic compliment; I 'll leave thee  
 Now, like a man of steel,—You that will fight  
 Follow me close; I 'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.  
 [*Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.*]  
 Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?  
 Cleo. Lead me.  
 He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
 Determine this great war in single fight!  
 Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Antony's Camp near Alexandria.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a  
 Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!  
 Ant. 'Would thou, and those thy scars, had once  
 prevail'd

To make me fight at land!  
 Sold. Hadst thou done so,  
 The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
 That has this morning left thee, would have still  
 Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who 's gone this morning?  
 Sold. Wh?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,  
 He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp  
 Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou?  
 Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.  
 Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.  
 Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.  
 Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;

Detain no jot, I charge thee; write to him  
 (I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings;  
 Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
 To change a master.—O, my fortunes have  
 Corrupted honest men;—despatch: Enobarbus!\*  
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,  
 and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight,  
 Our will is Antony be took alive;  
 Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:  
 Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
 Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. Antony  
 Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa:  
 Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
 That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
 Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,  
 On affairs of Antony; there did persuade  
 Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
 And leave his master Antony: for this pains,

\* We follow the words of the original, but not the punctu-  
 ation. That reading is "despatch Enobarbus." It may possibly  
 mean despatch the business of Enobarbus; but it is more prob-  
 able that Antony, addressing Eros, says "despatch!" and  
 then, thinking of his revolted friend, pronounces his name.

Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill:  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus: The messenger  
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.  
I tell you true: Best you saf'd\* the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. *[Exit Soldier.]*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows<sup>b</sup> my  
heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.  
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek  
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.—*Field of battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,  
and others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:  
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected. *[Exeunt]*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!  
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home  
With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 't is made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet  
Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves  
For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;  
'T is sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I 'll halt after. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and  
Forces.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,  
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.  
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears

\* *Saf'd*—made safe.

<sup>b</sup> *Blows*—swells.

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and let  
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;  
*[To SCARUS.]*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,  
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing.

*Cleo.* Lord of lords!

O, infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightgown.

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! thou  
grey

Do something mingle with our younger laws;  
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,  
And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—  
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I 'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it cast-uncle  
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our back'd targets like the men that owe them;  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together,  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together  
Applauding our approach. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX.—*Cæsar's Camp.*

*Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS*

*1 Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard: The night  
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

*2 Sold.* This last day was a shrewd one to us.

*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—

*3 Sold.* What man is this?

*2 Sold.* Stand close, and let him

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!—

*1 Sold.* Enobarbus!

*3 Sold.* Peace;

Hark further.  
*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night dispose upon me;

That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;

Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,

Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony! *[Exit.]*

*2 Sold.* Let 's speak to him.

*1 Sold.* Let 's hear him, for the things he would  
concern Cæsar.

*3 Sold.* Let 's do so. But he sleeps.

*1 Sold.* Swoons rather; for so had a page  
was never yet for sleep.

*Id.* Go we to him.  
*Id.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.  
*Id.* Hear you, sir?  
*Id.* The hand of death hath raught him. Hark,  
the drums [*Drums afar off.*]  
rely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
y out.  
*Id.* Come on then;  
y recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*]

SCENE X.—*Between the two Camps.*

ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces marching.

Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
ease them not by land.  
For both, my lord.  
I would they 'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;  
fight there too. But this it is: Our foot,  
the hills adjoining to the city,  
stay with us:—order for sea is given;  
save put forth the haven:—  
their appointment we may best discover,  
ok on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces marching.

But being charg'd, we will be still by land,  
as I take 't, we shall; for his best force  
to man his galleys. To the vales,  
old our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Yet they are not join'd: Where yond pine does  
stand,  
discover all; I 'll bring thee word  
it, how 't is like to go. [*Exit.*]  
Swallows have built  
opatra's sails their nests: the augurers  
ey know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,  
are not speak their knowledge. Antony  
ant and dejected; and, by starts,  
sted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
at he has, and has not.

*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY

All is lost;  
aul Egyptian hath betrayed me:  
et hath yielded to the foe; and yonder  
east their caps up, and carouse together  
friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 't is  
thou  
old me to this novice; and my heart  
only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;  
en I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.  
[*Exit SCARUS.*]

thy uprise shall I see no more:  
e and Antony part here; even here  
shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts  
paniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
ssoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
vertopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:  
false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,  
eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them  
home;  
bosom was my crownet, my chief end,

entence—  
"Order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven"  
rhetical. Omit it, and Antony says, that the foot soldiers  
ay with him, upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Where their appointment we may best discover

Like a right gipsy, nath, at fast and loose,  
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—  
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.  
*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?  
*Ant.* Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts;<sup>a</sup> and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'T is well  
thou 'rt gone,  
If it be well to live: But better 't were  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many.—Eros, hoa!  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;  
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I  
fall  
Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, hoa! [*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! O, he is more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so emboss'd.  
*Char.* To the monument;  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
Than greatness going off.  
*Cleo.* To the monument:—  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
And word it, prithee, piteously: Hence, Mardian,  
And bring me how he takes my death.—  
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?  
*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.  
*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish:  
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these  
signs;  
They are black vesper's pageants.  
*Eros.* Ay, my lord.  
*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack displimbs; and makes it indistinct,  
As water is in water.  
*Eros.* It does, my lord.  
*Ant.* My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body; here I am Antony;  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't  
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has

<sup>a</sup> We follow the original. We believe that the "poor'st diminutives" are the lowest of the populace, as the "dolts" are the most stupid. We must therefore understand *for* to mean for the gratification of.

Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory  
 Unto an enemy's triumph.—  
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
 Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony;  
 My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
 With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;  
 She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once;  
 And that she has discharg'd: What thou wouldst do  
 Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake  
 Was, Antony! most noble Antony!  
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
 The name of Antony; it was divided  
 Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,  
 Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,  
 And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,  
 Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—O, pluck off;—

*[Exit MARDIAN.]*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!  
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent;  
 Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—  
 No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;  
 You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

*[Exit EROS.]*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
 All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,  
 Lie down and stray no farther: Now all labour  
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
 Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done.\*—  
 Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:  
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:  
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

*Re-enter EROS.*

*Eros.* What would my lord?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,  
 I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
 With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack  
 The courage of a woman; less noble mind  
 Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,  
 "I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,  
 That, when the exigent should come, (which now  
 Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me  
 Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace  
 And horror, that, on my command, thou then  
 Wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:  
 Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me!  
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,  
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

*Ant.* Eros,  
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
 Thy master thus with pleach'd<sup>b</sup> arms, bending down  
 His corrigible neck, his face subdued

\* The passage may be illustrated by a corresponding image  
 in 'King Henry V.':—

"And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
 A testament of noble-ending love."

<sup>b</sup> Pleach'd—folded.

To penetrativ  
 Of fortunate  
 His baseness  
*Eros.*

*Ant.* Com  
 Draw that th  
 Most useful:

*Eros.*  
*Ant.* Wbe  
 To do this w  
 Or thy prece  
 But accidnt

*Eros.* Tur  
 Wherein the  
*Ant.* Lo t  
*Eros.* My

*Ant.*  
 The thing w  
*Eros.*

My captain,  
 Before I stri  
*Ant.* T i  
*Eros.* Fa  
*Ant.*

*Eros.* Wh  
 I c

Of Antony's  
*Ant.*

Thou teache  
 I should, an  
 Have, by th  
 A nobleness  
 A bridegroo  
 As to a love  
 Thy master

I learn'd of  
 The guard—

1 Guard.  
*Ant.* I h  
 en

Of what I h  
 2 Guard.

1 Guard.  
*All.*

*Ant.* Let  
 1 Guard.

2 Guard.  
 3 Guard.

*Der.* Thy  
 This sword

Shall enter:

*Dio.* Wh  
*Der.*

*Dio.*  
 Wilt thou n

*Ant.* Art  
 g!

Sufficing st  
*Dio.*

My mistress  
*Ant.* Wh

*Dio.*  
*Ant.*

*Dio.* Loc  
 sy

Of what hat  
 (Which nev  
 She had dis

not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead ;  
 saying since how it might work, hath sent  
 proclaim the truth ; and I am come,  
 too late.  
 Too late, good Diomed :—Call my guard, I  
 prithee.  
 What, ho ! the emperor's guard ! The guard,  
 what, ho !  
 your lord calls.

*Enter some of the Guard.*

Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides ;  
 the last service that I shall command you.  
 Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to  
 wear  
 our true followers out.

Most heavy day !  
 Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
 to see it with your sorrows : bid that welcome  
 comes to punish us, and we punish it  
 to bear it lightly. Take me up :  
 led you off ; carry me now, good friends,  
 give my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANT.*]

SCENE XIII.—*The same. A Monument.*

*Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

O Charmian, I will never go from hence.  
 Be comforted, dear madam.

No, I will not.  
 Change and terrible events are welcome,  
 comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,  
 proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

Which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?  
 His death 's upon him, but not dead.  
 Out o' the other side your monument,  
 and have brought him thither.

*Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

O sun,  
 the great sphere thou mov'st in !—dar'ling  
 stand  
 on the burning shore o' the world !—O Antony !  
 O Antony !—Help, Charmian ; help, Iras, help ;  
 friends below ; let 's draw him hither.

Peace :  
 Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
 Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.  
 So it should be, that none but Antony  
 conquer Antony ; but woe 't is so !  
 I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only  
 a moment's death a while, until  
 my thousand kisses the poor last  
 from thy lips.—

I dare not, dear,  
 my lord, pardon ; I dare not,  
 being taken : not the imperious show  
 of full-fortun'd Caesar ever shall  
 be lov'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
 power, or operation, I am safe :  
 I will be Octavia, with her modest eyes  
 and quietude, shall acquire no honour  
 by my conclusion.—But come, come, Antony,—  
 O, my women,—we must draw thee up ;—  
 O, good friends.

O, quick, or I am gone.  
 Here 's sport, indeed !—How heavy weighs my  
 lord !

*Iras dares not come down out of the monument, to  
 kiss the poor last kiss.  
 I'd—adorned, as with a brooch.*

Our strength is all gone into heaviness ;  
 That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,  
 The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
 And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little.—  
 Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come ;  
 [*They draw ANT up*]

And welcome, welcome ! die where thou hast liv'd :  
 Quicken with kissing ; had my lips that power,  
 Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight !

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying :  
 Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,  
 That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
 Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen  
 Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety.—O

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me ;  
 None about Caesar trust, but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution, and my hands, I 'll trust ;  
 None about Caesar.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end,  
 Lament nor sorrow at ; but please your thoughts,  
 In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
 Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,  
 The noblest : and do now not basely die,  
 Nor cowardly put off my helmet to  
 My countryman,—a Roman, by a Roman  
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going :  
 I can no more. [*Dies.*]

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo 't die ?

Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide  
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
 No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,  
 The crown o' the earth doth melt :—My lord !—  
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
 The soldier's pole is fallen ; young boys and girls  
 Are level now with men : the odds is gone,  
 And there is nothing left remarkable  
 Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*]

*Char.* O, quietness, lady !

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady,—

*Iras.* Madam,—

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam !

*Iras.* Royal Egypt !

Empress !

*Char.* Peace, peace, Iras.

*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman ; and commanded  
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
 And does the meanest chares.\*—It were for me  
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;  
 To tell them that this world did equal theirs,  
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All 's but naught ;  
 Patience is scottish ; and impatience does  
 Become a dog that 's mad : Then is it sin  
 To rush into the secret house of death,  
 Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?  
 What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now, Charmian ?  
 My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,  
 Our lamp is spent, it 's out :—Good sirs, take heart :—  
 [*To the Guard below.*]

We 'll bury him ; and then, what 's brave, what 's  
 noble,

Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
 And make Death proud to take us. Come, away :  
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
 Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend  
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off ANTONY'S body*]

\* *Chares.* A *chare*, or *char*, is a single act, or piece of work  
 —a turn, or bout of work, from the Anglo-Saxon *cyras*, to turn  
 Hence, a charwoman.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS,  
GALLUS, PROCULIUS, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks [us by<sup>a</sup>]  
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit DOLABELLA.]

Enter DERCEIAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st  
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;  
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
He was my master; and I wore my life  
To spend upon his haters: If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack: The round world  
Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens:<sup>b</sup>—The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;  
Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;  
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours  
Wag'd equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!  
I have follow'd thee to this:<sup>c</sup>—But we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine; we could not stall together  
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,  
Unreconcilable, should divide

<sup>a</sup> The words in brackets are not in the original. Malone supplied them.

<sup>b</sup> The commentators make a great difficulty with this passage; but surely nothing can more forcibly express the idea of a general convulsion than that the wild beasts of the forest should have been hurled into the streets where men abide, and the inhabitants of cities as forcibly thrown into the lions' dens.

<sup>c</sup> Follow'd thee to this—driven thee to this.

Our equalness  
But I will tell

The business  
We'll hear h  
Mess. A p  
Confin'd in a  
Of thy intent  
That she prep  
To the way a  
Cæs.

She soon shall  
How honoura  
Determine fo  
To be ungent  
Mess.

Cæs. Com  
We purpose t  
The quality c  
Least, in her g  
She do defeat  
Would be ete  
And, with yo  
And how you  
Pro.

Cæs. Gall  
To second P

Agr., Mec  
Cæs. Let

How he's em  
Go with me t  
How hardly  
How calm ar  
In all my wr  
What I can s

## SCENE II

Enter

Cleo. My  
A better life:  
Not being Fe  
A minister of  
To do that th  
Which shack  
Which sleeps  
The beggar's

Enter, to th

Pro. Cæsa  
And bids the  
Thou mean'st

Cleo. [Wi

Pro. My

Cleo. [Wi

Did tell me c

I do not grea

That have no

Would have

That majesty

No less beg

To give me c

He gives me

Will kneel to

<sup>a</sup> The beggar is not, as Johnson nourishes the

Be of good cheer ;  
 e fallen into a princely hand ; fear nothing :  
 our full reference freely to my lord,  
 so full of grace that it flows over  
 that need : Let me report to him  
 weet dependency : and you shall find  
 ueror that will pray in aid for kindness,  
 he for grace is kneel'd to.  
 [Within.] Pray you, tell him  
 is fortune's vassal, and I send him  
 ratness he has got. I hourly learn  
 rine of obedience ; and would gladly  
 im i' the face.

This I'll report, dear lady.  
 omfort ; for I know your plight is pitied  
 that caus'd it.

You see how easily she may be surpris'd ;  
*Enter PROCULIUS and two of the Guard ascend  
 the Monument by a ladder placed against a  
 window, and, having descended, come behind  
 CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and  
 open the gates.*

her till Caesar come.

[To PRO. and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.  
 Royal queen !  
 O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !—  
 Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger.  
 Hold, worthy lady, hold :  
 [Seizes and disarms her.  
 yourself such wrong, who are in this  
 d, but not betray'd.

What, of death too  
 ds our dogs of languish ?

Cleopatra,  
 abuse my master's bounty by  
 doing of yourself : let the world see  
 bleness well acted, which your death  
 ver let come forth.

Where art thou, Death ?  
 ither, come ! come, come, and take a queen  
 many babes and beggars !

O, temperance, lady !  
 Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir ;  
 talk will once be necessary,  
 sleep neither : This mortal house I'll ruin,  
 ar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
 ot wait pinion'd at your master's court ;  
 se be chastis'd with the sober eye  
 Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
 ow me to the shouting varletry  
 uring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
 le grave unto me ! rather on Nilus' mud  
 e stark naked, and let the water-flies  
 e into abhorring ! rather make  
 ntry's high pyramids' my gibbet,  
 ng me up in chains !

You do extend  
 thoughts of horror further than you shall  
 ause in Caesar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Proculeius,  
 hou hast done thy master Caesar knows,  
 hath sent for thee : for the queen,  
 ce her to my guard.

So, Dolabella,  
 content me best : be gentle to her.—

son explains this, we think correctly, " I will not eat,  
 t will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in  
 of my purpose, I will not sleep neither."  
 yramids—the Latin plural of pyramid : used as a qua  
 dr.

To Caesar I will speak what you shall please.

If you'll employ me to him. [To CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[Exit PROCULIUS and Soldiers.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me ?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams ;

Is 't not your trick ?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an emperor Antony ;—

O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man !

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck  
 A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted  
 The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd arm

Crested the world : his voice was propertied

As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;

But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in 't ; an autumn 't was,

That grew the more by reaping : His delights

Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back above

The element they liv'd in : In his livery

Walk'd crowns and crownets ; realms and islands  
 were

As plates\* dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man

As this I dreamt of ?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,

It's past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to imagine

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,

Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam :

Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it

As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never

O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,

By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots

My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Caesar means to do with me

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ;

I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Caesar !

Enter CESAR, GALLUS, PROCULIUS, MECENAS,  
 SELEUCUS, and Attendants.

Ces. Which is the queen of Egypt ?

Dol. 'T is the emperor, madam. [CLEOPATRA kneels.

Ces. Arise, you shall not kneel :—

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus ; my master and my lord

I must obey.

Ces. Take to you no hard thoughts :

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well

\* Plates. Pieces of silver money were called plates.



To make it clear; but do confess, I have  
Been laden with like frailties, which before  
Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,  
We will extenuate rather than enforce:  
If you apply yourself to our intents,  
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find  
A benefit in this change; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world: 't is yours;  
and we

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,  
I am possess'd of: 't is exactly valued;  
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

*Sel.* Here, madam.  
*Cleo.* This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,  
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam,  
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back?  
*Sel.* Enough to purchase that you have made known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold,  
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;  
And should we shift estates yours would be mine.  
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou  
shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
Though they had wings: Slave, soulless villain, dog!  
O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.  
*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,  
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern\* friends withal; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation; must I be unfolded  
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me  
Beneath the fall I have. Prithee, go hence;

[To SELEUCUS.  
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,  
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus.  
[Exit SELEUCUS.

*Cleo.* Be it known that we, the greatest, are mis-  
thought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,  
We answer others' merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd  
Put we it the roll of conquest: still be it yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you

\* *M. dem.*—common.

Of things th  
Make not yo  
For we inter  
Yourself sha  
Our care an  
That we ren  
*Cleo.* My  
*Cæs.*

*Cleo.* He  
no  
Be noble to:

*Iras.* Fin  
And we are  
*Cleo.*  
I have spoke  
Go, put it to  
*Char.*

*Dol.* Whe  
*Char.*  
*Cleo.*

*Dol.* Mad  
Which my I  
I tell you th  
Intends his j  
You with yo  
Make your t  
Your pleasur  
*Cleo.*

I shall remai  
*Dol.*

Adieu, good  
*Cleo.* Fare  
wh

Thou, an Eg  
In Rome, as  
With greasy  
Uplift us to  
Rank of gros  
And forc'd t  
*Iras.*

*Cleo.* Nay  
Will catch a  
Ballad us ou  
Extemporall  
Our Alexanc  
Shall be brot  
Some squeak  
I' the posture  
*Iras.*

*Cleo.* Nay  
*Iras.* I'll

Are stronger  
*Cleo.*

To fool their  
Their most a

Show me, my  
My best attir  
To meet Ma  
Now, noble t  
And, when t  
lea  
To play till  
Wherefore's

*Guard.*  
That will ne  
He brings yc

him come in. What poor an instrument  
[Exit Guard.]  
le deed! he brings me liberty.  
's plac'd, and I have nothing  
me: Now from head to foot  
onstant: now the fleeting moon  
f mine.

ard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

This is the man.  
and leave him. [Exit Guard.]  
pretty worm of Nilus there,  
pains not?  
ly I have him: but I would not be the  
ld desire you to touch him, for his biting  
hose that do die of it do seldom or never

umber'st thou any that have died on 't?  
y many, men and women too. I heard  
no longer than yesterday: a very honest  
ne thing given to lie; as a woman should  
the way of honesty: how she died of the  
at pain she felt.—Truly, she makes a  
t o' the worm: But he that will believe  
ay, shall never be saved by half that  
his is most fallible, the worm 's an odd

ee hence; farewell.  
sh you all joy of the worm.  
ell. [Clown sets down the basket.]  
must think this, look you, that the worm  
l.

; farewell.  
k you, the worm is not to be trusted, but  
of wise people: for, indeed, there is no  
worm.

hou no care; it shall be heeded.  
good: give it nothing, I pray you, for  
he feeding.

t eat me?  
must not think I am so simple, but I  
himself will not eat a woman: I know  
a dish for the gods, if the devil dress  
truly, these same whoreson devils do the  
m in their women; for in every ten that  
devils mar five.

get thee gone; farewell.  
forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.  
[Exit.]

er IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

ie my robe, put on my crown; I have  
ags in me: Now no more  
ypt's grape shall moist this lip:—  
I Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear  
see him rouse himself  
oble act; I hear him mock  
sar, which the gods give men  
after wrath: Husband, I come:  
ne my courage prove my title!  
r; my other elements  
life.—So,—have you done?  
take the last warmth of my lips.  
Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.]  
e in my lips? Dost fall?  
ire can so gently part,  
ath is as a lover's pinch,  
ed is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?  
ishest, thou tell'st the world  
ave-taking.  
e, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,  
sires do weep!

This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,  
[To the asp, which she applies to her breast.]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass  
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!  
Cleo. Peace, peace!  
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!  
Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Applying another asp to her arm.]  
What should I stay— [Falls on a bed, and dies.]  
Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—  
Now boast thee, Death! in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;  
And golden Phæbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?  
Char. Speak softly, wake her not.  
1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent—  
Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies the asp.]  
O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.  
1 Guard. Approach, ho! All 's not well: Cæsar 's  
beguill'd.

2 Guard. There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar:—  
call him.  
1 Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, is this  
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.  
Ah, soldier! [Dies.]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?  
2 Guard. All dead.  
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;  
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:  
She leav'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?  
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?  
1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her  
figs.

This was his basket.  
Cæs. Poison'd then.  
1 Guard. O Cæsar,  
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—  
If they had swallow'd poison 't would appear  
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown :  
The like is on her arm.

I *Guard*. This is an aspic's trail : and these fig-  
leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable,  
That so she died ; for her physician tells me  
She hath pursued conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;

And bear her women from the monument :—

She shall be buried by her Antony :

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous. High events as these

Strike those that make them ; and their story is

No less in pity than his glory, which

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,

In solemn show, attend this funeral ;

And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity.

*Levul*



TITUS  
ANDRONICUS.

There is a vent of blood, and something blown :  
The like is on her arm.

*I Guard.* This is an asp's trail : and these fig-  
leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the asp's leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

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That so she died ; for her physician tells me  
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Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall

In solemn show, attend this funeral ;

And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity. *Exit*



TITUS  
ANDRONICUS.

## INTRODUCTORY REM

THE earliest edition, of which any copy is at present known, of 'Titus Andronicus,' appeared in quarto, in 1600, under the following title:—'The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times been playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlaine theyre Servants. At London, printed by J. R. for Edward White, 1600.'

In the folio collection of 1623 it appears under the title of 'The lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.' It follows 'Coriolanus,' and precedes 'Romeo and Juliet.'

The external evidence that bears upon the authorship of 'Titus Andronicus' is of two kinds:—

1. The testimony which assigns the play to Shakspeare, wholly or in part.
2. The testimony which fixes the period of its original production.

The *direct* testimony of the first kind is unimpeachable: Francis Meres, a contemporary, and probably a friend of Shakspeare—a man intimately acquainted with the literary history of his day—not writing even in the later period of Shakspeare's life, but as early as 1598,—compares, for tragedy, the excellence of Shakspeare among the English, with Seneca among the Latins, and says, witness, "for tragedy, his 'Richard II.,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry IV.,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

The *indirect* testimony is nearly as important. The play is printed in the first folio edition of the poet's collected works—an edition published within seven years after his death by his intimate friends and "fellows;" and that edition contains an entire scene not found in either of the previous quarto editions which have come down to us. That edition does not contain a single other play upon which a doubt of the authorship has been raised; for even those who deny the entire authorship of 'Henry VI.' to Shakspeare, have no doubt as to the partial authorship.

We now come to the second point—the testimony which fixes the date of the original production of 'Titus Andronicus.'

Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his 'Bartholomew Fair,' first acted in 1614, says—"He that will swear 'Jeronimo,' or 'Andronicus,' are the best plays *yet*, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well." Percy offers the following comment upon this passage, in his 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry':—"There is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned

with discredit in tholomew Fair,' libited 'five-an take the lowest r at which time S than can be fou scarcely necessa have uniformly Shakspeare's car against his auth forward by Perc reasons for not b not its author. ship, and the authorship, enti The continuati early date of th evidence of its r is indisputable. to the inferiori spere's undoubt the same way, a not have reject spere, at the pe labours which v of materials th basest purposes not voluntarily ness that lay l success,—ignor depth of his ow dimly seeing, elevate and pu drama about hi of fearful blood thing that he the dumb show contemporaries. create the trag described Webs "to move a h quick, to lay up and weary a lif in with mortal Lamb adds, "w for quality." T of the higher people have les stimulant. Be of Malfi' and produced 'Lea not of inferior g take as the auth as they would theatre." Nees and Kyd?



# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<b>SRNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome.</b> Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.	<b>DEMETRIUS, son to Tamora.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.
<b>BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.	<b>AARON, a Moor.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.
<b>TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman.</b> Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.	<b>A Captain.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 2.
<b>MARCUS ANDRONICUS, brother to Titus.</b> Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.	<b>A Tribune.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act V. sc. 3.
<b>LUCIUS, son to Titus Andronicus.</b> Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.	<b>A Messenger.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act III. sc. 1.
<b>QUINTUS, son to Titus Andronicus.</b> Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.	<b>A Clown.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4.
<b>MARTIUS, son to Titus Andronicus.</b> Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.	<b>Goths.</b> <i>Appear</i> , Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.
<b>MUTIUS, son to Titus Andronicus.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 2.	<b>Romans.</b> <i>Appear</i> , Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.
<b>YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.</b> Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.	<b>TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.
<b>PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act V. sc. 2.	<b>LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.
<b>ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.	<b>A Nurse.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act IV. sc. 2.
<b>ALARBUS, son to Tamora.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act I. sc. 2.	<b>A Black Child.</b> <i>Appears</i> , Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.
<b>CHIRON, son to Tamora.</b> Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.	<b>Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.</b>

SCENE,—ROME, AND THE COUNTRY NEAR IT.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Rome.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators, aloft; then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at the door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the side, with drum and colours.*

Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
 In justice of my cause with arms;  
 My countrymen, my loving followers,  
 My successive title with your swords:  
 My first-born son, that was the last  
 Of the imperial diadem of Rome:  
 My father's honours live in me,  
 And mine age with this indignity.  
 Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my  
 right,  
 Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
 Famous in the eyes of royal Rome,  
 In this passage to the Capitol;  
 Or not dishonour to approach  
 My trial seat; to virtue consecrate,  
 To chastity, and nobility:  
 Desert in pure election shine;  
 Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.*  
 Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends  
 Ambitiously for rule and empery,  
 Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand  
 A special party, have by common voice,  
 In election for the Roman empery,  
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,  
 For many good and great deserts to Rome:  
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
 Lives not this day within the city walls.  
 He by the senate is accited home,  
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,  
 That with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook  
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
 Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd  
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
 In coffins from the field;  
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
 Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,  
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed,



And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—  
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;  
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Sat.* How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

*Bass.* Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy  
In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,  
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;  
And to my fortunes and the people's favour  
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;  
And to the love and favour of my country  
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt Followers of SATURNINUS.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,  
As I am confident and kind to thee.  
Open the gates and let me in.

*Bass.* Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter a Captain, and others.*

*Cap.* Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,  
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
Successful in the battles that he fights,  
With honour and with fortune is return'd,  
From where he circumscrib'd with his sword,  
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

[*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of Titus' Sons. After them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black: then two other Sons. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, the Queen of Goths, and her two Sons, CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, and others, as many as can be. They set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*]

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!  
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,  
Returns with precious lading to the bay  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears,  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.  
Thou great defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!  
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that king Priam had,  
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!  
These that survive, let Rome reward with love:  
These that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial amongst their ancestors.  
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.  
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?  
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars:  
O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more!

*Luc.* Gi  
That we m  
*Ad manes*  
Before this  
That so the  
Nor we dis

*Tit.* I gi

The eldest

*Tam.* St

Victorious

A mother's

And if thy

O think my

Sufficieth n

To beautify

Captive to t

But must n

For valiant

O, if to figl

Were piety

Andronicus

Wilt thou c

Draw near

Sweet merc

Thrice-nob

*Tit.* Pat

These are t

Alive and

Religiously

To this yo

T' appease

*Luc.* Av

And with

Let 's hew

*Tam.* O

*Chi.* W

*Demet.*

Alarbus go

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(When Go

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*Er*

*Luc.* Se

Our Roma

And entrai

Whose sm

Remaineth

And with

*Tit.* Le

Make this

[*J*]

In peace a

Rome's res

Secure fro

Here lurks

Here grow

No noise,

In peace a

*Lav.* Ir

My noble

Lo, at this

I render ft

And at th

the earth for thy return to Rome.  
 Be here with thy victorious hand,  
 And let Rome's best citizens applaud.  
 And Rome, thou hast thus lovingly reserv'd  
 All of mine age to glad my heart!  
 Live; outlive thy father's days,  
 And live his eternal date, for virtue's praise.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,  
 BASSIANUS, and others.

Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,  
 Triumpher in the eyes of Rome!  
 Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.  
 And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,  
 Survive, and you that sleep in fame:  
 Your fortunes are alike in all,  
 Your country's service drew your swords.  
 Your triumph is this funeral pomp,  
 Aspir'd to Solon's happiness,  
 Aspires ever chance in honour's bed.  
 Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
 Demand in justice thou hast ever been,  
 By me, their tribute and their trust,  
 A garment\* of white and spotless hue,  
 As thee in election for the empire,  
 As our late deceased emperor's sons:  
 Latus then, and put it on,  
 To set a head on headless Rome.  
 A better head her glorious body fits,  
 That shakes for age and feebleness.  
 Would I don this robe, and trouble you?  
 I with proclamations to-day,  
 I yield up rule, resign my life,  
 I brood new business for you all?  
 I have been thy soldier forty years,  
 My country's strength successfully,  
 And one-and-twenty valiant sons,  
 In field, slain manfully in arms,  
 And service of their noble country;  
 A staff of honour for mine age,  
 A sceptre to control the world!  
 He held it, lords, that held it last.  
 Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the em-  
 pery.

Andronicus, proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?  
 Attentive, prince Saturninus.  
 Romans, do me right.  
 I draw your swords, and sheath them not  
 Minus be Rome's emperor:  
 I would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
 I would I rob me of the people's hearts.  
 Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
 Le-mind'd Titus means to thee!  
 Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee  
 The hearts, and wean them from themselves.  
 Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
 For thee, and will do till I die:  
 I wish if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
 That thankful be, and thanks to men  
 Whose minds is honourable meed.  
 The people of Rome, and people's tribunes here,  
 Give voices and your suffrages;  
 I bestow them friendly on Andronicus?  
 Yes. To gratify the good Andronicus,  
 I date his safe return to Rome,  
 He will accept whom he admits.  
 Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,  
 Create your emperor's eldest son,  
 Whose virtues will, I hope,  
 Make Rome as Titan's rays on earth,  
 Shine in justice in this commonweal:  
 You will elect by my advice,  
 And say, "Long live our emperor!"

\* Pallament—robe.

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,  
 Patricians, and plebeians, we create  
 Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;  
 And say, "Long live our emperor, Saturnine!"

[A long flourish, till they come down.]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
 To us in our election this day,  
 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:  
 And for an onset, Titus, to advance  
 Thy name, and honourable family,  
 Lavinia will I make my empress,  
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:  
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match  
 I hold me highly honour'd of your grace,  
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,  
 King and commander of our commonweal,  
 The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate  
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,—  
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:  
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,  
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!  
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,  
 Rome shall record; and when I do forget  
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

[To TAMORA.]

To him that, for your honour and your state,  
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue  
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew:  
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:  
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change of  
 cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:  
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
 Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you  
 Can make you greater than the queen of Goths:  
 Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord, with true nobility  
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:  
 Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.  
 Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[Seizing LAVINIA.]

Tit. How, sir? are you in earnest then, my lord?  
 Bass. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal  
 To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:  
 This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live.  
 Tit. Traitors, avaunt! where is the emperor's guard  
 Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd! by whom?

Bass. By him that justly may  
 Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exit MARCUS and BASSIANUS with LAVINIA.]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
 And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[Exit LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.  
 Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What! villain boy, barr'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [Titus kills him.]

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;  
 In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:  
My sons would never so dishonour me.  
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

*Luc.* Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,  
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

*Enter aloft the EMPEROR, with TAMORA and her two  
Sons, and AARON the Moor.*

*Sat.* No, Titus, no: the emperor deems her not,  
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:  
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;  
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,  
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.  
Was none in Rome to make a stale but Saturnine?  
Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

*Sat.* But go thy ways: go, give that changing piece  
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:  
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,  
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,  
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,  
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,  
Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,  
And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths: dost thou applaud my choice?  
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—  
Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
And tapers burn so bright, and everything  
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—  
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

*Tam.* And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,  
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords, accompany  
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:  
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SAT. and his Followers; TAMORA and  
her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

*Tit.* I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

*Marc.* O, Titus, see! O see what thou hast done!  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no: no son of mine,—  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed  
That hath dishonour'd all our family;  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

*Luc.* But let us give him burial as becomes:  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,  
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls:  
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

*Marc.* My lord, this is impiety in you:  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:  
He must be buried with his brethren.

*Quint., Mart.* And shall, or him we will accompany.

*Tit.* And shall! What villain was it spake that  
word?

*Quint.*

*Tit.* W

*Marc.* ]

To pardon

*Tit.* M

And with

My foes I

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*Mart.* I

*Quint.* ]

*Marc.* ]

*Quint.*

*Tit.* Sp

*Marc.* ]

*Luc.* D

*Marc.* §

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*Luc.* Tl

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*Sat.* So,

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*Sat.* Tr

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*Bass.* R

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*Sat.* T

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That hath

and a friend to thee and Rome.  
 Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :  
 Thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me,  
 and the righteous heavens, be my judge,  
 have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.  
 My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
 gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
 hear me speak, indifferently for all :  
 my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.  
 What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,  
 solely put it up without revenge ?  
 Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome forbid  
 I be author to dishonour you.  
 mine honour, dare I undertake  
 to lord Titus' innocence in all :  
 fury not dissembled speaks his griefs :  
 let my suit, look graciously on him :  
 it so noble a friend on vain suppose ;  
 whose sour looks afflict his gentle heart.  
 Let me be rul'd by me, be won at last ;  
 let me wipe all your griefs and discontents :  
 but newly planted in your throne ;  
 in the people, and patricians too,  
 just survey take Titus' part,  
 supplant us for ingratitude,  
 Rome reputes to be a heinous sin.  
 Let me entreat, and then let me alone :  
 I a day to massacre them all ;  
 to wipe their faction and their family,  
 the father, and his traitorous sons,  
 as I sued for my dear son's life ;  
 let them know, what 't is to let a queen  
 rule the streets, and beg for grace in vain.  
*The preceding fourteen lines are spoken aside.*  
 Come, sweet emperor ; come, Andronicus ;  
 let us see this good old man, and cheer the heart  
 as in tempest of thy angry frown.

*King.* Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.  
*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.  
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.  
*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
 A Roman now adopted happily,  
 And must advise the emperor for his good.  
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;  
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.  
 For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
 My word and promise to the emperor,  
 That you will be more mild and tractable :  
 And fear not, lords : and you, Lavinia,  
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.  
*Luc.* We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,  
 That what we did was mildly, as we might,  
 Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.  
*Marc.* That on mine honour here I do protest.  
*Sat.* Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.—  
*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be  
 friends :  
 The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;  
 I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.  
*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,  
 And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
 I do remit these young men's heinous faults.  
 Stand up. Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
 I found a friend : and sure as death I swear,  
 I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
 Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,  
 You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :  
 This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.  
*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty,  
 To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
 With horn and hound, we 'll give your grace *bon-jour*.  
*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

*Enter AARON.*

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
 of Fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,  
 if thunder's crack or lightning flash,  
 'd above pale envy's threaten'g reach ;  
 as the golden sun salutes the morn,  
 giving gilt the ocean with his beams,  
 the zodiac in his glistening coach,  
 looks the highest peering hills ;  
 or  
 wit doth earthly honour wait,  
 the stoops and trembles at her frown.  
 Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
 sit aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
 hunt her pitch, whom thou in triumph long  
 prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,  
 ter bound to Aaron's charming eyes  
 Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
 With slavish weeds and servile thoughts !  
 e bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
 upon this new-made empress.  
 said I ? to wanton with this queen,  
 Idess, this Semiramis, this nymph,  
 en, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
 his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.  
 what storm is this ?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.*

Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;  
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.  
*Chi.* Demetrius, thou dost overween in all ;  
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.  
 'T is not the difference of a year or two  
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :  
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,  
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;  
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.  
*Aaron.* Clubs, clubs ! these lovers will not keep the  
 peace.  
*Demet.* Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,  
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,  
 Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends ?  
 Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,  
 Till you know better how to handle it.  
*Chi.* Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,  
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.  
*Demet.* Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? [*They draw.*]  
*Aaron.* Why, how now, lords ?  
 So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,  
 And maintain such a quarrel openly ?  
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge ;  
 I would not for a million of gold  
 The cause were known to them it most concerns.  
 Nor would your noble mother, for much more,  
 Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.  
 For shame, put up.  
*Demet.* Not I, till I have sheath'd  
 My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,

Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,  
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

*Chi.* For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,  
Foul spoken coward, that thund'rst with thy tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

*Aaron.* Away, I say!  
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,  
This petty brabble will undo us all!  
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous  
It is to jet upon a prince's right?  
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,  
Or Bassianus so degenerate,  
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd  
Without controulment, justice, or revenge?  
Young lords, beware; and should the empress know  
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

*Chi.* I care not, I, knew she, and all the world,  
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

*Demet.* Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner  
choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

*Aaron.* Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in  
Rome,

How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brook competitors in love?  
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this device.

*Chi.* Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,  
To achieve her whom I do love.

*Aaron.* To achieve her, how?

*Demet.* Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won;  
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.  
What, man! more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:  
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

*Aaron.* Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

*Demet.* Then why should he despair that knows to  
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?  
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Aaron.* Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch  
or so

Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

*Demet.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aaron.* Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.  
Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools  
To square for this? would it offend you then  
That both should speed?

*Chi.* Faith, not me.

*Demet.* Nor me, so I were one.

*Aaron.* For shame, be friends, and join for that you  
jar.

'T is policy and stratagem must do  
That you affect, and so must you resolve  
That what you cannot as you would achieve  
You must perforce accomplish as you may:  
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste  
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.  
A speedier course than ling'ring languishment  
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.  
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;  
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:  
The forest walks are wide and spacious,  
And many unfrequented plots there are,  
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:  
Single you thither then this dainty doe,  
And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or  
Come, come  
To villainy  
Will we acc  
And she sha  
That will no  
But to your  
The emperor  
The palace:  
The woods:  
There speak  
There serve  
And revel in  
*Chi.* Thy  
*Demet.* S  
To cool this  
*Per Styga,*

*Enter Titu  
cus, mak*

*Tit.* The  
The fields as  
Uncouple he  
And wake t  
And rouse t  
That all the  
Sons, let it t  
To attend t  
I have been  
But dawnin

*Here a cry  
enter SAT  
CURION,*

*Tit.* Mar  
Madam, to  
I promised:

*Sat.* And  
Somewhat t  
*Bass.* La  
*Lav.*

I have been  
*Sat.* Cor  
And to our  
Our Roman  
*Marc.*

Will rouse t  
And climb:

*Tit.* And  
Makes way.

*Demet.* C  
ho  
But hope to

*Aaron.* I  
To bury so:  
And never a  
Let him tha  
Know that t  
Which, cun  
A very exce  
And so repo  
That have t

*Tam.* M  
When every  
The birds cl

te lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;  
 n leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
 re a checker'd shadow on the ground :  
 air sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
 list the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
 ; shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
 ouble hunt were heard at once,  
 t down and mark their yelping noise :  
 r conflict such as was suppos'd  
 d'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
 ith a happy storm they were surpris'd,  
 ain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,  
 , each wreathed in the other's arms,  
 imes done, possess a golden slumber,  
 unda, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,  
 us as is a nurse's song  
 y, to bring her babe asleep.  
 . Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
 dominator over mine :  
 nifies my deadly standing eye,  
 ce and my cloudy melancholy,  
 e of woolly hair, that now uncurls  
 n adder when she doth unroll  
 ve fatal execution ?  
 am, these are no venerable signs ;  
 ce is in my heart, death in my hand,  
 d revenge are hammering in my head.  
 mora, the empress of my soul,  
 ever hopes more heaven than rests in thee,  
 e day of doom for Bassianus ;  
 mel must lose her tongue to-day ;  
 make pillage of her chastity,  
 their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
 this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,  
 the king this fatal-plotted scroll.  
 tion me no more ; we are espied :  
 es a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
 reads not yet their lives' destruction.

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !  
 No more, great empress, Bassianus comes  
 with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
 thy quarrels, whatsoever they be.  
 Who have we here ? Rome's royal empress,  
 I'd of our well-beseeming troop ?  
 Dian, habited like her,  
 abandoned her holy groves,  
 general hunting in this forest ?  
 saucy controller of our private steps,  
 power that some say Dian had,  
 les should be planted presently  
 as was Actæon's, and the hounds  
 ive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
 rly intruder as thou art !  
 nder your patience, gentle empress,  
 ght you have a goodly gift in horning,  
 doubted that your Moor and you  
 sl forth to try experiments :  
 d your husband from his hounds to-day ;  
 they should take him for a stag.  
 Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian  
 e your honour of his body's hue,  
 etested, and abominable.  
 you sequestered from all your train ?  
 sd from your snow-white goodly steed,  
 ler'd hither to an obscure plot,  
 ned but with a barbarous Moor,  
 ire had not conducted you ?  
 nd, being intercepted in your sport,  
 on that my noble lord be rated  
 ess ; I pray you, let us hence,  
 re joy her raven-colour'd love ;  
 y fits the purpose passing well.

*Bass.* The king, my brother, shall have notice of this.

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted long ;  
 Good king, to be so mightily abused !

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all this ?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

*Demet.* How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,  
 A barren detested vale, you see, it is ;  
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
 O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.  
 Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,  
 Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven :  
 And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
 They told me here, at dead time of the night,  
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urehins,  
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
 As any mortal body, hearing it,  
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.  
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
 But straight they told me they would bind me here,  
 Unto the body of a dismal yew,  
 And leave me to this miserable death.  
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,  
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms  
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.  
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
 This vengeance on me had they executed :  
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

*Demet.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

*[Stabs him.*

*Chi.* And this for me struck home to show my strength.

*[Stabs him likewise.*

*Lav.* Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora !

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

*Demet.* Stay, madam ; here is more belongs to her ;  
 First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw :  
 This minion stood upon her chastity,  
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
 And, with that painted hope, braves your mightiness :  
 And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

*Chi.* And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

*Tam.* But when ye have the honey you desire,  
 Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

*Chi.* I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure  
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
 That nice preserved honesty of yours.

*Lav.* Oh, Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak ; away with her !

*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

*Demet.* Listen, fair madam ; let it be your glory  
 To see her tears, but be your heart to them  
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?

O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee.

The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to marble

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;

Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. *[To CHIRON*

*Chi.* What ! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard ?

*Lav.* 'T is true; the raven doth not hatch a lark;  
Yet have I heard,—oh could I find it now!—  
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure  
To have his princely paws par'd all away.  
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds furnish in their nests:  
Oh, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

*Tam.* I know not what it means; away with her.  
*Lav.* Oh let me teach thee! For my father's sake,  
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,  
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

*Tam.* Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless.  
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,  
To save your brother from the sacrifice;  
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:  
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;  
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

*Lav.* Oh Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:  
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long;  
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.  
*Lav.* 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more,  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:  
Oh, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,  
Where never man's eye may behold my body;—  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.  
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

*Demet.* Away, for thou hast stay'd us here too long.  
*Lav.* No grace! no womanhood! Ah, beastly creature,

The blot and enemy to our general name!  
Confusion fall—

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth; bring thou  
her husband: [*Dragging off LAVINIA.*]  
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

*Tam.* Farewell, my sons; see that you make her  
sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,  
Till all the Andronici be made away:  
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

*Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

*Aaron.* Come on, my lords, the better foot before:  
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,  
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

*Quint.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.  
*Mart.* And mine, I promise you; were 't not for  
shame,  
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MART. falls into the pit.*]  
*Quint.* What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is  
this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude growing briars,  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,  
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me:

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Mart.* O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt,  
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

*Aaron.* [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find  
them here,  
That he thereby may have a likely guess,  
How these were they that made away his brother. [*Exit.*]

*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me and help me out  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

*Quint.* I am surpris'd with an uncouth fear;

A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

*Mart.* To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

*Quint.* Aaron is gone, and my compassionate  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:  
O, tell me how it is, for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

*Mart.* Lord Bassianus lies embred here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quint.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is  
so?

*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:

Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:

So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—  
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

*Quint.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help  
out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Mart.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy aid.

*Quint.* Thy hand once more; I will not loose again  
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:  
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls.*]

*Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.*

*Sat.* Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,  
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.  
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

*Mart.* The unhappy son of old Andronicus,  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest.  
He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;  
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

*Mart.* We know not where you left him all alive,  
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, and LECTIA.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord the king?  
*Sat.* Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus?  
*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound,  
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal word:  
The complot of this timeless tragedy;  
And wonder greatly that man's face can fall  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She gives SATURNINUS a letter.*]

SATURNINUS reads the letter.

"An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—  
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,—  
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;  
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward  
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,  
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,  
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.  
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friend."

*Sat.* Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like?  
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,  
 should have murder'd Bassianus here.  
 My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.  
 Two of thy whelps, [to TITUS] fell curs of  
 bloody kind,  
 here bereft my brother of his life;  
 drag them from the pit unto the prison;  
 let them bide until we have devis'd  
 never-heard-of torturing pain for them.  
 n. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!  
 easily murder is discovered!  
 High emperor, upon my feeble knee,  
 this boon, with tears not lightly shed,  
 this fell fault of my accursed sons,  
 sed, if the fault be prov'd in them—  
 If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.  
 I found this letter, Tamora, was it you?  
 n. Andronicus himself did take it up.  
 I did, my lord; yet let me be their bail:  
 for my father's reverent tomb I vow  
 shall be ready at your highness' will,  
 to answer their suspicion with their lives.  
 Thou shalt not bail them, see thou follow me.  
 I will bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:  
 I will not speak a word, the guilt is plain;  
 by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
 and upon them should be executed.  
 n. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:  
 let thy sons; they shall do well enough.  
 Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with  
 them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The Forest.*

DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, her  
 hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.  
 demet. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,  
 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.  
 chiron. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,  
 thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.  
 demet. See, how with signs and tokens she can  
 scrawl.  
 chiron. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.  
 demet. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to  
 wash;  
 chiron. So, let 's leave her to her silent walks.  
 demet. An 't were my cause, I should go hang myself.  
 demet. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the  
 cord. [Exeunt DEMET. and CHI.]

*Enter MARCUS, from hunting.*

Marc. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast!  
 Cousin, a word; where is your husband?  
 If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!  
 If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
 That I may slumber in eternal sleep!  
 Speak, gentle niece; what stern ungentle hands  
 Have lopp'd, and bew'd, and made thy body bare  
 Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments  
 Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,  
 And might not gain so great a happiness  
 As half thy love? why dost not speak to me?  
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,  
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,  
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
 But sure some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,  
 And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.  
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!  
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,  
 As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,  
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,  
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.  
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?  
 Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,  
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,  
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.  
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;  
 A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,  
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
 Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands  
 Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,  
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,  
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life.  
 Or had he heard the heavenly harmony  
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,  
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.  
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;  
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:  
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;  
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?  
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;  
 Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

*the Judges and Senators, with MARTIUS and  
 PRINCE bound, passing on the stage to the place of  
 execution; and TITUS going before, pleading.*  
 Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!  
 My youth of mine age, whose youth was spent  
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;  
 My blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;  
 My long and frosty nights that I have watch'd;  
 My bitter tears, which now you see  
 Begun to age the wrinkles in my cheeks;  
 My faithful to my condemned sons,  
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 't is thought.  
 My twenty sons I never wept,  
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.  
 Andronicus lies down, and the Judges pass by him.  
 My noble wife, tribunes, in the dust I write  
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;  
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.  
 [Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, and Prisoners]  
 O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,  
 That shall distil from these two ancient ruins,  
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers.  
 In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;  
 In winter, with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,  
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.*

Oh, reverend tribunes! oh, gentle, aged men!  
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;  
 And let me say, that never wept before,  
 My tears are now prevailing orators!  
 Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;  
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,  
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.



*Tit.* Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead :  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you !

*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

*Tit.* Why, 't is no matter, man ; if they did hear  
They would not mark me : oh, if they did hear,  
They would not pity me :

Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless to the stones,  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they 're better than the tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale :  
When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;  
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is as soft wax, tribunes more hard than stones ;  
A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.  
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their death :  
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

*Tit.* Oh, happy man, they have befriended thee :  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?  
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey  
But me and mine : how happy art thou, then,  
From these devourers to be banish'd !  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

*Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.*

*Marc.* Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break :  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me ? Let me see it, then.

*Marc.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Luc.* Ah me ! this object kills me.

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her :

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?  
What fool hath added water to the sea ?  
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy ?  
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds :  
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too ;  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;  
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;  
In bootless prayer have they been heed up,  
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.  
Now all the service I require of them  
Is that the one will help to cut the other.  
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;  
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

*Marc.* Oh, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

*Luc.* Oh, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

*Marc.* Oh, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer  
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

*Tit.* It was my deer ; and he that wounded her  
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead :

For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.  
This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;  
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes :  
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn

Is dear Lavinia  
Had I but se  
It would hav  
Now I behol  
Thou hast no  
Nor tongue t  
Thy husband  
Thy brothers  
Look, Marc  
When I did  
Stood on her  
Upon a gath

*Marc.* Pe  
hu  
Perchance, t

*Tit.* If th  
Because the  
No, no, they  
Witness the  
Gentle Lavi  
Or make her  
Shall thy so  
And thou, a  
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How they a  
With miry  
And in the  
Till the fre  
And made s  
Or shall we  
Or shall we  
Pass the rer  
What shall  
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To make us

*Luc.* Sw  
gr

See how my  
*Marc.* P  
ey

*Tit.* Ah,  
Thy napkin  
For thou, p

*Luc.* Ah

*Tit.* Ma

Had she a  
That to her  
His napkin  
Can do no  
Oh, what a  
As far from

*Aaron.* ?  
Sends thee  
Let Marcus  
Or any one  
And send i  
Will send  
And that sl

*Tit.* Oh,  
Did ever ra  
That gives  
With all m  
Good Aaron

*Luc.* Sta  
That hath  
Shall not b  
My youth  
And theref

*Marc.* V  
R  
And rear'd

g destruction on the enemy's castle? a  
ne of both but are of high desert :  
nd hath been but idle : let it serve  
som my two nephews from their death,  
ave I kept it to a worthy end.  
n. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,  
r they die before their pardon come.  
c. My hand shall go.

By heaven, it shall not go!  
Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as  
these

set for plucking up, and therefore mine.  
Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,  
redeem my brothers both from death.  
c. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,  
t me show a brother's love to thee.  
Agree between you; I will spare my hand.  
Then I'll go fetch an axe.

c. But I will use the axe.  
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both :  
ne thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

m. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
ever, whilst I live, deceive men so :  
ll deceive you in another sort,  
at you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*  
[*He cuts off* TITUS's hand.

*Enter* LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Now, stay your strife : what shall be is des-  
patch'd :

Aaron, give his majesty my hand,  
m, it was a hand that warded him  
housand dangers : bid him bury it :  
ath it merited, that let it have.  
my sons, say I account of them  
els purchas'd at an easy price ;  
t dear too, because I bought mine own.

m. I go, Andronicus; and, for thy hand,  
y-and-by to have thy sons with thee.  
eads I mean : oh, how this villainy [*Aside.*  
t me with the very thoughts of it!  
ls do good, and fair men call for grace,  
will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Oh, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
w this feeble ruin to the earth :  
power pities wretched tears,

I call : What, wilt thou kneel with me ?  
[*To* LAVINIA.

n, dear heart, for heaven shall bear our prayers,  
s our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
sin the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,  
they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

c. Oh brother, speak with possibilities,  
not break into these deep extremes.  
Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?  
e my passions bottomless with them.

c. But yet, let reason govern thy lament.  
If there were reason for these miseries,  
to limits could I bind my woes :

heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?  
rinds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face ?  
lt thou have a reason for this coil ?  
e sea. Hark how her sighs do blow :  
he weeping welkin, I the earth :  
ust my sea be moved with her sighs ;  
ust my carol with her continual tears  
a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :  
y ? my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
e a drunkard must I vomit them.

Le. Theobald changed this to *casque*. It is probably  
roughhold, power.

Then give me leave, for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.*

Messen. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor :  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,  
And here 's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back :  
Thy griefs their sports : thy resolution mock'd :  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell :  
These miseries are more than may be borne.  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal ;  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*LAVINIA kisses* TITUS.  
Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Marc. Now farewell flattery : Die Andronicus ;  
Thou dost not slumber : see thy two sons' heads,  
Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;  
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah, now no more will I control my griefs :  
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes :  
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Marc. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this  
hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears.

Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave ?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,

Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.

You heavy people, circle me about,  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.  
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,  
And in this hand the other will I bear.

And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things.  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth :  
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight ;  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :

Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there ;  
And if you love me, as I think you do,  
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;  
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome :  
Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again :  
He leaves his pledges, dearer than his life.

Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister :  
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !  
But now, nor Lucius, nor Lavinia, lives  
But in oblivion and hateful griefs :

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,  
And make proud Saturnine and his empress  
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.  
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit* LUCIUS

SCENE II.—*A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.*<sup>a</sup>

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and Young LUCIUS, a boy.*

*Tit.* So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more Than will preserve just so much strength in us As will revenge these bitter woes of ours. Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot; Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands, And cannot passionate our tenfold grief With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine Is left to tyrannize upon my breast; And when my heart, all mad with misery, Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, Then thus I thump it down.— Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[*To LAVINIA.*]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating, Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still. Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans; Or get some little knife between thy teeth, And just against thy heart make thou a hole; That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall May run into that sink, and, soaking in, Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

*Marc.* Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Tit.* How now! has sorrow made thee dote already? Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I. What violent hands can she lay on her life? Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;— To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er, How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable? O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands; Lest we remember still that we have none.— Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk! As if we should forget we had no hands, If Marcus did not name the word of hands!— Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:— Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;— I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;— She says she drinks no other drink but tears, Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:— Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought; In thy dumb action will I be as perfect As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt  
Nor wink;  
But I, of th  
And, by sti  
Boy. Go  
Make my s  
*Marc.* A  
Doth weep  
*Tit.* Pea  
And tears

What dost  
*Marc.* A  
*Tit.* Ou  
Mine eyes  
A deed of  
Becomes n  
I see thou  
*Marc.* A  
*Tit.* Bu  
How woul  
And buzz  
Poor harm  
That, with  
Came here

*Marc.* I  
Like to the  
*Tit.* O,  
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Give me tl  
Flattering  
Come hith  
There's fo  
Ah, sirrah  
Yet, I thir  
But that, t  
That come  
*Marc.* I  
He takes f  
*Tit.* Co  
I'll to thy  
Sad stories  
Come, boy  
And thou:

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS; then Young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him, the boy flying from her with his books under his arm.*

*Boy.* Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me everywhere, I know not why. Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes! Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

*Marc.* Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thy aunt.

*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

*Boy.* Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

*Marc.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean. See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee: Somewhither would she have thee go with her. Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to be  
Sweet poet  
Canst thou  
Boy. M  
Unless son  
For I have  
Extremity  
And I hav  
Ran mad  
Although,  
Loves me  
And woul  
Which ma  
Causeless,  
And, mad  
I will mos  
*Marc.* I

*Tit.* He  
Some book  
Which is:

<sup>a</sup> This scene is only found in the folio of 1623. Johnson says it "does not contribute anything to the action." The poet no doubt felt that after such tumultuous action repose was wanting.

ou art deeper read, and better skill'd :  
and take choice of all my library ;  
beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
the damn'd contriver of this deed.  
book ?  
ifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?  
c. I think she means that there was more than one  
erate in the fact ;—ay, more there was :  
to heaven she heaves them for revenge.  
Lucius, what book is that she tosseth up ?  
Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ;  
ther gave it me.  
e. For love of her that's gone,  
s, she cull'd it from among the rest.  
Soft ! How busily she turns the leaves !  
er : what would she find ? Lavinia, shall I read ?  
the tragic tale of Philomel,  
rats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;  
pe, I fear, was root of thine annoy.  
i. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes\* the  
leaves.  
Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,  
d and wrong'd as Philomela was,  
in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?  
! Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt,  
we never, never hunted there !  
'd by that the poet here describes,  
are made for murderers and for rapes.  
i. O, why should nature build so foul a den,  
the gods delight in tragedies ?  
Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but  
friends,—  
oman lord it was durst do the deed ?  
k not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
t the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed.  
i. Sit down, sweet niece ; brother, sit down by  
me.  
Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
me that I may this treason find.  
l, look here ; look here, Lavinia.  
[He writes his name with his staff, and guides  
it with feet and mouth.  
dy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,  
ter me. I have writ my name,  
t the help of any hand at all.  
se that heart that forc'd us to this shift !  
ou, good niece, and here display at last,  
od will have discover'd for revenge.  
guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,  
s may know the traitors and the truth !  
[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides  
it with her stumps, and writes.  
Oh, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ ?  
an, Chiron, Demetrius."'  
i. What, what ! the lustful sons of Tamora,  
ers of this heinous, bloody deed ?  
*Magni Dominator poli,*  
*stus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*  
i. Oh, calm these, gentle lord ; although I know  
enough written upon this earth  
a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
a the minds of infants to exclaims.  
i, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;  
el, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;  
ar with me,—as with the woful fere,<sup>b</sup>  
er of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
nius Brutus aware for Lucrece' rape,—  
will prosecute, by good advice,  
evenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
their blood, or die with this reproach.  
T is sure enough, an you knew how ;  
sa hunt these bear-whelps, then beware :

\* Quotes—observes, searches through.

<sup>b</sup> Fere—a companion, and here a husband.

The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,  
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,  
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.  
You are a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;  
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
And lay it by : the angry northern wind  
Will blow these sands like Sibyls' leaves abroad,  
And where 's your lesson then ? Boy, what say you ?  
Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mother's bed chamber should not be safe,  
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.  
Marc. Ay, that's my boy ; thy father hath full oft  
For his ungrateful country done the like.  
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.  
Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury ;  
Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal my boy  
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
Presents that I intend to send them both :  
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not ?  
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.  
Tit. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another course  
Lavinia, come ; Marcus, look to my house ;  
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court :  
Ay, marry, will we, sir ; and we'll be waited on.  
[Exeunt TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.  
Marc. O heavens ! can you hear a good man groan,  
And not relent, or not compassion him ?  
Marcus, attend him in his extasy,  
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,  
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield ;  
But yet so just, that he will not revenge :  
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS at one door ;  
at another door Young LUCIUS and Attendant, with  
a bundle of weapons, and verses written upon them.  
Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius ;  
He hath some message to deliver us.  
Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-  
father.  
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;  
And pray the Roman gods confound you both. [Aside.  
Demet. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what 's the news ?  
Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,  
For villains mark'd with rape [Aside]. May it please  
you,  
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me  
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,  
To gratify your honourable youth,  
The hope of Rome ; for so he bad me say  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well,  
And so I leave you both : [Aside] like bloody villains.  
[Exeunt Boy and Attendant.  
Demet. What 's here ? a scroll ; and written round  
about ?  
Let 's see :  
" *Integer vita scelerisque purus,*  
*Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*"  
Chi. O 't is a verse in Horace ; I know it well :  
I read it in the grammar long ago.  
Aaron. Ay, just a verse in Horace ;<sup>a</sup> right, you  
have it.  
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !  
Here 's no sound jest ! the old man hath found their  
guilt,

<sup>a</sup> Ay, just a verse in Horace—merely a verse in Horace. The common punctuation is, " Ay, just ! A verse," &c.

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,  
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick :  
But were our witty empress well a-foot,  
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.  
But let her rest in her unrest awhile. *[The preceding*

*seven lines are spoken aside.*

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
Captives, to be advanced to this height ?  
It did me good, before the palace gate,  
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

*Demet.* But me more good, to see so great a lord  
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

*Aaron.* Had he not reason, lord Demetrius ?  
Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

*Demet.* I would we had a thousand Roman dames  
At such a bay by turn to serve our lust.

*Chi.* A charitable wish, and full of love.

*Aaron.* Here lacks but your mother for to say  
Amen.

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.  
*Demet.* Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods,  
For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aaron.* Pray to the devils ; the gods have given us over.  
*[Aside. Trumpets sound.*

*Demet.* Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish  
thus ?

*Chi.* Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

*Demet.* Soft ; who comes here ?

*Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor child.*

*Nurse.* Good morrow, lords ;  
O, tell me, did you see Aaron, the Moor ?

*Aaron.* Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here Aaron is ; and what with Aaron now ?

*Nurse.* O gentle Aaron, we are all undone !  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore !

*Aaron.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep !  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

*Nurse.* O, that which I would hide from heaven's  
eye,—

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace ;  
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

*Aaron.* To whom ?  
*Nurse.* I mean she is brought a-bed.

*Aaron.* Well, God give her good rest ! What hath  
he sent her ?

*Nurse.* A devil.

*Aaron.* Why, then she is the devil's dam ; a joyful  
issue.

*Nurse.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue :  
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.  
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

*Aaron.* Out, you whore ! is black so base a hue ?  
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

*Demet.* Villain, what hast thou done ?

*Aaron.* That which thou canst not undo.

*Chi.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Aaron.* Villain, I have done thy mother.

*Demet.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend.

*Chi.* It shall not live.

*Aaron.* It shall not die.

*Nurse.* Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

*Aaron.* What ! must it, nurse ? Then let no man  
but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Demet.* I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point :  
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon despatch it.

*Aaron.* Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.  
*[Takes the Child from the Nurse.*

Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother !

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was gut,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what ! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !

Ye white-lim'd walls ! ye ale-house painted signs !

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue :

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood :

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

*Demet.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress ?

*Aaron.* My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself,

The vigour, and the picture of my youth :

This before all the world do I prefer ;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*Demet.* By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

*Chi.* Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

*Nurse.* The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignominy.

*Aaron.* Why, there 's the privilege your beauty has

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart :

Here 's a young lad fram'd of another leer.\*

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,

As who should say, " Old lad, I am thine own."

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;

And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchis'd and come to light :

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

*Nurse.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

*Demet.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done.

And we will all subscribe to thy advice :

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aaron.* Then sit we down, and let us all counsel,

My son and I will have the wind of you :

Keep thee ; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

*Demet.* How many women saw this child of his ?

*Aaron.* Why, so, brave lords : When we join a

league

I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms :

But say, again, how many saw the child ?

*Nurse.* Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

*Aaron.* The empress, the midwife, and yourself :

Two may keep counsel when the third 's away :

Go to the empress, tell her this I said : *[He calls her*

*Weke, weke—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.*

*Demet.* What mean'st thou, Aaron, whenfore dost

thou this ?

*Aaron.* Oh, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy ;

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?

A long-tongued babbling gossip ! No, lords, no !

And now be it known to you my full intent,

Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman ;

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;

His child is like to her, fair as you are :

Go pack<sup>b</sup> with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all,

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir,

\* Leer—complexion, hue.    b Pack—convey—advanc'd

uted in the place of mine,  
is tempest whirling in the court;  
emperor dandle him for his own.  
ards; ye see I have given her physic,  
[Pointing to the Nurse.  
ust needs bestow her funeral;  
re near, and you are gallant grooms;  
see that you take no longer days,  
ie midwife presently to me.  
le and the nurse well made away,  
e ladies tattle what they please.  
on, I see thou wilt not trust the air with  
crets.  
For this care of Tamora,  
hers are highly bound to thee.  
f DEMET. and CHL., bearing off the Nurse.  
Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;  
pose this treasure in mine arms,  
y to greet the empress' friends;  
ou thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;  
u that puts us to our shifts:  
ou feed on berries, and on roots,  
a curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
in a cave, and bring you up  
rior, and command a camp. [Exit.

ACT III.—A Public Place in Rome.

us, MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, and other  
s, with bows, and TITUS bears the arrows  
s on them.

ie, Marcus; come, kinsmen; this is the way:  
me see your archery;  
w home enough, and 't is there straight.  
rea reliquit, be you remember'd, Marcus,  
she 's fled. Sirs, take you to your tools;  
s, shall go sound the ocean,  
ur nets. Happily, you may find her in the  
; ;  
as little justice as at land;  
us and Sempronius, you must do it;  
ust dig with mattock and with spade,  
the inmost centre of the earth;  
you come to Pluto's region,  
deliver him this petition;  
is for justice and for aid,  
comes from old Andronicus,  
sorrows in ungrateful Rome.  
well, well, I made thee miserable  
I threw the people's suffrages  
t thus doth tyrannize o'er me.  
gone, and pray be careful all,  
ou not a man-of-war unsearch'd;  
emperor may have shipp'd her hence;  
n, then we may go pipe for justice.  
Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
oble uncle thus distract?  
efore, my lords, it highly us concerns,  
night t' attend him carefully;  
i humour kindly as we may,  
get some careful remedy.  
nsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
e Goths, and with revengeful war  
on Rome for this ingratitude,  
nce on the traitor Saturnine.  
ins, how now? how now, my masters?  
you met with her?  
my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,  
ave revenge from hell you shall:  
ustice she is so employ'd,  
rith Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,  
nce you must needs stay a time.  
oth me wrong to feed me with delays.  
o the burning lake below,

And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.  
Marcus, we are but shrubs; no cedars we,  
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;  
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,  
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:  
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,  
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.  
Come to this gear; you are a good archer, Marcus.  
[He gives them the arrows.

Ad Jovem, that 's for you; here, ad Apollonem:

Ad Martem, that 's for myself;

Here, boy, to Pallas; here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy: Marcus, loose when I bid:

Of my word, I have written to effect,

There 's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:  
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. Oh, well said, Lucius!

[They shoot.

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius  
shot,

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,

That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,

And who should find them but the empress' villain:

She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.

Enter Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

Tit. News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is  
come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath  
taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged  
till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter:

I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there.

God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my  
young days! Why, I am going with my pigeons to the  
tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt  
my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for  
your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the  
emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the em-  
peror with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir; I could never say grace in  
all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,

But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold; meanwhile, here 's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when  
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel;  
then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and  
then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you  
do it bravely.

*Clown.* I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.  
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,  
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.  
And when thou hast given it the emperor,  
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clown.* God be with you, sir; I will. *[Exit.]*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let us go; Publius, follow me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and others. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot at him.*

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,  
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent  
Of egal justice, used in such contempt?  
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,  
However these disturbers of our peace  
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,  
But even with law, against the wilful sons  
Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits;  
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  
And now, he writes to heaven for his redress;  
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury,  
This to Apollo, this to the god of war:  
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!  
What 's this, but libelling against the senate,  
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?  
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  
As who would say, in Rome no justice were;  
But if I live, his feigned extasies  
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;  
But he and his shall know that Justice lives  
In Saturninus' health, whom, if he sleep,  
He 'll so awake, as he in fury shall  
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;  
And rather comfort his distressed plight,  
Than prosecute the meanest or the best  
For these contempts: Why, thus it shall become  
High-witted Tamora to glose with all:  
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,  
Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port. *[Aside.]*

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

*Clown.* Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*Clown.* 'T is he. God and saint Stephen give you good den; I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. *[SATURNINUS reads the letter.]*

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clown.* How much money must I have?

*Tam.* Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

*Clown.* Hang'd! by 'r lady then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. *[Exit, guarded.]*

*Sat.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:  
May this be borne, as if his traitorous sons,  
That died by law for murder of our brother,  
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?  
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;  
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:  
For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man;  
Sly frantic wretch, that holpst to make me great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

*Sat.* What news with thee, Æmilius?

*Æmil.* Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause  
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power  
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;  
Who threats in course of this revenge to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

*Sat.* Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?  
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms:  
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:  
'T is he the common people love so much!  
Myself hath often heard them say,  
(When I have walked like a private man.)  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,  
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing  
He can at pleasure stint their melody.

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome!  
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus,  
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;  
When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious feed.

*Sat.* But he will not entreat his son for us.

*Tam.* If Tamora entreat him, then he will;

For I can smooth and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises, that, were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.

Go thou before to be our ambassador; *[To ÆMILIUS]*  
Say that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

*Sat.* Æmilius, do this message honourably:

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please his lord.

*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually. *[Exit ÆMILIUS.]*

*Tam.* Now will I to that old Andronicus;  
And temper him, with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go successantly, and plead to him. *[Exit.]*

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

*h. Enter LUCIUS, with an army of Goths, with drum.*

Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
received letters from great Rome,  
signify what hate they bear their emperor,  
w desirous of our sight they are.  
re, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
ous and impatient of your wrongs;  
erein Rome hath done you any scaith,  
a make treble satisfaction.

Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,  
name was once our terror, now our comfort;  
high exploits, and honourable deeds,  
ful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,  
nging bees in hottest summer's day,  
their master to the flower'd fields,  
aveng'd on cursed Tamora:

he saith, so say we all with him.  
I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.

o comes here, led by a lusty Goth?  
Goth, leading AARON with his child in his arms.

Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,  
e upon a ruinous monastery,  
I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Or else I would have wasted building, suddenly  
a child cry underneath a wall:  
unto the noise, when soon I heard  
ring babe controll'd with this discourse:  
e, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam!  
t thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
ature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
thou mightst have been an emperor.  
ere the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
ever do beget a coal-black calf:  
villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the babe,—  
I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,  
when he knows thou art the empress' babe,  
old thee dearly for thy mother's sake."  
his, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
'd him suddenly, and brought him hither  
as you think needful of the man.

Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil  
abb'd Andronicus of his good hand:  
the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;  
re's the base fruit of his burning lust.  
all-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey  
owing image of thy fiendlike face?  
lost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?  
er, soldiers; hang him on this tree,  
y his side his fruit of bastardy.

on. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.  
Too like the sire for ever being good.  
ang the child, that he may see it sprawl;  
t to vex the father's soul withal.

on. Get me a ladder! \* Lucius, save the child,  
ear it from me to the empress:  
do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,  
ighly may advantage thee to hear;  
will not, befall what may befall,  
eak no more, but vengeance rot you all.

*See a ladder.* These words belong to the Moor in all editions. He may mean, execute me, but save the child. In modern copies Lucius is made to call for the

*Luc.* Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

*Aaron.* And if it please thee? why, assure thee,  
Lucius,

'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd;  
And this shall all be buried by my death,  
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

*Luc.* Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.  
*Aaron.* Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

*Luc.* Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no  
God;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

*Aaron.* What if I do not, as indeed I do not:  
Yet, for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,  
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know  
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,  
And keeps the oath which by that God he swears:  
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow  
By that same God, what God soe'er it be,  
That thou ador'st, and hast in reverence,  
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;  
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

*Aaron.* First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

*Luc.* Oh most insatiate, luxurious woman!

*Aaron.* Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,  
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;  
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou sawest.

*Luc.* Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou that trim-  
ming?

*Aaron.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd,  
And 't was trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

*Luc.* Oh, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

*Aaron.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:

That codding spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set:

That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head:

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd;

Confederate with the queen and her two sons.

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand:

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swoonded almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

*Goth.* What, canst thou say all this, and never blush

*Aaron.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

*Aaron.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand mor-



Even now I curse the day,—and yet I think  
Few come within the compass of my curse,—  
Wherein I did not some notorious ill :  
As kill a man, or else devise his death ;  
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;  
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;  
Set deadly enmity between two friends ;  
Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;  
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,  
And bid the owners quench them with their tears :  
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
And set them upright at their dear friends' door,  
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;  
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
" Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."  
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things  
As willingly as one would kill a fly ;  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

*Luc.* Bring down the devil, for he must not die  
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

*Aaron.* If there be devils, would I were a devil,  
To live and burn in everlasting fire,  
So I might have your company in hell,  
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no  
more.

*Enter a Goth.*

*Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilius : What's the news from Rome ?

*Æmil.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,  
The Roman emperor greets you all by me ;  
And, for he understands you are in arms,  
He craves a parley at your father's house,  
Willing you to demand your hostages,  
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*Goth.* What says our general ?

*Luc.* Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father, and my uncle Marcus,  
And we will come : march away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.*

*Tam.* Thus in this strange and sad habiliment  
I will encounter with Andronicus,  
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,  
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs,  
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,  
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge :  
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and TITUS opens his Study door.*]

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation ?  
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,  
That so my sad decrees may fly away,  
And all my study be to no effect ?  
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do  
See here in bloody lines I have set down ;  
And what is written shall be executed.

*Tam.* Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

*Tit.* No, not a word : how can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it action ?  
Thou hast the odds of me ; therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with  
me.

*Tit.* I am not mad ; I know thee well enough.  
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines,

Witness these trenches made by grief and care,  
Witness the tiring day and heavy night,  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :  
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

*Tam.* Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.  
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,  
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes :  
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;  
Confer with me of murder and of death.

There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,  
No vast obscurity or misty vale,  
Where bloody Murder, or detested Rape,  
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name—  
Revenge—which makes the foul offenders quake.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me  
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

*Tam.* I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

*Lo,* by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands!  
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge ;  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;  
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globes.  
Provide thee two proper palfreys, as black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
And find out murderers in their guilty caves.  
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel  
Trot like a servile footman all day long,  
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east  
Until his very downfall in the sea.

And, day by day, I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with me.

*Tit.* Are they thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

*Tam.* Rape and Murder ; therefore called so,  
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are,  
And you the empress ! but we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

Oh, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,  
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by.

[*TITUS closes his door.*]

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy.  
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,  
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speeches ;  
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,  
And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;  
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand  
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
Or, at the least, make them his enemies ;  
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter TITUS.*

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee !  
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ;  
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too.  
How like the empress and her sons you are !  
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor !  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?  
For well I wot the empress never wags  
But in her company there is a Moor ;  
And, would you represent our queen aright,  
It were convenient you had such a devil !  
But welcome as you are : What shall we do ?

*Tam.* What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

*Demet.* Show me a murderer ; I'll deal with him

Show me a villain that hath done a rape,  
 am sent to be reveng'd on him.  
 t. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,  
 will be revenged on them all.  
 Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,  
 hen thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,  
 Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer.  
 u with him; and when it is thy hap  
 l another that is like to thee,  
 Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.  
 u with them; and in the emperor's court  
 is a queen attended by a Moor;  
 nayst thou know her by thy own proportion,  
 and down she doth resemble thee.  
 thee do on them some violent death:  
 ave been violent to me and mine.  
 e. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.  
 uld it please thee, good Andronicus,  
 d for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,  
 eads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
 id him come and banquet at thy house:  
 he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
 bring in the empress and her sons,  
 peror himself, and all thy foes;  
 thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel;  
 o them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
 says Andronicus to this device?

Enter MARCUS.

Marcus, my brother, 't is sad Titus calls.  
 ntle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius:  
 halt inquire him out among the Goths.  
 m repair to me, and bring with him  
 f the chiefest princes of the Goths;  
 m encamp his soldiers where they are.  
 m the emperor, and the empress too,  
 it my house, and he shall feast with them.  
 o thou for my love; and so let him,  
 regards his aged father's life.  
 e. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.]  
 t. Now will I hence about thy business,  
 ke my ministers along with me.  
 Nay, nay; let Rape and Murder stay with me,  
 I 'll call my brother back again.  
 eave to no revenge but Lucius.  
 e. What say you, boys? will you bide with him,  
 I go tell my lord the emperor,  
 have govern'd our determin'd jest?  
 o his humour, smooth and speak him fair,  
 rry with him 'till I turn again. [Aside.]  
 I know thee all, though they suppose me mad,  
 ill o'erreach them in their own devices:  
 of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [Aside.]  
 et. Madam, depart at pleasure: leave us here.  
 e. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes  
 a complot to betray thy foes. [Exit TAM.]  
 I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.  
 Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?  
 Tut! I have work enough for you to do.  
 e, come hither, Caius, and Valentine.

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

What is your will?  
 Know you these two?  
 The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.  
 Fie, Publius, fie; thou art too much deceiv'd:  
 e is Murder, Rape is the other's name;  
 erefore bind them, gentle Publius:  
 and Valentine, lay hands on them.  
 ve you heard me wish for such an hour,  
 ow I find it; therefore bind them sure,  
 op their mouths if they begin to cry.  
 TIT. PUB., &c. lay hold on CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Chiron. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.  
 Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word;  
 Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.\*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS with a knife, and LAVINIA with a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound:  
 Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,  
 But let them hear what fearful words I utter.  
 Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!  
 Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;  
 This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.  
 You kill'd her husband; and for that vild fault  
 Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,  
 My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;  
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear  
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
 Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.  
 What would you say if I should let you speak?  
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.  
 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,  
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
 The basin that receives your guilty blood.  
 You know your mother means to feast with me;  
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.  
 Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,  
 And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste,  
 And of the paste a coffin<sup>b</sup> I will rear,  
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads,  
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.  
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on:  
 For worse than Philomel you used my daughter;  
 And worse than Progné I will be reveng'd.  
 And now prepare your throats: Lavinia, come,  
 Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,  
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
 And with this hateful liquor temper it,  
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
 Come, come, be every one officious  
 To make this banquet, which I wish may prove  
 More stern and bloody than the centaur's feast.

[He cuts their throats.]  
 So; now bring them in, for I 'll play the cook,  
 And see them ready against their mother comes.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Titus's House. A Pavilion.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Goths, with AARON.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind,  
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.  
 Goth. And ours, with thine; befall what fortune will.  
 Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,  
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;  
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
 Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
 For testimony of her foul proceedings:  
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong:  
 I fear the emperor means no good to us.  
 Aaron. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
 And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth  
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!  
 Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave!  
 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.  
 The trumpets show the emperor is at hand. [Flourish.]

\* There is a stage direction here—Exeunt. They perhaps go within the curtain of the secondary stage, so that the blood-scene may be veiled.

<sup>b</sup> Coffin—the crust of a raised pie.

*Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes and others.*

*Sat.* What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

*Luc.* What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

*Marc.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parole!<sup>a</sup> These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordained to an honourable end;

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

*Sat.* Marcus, we will. *[Hautboys.]*

*Enter TITUS, like a cook, placing the meat on the table; LAVINIA, with a veil over her face; Young LUCIUS, and others.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,

'T will fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness, and your empress.

*Tam.* We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you were:

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

*Sat.* It was, Andronicus.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord?

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her shame, And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like.

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.

*[He kills her.]*

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage; and it is now done.

*Sat.* What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

*Tit.* Will 't please you eat, will 't please your highness feed?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter?

*Tit.* Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pie,

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true, witness my knife's sharp point.

*[He stabs TAMORA.]*

*Sat.* Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

*[He kills TITUS.]*

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There 's need for meed; death for a deadly deed.

*[He kills SATURNINUS. The people disperse in terror.]*

*Marc.* You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

Oh, let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body—

*Rom. Lord.* Lest<sup>a</sup> Rome herself be bane unto herself;

And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,

<sup>a</sup> Begin the parley.

<sup>b</sup> Lest. The originals, *let*.

Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,  
Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,

Speak, Rome's dear friend, *[To Lucius]* as my great

ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse

To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,

The story of that baleful burning night,

When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy,

Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,

Or who hath brought the fatal engine in

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,

Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;

But floods of tears will drown my oratory,

And break my very utterance, even in the time

When it should move you to attend me most,

Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain; let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

*Luc.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,

And they it was that ravished our sister:

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;

Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave:

Lastly, myself, unkindly banished;

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,

To beg relief amongst Rome's enemies,

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,

And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend;

And I am the turned forth, be it known to you,

That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.

Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I,

My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just and full of truth.

But soft, methinks I do digress too much,

Citing my worthless praise. Oh, pardon me,

For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Marc.* Now is my turn to speak: behold this child

Of this was Tamora delivered,

The issue of an irreligious Moor,

Chief architect and plotter of these woes.

The villain is alive in Titus' house,

Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.

Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable past patience,

Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? show us wherein,

And, from the place where you behold us now,

The poor remainder of Andronicus

Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,

And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,

And make a mutual closure of our house:

Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,

Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

*Emil.* Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,—

Lucius, our emperor; for well I know,

The common voice do cry it shall be so.

*Marc.* Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,

<sup>a</sup> This line, and the concluding line of Marcus's speech, are

given to the people—"Romans"—by all the modern editors

against the authority of all the original copies. Marcus, being

tribune of the people, and speaks authoritatively what the

common voice has required.

her hale that misbelieving Moor,  
 djudg'd some direful slaughtering death,  
 shment for his most wicked life.

[To Attendants.

all hail to Rome's gracious governor!  
 Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern so,  
 Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe:  
 tle people, give me aim awhile,  
 ure puts me to a heavy task!  
 ll aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,  
 obsequious tears upon this trunk.  
 e this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[Kisses Titus.

orrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
 t true duties of thy noble son.  
 : Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
 ther Marcus tenders on thy lips.  
 e the sum of these that I should pay  
 as and infinite, yet would I pay them.  
 Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us  
 t in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;  
 . time he danc'd thee on his knee,  
 ee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;  
 : matter hath he told to thee,  
 d agreeing with thine infancy;  
 respect, then, like a loving child,  
 t some small drops from thy tender spring,  
 : kind nature doth require it so:  
 should associate friends in grief and woe.  
 n farewell, commit him to the grave,  
 that kindness and take leave of him.

O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all my  
 heart  
 I were dead, so you did live again!

O, Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;  
 My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

*Enter Attendants, with AARON.*

*Roman.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes!  
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

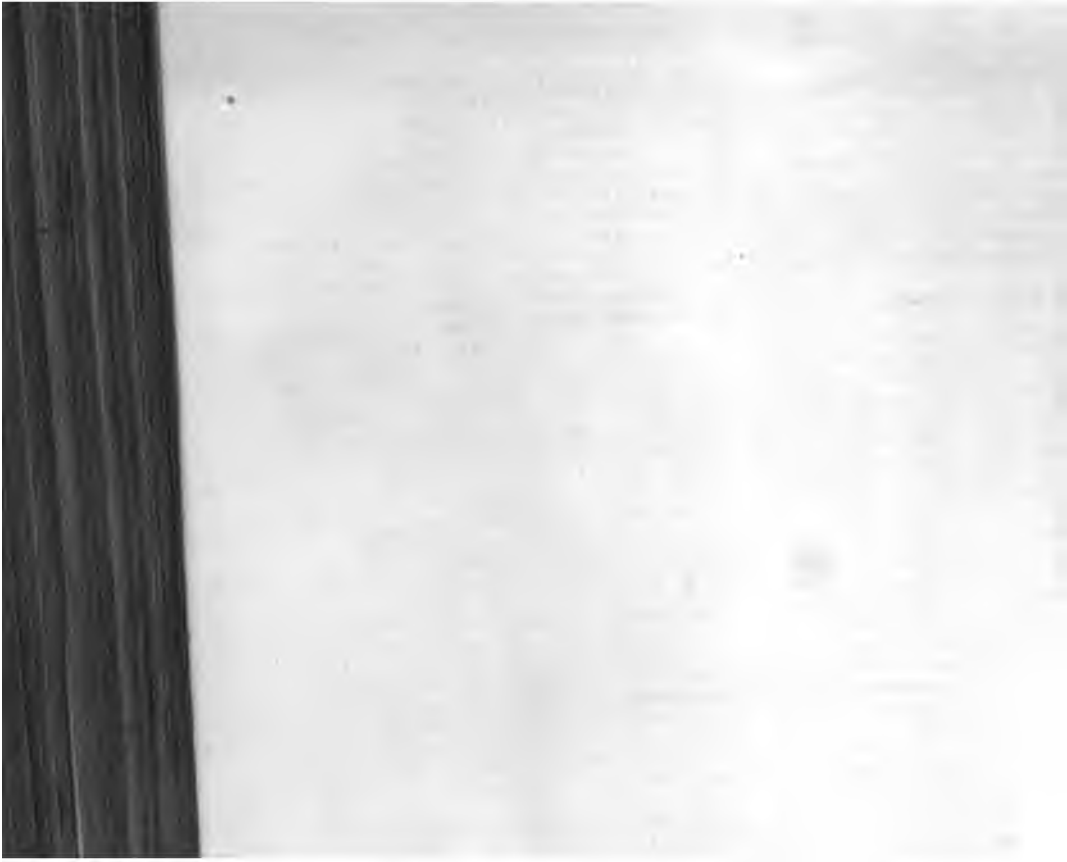
*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and furnish him:  
 There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:  
 If any one relieves or pities him,  
 For the offence he dies; this is our doom.  
 Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

*Aaron.* Ah! why should wrath be mute, and fury  
 dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
 I should repent the evils I have done:  
 Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did  
 Would I perform, if I might have my will:  
 If ous good deed in all my life I did,  
 I do repent it from my very soul.

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emperor hence  
 And give him burial in his father's grave.  
 My father and Lavinia shall forthwith  
 Be closed in our household's monument:  
 As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
 No fun'ral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,  
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
 But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:  
 Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,  
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.  
 See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
 By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:  
 Then, afterwards, to order well the state,  
 That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[Reent





W. HARTY SC.



W. T. COOPER SC.

THE  
**POEM**

OF  
*William Shakespeare*

LONDON

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE TO THE POEMS.\*

first heir of my invention prove deformed, I'm sorry it had so noble a godfather." These words which, in relation to the 'Venus and Adonis' addressed, in 1593, to the Earl of Southampton. Are we to accept them literally? Was it 'Venus and Adonis' the first production of Shakespeare? Or did he put out of his view those performances which he had then unquestioned, in deference to the critical opinions of the age, as works not belonging to "invented plays" but to the "literal" regard the 'Venus and Adonis' as the production of a very young man, improved, perhaps, in the interval between its first composition and publication, but distinguished by peculiarities belonging to the wild luxuriance of youthful power, never, however, as few besides Shakespeare have equalled.

The thinker and eloquent writer, Julius Charles Hare describes "the spirit of self-sacrifice," as the "poetry" of Shakespeare:—"The flight of the imagination is manifested by its departure from the petty creek, where the accident moored it, into the wide ocean of being,—it goes abroad into the world around, passing into whatever it meets with, animating it, and becoming one with it. This complete union and identification of the poet with his poem,—this suppression of his own individual consciousness, with its narrowness of view and pettiness of feeling,—is what we admire in the masters of that which for this reason we justly call poetry, as representing that which is symbolical, universal, not that which is merely accidental and peculiar. This gives them that majestic grandeur which still breathes upon us from the statues of the gods. This invests their works with that lucid and ethereal atmosphere wherein every form stands out with definiteness and distinctness, only beautified and idealized. This has delivered them from the casualties of time and space, and has raised them up like stars into the pure firmament of heaven, so that they do not shine on one spot alone, nor are they earthly flowers, but journey on from clime to clime, adding the light of beauty on generation after generation. The same quality, amounting to a total extinction of his own selfish being, so that his spirit became the mighty organ through which Nature gave forth the full diapason of her notes, is what we find in our own great dramatist, and is the ground-work of all his other powers: for it is only when purged

of selfishness that the intellect becomes fitted for receiving the inspirations of genius."<sup>o</sup>

What Mr. Hare so justly considers as the great moving principle of "classical poetry,"—what he further notes as the pre-eminent characteristic of "our own great dramatist,"—is abundantly found in that great dramatist's earliest work. Coleridge was the first to point out this pervading quality in the 'Venus and Adonis'; and he has done this so admirably, that it would be profanation were we to attempt to elucidate the point in any other than his own words:—

"It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more intuitive, more intimately conscious, even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view; himself meanwhile unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement which had resulted from the energetic fervour of his own spirit in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and profoundly contemplated. I think I should have conjectured from these poems, that even then the great instinct which impelled the poet to the drama was secretly working in him, prompting him by a series and never-broken chain of imagery, always vivid, and, because unbroken, often minute,—by the highest effort of the picturesque in words of which words are capable, higher perhaps than was ever realised by any other poet, even Dante not excepted,—to provide a substitute for that visual language, that constant intervention and running comment by tone, look, and gesture, which in his dramatic works he was entitled to expect from the players. His Venus and Adonis seem at once the characters themselves, and the whole representation of those characters by the most consummate actors. You seem to be *told* nothing, but to see and hear everything. Hence it is, that, from the perpetual activity of attention required on the part of the reader,—from the rapid flow, the quick change, and the playful nature of the thoughts and images,—and, above all, from the alienation, and, if I may hazard such an expression, the utter *aloofness* of the poet's own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst,—that though the very subject cannot but detract from the pleasure of a delicate mind, yet never was poem less dangerous on a moral account."<sup>†</sup>

Coleridge, in the preceding chapter of his 'Literary

\* 'The Victory of Faith; and other Sermons. By Julius Charles Hare, M.A. 1840. P. 277.

† 'Biographia Literaria,' 1817, vol. ii. p. 15.

The present edition of the Poems of Shakespeare comprises the VENUS AND ADONIS, THE RAPE OF LUCRECE, THE PASSIONATE LOVE'S COMPLAINT, and the SONNETS. THE SONGS from the Plays of Shakespeare are necessarily excluded from this edition, being sufficient for the reader to make a reference to the Dramas to which they respectively belong.



Life,' says, "During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry—the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination." In Coleridge's 'Literary Remains' the 'Venus and Adonis' is cited as furnishing a signal example of "that affectionate love of nature and natural objects, without which no man could have observed so steadily, or painted so truly and passionately, the very minutest beauties of the external world." The description of the hare-hunt is there given at length as a specimen of this power. A remarkable proof of the completeness as well as accuracy of Shakspeare's description lately presented itself to our mind, in running through a little volume, full of talent, published in 1825—'Essays and Sketches of Character, by the late Richard Ayton, Esq.' There is a paper on hunting, and especially on hare-hunting. He says—"I am not one of the perfect fox-hunters of these realms; but having been in the way of late of seeing a good deal of various modes of hunting, I would, for the benefit of the uninitiated, set down the results of my observations." In this matter he writes with a perfect unconsciousness that he is describing what any one has described before. But as accurate an observer *And* been before him:—

"She (the hare) generally returns to the seat from which she was put up, running, as all the world knows, in a circle, or something sometimes like it, we had better say, that we may keep on good terms with the mathematical. At starting, she tears away at her utmost speed for a mile or more, and distances the dogs half-way: she then returns, diverging a little to the right or left, that she may not run into the mouths of her enemies—a necessity which accounts for what we call the circularity of her course. Her flight from home is direct and precipitate; but on her way back, when she has gained a little time for consideration and stratagem, she describes a curious labyrinth of short turnings and windings, as if to perplex the dogs by the intricacy of her track."

Compare this with Shakspeare:—

"And when thou hast on foot the parblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,  
How he outruns the wind, and with what care  
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:  
The many musits through the which he goes  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes."

Mr. Ayton thus goes on:—

"The hounds, whom we left in full cry, continue their music without remission as long as they are faithful to the scent; as a summons, it should seem, like the seaman's cry, to pull together, or keep together, and it is a certain proof to themselves and their followers that they are in the right way. On the instant that they are 'at fault,' or lose the scent, they are silent. \* \* \* The weather, in its impression on the scent, is the great father of 'faults;' but they may arise from other accidents, even when the day is in every respect favourable. The intervention of ploughed land, on which the scent on cools or evaporates, is at least perilous; but sheep-

stains, recently left by a flock, are fatal: they the scent irrecoverably—making a gap, as it were, the clue, in which the dogs have not even a faint their guidance."

Compare Shakspeare again:—

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their call,  
And sometime where earth-delving cranes keep,  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;  
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:  
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear."

"For there his smell with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to stand  
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singly  
With much ado the cold fault clearly out;  
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies  
As if another chase were in the skies."

One more extract from Mr. Ayton:—

"Suppose then, after the usual rounds, that the hare at last (a sorry mark for so many foxes beleaguered—looking dark and draggled—and I heavily along; then stopping to listen—again to on a little—and again stopping; and at every such every pause, hearing the death-cry grow near louder."

One more comparison, and we have exhausted Shakspeare's description:—

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;  
Amid their loud alarms he doth hear;  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell."

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn and return, indenting with the way:  
Each ev'ous briar his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur  
For misery is trodden on by many,  
And being low never reliev'd by any."

Here, then, be it observed, are not only the subjects, the same accidents, the same movement, in description, but the very words employed to convey scene to the mind are often the same in each. It is be easy to say that Mr. Ayton copied Shakspeare; believe he did not. There is a sturdy ingenueness in his writings which would have led him to notice 'Venus and Adonis' if he had had it in his eye. Shakspeare and he had each looked minutely and, tically upon the same scene; and the wonder is that Shakspeare was an accurate describer, but that him the accurate is so thoroughly fused with the poet that it is one and the same life.

The celebrated description of the corner in 'Venus and Adonis' is another remarkable instance of the accuracy of the young Shakspeare's observation—the most experienced dealer ever knew the position of a horse better. The whole poem indeed is full of such that the circumstances by which the writer was rounded, in a country district, had entered deeply his mind, and were reproduced in the poetical form. The bird "tangled in a net"—the "dive-dagger" passed through a wave"—the "blue-veined violet"—

"Red morn, that ever yet beholds  
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field"—

the fisher that forbears the "ungrown fry"—the sheep gone to fold"—the caterpillars feeding on "the tender leaves"—and, not to weary with examples, that exquisite image,

\* Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye"—

All these bespeak a poet who had formed himself upon nature, and not upon books. To understand the value, as well as the rarity of this quality in Shakspeare, we could open any contemporary poem. Take Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* for example. We read line after line, beautiful, gorgeous, running over with a satiating luxuriousness; but we look in vain for a single familiar page. Shakspeare describes what he has seen, throwing over the real the delicious tint of his own imagination. Marlowe looks at Nature herself very rarely; but he knows all the conventional images by which the real is supposed to be elevated into the poetical. His most beautiful things are thus but copies of copies. The mode in which each poet describes the morning will illustrate our meaning:—

"Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The cedar-tops and hills seem barnish'd gold."

We feel that *this* is true. Compare—

"By this Apollo's golden harp began  
To sound forth music to the ocean;  
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard  
But he the day bright-bearing car prepar'd,  
And ran before, as harbinger of light,  
And with his flaming beams mock'd ugly Night,  
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,  
Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage."

We are taught that *this* is classical.

Coleridge has observed that, "in the *Venus and Adonis*, the first and most obvious excellence is the perfect sweetness of the versification; its adaptation to the object; and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts, or admitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant."\* This self-controlling power "varying the march of the words without passing to a loftier and more majestic rhythm" is perhaps one of the most signal instances of Shakspeare's consummate mastery of his art, even as a very young man. He who, at the proper season, knew how to strike the grandest music within the compass of our own powerful and nervous language, in his early productions breathes out his thoughts

"To the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorder."

the sustained sweetness of the versification is never varying; and yet there are no violent contrasts, no sudden elevations: all is equable in its infinite variety. In his early comedies are full of the same rare beauty. In *Love's Labour's Lost*—*The Comedy of Errors*—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*—we have verses of

alternate rhymes formed upon the same model as those of the *Venus and Adonis*, and producing the same feeling of placid delight by their exquisite harmony. The same principles on which he built the versification of the *Venus and Adonis* exhibited to him the grace which these elegiac harmonies would impart to the scenes of repose in the progress of a dramatic action.

We proceed to the *Lucrece*. Of that poem the date of the composition is fixed as accurately as we can desire. In the dedication to the *Venus and Adonis* the poet says—"If your honour seem but pleased I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour." In 1594, a year after the *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece* was published, and was dedicated to Lord Southampton. This, then, was undoubtedly the "graver labour;" this was the produce of the "idle hours" of 1593. Shakspeare was then nearly thirty years of age—the period at which it is held by some he first began to produce anything original for the stage. The poet unquestionably intended the "graver labour" for a higher effort than had produced the "first heir" of his invention. He describes the *Venus and Adonis* as "unpolished lines"—lines thrown off with youthful luxuriousness and rapidity. The verses of the *Lucrece* are "untutored lines"—lines formed upon no established model. There is to our mind the difference of eight or even ten years in the aspect of these poems—a difference as manifest as that which exists between *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Coleridge has marked the great distinction between the one poem and the other:—

"The *Venus and Adonis* did not perhaps allow the display of the deeper passions. But the story of *Lucrece* seems to favour, and even demand, their intensest workings. And yet we find in *Shakspeare's* management of the tale neither pathos nor any other dramatic quality. There is the same minute and faithful imagery as in the former poem, in the same vivid colours, inspirited by the same impetuous vigour of thought, and diverging and contracting with the same activity of the assimilative and of the modifying faculties; and with a yet larger display, a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection: and, lastly, with the same perfect dominion, often *domination*, over the whole world of language."<sup>2</sup>

It is in this paragraph that Coleridge has marked the difference—which a critic of the very highest order could alone have pointed out—between the power which Shakspeare's mind possessed of going out of itself in a narrative poem, and the dramatic power. The same mighty, and to most unattainable, power, of utterly subduing the self-conscious to the universal, was essential to the highest excellence of both species of composition,—the poem and the drama. But the exercise of that power was essentially different in each. Coleridge, in another place, says, "in his very first production he projected his mind out of his own particular being, and felt, and made others feel, on subjects no way connected with himself except by force of contemplation, and that

\* *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 14.

<sup>2</sup> *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 21.

sublime faculty by which a great mind becomes that on which it meditates.\* But this "sublime faculty" went greatly farther when it became dramatic. In the narrative poems of an ordinary man we perpetually see the narrator. Coleridge, in a passage previously quoted, has shown the essential superiority of Shakspeare's narrative poems, where the whole is placed before our view, the poet unparticipating in the passions. There is a remarkable example of how strictly Shakspeare adhered to this principle in his beautiful poem of 'A Lover's Complaint.' There the poet is actually present to the scene:—

"From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded  
A painful story from a sistering vale,  
My spirits to attend this double voice accorred,  
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale."

But not one word of comment does he offer upon the revelations of the "fickle maid full pale." The dramatic power, however, as we have said, is many steps beyond this. It dispenses with narrative altogether. It renders a complicated story, or stories, *one* in the action. It makes the characters reveal *themselves*, sometimes by a word. It trusts for everything to the capacity of an audience to appreciate the greatest subtilities, and the nicest shades of passion, *through* the action. It is the very reverse of the oratorical power, which repeats and explains. And how is it able to effect this prodigious mastery over the senses and the understanding? By raising the mind of the spectator, or reader, into such a state of poetical excitement as corresponds in some degree to the excitement of the poet, and thus clears away the mists of our ordinary vision, and irradiates the whole complex moral world in which we for a time live, and move, and have our being, with the brightness of his own intellectual sunlight. Now, it appears to us that, although the 'Venus and Adonis,' and the 'Lucrece,' do not pretend to be the creations of this wonderful power—their forms did not demand its complete exercise—they could not have been produced by a man who did not possess the power, and had assiduously cultivated it in its own proper field. In the second poem, more especially, do we think the power has reached a higher development, indicating itself in "a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection."

Malone says, "I have observed that Painter has inserted the story of Lucrece in the first volume of his 'Palace of Pleasure,' 1567, on which I make no doubt our author formed his poem." Be it so. The story of Lucrece in Painter's novel occupies four pages. The first page describes the circumstances that preceded the unholy visit of Tarquin to Lucrece; nearly the whole of the two last pages detail the events that followed the death of Lucrece. A page and a half at most is given to the tragedy. This is proper enough in a narrative, whose business it is to make all the circumstances intelligible. But the narrative poet, who was also thoroughly master of the dramatic power, concentrates all the interest upon the main circumstances of the story. He places the scene of those circumstances before our eyes at the very opening:—

\* 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii. p. 54.

"From the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false deities,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears," &c.

The preceding circumstances which impel this journey are then rapidly told. Again, after the crowning action of the tragedy, the poet has done. He tells the consequences of it with a brevity and simplicity indicating the most consummate art:

"When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment."

He has thus cleared away all the encumbrances to the progress of the main action. He would have done the same had he made Lucrece the subject of a drama. But he has to tell his painful story and to tell it all: not to exhibit a portion of it, as he would have done had he chosen the subject for a tragedy. The consummate delicacy with which he has accomplished this is beyond all praise, perhaps above all imitation. He puts forth his strength on the accessories of the main incident. He delights to make the chief actors analyse their own thoughts,—reflect, explain, expostulate. All this is essentially undramatic, and he meant it to be so. But then, what pictures does he paint of the progress of the action, which none but a great dramatic poet, who had visions of future Macbeths and Othellos before him, could have painted! Look, for example, at that magnificent scene, when

"No comfortable star did lend his light,"  
of Tarquin leaping from his bed, and, softly smiling  
his falchion on a flint, lighting a torch

"Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye."

Look, again, at the exquisite domestic incident which tells of the quiet and gentle occupation of his devoted victim:—

"By the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies."

The hand to which that glove belongs is described in the very perfection of poetry:—

"Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass."

In the chamber of innocence Tarquin is painted with terrific grandeur, which is overpowering by the *form* of contrast:—

"This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade."

The complaint of Lucrece after Tarquin has departed was meant to be undramatic. The action advances not. The character develops not itself in the action. But the poet makes his heroine bewail her fate in every variety of lament that his boundless command of imagery could furnish. The letter to Collatine is written:—a letter of the most touching simplicity:—

"Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person! Next vouchsafe to attend  
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)

sent speed to come and visit me :  
 commend me from our house in grief ;  
 these are tedious, though my words are brief."

tion languishes, and again Lucrece sur-  
 vive to her grief. The

intending, made for Priam's Troy "

most elaborate passages of the poem, essen-  
 tially undramatic mould. But this is but a  
 catastrophe, where, if we mistake not, a  
 passion is put forth which is worthy him who  
 bore the agonies of Lear :—

With a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
 she forth Tarquin's name : ' He, he,' she says,  
 than ' he ' her poor tongue could not speak ;  
 many accents and delays,  
 breathings, sobs, and short assays,  
 cries this : ' He, he, fair lords, 't is he,  
 who slides this hand to give this wound to me. "

In his concluding remarks upon the ' Venus  
 and ' Lucrece,' says, " We should do  
 justice were we to try them by a compar-  
 ison of modern and polished productions, or  
 the best idea of poetical excellence." This  
 is the year 1780—the period which re-  
 ceived the " polished productions " of Hayley and  
 Johnson, and founded its " idea of poetical excel-  
 lence standard which, secure in its conven-  
 tion, might depart as far as possible from simi-  
 tude, to give us words without thought,  
 sense without music. It would be injus-  
 tice to Shakspeare to try the ' Venus and Adonis,'  
 by such a standard of " poetical excel-  
 lence we have outlived that period. By way  
 of Shakspeare, Malone adds, " that few  
 above the age in which they live." says,  
 " the poems of ' Venus and Adonis ' and  
 ' Lucrece,' whatever opinion may be  
 formed of them, were certainly much admired  
 in their lifetime." This is consolatory. In  
 their lifetime there were a few men that the world  
 might somewhat qualified to establish an  
 ethical excellence " — Spenser, Drayton,  
 Milton, Chapman, for example. These were  
 included in Malone's golden age of " more  
 polished productions ;"—but let that pass.  
 Going back to the opinions of this obsolete  
 we venture to think the majority of readers  
 require us to make an apology for Shak-

—thought it necessary to solicit indulgence  
 for ' Venus and Adonis,' and ' Lucrece,' he drew  
 timid breath when he ventured to speak of  
 " I do not feel any great propensity to  
 be the champion of these compositions.  
 It appears to me that they have been some-  
 times, I think it incumbent on me to do them  
 justice, which they seem entitled." No wonder  
 idly. The great poetical lawgiver of his  
 later than Shakspeare, for he undertook to  
 mend and refine him, and make him fit to be  
 the super-elegant intellects of the days of  
 —had pronounced that the ' Sonnets ' were

too bad even for his genius to make tolerable. He,  
 Steevens, who would take up a play of Shakspeare's  
 in the condescending spirit with which a clever tutor takes  
 up a smart boy's verses,—altering a word here, piecing  
 out a line there, commending this thought, shaking his  
 head at this false prosody, and acknowledging upon the  
 whole that the thing is pretty well, seeing how much  
 the lad has yet to learn—he sent forth his decree that  
 nothing less than an act of parliament could compel the  
 reading of Shakspeare's ' Sonnets.' For a long time  
 mankind bowed before the oracle ; and the ' Sonnets '  
 were not read. Wordsworth has told us something  
 about this :—

" There is extant a small volume of miscellaneous  
 poems in which Shakspeare expresses his feelings in his  
 own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the  
 editor, George Steevens, should have been insensible to  
 the beauties of one portion of that volume, the ' Sonnets ;'  
 though there is not a part of the writings of this poet  
 where is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of  
 exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from  
 regard to the critic's own credit, he would not have ven-  
 tured to talk of an act of parliament not being strong  
 enough to compel the perusal of these, or any produc-  
 tion of Shakspeare, if he had not known that the people  
 of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in  
 those little pieces."\*

That ignorance has been removed ; and no one has  
 contributed more to its removal, by creating a school  
 of poetry founded upon Truth and Nature, than Words-  
 worth himself. The critics of the last century have  
 passed away :—

" Poor and Baëlim  
 Forsake their temples dim."

By the operation of what great sustaining principle is it  
 that we have come back to the just appreciation of " the  
 treasures contained in those little pieces " ? The poet-  
 critic will answer :—

" There never has been a period, and perhaps never  
 will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other,  
 has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far  
 more generally read, than good ; but this advantage  
 attends the good, that the *individual*, as well as the  
 species, survives from age to age : whereas, of the de-  
 praved, though the species be immortal, the individual  
 quickly *perishes* ; the object of present admiration  
 vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily pro-  
 duced, which, though no better, brings with it at least  
 the irritation of novelty,—with adaptation, more or less  
 skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those  
 who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when  
 they first solicit their attention. Is it the result of the  
 whole, that, in the opinion of the writer, the judgment  
 of the people is not to be respected ? The thought is  
 most injurious ; and, could the charge be brought  
 against him, he would repel it with indignation. The  
 people have already been justified, and their eulogium  
 pronounced by implication, when it is said, above—that,  
 of good poetry, the *individual*, as well as the species,  
*survives*. And how does it survive but through the

\* Preface to Poetical Works.

people? what preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

\* Past and future are the wings  
On whose support, harmoniously conjoin'd,  
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge.—MS.

The voice that issues from this spirit is that *vox populi* which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry—transitory though it be for years, local though from a nation! Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which, under the name of the PUBLIC, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the PEOPLE.\*

It is this perpetual mistake of the public for the people that has led to the belief that there was a period when Shakspeare was neglected. He was *always* in the heart

\* Preface to Poetical Works.

of the people. There, in that deep, rich soil, have the Sonnets rested during two centuries; and here and there in remote places have the seeds put forth leaves and flowers. All young imaginative minds now rejoice in their hues and their fragrance. But this preference of the fresh and beautiful of poetical life to the *post-pueri* of the last age must be a regulated love. Those who, seeing the admiration which now prevails for these outpourings of "exquisite feelings felicitously expressed," talk of the 'Sonnets' as equal, if not superior, to the greatest of the poet's mighty dramas, compare things that admit of no comparison. Who would speak in the same breath of the gem of Cupid and Psyche, and the Parthenon? In the 'Sonnets,' exquisite as they are, the poet goes not out of himself (at least in the form of the composition), and he walks, therefore, in a narrow circle of art. In the 'Venus and Adonis,' and the 'Lycidas,' the circle widens. But in the Dramas, the centre is the Human Soul, the circumference the Universe.

TO

## THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

HONOURABLE,

Now not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will reprove me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but to account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so good a father, and never after ear\* so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour<sup>b</sup> to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

rough.

As a duke is now styled "your grace," so "your honour" was formerly the usual mode of address to noblemen.

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

The sun with purple-colour'd face  
His last leave of the weeping morn,  
'd Adonis hied him to the chase;  
Love lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn;  
Sought Venus makes amain unto him,  
And a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

"Fiercer than myself," thus she began,  
"Thou chief flower, sweet above compare,  
Thou nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
Thou and red than doves or roses are;  
That made thee, with herself at strife,  
At the world hath ending with thy life.

"O, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
On his proud head to the saddle-bow;  
To deign this favour, for thy meed  
Thou honey-secrets shalt thou know:  
Stand thou near me and sit, where never serpent hisses;  
So set I 'll smother thee with kisses;

"Nor cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety  
Familiar them amid their plenty,  
Nor red and pale with fresh variety,  
Short as one, one long as twenty:  
Thy day will seem an hour but short,  
If I be not as such time-beguiling sport."

"He seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The essence of pith and livelihood,  
Whom in her passion, calls it balm,  
To cure his ache, and drench his wound;  
So she, with virgin-mildness look'd,  
Enrag'd desire doth lend her force,  
To pluck him from his horse.

"He, the lusty courser's rein,  
With gentle hands, his fair white neck  
Thus smother'd in her tender fume,  
His appetite, unapt to toy,  
That he but hot as coals of glowing fire,  
For shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
Nimbly she fastens; (O how quick is love!)  
The steed is stalled up, and even now  
To tie the rider she begins to prove:

Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,  
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,  
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;  
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,  
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears  
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:  
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,  
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:  
He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss';  
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
Tires<sup>b</sup> with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,  
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;  
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content,<sup>c</sup> but never to obey,  
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face:  
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,  
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,  
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;  
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,  
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:

\* *Miss*—miss, fault.\* *Tires*—tears, prey.\* *Content*—acquiescence.

Rain added to a river that is rank,<sup>a</sup>  
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;  
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,  
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy pale  
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,  
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;  
And by her fair immortal hand she swears  
From his soft bosom never to remove,  
Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;  
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
Like a dive-dapper<sup>b</sup> peering through a wave,  
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;  
So offers he to give what she did crave;  
But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat  
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn:  
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:  
"O, pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!  
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?"

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,  
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar:  
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;  
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,  
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,  
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:  
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,  
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—  
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head;  
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies:  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?"

"Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,  
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night:  
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:  
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean  
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
Shows thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted:  
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;  
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:

<sup>a</sup> Rank—full. Rank is often used to express excess or violence generally; and rankness is applied to a flood, in 'King John,' Act V. sc. 4:—

"And like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course."

<sup>b</sup> Dive-dapper. One of the familiar names of the dab-chick is dive-dapper, or di-dapper; and this was the old poetical name.

Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime  
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,  
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,  
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;  
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?"

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;  
Mine eyes are grey,<sup>a</sup> and bright, and quick in turning;  
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;  
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand ~~so~~,  
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,  
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:  
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;  
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;  
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,  
From morn to night, even where I list to sport me:  
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?"

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft:  
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;  
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:  
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty,  
Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,  
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?  
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;  
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,  
And Titan, tired<sup>b</sup> in the midday heat,  
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;  
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,  
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,  
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love!  
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ah me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind!  
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!  
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;  
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears."

<sup>a</sup> Grey is said to be here used as *blue*. We have seen frequently—

"Her two blue windows faintly she upbeats."  
But the eye-lids are the "blue windows."

<sup>b</sup> Tired—attired.

at shines from heaven shines but warm,  
 between that sun and thee ;  
 ave from thence doth little harm,  
 erts forth the fire that burneth me :  
 I not immortal, life were done,  
 his heavenly and earthly sun.

odurate, flinty, hard as steel,  
 an flint, for stone at rain relenteth ?  
 oman's son, and canst not feel  
 love ? how want of love tormenteth ?  
 mother borne so hard a mind,  
 ot brought forth thee, but died unkind.\*

I, that thou shouldst contemn<sup>b</sup> me this ?  
 at danger dwells upon my suit ?  
 by lips the worse for one poor kiss ?  
 but speak fair words, or else be mute :  
 me kiss, I'll give it thee again,  
 or interest, if thou wilt have twain.

a picture, cold and senseless stone,  
 d idol, image dull and dead,  
 uting but the eye alone,  
 i man, but of no woman bred ;  
 no man, though of a man's complexion,  
 will kiss even by their own direction."

mpatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
 g passion doth provoke a pause ;  
 and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong ;  
 in love, she cannot right her cause :  
 she weeps, and now she fain would speak,  
 her sobs do her intendments<sup>c</sup> break.

he shakes her head, and then his hand,  
 she on him, now on the ground ;  
 er arms infold him like a band ;  
 he will not in her arms be bound ;  
 i from thence he struggles to be gone  
 her lily fingers one in one.

" she saith, " since I have hemm'd thee here,  
 circuit of this ivory pale,  
 rk, and thou shalt be my deer,  
 thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :  
 my lips ; and if those hills be dry,  
 er, where the pleasant fountains lie.

is limit is relief enough,  
 n-grass, and high delightful plain,  
 g hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,  
 bee from tempest and from rain ;  
 my deer, since I am such a park ;  
 hall rouse thee, tho' a thousand bark."

his smiles as in disdain,  
 h cheek appears a pretty dimple :  
 those hollows, if himself were slain,  
 e buried in a tomb so simple ;  
 ing well if there he came to lie,  
 e Love liv'd and there he could not die.

y caves, these round-enchancing pits,  
 r mouths to swallow Venus' liking :  
 before, how doth she now for wits ?  
 at first, what needs a second striking ?  
 en of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
 cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !

way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?  
 are done, her woes the more increasing,

Milton applies the same epithet, in the same way,  
 line of Divorce :—" The desire and longing to put  
 ly solitariness by uniting another body, but not  
 soul, to his, in the cheerful society of wedlock."  
 is here used in the sense of throw aside,  
 etc.—intentions.

The time is spent, her object will away,  
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing :  
 " Pity"—she cries,— " some favour—some re-  
 morse"<sup>a</sup>—  
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a cove that neighbours by,  
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,  
 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,  
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :  
 The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,  
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;  
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder ;  
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,  
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd ; his braided hanging mane  
 Upon his compass'd<sup>b</sup> crest now stand on end ;<sup>c</sup>  
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :  
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,  
 With gentle majesty, and modest pride ;  
 Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,  
 As who should say, lo ! thus my strength is tried ;  
 And this I do to captivate the eye  
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,  
 His flattering " holla,"<sup>d</sup> or his " Stand, I say "<sup>e</sup> ?  
 What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur ?  
 For rich caparisons, or trapping gay ?  
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
 Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look when a painter would surpass the life,  
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
 As if the dead the living should exceed ;  
 So did this horse excel a common one,  
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide  
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,  
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :  
 Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,  
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares ;  
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;  
 To hid the wind a base<sup>f</sup> he now prepares,  
 And wh'er he run, or fly, they knew not whether ;  
 For thro' his mane and tail the high wind sings,  
 Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her ;  
 She answers him as if she knew his mind ;  
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
 She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind ;  
 Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,  
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

<sup>a</sup> Remorse—tenderness.

<sup>b</sup> Compass'd—arched.

<sup>c</sup> Mane is here used as a plural noun.

<sup>d</sup> Holla. *Ho* is the ancient interjection, giving notice to stop. The word before us is certainly the same as the French *hola*, and is explained in Cotgrave's French Dictionary as meaning " enough, soft, soft, no more of that."

<sup>e</sup> In the game of base, or *petion base*, one runs and challenges another to pursue.



Then, like a melancholy malecontent,  
He veils<sup>a</sup> his tail, that, like a falling plume,  
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;  
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:  
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,  
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;  
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,  
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him  
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:  
As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,  
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing down Adonis sits,  
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;  
And now the happy season once more fits,  
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;  
For lovers say the heart hath treble wrong,  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:  
So of concealed sorrow may be said;  
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;  
But when the heart's attorney<sup>b</sup> once is mute,  
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;  
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;  
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view  
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!  
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!  
How white and red each other did destroy!  
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;  
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:  
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,  
As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them!  
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;  
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;  
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:  
And all this dumb play had his<sup>c</sup> acts made plain  
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,  
Or ivory in an alabaster band;  
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:  
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:  
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;<sup>d</sup>  
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,  
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

<sup>a</sup> *Falle*—lowers.

<sup>b</sup> In 'Richard III.' we have—

"Why should calamity be full of words?"

Windy attorneys to their client woes."

The tongue, in the passage before us, is the attorney to the heart.

<sup>c</sup> *His* for *its*.

<sup>d</sup> Malone explains this "thy heart wounded as mine is."

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou feel it?"  
"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it."  
O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,  
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:<sup>a</sup>  
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go;  
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
And 't is your fault I am bereft him so;  
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone:  
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.  
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;  
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:  
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,  
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!  
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
He held such petty bondage in disdain;  
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true love in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight?  
Who is so faint that dare not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?"

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;  
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented joy;  
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee  
O learn to love; the lesson is but plain,  
And, once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,  
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it:  
'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it;  
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:  
The colt that 's back'd and burthen'd being young  
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:  
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;  
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.  
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;  
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk," quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?  
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!  
Thy mermaid's voice<sup>b</sup> hath done me double wrong;  
I had my load before, now press'd with hearing:  
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,  
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love  
That inward beauty and invisible;  
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
Each part in me that were but sensible:

<sup>a</sup> *Grave*—grave.

<sup>b</sup> *Mermaid's voice*. *Mermaid* and *ayres* were formerly and are synonymous.

neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
 would I be in love, by touching thee.

But the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
 I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,  
 though but the very smell were left me,  
 would my love to thee be still as much;  
 in the still story of thy face excelling  
 breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by  
 smelling.

What banquet wert thou to the taste,  
 and feeder of the other four!  
 why not wish the feast might ever last,  
 suspicion double-lock the door?  
 jealousy, that so unwelcome guest,  
 by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

And the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,  
 his speech did honey passage yield;  
 I morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
 the seaman, tempest to the field,  
 to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
 and foul flaws \* to herdmen and to herds.

Her visage advisedly she marketh:  
 the wind is hush'd before it raineth,  
 the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
 the berry breaks before it staineth,  
 the deadly bullet of a gun,  
 when striking struck her ere his words begun.

As look she flatly falleth down,  
 kill love, and love by looks reviveth:  
 secures the wounding of a frown,  
 and bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!  
 O my boy, believing she is dead,  
 her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And mad'd brake off his late intent,  
 why he did think to reprehend her,  
 when loving love did wittily prevent:  
 he wit that can so well defend her!  
 the grass she lies as she were slain,  
 her breath breatheth life in her again.

And her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
 her fingers, holds her pulses hard;  
 her lips, a thousand ways he seeks  
 the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;  
 kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
 never rise so he will kiss her still.

And of sorrow now is turn'd to day:  
 the blue windows <sup>b</sup> faintly she upheaveth,  
 the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
 the morn, and all the world relieveth:  
 the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
 and her face illumin'd with her eye;

And lamps upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
 whence they borrow'd all their shine.  
 Her four such lamps together mix'd,  
 his clouded with his brows' repine;  
 the stars, which thro' the crystal tears gave light,  
 like the moon in water seen by night.

"Am I?" quoth she, "in earth or heaven,  
 ocean drench'd, or in the fire?  
 or is this? or morn or weary even?  
 or fit to die, or life desire?"

<sup>a</sup> is here used in the sense of violent blasts.  
 blue windows are doubtless the eyelids, but the epithet blue  
 is startling. We must remember that Shakspeare has  
 jewels as—

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

<sup>b</sup> Used as a substantiv. Chaucer employs *pine* in  
 answer.

But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;  
 But now I died, and death was lively joy

"O thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:  
 Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
 Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain:  
 That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine:  
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!  
 O never let their crimson liveries wear!  
 And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
 To drive infection\* from the dangerous year!  
 That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
 May say the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
 What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?  
 To sell myself I can be well contented,  
 So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;  
 Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,  
 Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;  
 And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
 What is ten hundred touches unto thee?  
 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?  
 Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,<sup>b</sup>  
 Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,  
 Measure my strangeness<sup>c</sup> with my unripe years;  
 Before I know myself seek not to know me;  
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:  
 The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
 Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
 His day's hot task hath ended in the west:  
 The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'t is very late;  
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;  
 And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light  
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'good night,' and so say you;  
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."  
 "Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "adieu,"  
 The honey fee of parting tender'd is:  
 Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
 Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew  
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
 Whereon they surfeit yet complain on drouth:  
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,  
 (Their lips together glued,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
 And glutton-like she feeds yet never filleth;  
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
 Paying what ransom the insulter willet;  
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,  
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage;  
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;

\* The custom of strewing houses with fragrant herbs was  
 universal at a period when the constant recurrence of the  
 plague habituated families to the use of what they considered  
 preventives.

<sup>b</sup> Here is one of the many traces of Shakspeare's legal studies  
 —an allusion to the penalty for non-payment which formed the  
 condition of a money bond.

<sup>c</sup> *Strangeness*—coyness or bashfulness.

Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,  
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,  
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What <sup>a</sup> frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
And yields at last to every light impression?<sup>a</sup>  
Things out of hope are compass'd off with venturing,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave<sup>b</sup> exceeds commission:  
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,  
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
What though the rose have prickles, yet 't is pluck'd:  
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;  
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:  
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;<sup>c</sup>  
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?  
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?"  
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,  
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:  
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:  
All is imaginary she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, although he mount her;  
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,  
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,<sup>e</sup>  
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,  
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poor birds that helpless<sup>d</sup> berries saw:  
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:  
She bath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;  
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;  
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.  
"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;  
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,  
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.  
O be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,  
Like to a mortal<sup>e</sup> butcher, bent to kill.

<sup>a</sup> The soft wax upon which the seal attached to a legal instrument was impressed required to be tempered before the impression was made upon it. <sup>b</sup> Leave—licence.

<sup>c</sup> The allusion is to the picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny. We may observe that there was no English translation of Pliny so early as the date of this poem.

<sup>d</sup> Helpless—that afford no help.

<sup>e</sup> Mortal—readly.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his fees;  
His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth fret;  
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;  
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,  
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,  
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;  
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;  
Being ireful on the lion he will venture:  
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,  
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eye,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;  
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)  
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends;  
Come not within his danger<sup>a</sup> by thy will;  
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.  
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,  
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?  
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'kill, kill;  
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding<sup>b</sup> spy,  
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,<sup>c</sup>  
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
That if I love thee I thy death should fear!

"And, more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed  
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
That tremble at the imagination?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination:  
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,  
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:  
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,  
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hands.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,  
How he outruns the wind, and with what care  
He cranks<sup>d</sup> and crosses, with a thousand doubles:

<sup>a</sup> Danger—power of doing harm. <sup>b</sup> Bate signifies diminish. <sup>c</sup> Carry-tale—sland or young slave. <sup>d</sup> Cranks—crosses.

any musits\* through the which he goes  
ke a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

ime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
e the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
setime where earth-delving conies keep,<sup>b</sup>  
the loud pursuers in their yell ;  
ometime sorteth<sup>c</sup> with a herd of deer ;  
er deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

ere his smell with others being mingled,  
scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
their clamorous cry till they have singled  
uch ado the cold fault cleanly out ;  
do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,  
another chase were in the skies.

is, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
ken if his foes pursue him still ;  
eir loud alarums he doth hear ;  
now his grief may be compared well  
e sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
nd return, indenting with the way ;  
vious briar his weary legs doth scratch,  
adlow makes him stop, each murmur stay :  
isery is trodden on by many,  
being low never reliev'd by any.

uently, and hear a little more ;  
not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :  
e thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
myself thou hear'st me moralize,<sup>d</sup>  
ying this to that, and so to so ;  
ove can comment upon every woe.

e did I leave ?"—" No matter where," quoth he ;  
me, and then the story aptly ends :  
it is spent."—" Why, what of that ?" quoth she.  
" quoth he, " expected of my friends ;  
now 't is dark, and going I shall fall."  
sight," quoth she, " desire sees best of all.

f thou fall, O then imagine this,  
th in love with thee thy footing trips,  
is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
eys make true men thieves ; so do thy lips  
modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

of this dark night I perceive the reason :  
for shame obscures her silver shine,  
ging nature be condemn'd of treason,  
ling moulds from heaven that were divine,  
ein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,  
ame the sun by day, and her by night.

herefore bath she brib'd the Destinies,  
e the curious workmanship of nature,  
ple beauty with infirmities,  
re perfection with impure defeature ;  
ng it subject to the tyranny  
ad mischances and much misery ;

ring fevers, agues pale and faint,  
soning pestilence, and frenzies wood,<sup>e</sup>  
row-eating sickness, whose attain  
e breeds by heating of the blood :  
its, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,  
Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

z. The term is explained in Markham's *Gentlemen's*  
1595 :—" We term the place where she (the hare)  
er form ; the place through which she goes to relief,  
"

—dwell.

wise—comment.

\* *Scyth*—consorteth.

<sup>b</sup> *Wood*—mad.

" And not the least of all these maladies,  
But in one minute's flight brings beauty under :  
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,  
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,<sup>a</sup>  
As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

" Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night  
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

" What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?  
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

" So in thyself thyself art made away ;  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,  
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.  
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
But gold that 's put to use more gold begets."

" Nay, then," quoth Adon, " you will fall again  
Into your idle over-handled theme ;  
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream ;  
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse

" If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your own,  
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;  
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,  
And will not let a false sound enter there ;

" Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my breast ;  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.  
No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

" What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove ?  
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger ;  
I hate not love, but your device in love,  
That lends embracements unto every stranger.  
You do it for increase ; O strange excuse !  
When reason is the lawd to lust's abuse.

" Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name ;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;  
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

" Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
But lust's effect is tempest after sun ;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.  
Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies :  
Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lies.

" More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;  
The text is old, the orator too green.  
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen ;<sup>b</sup>  
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended  
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

<sup>a</sup> *Done*—destroyed.

<sup>b</sup> *Teen*—grief.

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,  
And homeward through the dark laund<sup>a</sup> runs apace;  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;  
So did the merciless and pitchy night  
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,  
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;  
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans;  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:  
"Ah me!" she cries, and twenty times, "woe, woe!"  
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,  
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;  
How love makes young men thrall, and old men  
dote;

How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:  
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
And still the choir of echoes answer<sup>b</sup> so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:  
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight  
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:  
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,  
But idle sounds, resembling parasites,  
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?  
She says, " 't is so:" they answer all, "'t is so;"  
And would say after her, if she said "no."

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:  
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,  
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:  
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his hound:  
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth<sup>c</sup> to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,

<sup>a</sup> *Laund*—lawn.

<sup>b</sup> *Answer*. So the original. No doubt, according to the rules of modern construction, answers is more correct.

<sup>c</sup> *Coasteth*—advanceth.

Some twine about her thigh to make her stay,  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;  
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:  
Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,  
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:  
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,  
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;  
Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd,  
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,  
And childish error that they are afraid;  
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more;  
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;  
She treads the path that she untreads again;  
Her more than haste is mated<sup>a</sup> with delays,  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,  
Full of respect,<sup>b</sup> yet nought at all respecting,  
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;  
And there another licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster:  
And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;  
Another and another answer him,  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd  
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,  
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,  
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies:  
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,  
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
Hateful divorce of love," (thus chides she Death),  
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean  
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,  
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set  
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?"

"If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,  
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—

<sup>a</sup> *Mated*—confounded.

<sup>b</sup> *Respect*—~~attention~~

may; thou hast no eyes to see,  
 fully at random dost thou hit.  
 mark is feeble age; but thy false dart  
 kes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
 ring him thy power had lost his<sup>a</sup> power.  
 tinies will curse thee for this stroke;  
 I thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:  
 golden arrow at him should have fled,  
 ot Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

ou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?  
 ay a heavy groan advantage thee?  
 it thou cast into eternal sleeping  
 es that taught all other eyes to see?  
 Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,  
 her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

ecome, as one full of despair,  
 d<sup>b</sup> her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd  
 tal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
 reet channel of her bosom dropp'd;  
 rough the floodgates breaks the silver min,  
 ith his strong course opens them again.

er eyes and tears did lend and borrow!  
 een in the tears, tears in her eye;  
 stals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,  
 hat friendly sighs sought still to dry;  
 ke a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
 dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

passions throng her constant woe,  
 og who should best become her grief;  
 tain'd, each passion labours so  
 ry present sorrow seemeth chief,  
 one is best; then join they all together,  
 nany clouds consulting for foul weather.

far off she hears some huntsmen hollo:<sup>c</sup>  
 s song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:  
 'imagination she did follow  
 nd of hope doth labour to expel;  
 w reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
 atters her it is Adonis' voice.

her tears began to turn their tide,  
 ison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;  
 stimes falls an orient drop beside,  
 er cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,  
 sh the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
 s but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

elieving love, how strange it seems  
 elieve, and yet too credulous!  
 I and woe are both of them extremes,  
 and hope make thee ridiculous:  
 ee doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
 ely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

unweaves the web that she hath wrought;  
 ives, and Death is not to blame;  
 t she that call'd him all-to<sup>d</sup> naught;  
 adds honours to his hateful name;  
 eges him king of graves, and grave for kings,  
 ous supreme of all mortal things.

"'T quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;  
 on me, I felt a kind of fear,  
 I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
 nows no pity, but is still severe;  
 gentle shadow (truth I must confess),  
 d on thee, fearing my love's decease.

<sup>a</sup> *See*. <sup>b</sup> *Fall'd*—lowered.  
 er hollow, is not quite the same word as holla, which  
 already noticed, although the usual spelling of this  
 e passage before us is holla.  
 —entirely—altogether

"'T is not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue,  
 Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;  
 'T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;  
 I did but act, he 's author of thy slander:  
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet,  
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit."

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,  
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;  
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
 With Death she humbly doth insinuate;  
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories  
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,  
 To be of such a weak and silly mind,  
 To wail his death who lives, and must not die,  
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!  
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear  
 As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;  
 Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,  
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."  
 Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
 Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure away she flies;  
 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;  
 And in her haste unfortunately spies  
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;  
 Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,  
 Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
 And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,  
 Long after fearing to creep forth again;  
 So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
 Into the deep dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light  
 To the disposing of her troubled brain;  
 Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
 And never wound the heart with looks again;  
 Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
 By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes:  
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,  
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
 Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound,  
 The mutiny each part doth so surprise,  
 That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd  
 In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white  
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:  
 No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,  
 But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;  
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;  
 Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;  
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.  
 Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;  
 Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly  
 That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;  
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye  
 That makes more gashes where no breach should be:  
 His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;  
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
 And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!"

My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :  
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes' red fire !  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

" Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !  
What face remains alive that 's worth the viewing ?  
Whose tongue is music now ? what canst thou boast  
Of things long since, or anything ensuing ?  
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim ;  
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

" Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear ;  
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :  
Having no fair\* to lose, you need not fear ;  
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you :  
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air  
Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his fair ;

" And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep ;  
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,  
Play with his locks ; then would Adonis weep :  
And straight, in pity of his tender years,  
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

" To see his face the lion walk'd along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him :  
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,  
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him ;  
If he had spoke the wolf would leave his prey,  
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

" When he beheld his shadow in the brook  
The fishes spread on it their golden gills ;  
When he was by the birds such pleasure took  
That some would sing, some other in their bills  
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries ;  
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

" But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted<sup>b</sup> boar,  
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore :  
Witness the entertainment that he gave ;  
If he did see his face, why then I know  
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

" 'T is true, 't is true ; thus was Adonis slain ;  
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;  
And nuzzling in his flank the loving swine  
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

" Had I been tooth'd like him I must confess  
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first ;  
But he is dead, and never did he bless  
My youth with his ; the more am I accurst."  
With this she falleth in the place she stood,  
And stains her face with his congeal'd blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;  
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
As if they heard the woeful words she told :  
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
Where, lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies :

Two glasses where herself herself beheld  
A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;  
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,  
And every beauty robb'd of his effect :

\* Fair—beauty.

<sup>b</sup> Urchin-snouted—with the snout of the urchin, or hedgehog.

" Wonder of time," quoth she, " this is my side,  
That you being dead the day should yet be light.

" Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;  
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low ;  
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

" It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;  
Bud and be blasted in a breathing while ;  
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd\*  
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile :  
The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

" It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures :  
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a child.

" It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;  
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust ;  
It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just ;  
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,  
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

" It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissention 'twixt the son and sire ;  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire ;  
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy\* that by her side lay kill'd  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stall.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death :  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

" Poor flower," quoth she, " this was thy father's grave  
(Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling sire,)  
For every little grief to wet his eyes ;  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 't is thine ; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

" Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right ;  
Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :  
There shall not be one minute in an hour  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid  
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their quest  
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

\* O'erstraw'd—o'erstrewn.

<sup>b</sup> Measures—grave dances suited to age.

TO

## THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY.

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end, whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety.\* The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater my duty would show greater: meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

\* *Moiety*. In 'Henry IV.,' Part I., and in 'Lear,' Shakspeare uses *moiety* as it is here used, meaning a portion, not a half.

## THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending by their secret and sudden arrival to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and reveling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucretia's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest

back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucretia at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucretia, in this lamentable plight, hastily despatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucretia attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and, bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Least-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucretia the chaste.

Happy that name of chaste unhappy set  
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;  
When Collatine unwisely did not let  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;  
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
In the possession of his beauteous mate;  
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,

\* *Let--forbear.*

That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done\*  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendour of the sun!  
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:  
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator;  
What needeth then apologies be made  
To set forth that which is so singular?  
Or why is Collatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

\* *Done*. The word is here used as in a previous passage of the 'Venus and Adonis':—

"Wasted, thaw'd, and done,  
As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun."



Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
Suggested <sup>a</sup> this proud issue of a king;  
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:  
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting  
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should  
vaunt

That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:  
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,  
Thy hasty spring still blasts, <sup>b</sup> and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,  
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,  
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd  
Which of them both should underprop her fame:  
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;  
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
Virtue would stain that or <sup>c</sup> with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,<sup>d</sup>  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:  
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;  
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—  
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the  
white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white  
Of either's colour was the other queen,  
Proving from world's minority their right:  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;  
The sovereignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;  
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,  
The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
To those two armies that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue  
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:  
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,<sup>e</sup>  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;  
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;  
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer

<sup>a</sup> Suggested—tempted.

<sup>b</sup> Blasts is here used as a verb neuter.

<sup>c</sup> Or. The line usually stands thus:—

"Virtue would stain that or with silver white."

The original has *ore*. Malone has suggested, but he does not act upon the suggestion, that "the word intended was perhaps *or*, i.e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a blush." We have no doubt whatever of the matter. The lines in the subsequent stanza complete the heraldic allusion:—

"Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield."

<sup>d</sup> Intituled—having a title to, or in.

<sup>e</sup> The object of praise which Collatine doth possess.

And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;  
But poorly rich, so wanteth in his store  
That cloy'd with much he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,  
Could pick no meaning from their parling <sup>a</sup> looks,  
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies  
Writ in the glassy margents of such books;  
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks,  
Nor could she moralize <sup>b</sup> his wanton sight  
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;  
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,  
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory;  
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,  
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
He makes excuses for his being there.  
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;  
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
Intending <sup>c</sup> weariness with heavy spright;  
For, after supper, long he questioned <sup>d</sup>  
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:  
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,  
And every one to rest himself betakes,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining;  
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;  
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,  
Though death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
That what they have not, that which they possess  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,<sup>e</sup>  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage;  
As life for honour in fell battles' rage;  
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill we leave to be  
The things we are, for that which we expect  
And this ambitious foul infirmity,

<sup>a</sup> Parling—speaking.

<sup>b</sup> Moralize—interpret.

<sup>c</sup> Intending—pretending.

<sup>d</sup> Questioned—conversed.

<sup>e</sup> The meaning, though obscurely expressed, is that the covetous are so fond of gaining what they have not, that they scatter and unloose from their bond (safe hold) that which they possess.

ing much, torments us with defect  
t we have : so then we do neglect  
thing we have, and, all for want of wit,  
e something nothing, by augmenting it.

azard now must doting Tarquin make,  
ng his honour to obtain his lust ;  
r himself himself he must forsake :  
where is truth if there be no self-trust ?  
shall he think to find a stranger just,  
en he himself himself confounds, betrays  
landerous tongues, and wretched hateful days ?

tole upon the time the dead of night,  
heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes ;  
nfortable star did lend his light,  
se but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries ;  
erves the season that they may surprise  
silly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead and still,  
de lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

ow this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
ng his mantle rudely o'er his arm ;  
ly toss'd between desire and dread ;  
o sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm ;  
nest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,  
too too oft betake him to retire,  
en away by brain-sick rude Desire.

chion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
om the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,  
at a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;  
the flame thus speaks advisedly :  
from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,  
ucrece must I force to my desire."

ale with fear he doth premeditate  
ngers of his loathsome enterprise,  
his inward mind he doth debate  
following sorrow may on this arise ;  
oking scornfully, he doth despise  
naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,  
justly thus controls his thoughts unjust :

torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
ten her whose light excelleth thine !  
e unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
our uncleanness that which is divine !  
ure incense to so pure a shrine :  
fair humanity abhor the deed  
spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.\*

me to knighthood and to shining arms !  
dishonour to my household's grave !  
ous act, including all foul harms !  
ial man to be soft fancy's slave ;<sup>b</sup>  
dour still a true respect should have ;  
my digression <sup>c</sup> is so vile, so base,  
it will live engraven in my face.

though I die, the scandal will survive,  
an eyesore in my golden coat ;  
athsome dash the herald will contrive,  
er me how fondly I did do ;  
y posterity, sham'd with the note,  
urse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
ish that I their father had not been.

t win I if I gain the thing I seek ?  
n, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy :  
ys a minute's mirth to wail a week ?

d—garment.  
eg's slave—love's slave.  
ision is here used in the sense of *transgressus*.

Or sells eternity to get a toy ?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?  
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down ?

" If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?  
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame ?

" O what excuse can my invention make,  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed ?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake ?  
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed ?  
The guilt being great the fear doth still exceed ;  
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

" Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife ;  
As in revenge or quittal of such strife :  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

" Shameful it is ;—ay, if the fact be known :  
Hateful it is ;—there is no hate in loving :  
I 'll beg her love ;—but she is not her own ;  
The worst is but denial, and reproving :  
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.  
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
T'ween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worse sense for vantage still ;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, " She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O how her fear did make her colour rise !  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.\*

" And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,  
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear ;  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,  
Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

" Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth :  
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;  
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

" Then, childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !  
Respect <sup>b</sup> and reason wait on wrinkled age !  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye :

\* *Take away*—being taken away.

<sup>b</sup> *Respect*—prudence,—in the sense of the original Latin,  
looking again.

Sad<sup>a</sup> pause and deep regard besem the sage;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?<sup>b</sup>

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.  
Away he steals with open listening ear,  
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine:  
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;  
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
Unto a view so false will not incline;  
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
Which once corrupted takes the worse part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,  
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece's bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;  
But as they open they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him there;  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place  
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct<sup>c</sup> in this case;  
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch;

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And griping it, the need<sup>c</sup> his finger pricks:  
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;  
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial;  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,<sup>d</sup>  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
And give the sneaped<sup>e</sup> birds more cause to sing.  
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and  
sands,  
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."<sup>f</sup>

Now is he come unto the chamber door  
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,

<sup>a</sup> Sad—grave. <sup>b</sup> Conduct—conductor. <sup>c</sup> Need—needle.  
<sup>d</sup> Let—obstruct. <sup>e</sup> Sneaped—checked.

Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought,  
So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
As if the heaven should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
Having solicited the eternal power,  
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must deflower;  
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
How can they then assist me in the act?"

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
My will is back'd with resolution;  
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,  
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;  
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
And with his knee the door he opens wide:  
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;  
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;  
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,<sup>g</sup>  
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.  
The curtains being close, about he walks,  
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:  
By their high treason is his heart misled;  
Which gives the watchword to his hand full set,  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;  
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:  
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;  
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,  
Then had they seen the period of their ill!  
Then Collatine again by Lucrece's side  
In his clear bed might have reposed still;  
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill  
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;  
Who therefore angry, seems to part in under,  
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;  
Between whose hills her head entomb'd is:  
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,  
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her head:  
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!  
Showing life's triumph in the map of death.

<sup>g</sup> Stalks. To stalk literally means, to go warily or softly. It is the Anglo-Saxon *stalcen*—*peducantia* *ire*. The hawk creeps upon the birds stalks, and his stalking here takes its name from the character of the fowler's movement.

ath's dim look in life's mortality :  
 her sleep themselves so beautify,  
 between them twain there were no strife,  
 that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

asts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
 of maiden worlds unconquered,  
 their lord no bearing yoke they knew,  
 in by oath they truly honoured.  
 worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred :  
 like a foul usurper, went about  
 this fair throne to heave the owner out.

ould he see but mightily he noted ?  
 did he note but strongly he desir'd ?  
 he beheld on that he firmly doted,  
 his will his wilful eye he tir'd.\*  
 more than admiration he admir'd  
 azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
 coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
 hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
 this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
 re of lust by gazing qualified ;  
 L, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,  
 eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
 a greater uproar tempts his veins :

ey, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,  
 ate vassals, fell exploits effecting,  
 dy death and ravishment delighting,  
 ildren's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,  
 n their pride, the onset still expecting :  
 n his beating heart, alarm striking,  
 s the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

umming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
 e commends the leading to his hand ;  
 nd, as proud of such a dignity,  
 g with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
 bare breast, the heart of all her land ;  
 se ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
 their round turrets destitute and pale.

nustering to the quiet cabinet  
 their dear governess and lady lie  
 her she is dreadfully beset,  
 ight her with confusion of their cries :  
 uch amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,  
 peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
 by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

er as one in dead of night  
 orth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
 links she bath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
 grim aspect sets every joint a shaking ;  
 error 't is ! but she, in worsen taking,  
 sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
 sight which makes supposed terror true.

'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
 a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;  
 res not look ; yet, winking, there appears  
 shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :  
 adows are the weak brain's forgeries :  
 s, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
 arkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

nd, that yet remains upon her breast,  
 ram, to batter such an ivory wall !  
 el her heart, poor citizen, distress'd,  
 ling itself to death, rise up and fall,  
 her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.

\* d—astiated, glitted—as a falcon *stirs* on his prey.  
 † *Bulk*—the body, the whole mass.

This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
 To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe,  
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
 The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
 Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;  
 But she with vehement prayers urgeth still  
 Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : " The colour in thy face  
 (That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace)  
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale :  
 Under that colour am I come to scale  
 Thy never-conquer'd fort ; the fault is thine,  
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

" Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :  
 Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
 Where thou with patience must my will abide,  
 My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;  
 But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
 By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

" I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;  
 I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;  
 I think the honey guarded with a sting :  
 All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends :  
 But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends ;  
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

" I have debated, even in my soul,  
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed ;  
 But nothing can Affection's course control,  
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,  
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;  
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
 Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
 Coucheth\* the fowl below with his wing's shade,  
 Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies :  
 So under his insulting falchion lies  
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells  
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

" Lucrece," quoth he, " this night I must enjoy thee :  
 If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;  
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,  
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;  
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

" So thy surviving husband shall remain  
 The scornful mark of every open eye ;  
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :  
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

" But if thou yield I rest thy secret friend :  
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;  
 A little harm, done to a great good end,  
 For lawful policy remains enacted.  
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
 In a pure compound ; being so applied  
 His venom in effect is purified.

\* *Coucheth*—causes to crouch.

"Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
Tender<sup>a</sup> my suit: bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot;  
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:<sup>b</sup>  
For marks descried in men's nativity  
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye  
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;  
While she, the picture of pure piety,  
Like a white hind under the grype's<sup>c</sup> sharp claws,  
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,  
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite:

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,  
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,  
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,  
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,  
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;  
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,  
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his holdfast foot the weak mouse panteth;  
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,  
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:  
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd  
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,  
Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place,  
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,  
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,  
By holy human law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;<sup>d</sup>  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;  
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended:  
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;  
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;  
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me;  
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me:  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave  
thee.

If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart;  
To soften it with their continual motion;  
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,

<sup>a</sup> Tender—heed, regard.

<sup>b</sup> Birth-hour's blot—corporal blemish.

<sup>c</sup> Stevens says the grype is properly the griffin. But in the passage before us, as in the early English writers, the word is applied to birds of prey,—the eagle especially.

<sup>d</sup> Pretended—proposed.

Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.  
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;  
For kings like gods should govern everything.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!  
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king!  
O be remember'd, no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;  
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,  
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love;  
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
When they in thee the like offences prove:  
If but for fear of this thy will remove;  
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn!  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern  
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,  
To privilege dishonour in thy name?  
Thou back'st reproach against long-lived laud,  
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,  
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way!

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;  
Their own transgressions partially they smother:  
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.  
O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,  
That from their own misdeeds asquance their eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash reliev;  
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;<sup>e</sup>  
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:  
His true respect will 'prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy dotting eyes,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he; "my uncontrolled tide  
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.  
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
And with the wind in greater fury fret:  
The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' lute,  
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king,  
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood  
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is born'd,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

<sup>e</sup> Repeal—recall; from the French *rappeir*.

hall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;  
nobly base, they basely dignified;  
their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;  
loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:  
less thing should not the greater hide;  
cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

et thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—  
more," quoth he, "by heaven, I will not hear thee:  
to my love; if not, enforced hate,  
d of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;  
ions, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
to the base bed of some rascal groom,  
be thy partner in this shameful doom."

aid, he sets his foot upon the light,  
ght and lust are deadly enemies:  
folded up in blind concealing night,  
most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
olf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries  
l with her own white fleece her voice controll'd  
ombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

ith the nightly linen that she wears  
ns her piteous clamours in her head;  
g his hot face in the chastest tears  
ver modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
t prone<sup>a</sup> lust should stain so pure a bed!  
spots whereof could weeping purify,  
tears should drop on them perpetually.

se hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
e hath won what he would lose again,  
breed league doth force a further strife,  
nomentary joy breeds months of pain,  
ot desire converts to cold disdain:  
e Chastity is rifled of her store,  
l Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,  
for tender smell or speedy flight,  
slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
rey wherein by nature they delight;  
feit-taking Tarquin fares this night:  
taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
ours his will that liv'd by foul devouring.

per sin than bottomless conceit  
mprehend in still imagination!  
en desire must vomit his receipt,  
can see his own abomination.  
lust is in his pride no exclamation  
curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

sen with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
o a bankrupt beggar wails his case:  
sh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,  
there it revels; and when that decays,  
guilty rebel for remission prays.

as it with this faultful lord of Rome,  
his accomplishment so hotly chas'd;  
w against himself he sounds his doom,  
rough the length of times he stands disgrac'd:  
s, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;  
whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
ask the spotted princess how she fares.

ys, her subjects with foul insurrection  
batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
y their mortal fault brought in subjection

me—having inclination or propensity, and so self-willed,  
og.

Her immortality, and make her thrall  
To living death, and pain perpetual:  
Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,  
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,  
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.  
She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;  
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;  
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;  
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;  
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;  
She stays exclaiming on the direful night;  
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;  
She there remains a hopeless castaway;  
He in his speed looks for the morning light;  
She prays she never may behold the day;  
"For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth open lay;  
And my true eyes have never practis'd how  
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see  
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;  
And therefore would they still in darkness be,  
To have their unseen sin remain untold;  
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
And grave, like water, that doth eat in steel,  
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.  
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite  
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

"O comfort-killing night, image of hell!  
Dim register and notary of shame!  
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!  
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!  
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator,  
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,  
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
Make war against proportion'd course of time!  
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb  
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;  
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick  
The life of purity, the supreme fair,  
Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick:  
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,  
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light  
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child),  
The silver-shining queen he would distain;  
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,  
Through night's black bosom should not peep again;  
So should I have copartners in my pain:

<sup>a</sup> Noontide *peick*—the point of noon.

And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
As palmers' coat makes short their pilgrimage.

"Where<sup>a</sup> now I have no one to blush with me,  
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,  
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;  
But I alone alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,  
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,  
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
Let not the jealous day behold that face  
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!  
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
That all the faults w<sup>ich</sup> in thy reign are made  
May likewise be sepulchred<sup>b</sup> in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale day!  
The light will show, character'd<sup>c</sup> in my brow,  
The story of sweet chastity's decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:  
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how  
To cipher what is writ in learned books,  
Will quote<sup>d</sup> my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,  
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name,  
The orator, to deck his oratory,  
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:  
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,  
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:  
If that be made a theme for disputation,  
The branches of another root are rotted,  
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,  
That is as clear from this attain of mine,  
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!  
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!  
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,  
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot<sup>e</sup> afar,  
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.  
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,  
Which not themselves but he that gives them  
knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
Have no perfection of my summer left,  
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:  
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,—  
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;  
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:  
Besides of weariness he did complain him,  
And talk'd of virtue;—O, unlook'd for evil,  
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

<sup>a</sup> *Where*—whereas.

<sup>b</sup> *Sepulchred*. Milton uses the word with the same accent, in his lines on Shakspeare:—

"And so sepulchred in such pomp does lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

<sup>c</sup> *Character'd*. Here again is an accentuation different from the present, but which is common to all Shakspeare's contemporaries.

<sup>d</sup> *Quote*—observe.

<sup>e</sup> *Mot*—motto.

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden bed?  
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?  
Or toads infect fair fountains with venom mud?  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?<sup>a</sup>  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers up his gold  
Is plagued with cramps, and gout, and painful fits,  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;  
Having no other pleasure of his gain  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain

"So then he bath it, when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their curst-blessed fortune long.  
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,  
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing:  
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:  
We have no good that we can say is ours.  
But ill-annexed Opportunity  
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

"O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:  
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;  
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;  
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;  
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;  
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;  
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;  
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st truth;  
Thou foul abetter! thou notorious bawd;  
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:  
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
Thy private feasting to a public fast;  
Thy smoothing<sup>b</sup> titles to a ragged<sup>c</sup> name;  
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:  
Thy violent vanities can never last.  
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?  
When wilt thou sort<sup>d</sup> an hour great strifes to end?  
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?  
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?  
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;  
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;  
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;<sup>e</sup>  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:

<sup>a</sup> *Folly* is here used in the sense of *wile* or *deceit*; and *poth* is that of well-born.

<sup>b</sup> *Smoothing*—flattering.

<sup>c</sup> *Ragged* is here used in the sense of *contumacious*.

<sup>d</sup> *Sort*—assign, appropriate.

<sup>e</sup> *Advice* is here used in the sense of *government*, *managing*

or *civil*; and the line too correctly describes the *carelessness* of those in high places, who abated not their feasting and their revelry while pestilence was doing its terrible work around them.

th, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,  
heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

n truth and virtue have to do with thee  
sand crosses keep them from thy aid ;  
ay thy help : but Sin ne'er gives a fee,  
tis comes ; and thou art well appay'd \*  
l to hear as grant what he hath said.  
Collatine would else have come to me  
n Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

ty thou art of murder and of theft ;  
of perjury and subornation ;  
of treason, forgery, and shift ;  
of incest, that abomination :  
essary by thine inclination  
ll sins past, and all that are to come,  
n the creation to the general doom.

shapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,  
subtle post, carrier of grisly care,  
f youth, false slave to false delight,  
atch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare ;  
urset all, and murderest all that are.  
ar me then, injurious, shifting Time !  
ilty of my death, since of my crime.

hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
d the hours thou gav'st me to repose ?  
I'd my fortunes, and enchained me  
less date of never-ending woes ?  
office is to fine <sup>b</sup> the bate of foes ;  
at up errors by opinion bred,  
spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

's glory is to calm contending kings,  
nask falsehood, and bring truth to light,  
op the seal of time in aged things,  
e the morn, and sentinel the night,  
ng the wronger till he render right ;  
uinate proud buildings with thy hours,  
smear with dust their glittering golden towers :

l with worm-holes stately monuments,  
oblivion with decay of things,  
old books, and alter their contents,  
ck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
the old oak's sap, and cherish springs ;  
poll antiquities of hammer'd steel,  
turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel ;

ow the beldame daughters of her daughter,  
e the child a man, the man a child,  
e the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
e the unicorn and lion wild,  
k the subtle, in themselves beguil'd ;  
beer the ploughman with increaseful crops,  
waste huge stones with little water-drops.

work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
thou couldst return to make amends ?  
or retiring <sup>d</sup> minute in an age  
purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
g him wit that to bad debtors lends :  
is dread night, wouldst thou one hour come  
back,  
ld prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack !

ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
me mischance cross Tarquin in his flight :  
extremes beyond extremity,

ay'd—satisfied, pleased. <sup>b</sup> To fine—to bring to an end.  
ags—shouts—applings.  
ere is here used in the sense of coming back again.

To make him curse this cursed crimeful night :  
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright ;  
And the dire thought of his committed evil  
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

“ Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;  
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
To make him moan, but pity not his moans :  
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones ;  
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

“ Let him have time to tear his curled hair,  
Let him have time against himself to rave,  
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,  
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave ;  
And time to see one that by alms doth live  
Disdain to him disdain'd scraps to give.

“ Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
And merry fools to mock at him resort ;  
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of folly and his time of sport :  
And ever let his unrecalling\* crime  
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

“ O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill !  
At his own shadow let the thief run mad !  
Himself himself seek every hour to kill !  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should  
spill :  
For who so base would such an office have  
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave ?

“ The baser is he, coming from a king,  
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.  
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate ;  
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,  
But little stars may hide them when they list.

“ The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away ;  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.  
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

“ Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools !  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !  
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,  
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;  
To trembling clients be you mediators :  
For me, I force <sup>b</sup> not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

“ In vain I rail at Opportunity,  
At time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night ;  
In vain I cavil with my infamy,  
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :  
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.  
The remedy indeed to do me good,  
Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

“ Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree ?  
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;  
For if I die my honour lives in thee,

\* Unrecalling—not to be recalled.

<sup>b</sup> Force is here used in the sense of value or worth.



But if I live thou liv'st in my defame :  
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,  
 And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
 Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,  
 To find some desperate instrument of death :  
 But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,  
 To make more vent for passage of her breath,  
 Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth  
 As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,  
 Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live and seek in vain  
 Some happy mean to end a hapless life.  
 I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,  
 Yet for the selfsame purpose seek a knife :  
 But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife ;  
 So am I now :—O no, that cannot be ;  
 Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O ! that is gone for which I sought to live,  
 And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
 To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
 A badge of fame to slander's livery ;"  
 A dying life to living infamy ;  
 Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,  
 To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
 The stained taste of violated troth ;  
 I will not wrong thy true affection so  
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;  
 This bastard graff shall never come to growth :  
 He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute  
 That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;  
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
 Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.  
 For me, I am the mistress of my fate,  
 And with my trespass never will dispense,  
 Till life to death acquit my fore'd offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaind,  
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses ;  
 My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
 To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :  
 My tongue shall utter all : mine eyes like sluices,  
 As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,  
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
 The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
 And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended  
 To ugly hell ; when lo, the blushing morrow  
 Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow ;  
 But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
 And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping ;  
 To whom she sobbing speaks : "O eye of eyes,  
 Why priest thou through my window? leave thy peeping ;  
 Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping :  
 Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
 For day hath nought to do what 's done by night."

Thus cavils she with everything she sees :  
 True grief is fond<sup>b</sup> and testy as a child,  
 Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the badges which servants or retainers of families of rank wore on their liveries.  
<sup>b</sup> Fond—foolish.

Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;  
 Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,  
 Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still  
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,  
 Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
 And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;  
 No object but her passion's strength renews ;  
 And as one shifts, another straight ensues :  
 Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;  
 Sometime 't is mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.  
 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;  
 Sad souls are slain in merry company ;  
 Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society :  
 True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd  
 When with like semblance it is sympathis'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore ;  
 He ten times pines that pines beholding dead ;  
 To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;  
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;  
 Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
 Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks overflow :  
 Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entice  
 Within your hollow-swell'd feather'd breasts,  
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb !  
 (My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;  
 A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests :)  
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;  
 Distress likes dumps<sup>a</sup> when time is kept with hours

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair.  
 As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
 So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
 And with deep groans the diapason bear :  
 For burthen-wise I 'll hum on Tarquin still,  
 While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill."

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,  
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
 To imitate thee well, against my heart  
 Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye ;  
 Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.  
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
 Shall tune our heartstrings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,  
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,  
 That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,  
 We will find out ; and there we will unfold  
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kind :  
 Since men prove beasts let beasts bear gentle mind."

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,  
 Wildly determining which way to fly,  
 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
 That cannot tread the way out readily ;  
 So with herself is she in mutiny,  
 To live or die which of the twain were better.  
 When life is sham'd, and Death reproach's desert.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack ! what end'st,  
 But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?  
 They that lose half with greater patience bear it

<sup>a</sup> Dumps—melancholy airs.  
<sup>b</sup> Better skill. We must probably here understand *skill* better skill.

hey whose whole is swallow'd in confusion,  
 other tries a merciless conclusion  
 , having two sweet babes, when death takes one,  
 slay the other, and be nurse to none.

ody or my soul, which was the dearer?  
 he one pure, the other made divine.  
 love of either to myself was nearer?  
 both were kept for heaven and Collatine.  
 ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
 eaves will wither, and his sap decay;  
 ust my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

ouse is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,  
 nsion batter'd by the enemy;  
 red temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
 engirt with daring infamy:  
 t it not be call'd impiety  
 this blemish'd fort I make some hole  
 agh which I may convey this troubled soul.

ie I will not till my Collatine  
 eard the cause of my untimely death;  
 may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
 e on him that made me stop my breath.  
 ned blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,  
 h by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
 as his due writ in my testament.

onour I'll bequeath unto the knife  
 unds my body so dishonour'd.  
 our to deprive dishonour'd life;  
 will live, the other being dead:  
 ame's ashes shall my fame be bred;  
 y my death I murder shameful scorn:  
 name so dead, mine honour is new-born.

lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
 gacy shall I bequeath to thee?  
 lution, Love, shall be thy boast,  
 e example thou reveng'd mayst be.  
 rquin must be used, read it in me:  
 If, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
 for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

rief abridgment of my will I make:  
 and body to the skies and ground;  
 lution, husband, do thou take;  
 our be the knife's that makes my wound;  
 ne be his that did my fame confound;  
 ill my fame that lives disbursed be  
 ose that live, and think no shame of me.

Collatine, shalt oversee this will;<sup>a</sup>  
 s I overseen that thou shalt see it!  
 el shall wash the slander of mine ill;  
 s foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.  
 it faint heart, but stoutly say, 'so be it.'  
 to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;  
 dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

t of death when sadly she had laid,  
 y'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
 itou'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,  
 wift obedience to her mistress hies;  
 -wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.  
 Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so  
 nter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

ress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
 ft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,  
 s a sad look to her lady's sorrow,

ecutor of a will was sometimes called the *overseer*:  
 essors often appointed overseers as well as exe-

(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery.)  
 But durst not ask of her audaciously  
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;  
 Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet  
 Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy  
 Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,  
 Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,  
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:  
 One justly weeps; the other takes in hand  
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:  
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;  
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,  
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their  
 hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,  
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will;<sup>a</sup>  
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds  
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:  
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
 Lays open all the little worms that creep;  
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:  
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:  
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,  
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,  
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!  
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour  
 Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild b  
 Poor women's faults that they are so fullfill'd<sup>c</sup>  
 With men's abuses! those proud lords, to blame,  
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong:  
 Such danger to resistance did belong,  
 That dying fear through all her body spread;  
 And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
 To the poor counterfeit<sup>d</sup> of her complaining:  
 "My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break  
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?  
 If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:  
 If tears could help mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—(and there she  
 stay'd  
 Till after a deep groan)<sup>e</sup> "Tarquin from hence?"  
 "Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,  
 "The more to blame my sluggard negligence:  
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;  
 Myself was stirring ere the break of day,  
 And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

<sup>a</sup> *Marble* here stands for men, whose minds have just been compared to marble.

<sup>b</sup> *Hild*—held. Such a change for the sake of rhyme is frequent in Spenser.

<sup>c</sup> *Fullfill'd*—completely filled.

<sup>d</sup> *Counterfeit*—a likeness or copy.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
She would request to know your heaviness."  
"O peace!" quoth Lucrece; "if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it less;  
For more it is than I can well express:  
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,  
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—  
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.  
What should I say?—One of my husband's men  
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear  
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;  
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:  
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:  
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;  
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;  
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:  
Much like a press of people at a door,  
Through her inventions, which shall be before.

At last she thus begins:—"Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford  
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)  
Some present speed to come and visit me:  
So I commend me from our house in grief,  
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
By this short schedule Collatine may know  
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality;  
She dares not thereof make discovery,  
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse.  
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;  
When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace the fashion  
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her  
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.  
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter  
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;  
For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion that it doth behold,<sup>a</sup>  
When every part a part of woe doth bear.  
'T is but a part of sorrow that we hear:  
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords.  
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,  
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste:"  
The post attends, and she delivers it,  
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.  
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:  
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villein court'sies to her low;  
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye  
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,  
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.  
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie  
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;  
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame;

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect  
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.  
Such harmless creatures have a true respect

<sup>a</sup> Motion—lump show.

To talk in deeds, while others saucily  
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:  
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age  
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;  
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,  
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;  
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:  
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her some blench.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.  
The weary time she cannot entertain,  
For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:  
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;  
Before the which is drawn<sup>b</sup> the power of Greece,  
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;  
Which the conceited<sup>c</sup> painter drew so proud,  
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life:  
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife;  
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;  
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,  
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer  
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;  
And from the towers of Troy there would appear  
The very eyes of men through loopholes thrust,  
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:  
Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;  
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;  
And here and there the painter interlaces  
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling faces;  
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art  
Of physiognomy might one behold!  
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;  
Their face their manners most expressly told:  
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;  
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent  
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;  
Making such sober action with his hand  
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:  
In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white  
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;  
All jointly listening, but with several graces.

<sup>a</sup> Drawn—drawn out into the field.

<sup>b</sup> Conceited—ingenious, imaginative.

some mermaid did their ears entice ;  
high, some low, the painter was so nice :  
scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
one being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;  
one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n<sup>a</sup> and red ;  
er smother'd seems to pelt<sup>b</sup> and swear ;  
in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
but for loss of Nestor's golden words,  
seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

such imaginary work was there ;  
fit deceitful, so compact, so kind,<sup>c</sup>  
for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
l in an armed hand ; himself, behind,  
left unseen, save to the eye of mind :  
and, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
od for the whole to be imagined.

from the walls of strong-besieged Troy  
their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,  
many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
e their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;  
to their hope they such odd action yield,  
at through their light joy seemed to appear  
ke bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

from the strond of Dardan where they fought,  
mois' reedy banks, the red blood run,  
e waves to imitate the battle sought  
swelling ridges ; and their ranks began  
ak upon the galled shore, and than<sup>d</sup>  
fire again, till meeting greater ranks  
ey join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

is well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
id a face where all distress is stel'd.<sup>e</sup>  
f she sees where cares have carved some,  
one where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
he despairing Hecuba beheld,  
ring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
ich bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

r the painter had anatomiz'd  
's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's reign ;  
heeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd ;  
at she was no semblance did remain :  
blue blood, chang'd to black in every vein,  
uting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,  
w'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

is sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,  
nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
bitter words to ban her cruel foes :  
ainter was no God to lend her those ;  
d therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

r instrument," quoth she, " without a sound,  
one thy woes with my lamenting tongue :  
drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
ail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,  
with my tears quench Troy that burns so long ;

<sup>d</sup>—swollen

<sup>st</sup>—to be clamorous, to discharge hasty words as pellets.

<sup>ed</sup>—natural.

<sup>has</sup> used for *then*.

<sup>st</sup><sup>d</sup>. A passage in the twenty-fourth Sonnet may ex-

be lines in the text :—

" Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stel'd

" Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

ears to us that the word is connected in Shakspeare's

with the word *stille*, the pencil by which forms are traced

and

And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

" Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear ;  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here :  
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

" Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many mo :<sup>a</sup>  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone  
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe :  
For one's offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in general ?

" Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds ;<sup>b</sup>  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
And friend to friend gives unadvised<sup>c</sup> wounds,  
And one man's lust these many lives confounds ;<sup>d</sup>  
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,  
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes :  
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell :  
So Lucrece set a-work sad tales doth tell  
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow ;  
She lends them words, and she their looks dots  
horror.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament :  
At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent ;  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content :  
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so  
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
And therein so ensconce'd his secret evil,  
That jealousy itself could not mistrust  
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,  
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam after slew ;  
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory  
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly<sup>e</sup> perus'd,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill ;  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,

<sup>a</sup> *Mo*—more.

<sup>b</sup> *Swoonds*—swoons. It is probable that the word was at

usually pronounced. In Drayton *swoond* rhymes to wound.

<sup>c</sup> *Unadvised*—unknowing.

<sup>d</sup> *Confounds* is here used in the sense of *destroys*.

<sup>e</sup> *Advisedly*—attentively.

ecessary yieldings, but still pure  
in her poison'd closet yet endure."

the helpless merchant of this loss,  
sad declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,  
d-set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
his new-waxen pale begins to blow  
away that stops his answer so:  
retched as he is he strives in vain;  
he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

ugh an arch the violent roaring tide  
the eye that doth behold his haste;  
he eddy boundeth in his pride  
the strait that forc'd him on so fast;  
sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:  
so he sighs, his sorrows make a saw,  
ash grief on, and back the same grief draw.

speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
untimely frenzy thus awaketh:  
ord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
power; no flood by raining slaketh.  
too sensible thy passion maketh  
feeling-painful: let it then suffice  
own one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

or my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me;  
lenly revenged on my foe,  
nine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me  
hat is past: the help that thou shalt lend me  
s all too late, yet let the traitor die;  
paring justice feeds iniquity.

e I name him, you, fair lords," quoth she,  
ng to those that came with Collatine)  
plight your honourable faiths to me,  
rift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;  
a meritorious fair design  
ase injustice with revengeful arms:  
ats, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'  
harms."

request, with noble disposition  
esent lord began to promise aid,  
d in knighthood to her imposition,  
to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.  
that yet her sad task hath not said,  
rotestation stops. "O speak," quoth she,  
e may this forced stain be wip'd from me?"

is the quality of mine offence,  
onstrain'd with dreadful circumstance?  
y pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
declined honour to advance?  
y terms acquit me from this chance?  
oison'd fountain clears itself again;  
why not I from this compelled stain?"

is, they all at once began to say,  
y's stain her mind untainted clears;  
rith a joyless smile she turns away  
s, that map which deep impression bears  
misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.  
no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,  
y excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

th a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
ws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he," she says,  
e than "he" her poor tongue could not speak;  
r many accents and delays,  
y breathings, sick and short assays,  
tters this: "He, he, fair lords. 'Tis he,  
guiltes this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd;  
That blow did bail it from the deep arrest  
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:  
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd  
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly  
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,  
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;  
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;  
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,  
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
Circles her body in on every side,  
Who like a late-sack'd island vastly<sup>a</sup> stood  
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.  
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
Of that black blood a watery rigol<sup>b</sup> goes,  
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:  
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;  
And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,  
"That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.  
If in the child the father's image lies,  
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?  
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.  
If children predecease progenitors,  
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;  
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,  
Shows me a barebon'd death by time outworn;  
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!  
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,  
If they surcease to be that should survive.  
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?  
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:  
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,  
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;  
And then in key-cold<sup>c</sup> Lucrece' bleeding stream  
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
And counterfoits to die with her a space;  
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,  
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;  
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,  
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng  
Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,  
That no man could distinguish what he said.

<sup>a</sup> *Vastly*—like a waste.      <sup>b</sup> *Rigol*—creek.  
<sup>c</sup> *Key-cold*. So in "Richard III," Act I. scene 2:—  
"Poor key-cold figure of a holy king."

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,  
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.  
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;  
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:  
Then sun and father weep with equal strife,  
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
The father says, "She 's mine." "O, mine she is,"  
Replies her husband: "do not take away  
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say  
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life  
Which she too early and too late<sup>a</sup> hath spill'd."  
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,  
I ow'd her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd."  
"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamours fill'd  
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece's life,  
Answer'd their cries, "my daughter" and "my wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece's side,  
Seeing such enulation in their woe,  
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in Lucrece's wound his folly's show.  
He with the Romans was esteemed so  
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by  
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;  
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,  
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise;  
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,  
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?  
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,

<sup>a</sup> *Too late*—too recently.

For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds  
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
In such relenting dew of lamentations,  
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,  
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,  
That they will suffer these abominations,  
(Since Rome herself in them doth stand digna  
By our strong arms from forth her fair  
chas'd.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,  
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fast<sup>c</sup>  
store,  
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,  
And by chaste Lucrece's soul that late complain'd  
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;  
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,  
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow.<sup>b</sup>  
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;  
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly<sup>c</sup> did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

<sup>c</sup> *Complain'd* was formerly used without a subject  
action.

<sup>b</sup> *Allow*—approve.

<sup>c</sup> *Plausibly*—with expressions of applause—*with a  
Plausively, applausively.*

## SONNETS.

## I.

fairest creatures we desire increase,  
 ere<sup>b</sup> beauty's rose might never die,  
 the riper should by time decease,  
 under heir might bear his memory :  
 but, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
 thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
 as a famine where abundance lies,  
 I thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
 What art now the world's fresh ornament,  
 and herald to the gaudy spring,  
 from thine own bud buried thy content,  
 under churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.  
 Turn from the world, or else this glutton be,  
 at the world's due, by the grave and thee.

## II.

Forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
 and deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
 thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
 will be a tatter'd weed,<sup>a</sup> of small worth held :  
 then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
 where all the treasure of thy lusty days;  
 will they to thee, within thine own deep sunken eyes,  
 see all-seeing shame and thriftless praise.  
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
 if thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine  
 am my count, and make my old excuse—"—  
 'Tis his beauty by succession thine !  
 But were to be new-made when thou art old,  
 see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

## III.

Break in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
 when the time that face should form another;  
 dost thou fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
 dost thou beguile the world, unbless some mother.  
 ere is she so fair whose unear'd<sup>b</sup> womb  
 bears the tillage of thy husbandry ?  
 or is he so fond<sup>c</sup> will be the tomb  
 of thy self-love, to stop posterity ?  
 'Tis thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
 looks back the lovely April of her prime :  
 through windows of thine age shalt see,  
 how wrinkles, this thy golden time.  
 if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
 single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV.

Why lov'st thou that which doth not love thee,  
 thy lovelliness, why dost thou spend  
 thyself thy beauty's legacy ?  
 thy gift's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,  
 being frank she lends to those are free.  
 why dost thou tease the unteuous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
 unteuous largess given thee to give ?  
 why dost thou use as usurer, why dost thou use  
 but a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?  
 why dost thou traffic with thyself alone,  
 if thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
 how, when nature calls thee to be gone,  
 acceptable audit canst thou leave ?

<sup>a</sup> *Weed*—garment.  
<sup>b</sup> *Unear'd*—unploughed.  
<sup>c</sup> *Fond*—foolish.

The unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
 Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

## V.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame  
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
 And that unfair<sup>a</sup> which fairly doth excel ;  
 For never-resting time leads summer on  
 To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;  
 Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
 Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere ;  
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was,  
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
 Leese<sup>b</sup> but their show ; their substance still lives  
 sweet.

## VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :  
 Make sweet some phial ; treasure thou some place  
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
 That use is not forbidden usury,  
 Which happies<sup>c</sup> those that pay the willing loan,  
 That 's for thyself to breed another thee,  
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;  
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee :  
 Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,  
 Leaving thee living in posterity ?  
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
 To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir

## VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
 Lifts up his burning oad, each under eye  
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;  
 And having clim'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;  
 But when from high-most pitch, with weary ear,  
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
 The eyes, fore duteous, now converted are  
 From his low tract, and look another way :  
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?<sup>d</sup>  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
 Why lov'st thou that which which thou receiv'st not gladly ?  
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

<sup>a</sup> *Unfair*—a verb—deprive of fairness, of beauty.  
<sup>b</sup> *Leese*—lose.  
<sup>c</sup> *Happies*—make happy.  
<sup>d</sup> Malone thus explains this passage:—"O thou whom to hear is music, why hear'st thou," &c.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;<sup>a</sup>  
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

## ix.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?  
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
The world will wail thee, like a makeless<sup>b</sup> wife:  
The world will be thy widow, and still weep  
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
When every private widow well may keep,  
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
Look, what an untimely fortune doth spend  
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
But beauty's waste bath in the world an end,  
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.  
No love toward others in that bosom sits,  
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

## x.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
Grant if thou wilt thou art below'd of many,  
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!  
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?  
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;  
Make thee another self, for love of me,  
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## xi.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;  
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,  
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth convertest.  
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;  
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:  
If all were minded so the times should cease,  
And threescore years would make the world away.  
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:  
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;  
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;  
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

## xii.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others grow;

<sup>a</sup> If two strings are tuned in perfect unison, and one only is struck, a very sensible vibration takes place in the other. This is called sympathetic vibration.

<sup>b</sup> Makeless—ma'sless. Make and mate are synonymous in an older writers.

<sup>c</sup> All. The original has or.

And  
Save

O that  
No loy  
Against  
And yo  
So abou  
Find ne  
Yoursel  
When y  
Who le  
Which  
Against  
And ba  
O! r  
You

Not fro  
And ye  
But not  
Of plag  
Nor ca  
Pointin  
Or say  
By of  
But fro  
And (c  
As tru  
If from  
Or el  
Thy

When  
Holds  
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And w  
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But wh  
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So shou  
Which  
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Can m  
To g  
And

Who w  
If it w

<sup>a</sup> Cow  
<sup>b</sup> Fair  
teth Son



th yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
 h hides your life, and shows not half your parts.  
 ould write the beauty of your eyes,  
 in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
 ege to come would say this poet lies,  
 heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.  
 ould my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
 orn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue ;  
 your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
 stretched metre of an antique song :  
 t were some child of yours alive that time,  
 u should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

## XVIII.

I compare thee to a summer's day ?  
 art more lovely and more temperate :  
 h winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 summer's lease hath all too short a date :  
 time too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;  
 every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 lance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd ;  
 by eternal summer shall not fade,  
 ose possession of that fair thou owest ;  
 hall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 s in eternal lines to time thou growest ;  
 long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
 long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## XIX.

uring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
 make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;  
 k the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
 burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood ;  
 e glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,  
 do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
 e wide world, and all her fading sweets ;  
 I forbid thee one most heinous crime :  
 rve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
 draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;  
 in thy course untainted do allow,  
 eauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
 t, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,  
 y love shall in my verse ever live young.

## XX.

man's face, with nature's own hand painted,  
 thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;  
 man's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
 i shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;  
 ye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
 ing the object whereupon it gazeth ;  
 an in hue, all hues in his controlling,  
 ch steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.  
 for a woman wert thou first created ;  
 Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
 by addition me of thee defeated,  
 dding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
 it since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,  
 me be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

## XXI.

it not with me as with that muse,  
 d by a painted beauty to his verse ;  
 heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
 every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;  
 ing a complement<sup>b</sup> of proud compare,  
 s sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
 s April's firstborn flowers, and all things rare  
 heaven's air in his huge rondure<sup>c</sup> hema.  
 t me, true in love, but truly write,  
 then believe me, my love is as fair

<sup>a</sup> Untrimm'd—undecorated.    <sup>b</sup> Complement—union.  
<sup>c</sup> Rondure—circumference.

As any mother's child, though not so bright  
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :  
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;  
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

## XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date ;  
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
 Then look I death my days should expiate.  
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me ;  
 How can I then be elder than thou art ?  
 O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
 As I not for myself but for thee will ;  
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;  
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an imperfect actor on the stage,  
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,  
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart ;  
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
 O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.  
 O let my books be then the eloquence  
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;  
 Who plead for love, and look for recompence,  
 More than that tongue that more hath more ex-  
 press'd.  
 O learn to read what silent love hath writ :  
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stel'd  
 Thy beauty's form in table<sup>a</sup> of my heart ;  
 My body is the frame wherein 't is held,  
 And perspective it is best painter's art.  
 For through the painter must you see his skill,  
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies,  
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done ;  
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;  
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

## XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,  
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;  
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
 For at a frown they in their glory die.  
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd ;  
 Then bappy I, that love and am belov'd  
 Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

<sup>a</sup> Table, though sometimes used in the sense of a picture,  
 more commonly means the tabular surface upon which a pic-  
 ture is painted.

## XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassy,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit.  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:  
Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,  
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

## XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd:  
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beautiful, and her old face new.  
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

## XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?  
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?  
And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:  
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;  
When sparkling stars twine not, thou gild'st the even.  
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem  
stronger.

## XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone bewep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:

\* *Twere*. Gifford, in a note upon Ben Jonson's 'Sad Shepherd' explains that in the passage before us the meaning is 'as the stars do not gleam or appear at intervals.'

Then can I drown an eye, unnam'd to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

## XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;  
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth lie,  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
That due of many now is thine alone:  
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

## XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with dust  
cover,  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survy  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
Compare them with the bettering of the time;  
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve<sup>d</sup> them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men,  
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!  
"Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought  
To march in ranks of better equipage:  
But since he died, and poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

## XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack<sup>e</sup> on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;  
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth,  
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun  
staineth.<sup>f</sup>

## XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,

<sup>a</sup> *Dateless*—endless—having no certain time of expiration.  
<sup>b</sup> If we understand *expense* to be used as an adjective *expensive* away, there is no difficulty in this line. What we regard as gone from us; and so the poet means the *expense* of time is vanished sight.  
<sup>c</sup> *Obsequious*—tender.  
<sup>d</sup> *Reserve*—the same as *preserve*.  
<sup>e</sup> *Rack*. Tooke, in his full discussion of the meaning of this word, holds that *rack* means "merely that which is valued."  
<sup>f</sup> *Stain* and *staineth* are here used with the significance of the verb *neutral*. *Suns of the world* may be stained as *heaven's sun* is valued.

base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
 thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
 not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
 thy rain on my storm-beaten face,  
 so man well of such a salve can speak,  
 heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
 can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
 though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:  
 offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
 to him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
 Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,  
 and they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

## XXXV.

How can I be griev'd at that which thou hast done:  
 I have thorns, and silver fountains mud;  
 Rain and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
 Loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
 All men make faults, and even I in this,  
 For my trespass with compare,  
 If corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
 Singing thy sins more than thy sins are:  
 Only my sensual fault I bring in sense,  
 (My adverse party is thy advocate,) 'gainst  
 myself a lawful plea commence:  
 From civil war is in my love and hate,  
 At I an accessory needs must be,  
 That sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

## XXXVI.

How can I confess that we two must be twain,  
 Though our undivided loves are one:  
 All those blots that do with me remain,  
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.  
 Two loves there is but one respect,  
 Which in our lives a separable spite,  
 Though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Which it steal sweet hours from love's delight,  
 I nevermore acknowledge thee,  
 My bewailed guilt should do thee shame;  
 Thou with public kindness honour me,  
 Yet thou take that honour from thy name:  
 I do not so; I love thee in such sort,  
 That being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XXXVII.

How can my father takes delight  
 In his active child do deeds of youth,  
 Made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
 All my comfort of thy worth and truth;  
 Whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Any of these all, or all, or more,  
 Or in thy parts do crown'd sit,  
 Whence my love engrafted to this store:  
 In I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
 That that this shadow doth such substance give,  
 In thy abundance am suffic'd,  
 In thy part of all thy glory live.  
 Ask what is best, that best I wish in thee;  
 My wish I have; then ten times happy me!

## XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,  
 When thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?  
 O! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
 Thy peevish stand against thy sight;  
 So shall I not be dumb that cannot write to thee,  
 Though thyself dost give invention light?

\* Muse—inspiration.

\* Separable—separating.

Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.  
 If my slight muse do please these curious days,  
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

## XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
 When thou art all the better part of me?  
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?  
 And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee?  
 Even for this let us divided live,  
 And our dear love lose name of single one,  
 That by this separation I may give  
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.  
 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,  
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain!

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;  
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?  
 No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;  
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.  
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,  
 I cannot blame thee for my love thou ushest;  
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest  
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.  
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;  
 And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief  
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.  
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

## XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits  
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
 For still temptation follows where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;  
 And when a woman woos, what woman's sou  
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?  
 Ah me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,  
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their riot even there  
 Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;  
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;  
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:  
 Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love her  
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
 And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:  
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;  
 Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

\* For were she given become.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
For all the day they view things unrespected;<sup>a</sup>  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed;  
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,  
How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!  
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made  
By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?<sup>†</sup>  
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,  
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee  
me.<sup>b</sup>

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way;  
For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
No matter then, although my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,<sup>c</sup>  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;  
Receiving nought by elements so slow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

## XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;  
The first my thought, the other my desire,  
These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
For when these quicker elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;  
Until life's composition be recur'd  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who even but now come back again, assur'd  
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:  
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,  
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

## XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;  
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,  
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,  
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,  
But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
To 'cide<sup>d</sup> this title is impannelled  
A quest<sup>e</sup> of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;  
And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's moiety,<sup>f</sup> and the dear heart's part:

<sup>a</sup> Unrespected—unregarded.<sup>b</sup> Thee me—thee to me.<sup>c</sup> A passage in Henry V. explains this:—"He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him."<sup>d</sup> Thy. The original has *their*; and it is remarkable that the same typographical error occurs four times in this one Sonnet—a pretty convincing proof that no competent or authorized person superintended the publication.<sup>e</sup> A quest. Maloué explains that this is a contraction of *decide*.<sup>f</sup> A reads *side*.

Inquest or jury.

1. Moiety—portion.

As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

## XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
And each doth good turns now unto the other:  
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:  
So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away art present still with me,  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
And I am still with them, and they with thee;  
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That, to my use, it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust:  
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;  
And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,  
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

## XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
Whenas<sup>a</sup> thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;  
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely part,  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,  
When love, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;  
Against that time do I ensconce<sup>b</sup> me here  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
And this my hand against myself uprear,  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:  
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

## L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"  
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:  
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;  
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

## LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:  
From where thou art why should I haste me hence?  
Till I return, of posting is no need.

<sup>a</sup> Whenas—when.<sup>b</sup> Ensconce—hide.

at excuse will my poor beast then find,  
 swift extremity can seem but slow ?  
 should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;  
 ged speed no motion shall I know :  
 can no horse with my desire keep pace ;  
 ore desire, of perfect love being made,  
 igh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;  
 re, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;  
 re from thee going he went wilful slow,  
 ards thee I 'll run, and give him leave to go.

## LII.

I as the rich, whose blessed key  
 ing him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
 hich he will not every hour survey,  
 anting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
 ore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
 seldom coming, in the long year set,  
 tones of worth they thinly placed are,  
 ain \* jewels in the carcanet.<sup>b</sup>  
 he time that keeps you, as my chest,  
 he wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
 ke some special instant special-blest,  
 e unfolding his imprison'd pride.  
 sed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
 g had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

## LIII.

is your substance, whereof are you made,  
 illions of strange shadows on you tend ?  
 very one hath, every one, one's shade,  
 ou, but one, can every shadow lend.  
 be Adonis, and the counterfeit<sup>c</sup>  
 ly imitated after you ;  
 dien's check all art of beauty set,  
 ou in Grecian tines are painted new :  
 of the spring, and foizon of the year ;<sup>d</sup>  
 e doth shadow of your beauty show,  
 her as your bounty doth appear,  
 ou in every blessed shape we know.  
 ll external grace you have some part,  
 you like none, none you, for constant heart.

## LIV.

much more doth beauty beauteous seem,  
 t sweet ornament which truth doth give !  
 so looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
 it sweet odour which doth in it live.  
 nker-blooms \* have full as deep a dye  
 perfumed tincture of the roses,  
 on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
 summer's breath their masked buds discloses :  
 e their virtue only is their show,  
 ive unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;  
 themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;  
 ir sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :  
 o of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
 m that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

## LV.

arble, not the gilded monuments  
 ces, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;  
 u shall shine more bright in these contents  
 nswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.  
 wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
 rolls root out the work of masonry,  
 ars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
 ing record of your memory.

<sup>a</sup> *hails*—used adjectively for *chief*.  
<sup>b</sup> *carcanet*—necklace.  
<sup>c</sup> *counterfeit*—portrait.  
<sup>d</sup> *foizon* is plenty ; and the *foizon of the year* is the autumn.  
<sup>e</sup> *lifel seasons*.  
<sup>f</sup> *inker-blooms*—the flowers of the canker or dog-rose.

'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
 Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room,  
 Even in the eyes of all posterity  
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said,  
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :  
 So, love, be thou : although to-day thou fill  
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,  
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.  
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new  
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
 Return of love, more blest may be the view ;  
 Or call it winter, which, being full of care,  
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more  
 rare.

## LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?  
 I have no precious time at all to spend,  
 Nor services to do, till you require.  
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;  
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,  
 Save, where you are how happy you make those :  
 So true a fool is love, that in your will  
 (Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.

## LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,  
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,  
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !  
 O, let me suffer (being at your beck)  
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty,  
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check  
 Without accusing you of injury.  
 Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,  
 That you yourself may privilege your time :  
 Do what you will, to you it doth belong  
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;  
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

## LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,  
 Which labouring for invention bear amiss  
 The second burthen of a former child !  
 O, that record could with a backward look,  
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
 Show me your image in some antique book,  
 Since mind at first in character was done !  
 That I might see what the old world could say  
 To this composed wonder of your frame ;  
 Whether we are mended, or wher \* better they,  
 Or whether revolution be the same.  
 O ! sure I am, the wits of former days  
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

\* *Wher*—whethers.

the golden tresses of the dead,  
 ight of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
 re a second life on second head,  
 auty's dead fleece made another gay :  
 n those holy antique hours are seen,  
 ut all ornament, itself, and true,  
 ng no summer of another's green,  
 ng no old to dress his beauty new ;  
 d him as for a map doth Nature store,  
 show false Art what beauty was of yore.

## LXIX.

parts of thee that the world's eye doth view  
 nothing that the thought of hearts can mend :  
 ngues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,  
 ng bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
 outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;  
 hose same tongues that give thee so thine own,  
 er accents do this praise confound,  
 eing farther than the eye hath shown.  
 look into the beauty of thy mind,  
 hat, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;  
 (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were  
 kind,  
 y fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :  
 t why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
 solve\* is this,—that thou dost common grow.

## LXX.

thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
 ander's mark was ever yet the fair ;  
 nament of beauty is suspect,<sup>b</sup>  
 w that flies in heaven's sweetest air,  
 n be good, slander doth but approve  
 orth the greater, being woo'd of time ;  
 nker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
 hou present'at a pure unstained prime.  
 hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
 not assail'd, or victor being charg'd ;  
 is thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 up envy, evermore enlarg'd :  
 ome suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
 n thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.<sup>c</sup>

## LXXI.

nger mourn for me when I am dead  
 you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 warning to the world that I am fled  
 this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :  
 if you read this line, remember not  
 and that writ it : for I love you so,  
 I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 asking on me then should make you woe.  
 I say) you look upon this verse,  
 I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
 t so much as my poor name rehearse ;  
 t your love even with my life decay :  
 t the wise world should look into your moan,  
 d mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII.

t the world should task you to recite  
 merit liv'd in me, that you should love  
 my death,—dear love, forget me quite,  
 ou in me can nothing worthy prove ;  
 s you would devise some virtuous lie,  
 more for me than mine own desert,  
 ang more praise upon deceased I  
 niggard truth would willingly impart :

sw. Malone reads *solve* in the sense of *solution*. We have  
 cited example of the use of *solve* as a noun.

\* *Suspect*—suspicion.

<sup>c</sup> *Owe*—own.

O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
 My name be buried where my body is,  
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,  
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

## LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.  
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long :

## LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest  
 Without all bail shall carry me away,  
 My life hath in this line some interest,  
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
 The very part was consecrate to thee.  
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;  
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me :  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The prey of worms, my body being dead ;  
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
 Too base of thee to be remembered.  
 The worth of that, is that which it contains,  
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

## LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,  
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;  
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found :  
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;  
 Now counting best to be with you alone,  
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :  
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
 And by and by clean starved for a look ;  
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
 Save what is had or must from you be took.  
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

## LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?  
 So far from variation or quick change?  
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?  
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
 And keep invention in a noted weed,<sup>a</sup>  
 That every word doth almost tell my name,  
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?  
 O know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
 And you and love are still my argument ;  
 So all my best is dressing old words new,  
 Spending again what is already spent :  
 For as the sun is dally new and old,  
 So is my love still telling what is told.

<sup>a</sup> *A noted weed*—a dress known and familiar, through long  
 always the same.

## LXXXII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;  
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.  
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,  
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory:  
 Thus by thy dial's shady侧面 mayst thou know  
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,  
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
 Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
 These offices, as oft as thou wilt look,  
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

## LXXXIII.

So oft have I look'd thee for my muse,  
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
 As every alien pen hath for my use,  
 And under thee their poesy disperses.  
 Thine eyes, that taught me to aim in high to sing,  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
 And given grace a child's majesty.  
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:  
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
 And arts with thy sweet graces race to see:  
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## LXXXIV.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace:  
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
 And my sick Muse doth give another place.  
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
 Deserves the travail of a wretched pen:  
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,  
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,  
 And found it in thy cheek: he can afford  
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.  
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

## LXXXV.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!  
 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
 The humble as the pen test sail doth bear,  
 My swooty bark, inferior far to his,  
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;  
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride:  
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
 The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

## LXXXVI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 While you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.

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## LXXXVI.

he proud full sail of his great verse,  
 or the prize of all-too-precious you,  
 my ripe thoughts in my brain inberse,  
 their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
 is spirit, by spirits taught to write  
 mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
 er he, nor his compeers by night  
 in aid, my verse astonished.  
 hat affable familiar ghost  
 ightly gulls him with intelligence,  
 s, of my silence cannot boast;  
 sick of any fear from thence.  
 en your countenance fill'd<sup>b</sup> up his line,  
 ack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

## LXXXVII.

I thou art too dear for my possessing,  
 enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
 ter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
 s in thee are all determinate.  
 do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
 hat riches where is my deserving?  
 e of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 y patent back again is swerving.  
 hou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,  
 whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
 eat gift, upon misprision growing,  
 me again, on better judgment making.  
 ave I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
 p a king, but, waking, no such matter.

## LXXXVIII.

ou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,  
 e my merit in the eye of scorn,  
 side against myself I'll fight,  
 e thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.  
 he own weakness being best acquainted,  
 part I can set down a story  
 conceal'd, wherein I am attain'd;  
 s, in losing me, shalt win much glory:  
 this will be a gainer too;  
 ng all my loving thoughts on thee,  
 tes that to myself I do,  
 e vantage, double-vantage me.  
 y love, to thee I so belong,  
 r thy right myself will bear all wrong.

## LXXXIX.

thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
 ll comment upon that offence:  
 my lameness, and I straight will halt;  
 by reasons making no defence.  
 st not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
 form upon desired change,  
 yself disgrace: knowing thy will,  
 uaintance strangle, and look strange:  
 from thy walks; and in my tongue  
 t-beloved name no more shall dwell;  
 o much profane) should do it wrong,  
 y of our old acquaintance tell.  
 e, against myself I'll vow debate,  
 ust ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

## XC.

me when thou wilt; if ever, now;  
 le the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
 the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
 ot drop in for an after-loss:

as conjectures that this is an allusion to Dr. Dee's  
 intercourse with a familiar spirit.  
 ave the last polish.

Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,  
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;  
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.  
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
 When other petty griefs have done their spite  
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste  
 At first the very worst of fortune's might;  
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
 Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

## XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,  
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;  
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;  
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;  
 But these particulars are not my measure,  
 All these I better in one general best.  
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;  
 And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast.  
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

## XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
 For term of life thou art assured mine;  
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
 For it depends upon that love of thine.  
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
 When in the least of them my life hath end.  
 I see a better state to me belongs  
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend.  
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
 O what a happy title do I find,  
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!  
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—  
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

## XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face  
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new;  
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:  
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
 In many's looks the false heart's history  
 Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange  
 But Heaven in thy creation did decree  
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;  
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.  
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

## XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
 That do not do the thing they most do show,  
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;  
 They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,  
 And husband nature's riches from expense;  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.  
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
 Though to itself it only live and die;  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:  
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.





## CIV.

My friend, you never can be old,  
 As were when first your eye I ey'd,  
 As was your beauty still. Three winters' cold  
 In the forests shook three summers' pride;  
 And sateous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
 As of the seasons have I seen;  
 And April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Yet I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
 O doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;  
 Sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Time, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.  
 Of which, hear this, thou age unbred,  
 As were born, was beauty's summer dead.

## CV.

My love be call'd idolatry,  
 As loved as an idol show,  
 As like my songs and praises be,  
 Of one, still such, and ever so.  
 My love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
 Constant in a wondrous excellence;  
 My verse, to constancy confin'd,  
 As expressing, leaves out difference.  
 True, and true, is all my argument,  
 True, and true, varying to other words;  
 As change is my invention spent,  
 True, and true, which wondrous scope affords.  
 True, and true, have often liv'd alone,  
 True, till now, never kept seat in one.

## CVI.

The chronicle of wasted time  
 I see in the fairest wights,  
 And make of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
 Of the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 And antique pen would have express'd  
 As a beauty as you master now.  
 But time, all you prefiguring;  
 They look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
 O, which now behold these present days,  
 How they to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

## CVII.

My own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the world dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet lease of my true love control,  
 As forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
 The moon hath her eclipse endur'd,  
 And augurs mock their own presage;  
 Her eclipses now crown themselves assur'd,  
 And proclaim olives of endless age.  
 O, the drops of this most balmy time  
 Look fresh, and Death to me subscribes,  
 As if him I 'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 And insults o'er dull and speechless tribes;  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

## CVIII.

In the brain that ink may character,  
 Which not figur'd to thee my true spirit  
 I would speak, what now to register,  
 To express my love, or thy dear merit?  
 'Tis sweetest boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
 Each day say o'er the very same;

submits—submits—acknowledges as a superior.

Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love in love's fresh cause  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
 Where time and outward form would show it  
 dead.

## CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!  
 As easy might I from myself depart,  
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:  
 That is my home of love; if I have rang'd,  
 Like him that travels, I return again;  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchange'd,—  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
 For nothing this wide universe I call,  
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

## CX.

Alas, 't is true, I have gone here and there,  
 And made myself a motley<sup>a</sup> to the view,  
 For<sup>b</sup> mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most  
 dear,  
 Made old offences of affections new.  
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,  
 These blenches<sup>c</sup> gave my heart another youth,  
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, have<sup>d</sup> what shall have no end:  
 Mine appetite I never more will grind  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

## CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide,  
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of eysell,<sup>e</sup> 'gainst my strong infection;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

## CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?<sup>f</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Motley was the dress of the domestic fool, or jester; and thus the buffoon himself came to be called a *motley*.

<sup>b</sup> For<sup>d</sup>—wounded.

<sup>c</sup> Blenches—deviations.

<sup>d</sup> Have. This is the word of the old copy. The reading of all modern editions is—

"Now all is done, have what shall have no end."

"Now all is done" clearly applies to the *blenches*, the *worse essays*; but the poet then adds, "Assure thou what shall have no end,"—my constant affection, my unaltered friendship.

<sup>e</sup> Eysell—vinegar.

<sup>f</sup> Allow—approve.

If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,  
 How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,  
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
 No marvel then though I mistake my view;  
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.  
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

## CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
 When I, against myself, with thee partake?<sup>a</sup>  
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
 Nay if thou lov'st on me, do I not spend  
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?  
 What merit do I in myself respect,  
 That is so proud thy service to despise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?  
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;  
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

## CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,  
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
 That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?  
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
 O, though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;  
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

## CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?  
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,<sup>b</sup>  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.  
 For thou betraying me, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may  
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;

<sup>a</sup> Partake—take part. A partaker was a confederate.  
<sup>b</sup> Amiss—fault

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 Love

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

hill whose concave womb re-worded<sup>a</sup>  
 story from a sistering vale,  
 to attend this double voice accorded,  
 I laid<sup>b</sup> to list the sad-tun'd tale :  
 pried a fickle maid full pale,  
 papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
 or world with sorrow's wind and rain.

had a platted hive of straw,  
 fled her visage from the sun,  
 she thought might think sometime it saw  
 of a beauty spent and done.  
 not scythed all that youth begun,  
 all quit : but, spite of Heaven's fell rage,<sup>c</sup>  
 she peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

heave her napkin<sup>e</sup> to her eyne,  
 she had conceited characters,<sup>d</sup>  
 she the silken figures in the brine  
 had woo had pelleted<sup>f</sup> in tears,  
 reading what contents it bears ;  
 seeking undistinguish'd woe,  
 of all size, both high and low.

her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,  
 battery to the spheres intend ;  
 inverted their poor balls are tied  
 to earth : sometimes they do extend  
 right on ; anon their gazes lend  
 pace at once, and nowhere fix'd,  
 and sight distractedly commix'd.

or loose, nor tied in formal plat,  
 in her a careless hand of pride ;  
 entuck'd, descended her sheav'd<sup>g</sup> hat,  
 or pale and pined cheek beside ;  
 she threaten fillet still did bide,  
 her bondage, would not break from thence,  
 thickly braided in loose negligence.

favours from a maund<sup>h</sup> she drew  
 crystal, and of bedded jet,<sup>i</sup>  
 by one she in a river threw,  
 she weeping margent she was set ;  
 she applying wet to wet,  
 she's hands, that let not bounty fall  
 she cries "some," but where excess begs all.

chedules had she many a one,  
 perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood ;  
 she my a ring of posied gold and boue,  
 she m find their sepulchres in mud ;  
 she mo<sup>k</sup> letters sadly penn'd in blood,

<sup>a</sup>—echoed.

to the original. But it is usually more correctly  
 "The idiomatic grammar of Shakspeare's age ought  
 to be observed."

<sup>b</sup>—handkerchief.

<sup>c</sup> characters—fanciful figures worked on the hand-

<sup>d</sup>—washing.

<sup>e</sup>—formed into pellets, or small balls.

<sup>f</sup>—made of straw, collected from sheaves.

<sup>g</sup> basket.

<sup>h</sup> So the original, the word probably meaning jet

set, in some other substance.

<sup>i</sup>—

With sleided silk<sup>a</sup> feat and affectedly  
 Enswarth'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,  
 And often kiss'd, and often gave<sup>b</sup> to tear ;  
 Cried, "O false blood ! thou register of lies,  
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear !  
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned  
 here !"

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,  
 Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew  
 Of court, of city, and had let go by  
 The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,  
 Towards this afflicted fancy<sup>c</sup> fastly drew ;  
 And privileg'd by age, desires to know  
 In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,<sup>d</sup>  
 And comely-distant sits he by her side ;  
 When he again desires her, being sat,  
 Her grievance with his bearing to divide :  
 If that from him there may be aught applied  
 Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
 'T is promis'd in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold  
 The injury of many a blasting hour,  
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;  
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :  
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
 Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But woe is me ! too early I attended  
 A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace  
 Of one by nature's outwards so commended,  
 That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face :  
 Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place :  
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
 She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;  
 And every light occasion of the wind  
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.  
 What 's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :  
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;  
 For on his visage was in little drawn,  
 What largeness thinks in paradise was sown."

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;  
 His phoenix down began but to appear,  
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,

<sup>a</sup> Sleided silk. In Mr. Ramsay's Introduction to his edition  
 of the Paston Letters, the old mode of sealing a letter is clearly  
 described :—"It was carefully folded, and fastened at the end  
 by a sort of paper strap, upon which the seal was affixed ; and  
 under the seal a string, a silk thread, or even a straw, was fre-  
 quently placed running around the letter."

<sup>b</sup> Gave is here used in the sense of gave the mind to, contem-

plated, made a movement towards, incited to.

<sup>c</sup> Fancy is often used by Shakspeare in the sense of love ; but

here it means one that is possessed by fancy.

<sup>d</sup> Bat—club.

<sup>e</sup> Sown. Boswell says that the word means sown and that it

is still so pronounced in Scotland.

their sickly radiance do amend ;  
 heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend  
 objects manifold ; each several stone,  
 wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

! all these trophies of affections hot,  
 unsiv'd and subdued desires the tender,  
 ere hath charg'd me that I board them not,  
 yield them up where I myself must render,  
 is, to you, my origin and ender :  
 these, of force, must your oblations be,  
 I their altar, you enpatron me.

When advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
 the white weighs down the airy scale of praise ;  
 all these similes to your own command,  
 sw'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise ;  
 I me your minister, for you obey,  
 I stand under you ; and to your audit comes  
 I distract parcels in combined sums.

! this device was sent me from a nun,  
 the sterner sanctified of holiest note ;  
 she late her noble suit<sup>a</sup> in court did shun,  
 the rarest havings<sup>b</sup> made the blossoms<sup>c</sup> dote ;  
 she was sought by spirits of richest coat,<sup>d</sup>  
 she kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
 and end her living in eternal love.

! O, my sweet, what labour is 't to leave  
 the thing we have not, mastering what not strives ?  
 I seek the place which did no form receive,  
 I bring patient sports in unconstrained gyves :  
 I wait her fame so to herself contrives,  
 I care of battle 'scape by the flight,  
 I make her absence valiant, not her night.

! pardon me, in that my boast is true ;  
 the accident which brought me to her eye,  
 the moment did her force subdued,  
 I know she would the caged cloister fly :  
 I know 'tis love put out religion's eye :  
 I know she would be tempted, would she be immur'd,  
 I know, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

! O, my mighty then you are, O hear me tell !  
 I know the tokens bosoms that to me belong  
 I know they emptied all their fountains in my well,  
 I know mine I pour your ocean all among :  
 I know you o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
 I know for your victory us all congest,  
 I know I compound love to physic your cold breast.

! I know parts had power to charm a sacred sun,  
 I know disciplin'd and dieted in grace,  
 I know 'd her eyes when they to assail begun,  
 I know vows and consecrations giving place.  
 I know 'tis potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,  
 I know 'tis e bath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
 I know 'tis you art all, and all things else are thine.

! I know when thou impresses, what are precepts worth  
 the cold example ? When thou wilt inflame,  
 I know coldly those impediments stand forth

*it.* "The noble suit in court" is, we think, the suit  
 she offers to her in court.

*single.* Malone receives this as *accomplishments*—Mr. Dyce

*single.*—young men ; the flower of the nobility.  
*richest coat*—of highest descent.

Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame !  
 Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst  
 shame,

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,  
 The aloes of all forces, shocks, and tears.

" Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
 Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine.  
 And supplicant their sighs to you extend,  
 To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
 Leading soft audience to my sweet design,  
 And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,  
 That shall prefer and undertake my truth.

" This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
 Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face  
 Each check a river running from a fount  
 With brinish current downward flow'd apace :  
 O how the channel to the stream gave grace !  
 Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate<sup>a</sup> the glowing roses  
 That flame through water which their hue encloses.

" O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
 In the small orb of one particular tear !  
 But with the inundation of the eyes  
 What rocky heart to water will not wear ?  
 What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?  
 O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
 Both fire from hence and chill extinctive hath !

" For lo ! his passion, but an art of craft,  
 Even there resolv'd my reason into tears ;  
 There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,  
 Shook off my sober guards, and civil<sup>b</sup> fears ;  
 Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
 All melting ; though our drops this difference bore,  
 His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

" In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
 Applied to cauteles,<sup>c</sup> all strange forms receives,  
 Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
 Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,  
 In either's aptness, as it best deceives,  
 To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
 Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows ;

" That not a heart which in his level came  
 Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,  
 Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;  
 And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim :  
 Against the thing he sought he would exclaim ;  
 When he must burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,  
 He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

" Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
 The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,  
 That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,  
 Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.  
 Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?  
 Ah me ! I fell ; and yet do question make  
 What I should do again for such a sake.

" O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
 O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,  
 O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,  
 O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,  
 O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,<sup>d</sup>  
 Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
 And new pervert a reconciled maid !"

<sup>a</sup> Gate—got, procured.      <sup>b</sup> Civil—decorous.  
<sup>c</sup> Cauteles—deceitful purposes.      <sup>d</sup> Ow'd—owned ; his own

## VIII.

weet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,<sup>a</sup>  
 uck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!  
 ight orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!  
 ir creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!  
 Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

reep for thee, and yet no cause I have;  
 e why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.  
 id yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;  
 e why? I craved nothing of thee still:  
 O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;  
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

## IX.

nus, with Adonis<sup>b</sup> sitting by her,  
 ider a myrtle shade, began to woo him:  
 e told the youngling how god Mars did try her,  
 id as he fell to her, she fell to him.  
 en thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me;  
 id then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms:  
 en thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me:  
 if the boy should use like loving charms.  
 en thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,  
 id with her lips on his did act the seizure;  
 id as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
 id would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.  
 Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,  
 To kiss and clip me till I run away!

## X.

Crabbed age and youth  
 Cannot live together;  
 Youth is full of pleasance,  
 Age is full of care:  
 Youth like summer morn,  
 Age like winter weather;  
 Youth like summer brave,  
 Age like winter bare.  
 Youth is full of sport,  
 Age's breath is short;  
 Youth is nimble, age is lame:  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold;  
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee,  
 Youth, I do adore thee;  
 O, my love, my love is young!  
 Age, I do defy thee;  
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

## XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
 A shining gloss, that vadeth suddenly;  
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;  
 A brittle glass, that 's broken presently:  
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
 Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,  
 As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
 As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
 As broken glass no cement can redress,<sup>a</sup>  
 So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever's lost,  
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

## XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:  
 She bade good night, that kept my rest away;  
 And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
 Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow  
 Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:  
 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,  
 'T may be, again to make me wander thither:  
 Wander, a word for shadows like myself,  
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

## XIII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!  
 My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise  
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:  
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;  
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;  
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow,  
 For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;  
 But now are minutes added to the hours;  
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;<sup>b</sup>  
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!  
 Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now  
 borrow;  
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

## SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

## XIV.

was a lord's daughter, the fairest one of three,  
 at liked of her master as well as well might be,  
 ll looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye  
 could see,  
 Her fancy fell a turning.  
 ng was the combat doubtful, that love with love did  
 fight,  
 eave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:  
 put in practice either, alas it was a spite  
 Unto the silly damsel.

<sup>a</sup> Faded—faded.

<sup>b</sup> This Sonnet is found in 'Fidessa,' by B. Griffin, 1596.  
 ere are great variations in that copy.

But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,  
 That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain,  
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with  
 disdain:  
 Alas, she could not help it!

<sup>a</sup> In the twenty-ninth volume of the 'Gentleman's Magazine'  
 a copy of this poem is given, as from an ancient manuscript,  
 in which there are the following variations:—

"And as goods lost are sold or never found,  
 As faded gloss no rubbing will excite,  
 As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
 As broken glass no cement can unite."

<sup>b</sup> A moon. The original has an hour—evidently a misprint.  
 The emendation of moon, in the sense of month, is by Steevens,  
 and it ought to atone for some faults of the commentator.

Thus art, with arms contending, was victor of the day,  
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away ;  
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay ;  
For now my song is ended.

## xv.

On a day (alack the day !),  
Love, whose month was ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air :  
'Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;  
Air, would I might triumph so !  
But, alas, my hand hath sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.  
Thou for whom Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiopie were ;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.<sup>a</sup>

## xvi.

My flocks feed not,  
My ewes breed not,  
My rams speed not,  
All is amiss :  
Love is dying,  
Faith 's defying,  
Heart 's denying,  
Causer of this.<sup>b</sup>  
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
All my lady's love is lost, God wot :  
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
There a nay is plac'd without remove.  
One silly cross  
Wrought all my loss ;  
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !  
For now I see,  
Incipnancy  
More in women than in men remain.  
In black mourn I,  
All fears scorn I,  
Love hath forlorn me,  
Living in thrall :  
Heart is bleeding,  
All help needing,  
(O cruel speeding !)  
Fraughted with gall.  
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,<sup>c</sup>  
My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;  
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,  
Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;  
With sighs so deep,  
Procures<sup>d</sup> to weep,  
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.  
How sighs resound  
Through heartless ground,  
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !  
Clear wells spring not,  
Sweet birds sing not,  
Green plants bring not  
Forth ; they die :

<sup>a</sup> This beautiful little poem also occurs, with variations, in 'Love's Labour's Lost.'

<sup>b</sup> We have two other ancient copies of this poem—one in 'England's Helicon,' 1600; the other in a collection of Madrigals by Thomas Weelkes, 1597.

<sup>c</sup> *No deal*—in no degree: *some deal* and *no deal* were common expressions.

<sup>d</sup> *Procures*. The curtail dog is the nominative case to this verb.

Herds stand weeping,  
Flocks all sleeping,  
Nymphs back peeping  
Fearfully.

All our pleasure known to us poor swain  
All our merry meetings on the plains,  
All our evening sport from us is fled,  
All our love is lost, for love is dead.  
Farewell, sweet lass,  
Thy like ne'er was  
For a sweet content, the cause of all my mean :  
Poor Coridon  
Must live alone,  
Other help for him I see that there is none.

## xvii.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,  
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,  
Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as fancy, partial might :<sup>a</sup>  
Take counsel of some wiser head,  
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with tild talk,  
Lest she some subtle practice smell ;  
(A cripple soon can find a halt :)  
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,  
And set her person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night ;  
And then too late she will repent,  
That thus dissembled her delight ;  
And twice desire, ere it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say :  
" Had women been so strong as men,  
In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways ;  
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there  
Where thy desert may merit praise,  
By ringing in thy lady's ear :  
The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble, true ;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Press never thou to choose anew :  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think women still to strive with men,  
To sin, and never for to saint :  
There is no heaven, by holy then,  
When time with age shall them attain.  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.

<sup>a</sup> *Fancy* is here used as *love*, and *might* as *power*. *Servens* mischievously we should imagine, changed *partial might* to *partial like*; and Malone adopts this reading, which makes Cupid a bull-dog.

But soft; enough,—too much I fear,  
Lest that my mistress hear my song;  
She 'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long;  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

## XVIII.

Live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

## LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

XIX.<sup>a</sup>

As it fell upon a day,  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:  
Everything did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone:  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull' st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity:  
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,  
Teru, Teru, by and by:  
That to hear her so complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain;  
For her griefs so lively shown,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain;  
None take pity on thy pain:

This poem is also incompletely printed in 'England's son'; where it bears the signature *Malou*.

Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;  
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.  
King Pandion, he is dead;  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:  
All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.  
Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.  
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,  
Thou and I were both beguil'd.  
Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find.  
Every man will be thy friend,  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call:  
And with such-like flattering,  
"Pity but he were a king."  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice;  
If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandment;  
But if fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown;  
They that fawn'd on him before,  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need;  
If thou sorrow, he will weep;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

## SONG.

Take, oh, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn,  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morrow:  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears.  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The collection entitled 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' &c., ends with the Sonnet to Sundry Notes of Music which we have numbered XIX. Malou adds to the collection this exquisite song, of which we find the first verse in 'Measure for Measure.'



VERSES AMONG THE ADDITIONAL POEMS TO CHESTER'S  
LOVE'S MARTYR, PRINTED IN 1601.

Lest the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,<sup>a</sup>  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou, shrieking harbinger,  
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feather'd king:  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music can,<sup>b</sup>  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:  
Love and constancy is dead;  
Phoenix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts, division none:  
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
Distance, and no space was seen:  
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:  
But in them it were a wonder.

<sup>a</sup> There is a curious coincidence in a passage in 'The Tempest':—

"Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne."

<sup>b</sup> Can—knows.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the phoenix' sight:  
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,  
That the self was not the same;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together;  
To themselves yet either-neither.  
Simple were so well compounde'd.

That it cried how true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one!  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne<sup>1</sup>  
To the phoenix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love;  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;  
And the turtle's loyal breast:  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—  
'T was not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be.  
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sign a pray'rt.

<sup>1</sup> Threne—funeral song.



F A C T S

CONNECTED WITH

T H E L I F E A N D W R I T I N G S

O F

William Shakspeare

ABRIDGED

FROM 'WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, A BIOGRAPHY,'

BY THE AUTHOR.



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## TITLE

## LIFE AND WRITINGS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

ON the 22nd of August, 1485, there was a battle fought for the crown of England, a short battle ending in a decisive victory. The battle-field was Bosworth. Was there in that victorious army of the Earl of Richmond an Englishman bearing the name of Chacksper, or Shake-peyre, or Shakespere, or Schakespeire, or Schakspere, or Shakspeare, or Shaksper,<sup>\*</sup>—a martial name, however spelt? Of the warlike achievements of this Shaksper there is no record: his name or his deeds would have no interest for us unless there had been born, eighty years after this battle-day, a direct descendant from him—

<sup>\*</sup> Whose moss, full of high thought's invention,  
Dust like himself *heroically sound*! †—

a Shaksper, of whom it was also said—

<sup>\*\*</sup> He seems to *shake a lance*  
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance. ‡

A public document bearing the date of 1596 affirms of John Shaksper of Stratford-upon-Avon, the father of William Shaksper, that his "parent and late antecessors were, for their *valiant* and faithful services, advanced and rewarded of the most prudent prince King Henry VII. of famous memory;" and it adds, "sithence which time they have continued at those parts [Warwickshire] in good reputation and credit." Another document of a similar character, bearing the date of 1599, also affirms upon "creditable report," of "John Shaksper, now of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman," that his "parent and great-grandfather, late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince King Henry VII. of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit." Such are the recitals of two several grants of arms to John Shaksper, confirming a previous grant made to him in 1569.

The great-grandson of the faithful and approved servant of Henry VII., John Shaksper, was a burgess of the corporation of Stratford, and was in all probability born about 1530. The family had continued in those parts, "by some descents;" but how they were occupied in the business of life, what was their station in society, how they branched out into other lines of Shaksperes, we have no record.

In 1599 John Shaksper a second time went to the

<sup>\*</sup> A list of the brethren and sisters of the Guild of Knowledge, near Rowington, in Warwickshire, exhibits a great number of the name of Shaksper in that fraternity, from about 1460 to 1827; and the names are spelt with the diversity here given, Shaksper being the latest.

† Spenser.

‡ Ben Jonson.

College of Arms, and, producing his own "ancient coat of arms," said that he had "married the daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden, of Wellingcote;" and then the heralds say—"We have likewise upon one other escutcheon impaled the same with the ancient arms of the said Arden of Wellingcote." They add that John Shaksper, and his children, issue, and posterity, may bear and use the same shield of arms, single or impaled.

The family of Arden was one of the highest antiquity in Warwickshire. Dugdale traces its pedigree uninterruptedly up to the time of Edward the Confessor. The pedigree which Dugdale gives of the Arden family brings us no nearer in the direct line to the mother of Shaksper than to Robert Arden, her great-grandfather: he was the third son of Walter Arden, who married Eleanor the daughter of John Hampden, of Buckinghamshire; and he was brother to Sir John Arden, squire for the body to Henry VII. Robert's son, also called Robert, was groom of the chamber to Henry VII. He married, and he had a son, also Robert, who married Agnes Webbe. Their youngest daughter was Mary, the mother of William Shaksper.

High as was her descent, wealthy and powerful as were the numerous branches of her family, Mary Arden, we doubt not, led a life of usefulness as well as innocence, within her native forest hamlet. She had three sisters, and they all, with their mother Agnes, survived their father, who died in December, 1556. His will is dated the 24th of November in the same year, and the testator styles himself "Robert Arden, of Wylmccote, in the paryche of Aston Cauntlow." Mary, his youngest daughter, from superiority of mind, or some other cause of her father's confidence, occupies the most prominent position in the will. She has an undivided estate and a sum of money; and, from the crop being also bequeathed to her, it is evident that she was considered able to continue the tillage. The estate thus bequeathed to her consisted of about sixty acres of arable and pasture, and a house; and was called *Asbies*.

In the winter of 1556 was Mary Arden left without the guidance of a father, under this somewhat naked roof-tree, now become her own. Her sister Alice was to occupy another property in Wilmecote with her mother, provided the widow would so consent; and she did consent. And so she lived a somewhat lonely life, till a young yeoman of Stratford, who had probably some acquaintance with her father, came to sit oftener and oftener upon the wooden benches in the old hall—a substantial yeoman, a burgess of the corporation in 1557 or 1558; and then in due season Mary Arden and John Shaksper were standing before the altar of the parish church of Aston Cantlow, and the house and lands of

Asbies became administered by one who took possession "by the right of the said Mary," who thenceforward abided for half a century in the good town of Stratford.

There have been endless theories, old and new, affirmations, contradictions, as to the worldly calling of John Shakspeare. There are ancient registers in Stratford, minutes of the Common Hall, proceedings of the Court-leet, pleas of the Court of Record, writs, which have been hunted over with unwearied diligence, and yet they tell us nothing, or next to nothing, of John Shakspeare. When he was elected an alderman in 1565, we can trace out the occupations of his brother aldermen, and readily come to the conclusion that the municipal authority of Stratford was vested, as we may naturally suppose it to have been, in the hands of substantial tradesmen, brewers, bakers, butchers, grocers, victuallers, mercers, woollen-draperies. Prying into the secrets of time, we are enabled to form some notion of the literary acquirements of this worshipful body. On rare, very rare occasions, the aldermen and burgesses constituting the town council affixed their signatures, for greater solemnity, to some order of the court; and on the 29th of September, in the seventh of Elizabeth, upon an order that John Wheeler should take the office of bailiff, we have nineteen names subscribed, aldermen and burgesses. There is something in this document which suggests a motive higher than mere curiosity for calling up these dignitaries from their happy oblivion, saying to each, "Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself like an honest plain-dealing man?" Alas! out of the nineteen seven only can answer, "I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name." It is a matter of controversy whether John Shakspeare was one of the more clerklly corporators. We think he was; others believe he was not. In 1556, the year that Robert, the father of Mary Arden, died, John Shakspeare was admitted at the court-leet to two copyhold estates in Stratford. The jurors of the leet present that George Turnor had alienated to John Shakspeare and his heirs one tenement, with a garden and croft, and other premises, in Grenehill-street, held of the lord at an annual quit-rent; and John Shakspeare, who is present in court and does fealty, is admitted to the same. The same jurors present that Edward West has alienated to John Shakspeare one tenement and a garden adjacent in Henley Street, who is in the same way admitted, upon fealty done to the lord. Here then is John Shakspeare, before his marriage, the purchaser of two copyholds in Stratford, both with gardens, and one with a croft, or small enclosed field. In 1570 John Shakspeare is holding, as tenant under William Clopton, a meadow of fourteen acres, with its appurtenance, called Ingon, at the annual rent of eight pounds. This rent, equivalent to at least forty pounds of our present money, would indicate that the appurtenance included a house.—and a very good house. This meadow of Ingon forms part of a large property known by that name near Clopton-house. When John Shakspeare married, the estate of Asbies, within a short ride of Stratford, came also into his possession. With these facts before us, scanty as they are, can we reasonably doubt that John Shakspeare

was living upon his own land, renting the land of others, actively engaged in the business of cultivation, in an age when tillage was becoming rapidly profitable—so much so that men of wealth very often thought it better to take the profits direct than to share them with the tenant?

And is all this, it may be said, of any importance in looking at the life of William Shakspeare—a man who stands above all other individual men, above all ranks of men; in comparison with whom, in his permanent influence upon mankind, generations of nobles, fighting men, statesmen, princes, are but as dust? It is something, we think. It offers a better, because a more natural, explanation of the circumstances connected with the early life of the great poet than those stories which would make him of obscure birth and menial employments. Take old Aubrey's story, the stored learned gossip and antiquary, who survived Shakspeare some eighty years:—"Mr. William Shakspeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick. His father was a butcher, and I have been told hereafter by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style, and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in the town that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural wit, his acquaintance and coetaneous, but died young." The story, however, has a variation. There was at Stratford, in the year 1693, a clerk of the parish church eighty years old,—that is, he was three years old when William Shakspeare died,—and he, pointing to the monument of the poet, with the pithy remark that he was the "best of his family," proclaimed to a member of one of the Inns of Court that "this Shakspeare was formerly in this town bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he ran from his master to London." His father was a butcher, says Aubrey; he was apprenticed to a butcher, says the parish clerk.

Akin to the butcher's trade is that of the dealer in wool. It is upon the authority of Betterton, the actor, who in the beginning of the last century, made a journey into Warwickshire to collect anecdotes relating to Shakspeare, that Rowe tells us that John Shakspeare was a dealer in wool:—"His family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him a better education than his own employment." Tradition is here, we think, becoming a little more assimilated with the truth. The considerable dealer in wool might very well have been the landed proprietor, the cultivator, that we believe John Shakspeare to have been. Not indeed was the incidental business even of a butcher, a slayer and seller of carcasses, incompatible with the occupation of a landholder. Harrison (1598), who mingles laments at the increasing luxury of the farmer with somewhat contradictory denunciations of the oppression of the tenant by the landlord, holds that the landlord is monopolising the tenant's profits:—"Not sorrowful of all to understand, that men of great per-

re so far from suffering their farmers at all, that *they themselves become us, tanners, SHEEPMASTERS, wood-guid non*, thereby to enrich themselves the wealth of the country into having the commonalty weak, or as in feeble arms, which may in time lausible show, but, when necessity an heavy and bitter sequel." Has the mystery of the butcher, and ex- of the woolman ?

in the Bailiff's Court of Stratford, in us one John Shakspeare, a glover. that if this record be of the father of s, a young man in 1555, that he was If he were a glover in 1555, he was der of land—a land proprietor.\*

Baptisms of the parish of Stratford—that William, the son of John tized on the 26th April, 1564. And want of such information is a defect ters. Baptism so immediately folose times, when infancy was surer dangers than in our own days of science, that we may believe that s first saw the light only a day or this legal record of his existence. t evidence that he was born on the rding to the common belief. But a tradition to that effect; for some v. Joseph Greene, a master of the Stratford, in an extract which he rister of Shakspeare's baptism, wrote Born on the 23rd." We turn back the registry, 1558, and we find the daughter to John Shakspeare, on the r. Again, in 1562, on the 2nd of et, daughter to John Shakspeare, is entry of burials in 1563 we find, il 30, that Margaret closed a short s. We look forward, and in 1566 nother son registered:—Gilbert, son was baptized on the 13th of October 1569 there is the registry of the lter, Joan, daughter of John Shakof April. Thus, the registry of a s no reasonable doubt that the first avourite name was preserved in the another daughter was born,—Anne, r John Shakspeare, baptized on the

In 1574 another son was baptized, Master John Shakspeare, on the 11th egister of sorrow and blighted hope ras buried on the 4th of April, 1579. hich determines the extent of John y, is that of Edmund, son of Master aptized on the 3rd of May, 1580. ad that two sisters of William were, probably before his birth. In two another son, Gilbert, came to be his en he was five years old that most

\* See page 1044.

precious gift to a loving boy was granted, a sister, who grew up with him. Then came another sister, who faded untimely. When he was ten years old he had another brother to lead by the hand into the green meadows. When he was grown into youthful strength, a boy of sixteen, his youngest brother was born. William, Gilbert, Joan, Richard, Edmund, constituted the whole of the family amongst whom John Shakspeare was to share his means of existence. Rowe, we have already seen, mentions the large family of John Shakspeare "ten children in all." Malone has established very satisfactorily the origin of this error into which Rowe has fallen. In later years there was another John Shakspeare in Stratford. In the books of the corporation the name of John Shakspeare, shoemaker, can be traced in 1586; in the register in 1584 we find him married to Margery Roberts, who dies in 1587; he is, without doubt, married a second time, for in 1589, 1590, and 1591, Ursula, Humphrey, and Philip are born. It is unquestionable that these are not the children of the father of William Shakspeare, for they are entered in the register as the daughter, or sons, of John Shakspeare, without the style which our John Shakspeare always bore after 1569—"Magister." There can be no doubt that the mother of all the children of *Master John Shakspeare* was Mary Arden; for in proceedings in Chancery in 1597 it is set forth that John Shakspeare and his wife Mary, in the 20th Elizabeth, 1577, mortgaged her inheritance of Asbies. Nor can there be a doubt that the children born before 1569, when he is styled John Shakspeare, without the honourable addition of *Master*, were also *her* children; for in 1599, when *William Shakspeare* is an opulent man, application is made to the College of Arms, that John Shakspeare, and his issue and posterity, might use a "shield of arms," impaled with the arms of Shakspeare and Arden. This application would in all probability have been at the instance of John Shakspeare's eldest son and heir. The history of the family up to the period of William Shakspeare's manhood is as clear as can reasonably be expected.

The year of William Shakspeare's birth was a fearful year for Stratford. The plague raged with terrific violence in the little town. It was the same epidemic which ravaged Europe in that year; which in the previous year had desolated London, and still continued there. The red cross was probably not on the door of John Shakspeare's dwelling. "Fortunately for mankind," says Malone, "it did not reach the house where the infant Shakspeare lay; for not one of that name appears on the dead list."

The parish of Stratford, then, was unquestionably the birth-place of William Shakspeare. But in what part of Stratford dwelt his parents in the year 1564? It was ten years after this that his father became the purchaser of two freehold houses in Henley Street—houses which still exist. Nine years before William Shakspeare was born, his father had also purchased two copyhold tenements in Stratford—one in Greenhill Street, one in Henley Street. The copyhold house in Henley Street, purchased in 1555, was unquestionably not one of the freehold houses in the same street, per-

closed in 1574; yet, from Malone's loose way of stating that in 1555 the lease of a house in Henley Street was assigned to John Shakspeare, it has been conjectured that he purchased in 1574 the house he had occupied for many years. As he purchased two houses in 1555 in different parts of the town, it is not likely that he occupied both; he might not have occupied either. Before he purchased the two houses in Henley Street, in 1574, he occupied fourteen acres of meadow-land, with appurtenances, at a very high rent; the property is called Ingon meadow in the "Close Rolls." Dugdale calls the place where it was situated "Inge;" saying that it was a member of the manor of Old Stratford, "and signifyeth in our old English a meadow or low ground, the name well agreeing with its situation." It is about a mile and a quarter from the town of Stratford, on the road to Warwick. William Shakspeare, then, might have been born at either of his father's copyhold houses, in Greenhill Street, or in Henley Street; he might have been born at Ingon; or his father might have occupied one of the two freehold houses in Henley Street at the time of the birth of his eldest son. Tradition says that William Shakspeare was born in one of these houses; tradition points out the very room in which he was born. Let us not disturb the belief. To look upon that ancient house—perhaps now one of the oldest in Stratford—pilgrims have come from every region where the name of Shakspeare is known. The property passed into a younger branch of the poet's family; the descendants of that branch grew poorer and poorer; they sold off its orchards and gardens; they divided and subdivided it into smaller tenements; it became partly a butcher's shop, partly a little inn. The external appearance was greatly altered, and its humble front rendered still humbler. The windows in the roof were removed; and the half which had become the inn received a new brick casing. The central portion is that which is now shown as the birth-place of the illustrious man—"the myriad-minded."

There is a passage in one of Shakspeare's Sonnets, the 89th, which has induced a belief that he had the misfortune of a physical defect, which would render him peculiarly the object of maternal solicitude:—

"Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence:  
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;  
Against thy reasons making no defence."

Again, in the 37th Sonnet:—

"As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth."

These lines have been interpreted to mean that William Shakspeare was literally lame, and that his lameness was such as to limit him, when he became an actor, to the representation of the parts of old men. We should, on the contrary, have no doubt whatever that the verses we have quoted may be most fitly received in a metaphorical sense, were there not some subsequent lines in the 37th Sonnet which really appear to have a literal

meaning; and thus to render the previous *lame* and *lameness* expressive of something more than the gross self-abasement which they would otherwise appear to imply. In the following lines *lame* means something distinct from *poor* and *despised*:—

"For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrafted to this store.  
So thou I am not *lame*, poor, nor despis'd,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give."

Of one thing, however, we may be quite sure—that, if Shakspeare were lame, his infirmity was not such as to disqualify him for active bodily exertion. The same series of verses that have suggested this belief that he was lame also show that he was a horseman. His entire works exhibit that familiarity with external nature, with rural occupations, with athletic sports, which is incompatible with an inactive boyhood. It is not impossible that some natural defect, or some accidental injury, may have modified the energy of such a child, and have cherished in him that love of books, and traditional lore, and silent contemplation, without which his intellect could not have been nourished into its wondrous strength. But we cannot imagine William Shakspeare a petted child, chained to home, not breathing the free air upon his native hills, denied the boy's privilege to explore every nook of his own river. We would imagine him communing from the first with Nature, as Gray has painted him—

"The *sewerless* child  
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd."

The only qualifications necessary for the admission of a boy into the Free Grammar School of Stratford were, that he should be a resident in the town, of seven years of age, and able to read. The Grammar School was essentially connected with the Corporation of Stratford; and it is impossible to imagine that, when the son of John Shakspeare became qualified by age for admission to a school where the best education of the time was given, literally for nothing, his father, in that year, being chief alderman, should not have sent him to the school. We assume, without any hesitation, that William Shakspeare did receive in every just sense of the word the education of a scholar; and as such education was to be had at his own door, we also assume that he was brought up at the Free Grammar School of his own town. His earlier instruction would therefore be a preparation for this school, and the probability is that such instruction was given him at home.

A question arises, did William Shakspeare receive his elementary instruction in Christianity from the books sanctioned by the Reformed Church? It has been maintained that his father belonged to the Roman Catholic persuasion. This belief rests upon the following foundation. In the year 1770, Thomas Hart, who then inhabited one of the tenements in Henley Street which had been bequeathed to his family by William Shakspeare's granddaughter, employed a bricklayer to new tile the house; and this bricklayer, by name Mosely, found hidden between the rafters and the tiling a manuscript consisting of six leaves stained

gave to Mr. Peyton, an alderman sent it to Mr. Malone, through the vicar of Stratford. This paper, published by Malone in 1790, is printed in Malone's edition of Shakspeare and in Drake's 'Shakspeare'. It consists of fourteen articles, professing of faith of "John Shakspeare, a member of the holy Catholic religion," and in believing this document a fabrication. Malone, when he published his edition of Shakspeare, took some pains to ascertain the genuineness of the manuscript, and, after a very careful examination, is fully satisfied that it is genuine." In his work on the Ireland forgeries, he has obtained documents that clearly show that they have been the composition of any one of our poet's family." We not only do not believe in the composition of any one of our poet's family, but we do not believe that it is the work of a man at all. That John Shakspeare was a Catholic in the year 1568, when William was four years old, may be proved by a host of proofs. He was in that year at Stratford; he could not have been taking the Oath of Supremacy, a statute of the 1st of Elizabeth, 1558-9, which was made punishable with forfeiture of goods, with the pains of præmunire and excommunication, says Chalmers (speaking of the authenticity of this confession of Shakspeare's family were Roman Catholics, and by the fact that his father debarred him from the corporation meetings, and was at the removal of the corporate body." He was removed from the corporate body in 1585, with a distinct reason for this removal—his non-attendance at the halls. According to Chalmers, John Shakspeare did not take the Oath of Supremacy when he was a child, but retired from the corporation where he might have remained with a clear conscience or to others, being, in that day, a Popish recusant, to be persecuted, and subject to the penalties. If he left or was expelled the corporation for his religious opinions, he would, of course, be liable, in 1585, to a fine of 20*l.* for non-attendance, to crown the whole, in this his will, and testament, he calls himself a Catholic, and calls his works to assist and succour him after the holy sacrifice of the mass," with a will not be ungrateful unto them for the same," well knowing that by the Act of Supremacy the sacrifice of the mass was punishable by a year's imprisonment, a fine of 200 marks, and the bearing of the cross, or imprisonment and a fine of 100 marks. This indication appears to us as gross as can

be made of a free-school, then, with some preparation, William Shakspeare goes, about the year

1571. His father is at this time, as we have said, chief alderman of his town; he is a gentleman, now, of repute and authority; he is Master John Shakspeare; and assuredly the worthy curate of the neighbouring village of Luddington, Thomas Hunt, who was also the schoolmaster, would have received his new scholar with some kindness. As his "shining morning face" first passed out of the main street into that old court through which the upper room of learning was to be reached, a new life would be opening upon him. The humble minister of religion who was his first instructor has left no memorials of his talents or his acquirements; and in a few years another master came after him, Thomas Jenkins, also unknown to fame. All praise and honour be to them; for it is impossible to imagine that the teachers of William Shakspeare were evil instructors—giving the boy husks instead of wholesome aliment. They could not have been harsh and perverse instructors, for such spoil the gentlest natures, and his was always gentle:—"My gentle Shakspeare" is he called by a rough but noble spirit—one in whom was all honesty and genial friendship under a rude exterior. His wondrous abilities could not be spoiled even by ignorant instructors.

The first who attempted to write 'Some Account of the Life of William Shakspeare,' Rowe, says, "His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that, though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of; but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language." This statement, be it remembered, was written one hundred and thirty years after the event which it professes to record—the early removal of William Shakspeare from the free-school to which he had been sent by his father. We have no hesitation in saying that the statement is manifestly based upon two assumptions, both of which are incorrect:—The first, that his father had a large family of ten children, and was so narrowed in his circumstances that he could not spare even the *time* of his eldest son, he being taught for nothing; and, secondly, that the son, by his early removal from the school where he acquired "what Latin he was master of," was prevented attaining a "proficiency in that language," his works manifesting "an ignorance of the ancients." It may be convenient that we should in this place endeavour to dispose of both these assertions.

The family of John Shakspeare did not consist, as we have already shown, of ten children. In the year 1578, when the school education of William may be reasonably supposed to have terminated, and before which period his "assistance at home" would rather have been embarrassing than useful to his father, the family consisted of five children: William, aged fourteen; Gilbert, twelve; Joan, nine; Anne, seven; and Richard, four. Anne died early in the following year; and, in



vandor parted with the premises. We hold, and we think more reasonably, that in 1578, when he mortgaged Asbies, John Shakspeare became the purchaser, or at any rate the occupier, of lands in the parish of Stratford, but not in the borough; and that, in either case, the money for which Asbies was mortgaged was the capital employed in this undertaking. The lands which were purchased by William Shakspeare of the Combe family, in 1601, are described in the deed as "lying or being within the parish, fields, or town of Old Stretford." But the will of William Shakspeare, he having become the heir-at-law of his father, devises all his lands and tenements "within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe." Old Stratford is a local denomination, essentially different from Bishopton or Welcombe; and, therefore, whilst the lands purchased by the son in 1601 might be those recited in the will as lying in Old Stratford, he might have derived from his father the lands of Bishopton and Welcombe, of the purchase of which by himself we have no record. So, in the same way, the tenements referred to by the will as being in Stratford-upon-Avon, comprised not only the great house purchased by him, but the freeholds in Henley Street which he inherited from his father. Indeed it is expressly stated in a document of 1596, a memorandum upon the grant of arms in the Herald's College to John Shakspeare, "he hath lands and tenements, of good wealth and substance, 500*l*." The lands of Bishopton and Welcombe are in the parish of Stratford, but not in the borough. Bishopton was a hamlet, having an ancient chapel of ease. We hold, then, that in the year 1578 John Shakspeare ceased, though perhaps not wholly so, to reside within the borough of Stratford. Other aldermen are rated to pay towards the furniture of pikemen, billmen, and archers, six shillings and eight-pence; whilst John Shakspeare is to pay three shillings and four-pence. Why less than other aldermen? The next entry but one, which relates to a brother alderman, answers the question:—

"Robert Bratt, *nothing in this place*."

Again, ten months after,— "It is ordained that every alderman shall pay weekly, towards the relief of the poor, four-pence, save John Shakspeare and Robert Bratt, who shall not be taxed to pay anything." Here John Shakspeare is associated with Robert Bratt, who, according to the previous entry, was to pay nothing in this place; that is, in the *borough* of Stratford, to which the orders of the council alone apply. The return, in 1579, of Mr. Shakspeare as leaving unpaid the sum of three shillings and three pence, was the return upon a levy for the borough, in which, although the possessor of property, he might have ceased to reside. Seven years after this comes the celebrated return to the warrant of distress, that John Shakspeare has nothing to distraint upon. The jurisdiction of the Bailiff's Court of Stratford is wholly confined to the borough; and out of the borough the officers could not go. We have traced the course of this action in the bailiff's books of Stratford, beyond the entries which Malone gives us. It continued before the court for nearly five months; pro-

ceeding after proceeding being taken upon it, with a pertinacity on the part of the defendant which appears far more like the dogged resistance of a wealthy man to a demand which he thought unjust, than that of a man in the depths of poverty, seeking to evade a payment which must be ultimately enforced by the seizure of his goods, or by a prison. The *distringas*, which the officers of the borough of Stratford could not execute, was followed by a *capias*; and then, no doubt, the debt was paid, and the heavier fees of the lawyers discharged. Further, in the very year of this action, John Shakspeare ceases to be a member of the corporation; and the circumstances attending his withdrawal or removal from that body are strongly confirmatory of the view we have taken. "I find," says Malone, "on inspecting the records, that our poet's father had not attended at any hall for the seven preceding years." This is perfectly correct. At these halls, except on the very rarest occasions, the members attending do not sign their names; but after the entry of the preliminary form by the town-clerk,—such as "Stratford Burgus, ad aulam ibid. tent. vi. die Septembris anno regni dñe Elizabethæ vicesimo octavo,"—the town-clerk enters the names of all the aldermen and burgesses, and there is a dot or other mark placed against the names of those who are in attendance. The last entry in which the name of John Shakspeare is so distinguished as attending occurs in 1579. But at the hall held on the 6th of September, in the 28th of Elizabeth, is this entry:—"At this hall William Smythe and Richard Courte are chosen to be aldermen in the place of John Wheeler and John Shaxspere; for that Mr. Wheeler doth desyer to be put out of the companie, and Mr. Shaxspere doth not come to the halls when they be warned, nor hath not done of long tyme." Is it not more credible that, from the year 1579 till the year 1586, when he was removed from the corporation, in all probability by his own consent, John Shakspeare was not dwelling in the *borough* of Stratford,—that he had ceased to take an interest in its affairs, although he was unwilling to forego its dignities;—than that during these seven years he was struggling with hopeless poverty; that he allowed his brother aldermen and burgesses to sit in judgment on his means of paying the assessments of the borough; that they consented to reduce and altogether to discharge his assessment, although he was the undoubted possessor of property within the borough; that he proclaimed his poverty in the most abject manner, and proclaimed it untruly whilst he held any property at all, and his lands were mortgaged for a very inadequate sum, when the first object of an embarrassed man would have been to have upheld his credit by making an effort to meet every public demand? What is the most extraordinary thing of all is, that he should have recovered this long humiliation so suddenly that, in 1596, he goes to the College of Arms for additions to his armorial bearings, and states that he is worth five hundred pounds in lands and tenements. During this period he was unquestionably a resident in the *parish* of Stratford; for the register of that parish contains the entry of the burial of a daughter in 1579, and the baptism of a son in 1580. His grandchildren, also, are baptized in that

parish in 1583 and 1585. But his assessments in "that place"—the borough—are reduced in 1578, and wholly foregone in 1579. He has ceased to be amenable to the borough assessments. The lauds of Wel-combe and Bishopton, we may fairly assume, were his home. He has not been dependent upon the trade of Stratford, whether in gloves or wool. He is a cultivator, and his profits are not very variable. His son purchases a large quantity of land in the same district a few years afterwards; and that son himself becomes a cultivator, even whilst he is the most successful dramatist of his time. That son has also his actions in the Bailiff's Court, as his father had, for corn sold and delivered, of which more hereafter. That son cleaves to his native place with a love which no fame won, no pleasure enjoyed, in the great capital,—the society of the great, the praises of the learned,—can extinguish. Neither does that son take any part in the affairs of the borough. He purchases the best house in Stratford in 1597, but the records of Stratford show that he had no desire for local honours. The father, instead of sinking into poverty, appears to us to have separated himself from the concerns of the borough, and from the society of the honest men who administered them. He probably had not more happiness in his struggle to maintain the rank of gentleman; but that he did make that struggle is, we think, consistent with all the circumstances upon record. That the children of William Shakspeare should have been brought up at Stratford,—that Stratford should have been his home, although London was his place of necessary sojourn,—is, we think, quite incompatible with the belief that, at the exact period when the poet was gaining rapid wealth as a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre, the father was so reduced to the extremity of indigence that he had nothing to distrain upon in his dwelling in the place where he had dwelt for years, in competence and honour.

Seeing, then, that at any rate in the year 1574, when John Shakspeare purchased two freehold houses in Stratford, it was scarcely necessary for him to withdraw his son William from school, as Rowe has it, on account of the narrowness of his circumstances (the education at that school costing the father nothing), it is not difficult to believe that the son remained there till the period when boys were usually withdrawn from grammar-schools. In those days the education of the university commenced much earlier than at present. Boys intended for the learned professions, and more especially for the church, commonly went to Oxford and Cambridge at eleven or twelve years of age. If they were not intended for those professions, they probably remained at the grammar-school till they were thirteen or fourteen; and then they were fitted for being apprenticed to tradesmen, or articled to attorneys, a numerous and thriving body in those days of cheap litigation. Many also went early to the Inns of Court, which were the universities of the law, and where there was real study and discipline in direct connection with the Inns of Chancery and the Inns of Court Societies. To assume that William Shakspeare did not stay long enough at the grammar-school to obtain a very fair "proficiency in Latin,"

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undoubtedly one of the earliest comedies, shows—upon the principle laid down by Coleridge, that “a young author’s first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits”—that the habits of William Shakspeare “had been scholastic, and those of a student.” The ‘Comedy of Errors’ is full of those imitations of the ancients in particular passages which critics have in all cases been too apt to take as the chief evidences of learning. The critics of Shakspeare are puzzled by these imitations; and when they see with what skill he adopts, or amends, or rejects, the incidents of the ‘Menechmi’ of Plautus, they have no resource but to contend that his knowledge of Plautus was derived from a wretched translation, published in all probability eight or ten years after ‘The Comedy of Errors’ was written. The three Parts of ‘Henry VI.’ are the earliest of the historical plays. Those who dispute the genuineness of the First Part affirm that it contains more allusions to mythology and classical authors than Shakspeare ever uses; but, with a most singular inconsistency, in the passages of the Second and Third Parts which they have chosen to pronounce as the additions of Shakspeare to the original plays of another writer or writers, there are to be found as many allusions to mythology and classical writers as in the part which they deny to be his. We have observed upon these passages that they furnish the proof that, as a young writer, he possessed a competent knowledge of the ancient authors, and was not unwilling to display it; “but that, with that wonderful judgment which was as remarkable as the prodigious range of his imaginative powers, he soon learnt to avoid the pedantry to which inferior men so pertinaciously elung in the pride of their scholarship.” Ranging over the whole dramatic works of Shakspeare, whenever we find a classical image or allusion, such as in ‘Hamlet,’—

“A station like the herald Mercury,  
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,”—

the management of the idea is always elegant and graceful; and the passage may sustain a contrast with the most refined imitations of his contemporaries, or of his own imitator, Milton. In his Roman plays he appears co-existent with his wonderful characters, and to have read all the obscure pages of Roman history with a clearer eye than philosopher or historian. When he employs Latinisms in the construction of his sentences, and even in the creation of new words, he does so with singular facility and unerring correctness. And then, we are to be told, he managed all this by studying bad translations, and by copying extracts from grammars and dictionaries; as if it was reserved for such miracles of talent and industry as the Farmers and the Steeveses to read Ovid and Virgil in their original tongues, whilst the dull Shakspeare, whether schoolboy or adult, was to be contented through life with the miserable translations of Arthur Golding and Thomas Phaer.\* We believe that his familiarity at least with the best Roman writers was begun early, and continued late;

\* See a series of learned and spirited papers by the late Dr. Mason on Farmer’s ‘Essay,’ printed in Fraser’s Magazine, 1839.

and that he, of all boys of Stratford, would be the least likely to discredit the teaching of Thomas Hunt and Thomas Jenkins, the masters of the grammar-school from 1572 till 1580.

There were other agencies than the grammar-school at work in the direction of Shakspeare’s inquiring boyhood. There are local associations connected with Stratford which could not be without their influence in the formation of his mind. Within the range of such a boy’s curiosity were the fine old historic towns of Warwick and Coventry, the sumptuous palace of Kenilworth, the grand monastic remains of Evesham. His own Avon abounded with spots of singular beauty, quiet hamlets, solitary woods. Nor was Stratford shut out from the general world, as many country towns are. It was a great highway; and dealers with every variety of merchandise resorted to its fairs. The eyes of Shakspeare must always have been open for observation. When he was twelve years old Elizabeth made her celebrated progress to Lord Leicester’s castle of Kenilworth. Was William Shakspeare at Kenilworth in that summer of 1575, when the great Dudley entertained the queen with a splendour which annalists have delighted to record, and upon which one of our own days has bestowed a fame more imperishable than that of any annals? Percy, speaking of the old Coventry Hock-play, says, “Whatever this old play or storial show was at the time it was exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakspeare for a spectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtless attended with all the inhabitants of the surrounding country at these ‘princely pleasures of Kenilworth,’ whence Stratford is only a few miles distant.” The preparations for this celebrated entertainment were on so magnificent a scale, the purveyings must have been so enormous, the posts so unintermitting, that there had needed not the flourishings of paragraphs (for the age of paragraphs was not as yet) to have roused the curiosity of all mid-England. In 1575, when Robert Dudley welcomed his sovereign with a more than regal magnificence, it is easy to believe that his ambition looked for a higher reward than that of continuing a queen’s most favoured servant and counsellor. It appears to us that the exquisite speech of Oberon in ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ is founded upon a recollection of what the young Shakspeare heard of the intent of the princely pleasures of Kenilworth, and is associated with some of the poetical devices which he might have there beheld:—

“*Obe.* My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember’st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin’s back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid’s music.

*Puck.* I remember.

*Obe.* That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm’d; a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal, throned by the west—  
And loo’d his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;  
 And the imperial votaress passed on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

The most remarkable of the shows of Kenilworth were associated with the mythology and the romance of lakes and seas. "Triton, in likeness of a mermaid, came towards the Queen's Majesty." "Arion appeared sitting on a dolphin's back." So the quaint and really poetical George Gascoigne, in his 'Brief Rehearsal, or rather a true Copy of as much as was presented before her Majesty at Kenilworth.' But the diffuse and most entertaining coxcomb Laneham describes a song of Arion with an ecstasy which may justify the belief that the "dulcet and harmonious breath" of "the sea-maid's music" might be the echo of the melodies heard by the young poet as he stood beside the lake at Kenilworth:—"Now, Sir, the ditty in metre so aptly ended to the matter, and after by voice deliciously delivered; the song, by a skilful artist into his parts so sweetly sorted; each part in his instrument so clean and sharply touched; every instrument again in his kind so excellently tunable; and this in the evening of the day, resounding from the calm waters, where the presence of her Majesty, and longing to listen, had utterly damped all noise and din, the whole harmony conveyed in time, tune, and temper thus incomparably melodious; with what pleasure (Master Martin), with what sharpness of conceit, with what lively delight this might pierce into the hearers' hearts, I pray ye imagine yourself, as ye may." If Elizabeth be the "fair vestal throned by the west," of which there can be no reasonable doubt, the most appropriate scene of the mermaid's song would be Kenilworth, and "that very time" the summer of 1575. There were other circumstances connected with his locality which were favourable to the cultivation of the dramatic spirit in the boy-poet. It requires not the imagination of the romance-writer to assume that before William Shakspeare was sixteen, that is, before the year 1580, when the pageants at Coventry, with one or two rare exceptions, were finally suppressed, he would be a spectator of one of these remarkable performances, which were in a few years wholly to perish; becoming, however, the foundations of a drama more suited to the altered spirit of the people, more universal in its range,—the drama of the laity, and not of the church. The ancient accounts of the Chamberlain of the borough of Stratford exhibit a number of payments made out of the funds of the corporation for theatrical performances. In 1569, when John Shakspeare was chief magistrate, there is a payment of nine shillings to the Queen's players, and of twelve-pence to the Earl of Worcester's players. In 1573 the Earl of Leicester's players received six shillings and eight-pence. In 1574 "my Lord of Warwick's players" have a gratuity of seventeen shillings, and the Earl of Worcester's players of five and seven-pence. In 1577 "my Lord of Leicester's players" receive fifteen shillings, and "my Lord of Worcester's players" three and four-pence. In 1579 and 1580 the entries are more circumstantial:—

"1579. Item paid to my Lord Strange men the xi<sup>th</sup> day of February at the comaunderment of Mr Bayliffe, vs.

P<sup>a</sup> at the comaunderment of Mr. Baliffe to the Countie of Essex plears, xiv. vid.  
 1580. P<sup>a</sup> to the Earle of Darbyes players at the comaunderment of Mr. Baliffe, viiis. ijd."

It thus appears that there had been three sets of players at Stratford within a short distance of the time when William Shakspeare was sixteen years of age.

It is a curious circumstance that the most precise and interesting account which we possess of one of the earliest of the theatrical performances is from the recollection of a man who was born in the same year as William Shakspeare. In 1639 R. W. (R. Willis), stating his age to be seventy-five, published a line volume, called 'Mount Tabor,' which contains a passage, "upon a stage-play which I saw when I was a child," which is essential to be given in any history or sketch of the early stage:

"In the city of Gloucester the manner is (as I think it is in other like corporations) that, when players of interludes come to town, they first attend the mayor, to inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get licence for their public playing; and if the mayor like the actors, or would show respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen and common council of the city; and that is called the mayor's play, where every one that will comes in without money, the mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit, to show respect unto them. At such a play my father took me with him, and made me stand between his legs, as he sat upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called 'The Cradle of Security,' wherein was personated a king or some great prince, with his courtiers of several kinds, amongst which three ladies were in special grace with him, and they, keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsel and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lie down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joining in a sweet song, rocked him asleep, that he snored again, and in the mean time closely conveyed under the clothes wherewithal he was covered a vizard like a swine's snout upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies, who fall to singing again, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another door at the farthest end of the stage two old men, the one in blue, with a sergeant-at-arms his sword on his shoulder, the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the other's shoulder, and so they two went along in a slow pace, round about by the skirt of the stage, till at last they came to the cradle, when all the court was in greatest jollity, and then the foremost old man with his mace stroke a fearful blow upon the cradle, wherewith all the courtiers, with the three ladies and the vizard, all vanished; and the desolate prince, starting up horror-faced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case.

and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the moral the wicked of the world; the three ladies, pride, covetousness, and luxury; the two old men, the end of the world and the last judgment. His sight took such impression in me, that when I came towards man's estate it was as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it newly acted."

We now understand why the bailiff of Stratford paid the players out of the public money. The first performance of each company in this town was the bailiff's, or the chief magistrate's, play; and thus, when the father of William Shakspeare was bailiff, the boy might have stood "between his legs as he sat upon one of the benches."

The hall of the Guild, which afterwards became the Town Hall, was the occasional theatre of Stratford. It is now a long room, and somewhat low, the building being divided into two floors, the upper of which is used as the Grammar School. The elevation for the Court at one end of the hall would form the stage; and on the other side is an ancient separate chamber to which the performers would retire. With a due provision of benches, about three hundred persons could be accommodated in this room; and no doubt Mr. Bailiff would be liberal in the issue of his invitations, so that Stratford might not grudge its expenditure of five shillings.

It would appear from Willis's description that 'The Battle of Security' was for the most part dumb show. It is probable that he was present at its performance at Gloucester when he was six or seven years of age; it evidently belongs to that class of moral plays which were of the simplest construction. And yet it was popular long after the English drama had reached its highest eminence. When the pageants and mysteries had been put down by the force of public opinion, when spectacles of a dramatic character had ceased to be employed as instruments of religious instruction, the professional players who had sprung up founded their popularity for a long period upon the ancient habits and associations of the people. Our drama was essentially formed by a course of steady progress, and not by rapid transition. We are accustomed to say that the drama was created by Shakspeare, Marlowe, Greene, Kyd, and a few others of distinguished genius; but they all of them worked upon a foundation which was ready for them. The superstructure of real tragedy and comedy had to be erected upon the moral plays, the romances, the histories, which were beginning to be popular in the very first days of Queen Elizabeth, and continued to be so, even in their very rude forms, beyond the close of her long reign.

The controversy upon the lawfulness of stage-plays was a remarkable feature of the period which we are now noticing; and, as pamphlets were to that age what newspapers are to ours, there can be little doubt that even in the small literary society of Stratford the tracts upon this subject might be well known. The dispute about the Theatre was a contest between the holders of opposite opinions in religion. The Puritans, who even at that time were strong in their zeal if not in their numbers, made the Theatre the especial object of their indignation, for its unquestionable abuses allowed them

so to frame their invectives that they might tell with double force against every description of public amusement, against poetry in general, against music, against dancing, associated as they were with the excesses of an ill-regulated stage. A Treatise of John Northbrooke, licensed for the press in 1577, is directed against "dicing, dancing, vain plays, or interludes." Gosson, who had been a student of Christchurch, Oxford, had himself written two or three plays previous to his publication, in 1579, of 'The School of Abuse, containing a Pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such-like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth.' This book, written with considerable ostentation of learning, and indeed with no common vigour and occasional eloquence, defeats its own purposes by too large an aim. Poets, whatever be the character of their poetry, are the objects of Gosson's new-born hostility. The three abuses of the time are held to be inseparable:—"As poetry and piping are cousin-germans, so piping and playing are of great affinity, and all three chained in links of abuse." If the young Shakspeare had his ambition turned towards dramatic poetry when he was sixteen, that ambition was not likely to be damped by Gosson's general declamation.

The earliest, and the most permanent, of poetical associations are those which are impressed upon the mind by localities which have a deep historical interest. It would be difficult to find a district possessing more striking remains of a past time than the neighbourhood in which William Shakspeare spent his youth. The poetical feeling which the battle-fields, and castles, and monastic ruins of mid-England would excite in him, may be reasonably considered to have derived an intensity through the real history of these celebrated spots being vague, and for the most part traditional. The age of local historians had not yet arrived. The monuments of the past were indeed themselves much more fresh and perfect than in the subsequent days, when every tomb inscription was copied, and every mouldering document set forth. But in the year 1580, if William Shakspeare desired to know, for example, with some precision, the history which belonged to those noble towers of Warwick upon which he had often gazed with a delight that scarcely required to be based upon knowledge, he would look in vain for any guide to his inquiries. Some old people might tell him that they remembered their fathers to have spoken of one John Rous, the son of Geoffrey Rous of Warwick, who, having diligently studied at Oxford, and obtained a reputation for uncommon learning, rejected all ambitious thoughts, shut himself up with his books in the solitude of Guy's Cliff, and was engaged to the last in writing the Chronicles of his country, and especially the history of his native County and its famous Earls; and there, in the quiet of that pleasant place, performing his daily offices of devotion as a chantry priest in the little chapel, did John Rous live a life of happy industry till 1491. But the world in general derived little profit from his labours. Yet if the future Poet sustained some disadvantage by living before the days of antiquarian minuteness, he could still dwell in the past, and people it with the beings of his own time.

gination. The Chroniclers would, however, afford him ample materials to work into his own topography. There was a truth which was to be found amidst all the mistakes and contradictions of the annalists—the great poetical truth, that the devices of men are insufficient to establish any permanent command over events; that crime would be followed by retribution; that evil passions would become their own tormentors; that injustice could not be successful to the end; that although dimly seen and unwillingly acknowledged, the great presiding power of the world could make evil work for good, and advance the general happiness out of the particular misery. This was the mode, we believe, in which that thoughtful youth read the Chronicles of his country, whether brief or elaborate. Looking at them by the strong light of local association, there would be local tradition at hand to enforce that universal belief in the justice of God's providence which is in itself alone one of the many proofs of that justice.

Hall, the chronicler, writing his history of 'The Families of Lancaster and York,' about seventy years after the "continual dissension for the crown of this noble realm" was terminated, says,—“What nobleman liveth at this day, or what gentleman of any ancient stock or progeny is clear, whose lineage hath not been infested and plagued with this unnatural division?” During the boyhood of William Shakspeare, it cannot be doubted that he would meet with many a gentleman, and many a yeoman, who would tell him how their forefathers had been thus “infested and plagued.” The traditions of the most stirring events of that contest would at this time be about a century old; generally diluted in their interest by passing through the lips of three or four generations, but occasionally presented vividly to the mind of the inquiring boy in the narration of some amongst the “hoary-headed eld,” whose fathers had fought at Bosworth or Tewksbury. Many of these traditions, too, would be essentially local; extending back even to the period when the banished Duke of Hereford, in his bold march

“From Ravenspurg to Cotswold,”\*

gathered a host of followers in the counties of Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Warwick, and Worcester. Fields, where battles had been fought; towns, where parliaments had assembled, and treaties had been ratified; castles, where the great leaders had stood at bay, or had sallied forth upon the terrified country—such were the objects which the young poet would associate with many an elaborate description of the chroniclers, and many an interesting anecdote of his ancient neighbours. It appears to us that his dramatic power was early directed towards this long and complicated story, by some principle even more exciting than its capabilities for the purposes of the drama. It was the story, we think, which was presented to him in the evening-talk around the hearth of his childhood; it was the story whose written details were most accessible to him, being narrated by Hall with a rare minuteness of picturesque circumstance; but it was a story also of which his own district had been the scene, in many of its most

\* Richard II., Act 2, scene 3.

stirring events. Out of ten English Historical Plays which were written by him, and some undoubtedly amongst his first performances, he has devoted eight to circumstances belonging to this memorable story. No other nation ever possessed such a history of the events of a century,—a history in which the agents are not the hard abstractions of warriors and statesmen, but men of flesh and blood like ourselves; men of passion, real crime, and virtue; elevated perhaps by the poetical art, but filled, also through that art, with such a wondrous life, that we dwell amongst them as if they were of our own day, and feel that they must have spoken as he has made them speak, and act as he has made them act. It is in vain that we are told that some events are omitted, and some transposed; that documentary history does not exhibit its evidence *here*, that a contemporary narrative somewhat militates against the representation *there*. The general truth of this dramatic history cannot be shaken. It is a philosophical history in the very highest sense of that somewhat abused term. It contains the philosophy that can only be produced by the union of the noblest imagination with the most just and temperate judgment. It is the loftiness of the poetical spirit which has enabled Shakspeare alone to write this history with impartiality. Open the chroniclers, and we find the prejudices of the Yorkist or the Lancastrian manifesting the intensity of the old factious hatred. Who can say to which faction Shakspeare belongs? He has comprehended the whole, whilst others knew only a part.

The last play of the series which belongs to the war of the Roses is unquestionably written altogether with a more matured power than those which preceded it; yet the links which connect it with the other three plays of the series are so unbroken, the treatment of character is so consistent, and the poetical conception of the whole so uniform, that, whatever amount of criticism may be yet in store to show that our view is incorrect, we now confidently speak of them all as the plays of Shakspeare, and of Shakspeare alone. Matured, especially in its wonderful exhibition of character, as the 'Richard III.' is, we cannot doubt that the subject was very early familiar to the young poet's mind. The Battle of Bosworth Field was the great event of his own locality, which for a century had fixed the government of England. The course of the Reformation, and especially the dissolution of the Monasteries, had produced great social changes, which were in operation at the time in which William Shakspeare was born; whose effects, for good and for evil, he must have seen working around him, as he grew from year to year in knowledge and experience. But those events were too recent, and indeed of too delicate a nature, to assume the poetical aspect in his mind. They abided still in the region of prejudice and controversy. It was dangerous to speak of the great religious divisions of the kingdom with a tolerant impartiality. History could scarcely deal with these opinions in a spirit of justice. Poetry, thus, which has regard to what is permanent and universal, has passed by these matters, important as they are. But the great event which placed the Tudor family on the throne, and gave England a stable government, however occasionally

in a religious division, was an event not upon such a mind as that of his ancestor, there can be little doubt of the Earl of Richmond. We are assured, by lands in Wardle of Bosworth would therefore be well as a local interest. Burton, who was born about ten years before Shakspeare, tells us "that his great-grandfather Hardwick, of Linley, near Loughborough, was a very short stature, but active and his service to Henry, with some doubt he lay at Atherston, became a great advantage to him in the attack, and he was slain by the wind." Burton in 1622, that the inhabitants living near Bosworth Field, more properly called Bosworth, have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory, by reason that some persons who were living at the battle fought, were living at the battle many years, of which persons myself have heard of their disclosures, and they are now viewing in relation to the second hand." This "living years" would take us back to the time of the battle. But certainly there is something in Burton's story, to enable us to understand Shakspeare, even as a very young man, who was conversed with "some persons there" who were present at a battle fought in 1485. That, probably of himself says, he might have seen the second-hand "is probably the plain derives its name from the fact that the plain was fought in a large, flat plain, and the distance from this town, Shenton, Sutton, Dadlington, and his town was the most worthy town and was therefore called Bosworth. The battle was fought in this plain in a remarkable place: By a little distance the common report is, that at the battle Henry Earl of Richmond was slain by a blow from a lance, and that the lance was broken in two; by divers arrows, and other warlike accoutrements, and arrowheads here found, whereof some were dug up, of which some were in my custody, being of a long and narrow shape, far greater than any now in use, and in the opinion of the inhabitants, who have many occurrences yet fresh in memory." All two stories connected with the one was the vision of King Richard, who was running about him, not suffering, still crying 'Revenge.' Hall says:—"The fame went that he had a fearful and a terrible dream, for it was in his sleep, that he saw divers images of suffering him to take any quiet

or rest." Burton says, previous to his description of the dream, "The vision is reported to be in this manner." And certainly his account of the fearful ghosts "still crying Revenge" is essentially different from that of the chronicler. Shakspeare has followed the more poetical account of the old local historian; which, however, could not have been known to him:—

"Methought the souls of all that I have murder'd  
Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard."

Did Shakspeare obtain his notion from the same source as Burton—from "relation of the inhabitants who have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory?"

The localities amidst which Shakspeare lived were, as we have thus seen, highly favourable to his cultivation of a poetical reverence for antiquity. But his unerring observation of the present prevented the past becoming to him an illusion. He had always an earnest patriotism; he had a strong sense of the blessings which had been conferred upon his own day through the security won out of peril and suffering by the middle classes. The destruction of the old institutions, after the first evil effects had been mitigated by the energy of the people, had diffused capital, and had caused it to be employed with more activity. But he, who scarcely ever stops to notice the political aspects of his own day, cannot forbear an indignant comment upon the sufferings of the very poorest, which, if not caused by, were at least coincident with, the great spoliation of the property of the Church. Poor Tom, "who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned," was no fanciful portrait; he was the creature of the pauper legislation of half a century. Exhortations in the churches, "for the furtherance of the relief of such as were in unfeigned misery," were prescribed by the statute of the 1st of Edward VI.; but the same statute directs that the unhappy wanderer, after certain forms of proving that he has not offered himself for work, shall be marked V with a hot iron upon his breast, and adjudged to be "a slave" for two years to him who brings him before justices of the peace; and the statute goes on to direct the slave-owner "to cause the said slave to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise." Three years afterwards the statute is repealed, seeing that it could not be carried into effect by reason of the multitude of vagabonds and the extremity of their wants. The whipping and the stocking were applied by successive enactments of Elizabeth. The gallows, too, was always at hand to make an end of the wanderers when, hunted from tithing to tithing, they inevitably became thieves. Nothing but a compulsory provision for the maintenance of the poor could then have saved England from a fearful Jacquerie. It cannot reasonably be doubted that the vast destruction of capital by the dissolution of the monasteries threw for many years a quantity of superfluous labour upon the yet unsettled capital of the ordinary industry of the country. That Shakspeare had witnessed much of this misery is evident from his constant disposition to decry "a soul of goodness in things evil," and from his indignant hatred of the heartlessness of petty authority:—

"Thou rascal heeds, hold thy bloody hand."

And yet, with many social evils about him, the age of Shakspeare's youth was one in which the people were making a great intellectual progress. The poor were ill provided for. The Church was in an unsettled state, attacked by the natural restlessness of those who looked upon the Reformation with regret and hatred, and by the rigid enemies of its traditionary ceremonies and ancient observances, who had sprung up in its bosom. The promises which had been made that education should be fostered by the State had utterly failed; for even the preservation of the universities, and the protection and establishment of a few grammar-schools, had been unwillingly conceded by the avarice of those daring statesmen who had swallowed up the riches of the ancient establishment. The genial spirit of the English yeomanry had received a check from the intolerance of the powerful sect who frowned upon all sports and recreations—who despised the arts—who held poets and pipers to be "caterpillars of a commonwealth." But yet the wonderful stirring up of the intellect of the nation had made it an age favourable for the cultivation of the highest literature; and most favourable to those who looked upon society, as the young Shakspeare must have looked, in the spirit of cordial enjoyment and practical wisdom.

Charlote:—the name is familiar to every reader of Shakspeare; but it is not presented to the world under the influence of pleasant associations with the world's poet. The story, which was first told by Rowe, must be here repeated:—"An extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London."\*

The good old gossip Aubrey is wholly silent about the deer-stealing and the flight to London, merely saying, "This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen." But there were other antiquarian gossips of Aubrey's age, who have left us their testimony upon this subject. The Reverend William Fulman, a fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who died in 1688, bequeathed his papers to the Reverend Richard Davies of Sandford, Oxfordshire; and on the death of Mr. Davies, in 1707,

\* 'Some Account of the Life of William Shakespear,' written by Mr. Rowe.

these papers were deposited in the library of Corpus Christi. Fulman appears to have made some collections for the biography of our English poets, and under the name Shakspeare he gives the dates of his birth and death. But Davies, who added notes to his friend's manuscripts, affords us the following piece of information:—"He was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits; particularly from Sir Lucy, who had him oft whipped, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement. But his revenge was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three louses rampant for his arms." The accuracy of this chronicler, as to events supposed to have happened a hundred years before he wrote, may be inferred from his correctness in what was accessible to him. Justice Clodpate is a new character; and the three louses rampant have diminished strangely from the "dozen white luses" of Master Slender. In Mr. Davies's account we have no mention of the ballad—through which, according to Rowe, the young poet revenged his "ill usage." But Capell, the editor of Shakspeare, found a new testimony to that fact: "The writer of his 'Lil' the first modern, [Rowe] speaks of a 'lost ballad' which added fuel, he says, to the knight's before-conceived anger, and 'redoubled the prosecution;' and calls the ballad 'the first essay of Shakspeare's poetry: one stanza of it, which has the appearance of genuine, was put into the editor's hands many years ago by an ingenious gentleman (grandson of its preserver), with this account of the way in which it descended to him: Mr. Thomas Jones, who dwelt at Tarbick, a village in Worcestershire, a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and died in the year 1703, aged upwards of ninety, remembered to have heard from several old people at Stratford the story of Shakspeare's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park; and their account of it agreed with Mr. Rowe's, with this addition—that the ballad written against Sir Thomas by Shakspeare was stuck upon his park-gate, which exasperated the knight to apply to a lawyer at Warwick to proceed against him. Mr. Jones had put down in writing the first stanza of the ballad, which was all he remembered of it, and Mr. Thomas Wilkes (my grandfather) transmitted it to my father by memory, who also took it in writing." This, then, is the entire evidence as to the deer-stealing tradition. According to Rowe, the young Shakspeare engaged more than once in robbing a park, for which he was prosecuted by Sir Thomas Lucy; he made a ballad upon his prosecutor, and then, being more severely pursued, fled to London. According to Davies, he was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits; for which he was often whipped, sometimes imprisoned, and at last forced to fly the country. According to Jones, the tradition of Rowe was correct as to robbing the park; and the obnoxious ballad being stuck upon the park-gate, a lawyer of Warwick was authorised to prosecute the offender. The tradition is thus full of contradictions upon the face of it. It necessarily would be so, for each of the witnesses speaks of circumstances that must have happened a hundred



We must examine the credibi- therefore by inquiring what was to the offence for which William have been prosecuted; what was inion as to the offence; and what sir Thomas Lucy as regarded his s. on at the period in question was chapter 21. The ancient forest- y to the possessions of the Crown; 2nd of Henry VIII. an Act was ion of "every inheritor and poss- d, and tenements," which made d the taking of rabbits and hawks, s repealed in the 1st of Edward kly re-enacted in the 3rd and 4th (and 1550), it being alleged that vailed to such an extent through- royal and private parks, that in s within a few miles of London e slain in one day. For the due offences the taking of deer was But the Act was again repealed In the 5th of Elizabeth it was ent once more to make the offence at this was successfully resisted; hat, if any person by night or by unlawfully break or enter into any other several ground closed with and used for the keeping, breed- of deer, and so wrongfully hunt, take, kill, or slay any deer within ark, or closed ground with wall, e, and used for deer, as is afore- three months' imprisonment, pay party offended, and find sureties behaviour. But there is a clause which renders it doubtful whether king deer could be applied twenty sing of the Act, in the case of Sir Provided always, That this Act, or therein, extend not to any park or reafter to be made and used for deer, r licence of our Sovereign Lady the successors, or progenitors." At the Charlote, it is said, was not a deer- enclosed ground royally licensed. ty-two years after the passing of this here was no remedy for deer-stealing or trespass) in grounds not enclosed at Act. The statute of the 3rd of at for offences within such grounds y provided by the Act of Elizabeth, t. It appears to us, however, that ase against the tradition too strongly s that Charlote was not a licensed that, therefore, its venison continued ill the statute of James. The Act of onemplates any "several ground" y, pale, or hedge, and used for the and as Sir Thomas Lucy built the cote in 1558, it may reasonably be

supposed that at the date of the statute the domain of Charlote was closed with wall, pale, or hedge. The deer-stealing tradition, however, has grown more minute as it has advanced in age. Charlote, according to Mr. Samuel Ireland, was not the place of Shakspeare's unlucky adventures. The Park of Fullbrooke, he says, was the property of Sir Thomas Lucy; and he gives us a drawing of an old house where the young offender was conveyed after his detection. Upon the Ordnance Map of our own day is the Deer Barn, where, according to the same veracious tradition, the venison was concealed. A word or two disposes of this part of the tradition: Fullbrooke did not come into the possession of the Lucy family till the grandson of Sir Thomas purchased it in the reign of James I. We have seen, then, that for ten years previous to the passing of the Act of Elizabeth for the preservation of deer there had been no laws in force except the old forest-laws, which applied not to private property. The statute of Elizabeth makes the bird-nesting boy, who climbs up to the hawk's eyrie, as liable to punishment as the deer-stealer. The taking of rabbits, as well as deer, was felony by the statutes of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; but from the time of Henry VIII. to James I. there was no protection for rabbits; they were *feræ natura*. Our unhappy poet, therefore, could not be held to steal rabbits, however fond he might be of hunting them; and certainly it would have been legally unsafe for Sir Thomas Lucy to have whipped him for such a disposition. Pheasants and partridges were free for men of all condition to shoot with gun or cross-bow, or capture with hawk. There was no restriction against taking hares except a statute of Henry VIII., which, for the protection of hunting, forbade tracking them in the snow. With this general right of sport it is scarcely to be expected that the statute against the taking of deer should be very strictly observed by the bold yeomanry of the days of Elizabeth; or that the offence of a young man should have been visited by such severe prosecution as should have compelled him to fly the country. The penalty for the offence was a defined one. The short imprisonment might have been painful for a youth to bear, but it would not have been held disgraceful. All the writers of the Elizabethan period speak of killing a deer with a sort of jovial sympathy, worthy the descendants of Robin Hood. "I'll have a buck till I die, I'll slay a doe while I live," is the maxim of the Host in 'The Merry Devil of Edmon- ton;' and even Sir John, the priest, reproves him not: he joins in the fun. With this loose state of public opinion, then, upon the subject of venison, is it likely that Sir Thomas Lucy would have pursued for such an offence the eldest son of an alderman of Stratford with any extraordinary severity? The knight was nearly the most important person residing in the immediate neighbourhood of Stratford. In 1578 he had been High Sheriff. At the period when the deer-stealing may be supposed to have taken place he was seeking to be member for the county of Warwick, f- which he was returned in 1584. He was in the habit of friendly intercourse with the residents of Stratford, for in 1583 he was chosen as an arbitrator in a matter

of dispute by Hamnet Sadler, the friend of John Shakspeare and of his son. All these considerations tend, we think, to show that the improbable deer-stealing tradition is based, like many other stories connected with Shakspeare, on that vulgar love of the marvellous which is not satisfied with the wonder which a being eminently endowed himself presents, without seeking a contrast of profligacy, or meanness, or ignorance in his early condition, amongst the tales of a rude generation who came after him, and, hearing of his fame, endeavoured to bring him as near as might be to themselves.

Charlcote, then, shall not, at least by us, be surrounded by unpleasant associations in connexion with the name of Shakspeare. It is, perhaps, the most interesting locality connected with that name; for in its great features it is essentially unchanged. There stands, with slight alterations, and those in good taste, the old mansion as it was reared in the days of Elizabeth. A broad avenue leads to its great gateway, which opens into the court and the principal entrance. We would desire to people that hall with kindly inmates; to imagine the fine old knight, perhaps a little too puritanical, indeed, in his latter days, living there in peace and happiness with his family; merry as he ought to have been with his first wife, Jocosca (whose English name, Joyce, soundeth not quite so pleasant), whose epitaph, by her husband, is honourable alike to the deceased and to the survivor. We can picture him planting the second avenue, which leads obliquely across the park from the great gateway to the porch of the parish church. It is an avenue too narrow for carriages, if carriages then had been common; and the knight and his lady walk in stately guise along that grassy pathway, as the Sunday bells summon them to meet their humble neighbours in a place where all are equal. Charlcote is full of rich woodland scenery. The lime-tree avenue may, perhaps, be of a later date than the age of Elizabeth; and one elm has evidently succeeded another from century to century. But there are old gnarled oaks and beeches dotted about the park. Its little knolls and valleys are the same as they were two centuries ago. The same Avon flows beneath the gentle elevation on which the house stands, sparkling in the sunshine as brightly as when that house was first built. There may we still lie

"Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,"

and doubt not that there was the place to which

"A poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish."

There may we still see

"A careless herd,  
Full of the pasture,"

leaping gaily along, or crossing the river at their own will in search of fresh fields and low branches whereon to browse. The village of Charlcote is now one of the prettiest of objects. Whatever is new about it—and most of the cottages are new—looks like a restoration of what was old. The same character prevails in the neighbouring village of Hampton Lucy; and it may

not be too much to assume that the memory of him who walked in these pleasant places in his younger days, long before the sound of his greatness had gone forth to the ends of the earth, has led to the desire to preserve here something of the architectural character of the age in which he lived.

In the sixteenth century young men married early. In the middle ranks there was little outfit required to begin housekeeping. A few articles of useful furniture satisfied their simple tastes; and we doubt not there was as much happiness seated on the wooden bench as now on the silken ottoman, and as light hearts tripped over the green rushes as upon the Persian carpet. A silver bowl or two, a few spoons, constituted the display of the more ambitious; but for use the treen platter was at once clean and substantial, though the pewter dish sometimes graced a solemn merry-making. Employment, especially agricultural, was easily obtained by the industrious; and the sons of the yeomen, whose ambition did not drive them into the towns to pursue commerce, or to the universities to try for the prizes of professions, walked humbly and contentedly in the same road as their fathers had walked before them. They tilled a little land with indifferent skill, and their herds and flocks gave food and raiment to their household. Surrounded by the cordial intimacies of the class to which he belonged, it is not difficult to understand how William Shakspeare married early; and the very circumstance of his so marrying is tolerably clear evidence of the course of life in which he was brought up. It has been a sort of fashion of late years to consider that Shakspeare was clerk to an attorney. Thomas Nash in 1589 published this sentence: "It is a common practice now-a-days, among a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thereby none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they was born, and busy themselves with the endearments of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca, read by candlelight, yields many good sentences, as *Blind is a Beggar*, and so forth: and, if you entreat him full in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*. I should say handfulls, of tragical speeches." This quotation is held to furnish the external evidence that Shakspeare had been an attorney, by the connexion here implied of "the trade of *Noverint*" and "whole *Hamlets*." *Noverint* was the technical beginning of a law. It is imputed, then, by Nash, to a sort of shifting companions, that, running through every art and thereby by none, they attempt dramatic composition, drawing their tragical speeches from English Seneca. Does this description apply to Shakspeare? Was he thinking of no art? In 1589 he was established in life as a student in the Blackfriars Theatre. Does the use of the term "whole *Hamlets*" fix the allusion upon him? It appears to us only to show that some tragedy called "Hamlet," it may be Shakspeare's, was then in existence; and that it was a play also at which Nash might seem to us that there is any absolute connexion between the *Noverint* and the *Hamlet*. The external evidence

of this passage (and it is the only evidence of such a character that has been found) wholly fails, we think, in showing that Shakspeare was in 1589 reputed to have been an attorney. But had he pursued this occupation, either at Stratford or in London, it is tolerably clear that there would have been ample external evidence for the establishment of the fact. In those times an attorney was employed in almost every transaction between man and man, of any importance. Deeds, bonds, indentures, were much more common when legal documents were untaxed, and legal assistance was comparatively cheap. To every document attesting witnesses were numerous; and the attorney's clerk, as a matter of course, was amongst the number. Such papers and parchments are better secured against the ravages of time than any other manuscripts. It is scarcely possible that, if Shakspeare had been an attorney's clerk, his name would not have appeared in some such document, as a subscribing witness.\* No such signature has ever been found. This fact appears to us to dispose of Malone's confident belief that upon Shakspeare leaving school he was placed for two or three years in the office of one of the seven attorneys who practised in the Court of Record in Stratford. Malone adds, "The comprehensive mind of our poet, it must be owned, embraced almost every object of nature, every trade, and every art, the manners of every description of men, and the general language of almost every profession: but his knowledge and application of legal terms seem to me not merely such as might have been acquired by the casual observation of his all-comprehending mind; it has the appearance of technical skill; and he is so fond of displaying it on all occasions, that there is, I think, some ground for supposing that he was early initiated in at least the forms of law." Malone then cites a number of passages exemplifying Shakspeare's knowledge and application of legal terms. The theory was originally propounded by Malone in his edition of 1790; and it gave rise to many subsequent notes of the commentators, pointing out these technical allusions. The frequency of their occurrence, and the accuracy of their use, are, however, no proof to us that Shakspeare was professionally a lawyer. There is every reason to believe that the principles of law, especially the law of real property, were much more generally understood in those days than in our own. Educated men, especially those who possessed property, looked upon law as a science instead of a mystery; and its terms were used in familiar speech instead of being regarded as a technical jargon. When Hamlet says, "This fellow might be in his time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries," he employs terms with which every gentleman was familiar, because the owner of property was often engaged in a practical acquaintance with them. This general knowledge, which it would be very remarkable

\* Mr. Wheeler, of Stratford, having taken up the opinion many years ago, upon the suggestion of Malone, that Shakspeare might have been in an attorney's office, has availed himself of his opportunities as a solicitor to examine hundreds of documents of Shakspeare's time, in the hope of discovering his signature. The examination was altogether fruitless.

if Shakspeare had not acquired, involves the use of the familiar law-terms of his day, *fee simple, fine and recovery, entail, remainder, escheat, mortgage*. The commonest practice of the law, such as a sharp boy would have learnt in two or three casual attendances upon the Bailiff's Court at Stratford, would have familiarized Shakspeare very early with the words which are held to imply considerable technical knowledge—*action, bond, warrant, bill, suit, plea, arrest*. It must not be forgotten that the terms of law, however they may be technically applied, belong to the habitual commerce of mankind; they are no abstract terms, but essentially deal with human acts, and interests, and thoughts: and it is thus that, without any fanciful analogies, they more readily express the feelings of those who use them with a general significancy, than any other words that the poet could apply.

We hold, then, that William Shakspeare, the son of a possessor and cultivator of land, a gentleman by descent, married to the heiress of a good family, comfortable in his worldly circumstances, married very early the daughter of one in a similar rank of life, and in all probability did not quit his native place when he so married. The marriage-bond, which was discovered a few years since, has set at rest all doubt as to the name and residence of his wife. She is there described as Anne Hathway, of Stratford, in the diocese of Worcester, maiden. Rowe, in his 'Life,' says—"Upon his leaving school he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world, after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford." At the hamlet of Shottery, which is in the parish of Stratford, the Hathaways had been settled forty years before the period of Shakspeare's marriage; for in the Warwickshire Surveys, in the time of Philip and Mary, it is recited that John Hathaway held property at Shottery, by copy of court-roll, dated 20th of April, 34th of Henry VIII. (1543).\* The Hathaway of Shakspeare's time was named Richard; and the intimacy between him and John Shakspeare is shown by a precept in an action against Richard Hathaway, dated 1576, in which John Shakspeare is his bondman. Before the discovery of the marriage-bond Malone had found a confirmation of the traditional account that the maiden name of Shakspeare's wife was Hathaway; for Lady Barnard, the grand-daughter of Shakspeare, makes bequests in her will to the children of Thomas Hathaway, "her kinsman." But Malone doubts whether there were not other Hathaways than those of Shottery, residents in the town of Stratford, and not in the hamlet included in the parish. This is possible. But, on the other hand, the description in the marriage-bond of Anne Hathaway, as of Stratford, is no proof that she was not of Shottery; for such a document would necessarily have regard only to the parish of the person described. Tradition, always valuable when it is not opposed to evidence, has associated for many years the cottage of

\* The Shottery property, which was called Howland, remained with the descendants of the Hathaways till 1828.

ten years after his marriage, when his  
e in the prime of womanhood. When  
\* therefore, connects the saying of  
h Shakspeare's early love,—“ I like not  
as a great peard,”—he scarcely does  
n powers of observation and his book-  
history of the most imaginative minds,  
men of great ability, would show that  
and in the early marriages, of this  
as generally fallen upon women older  
and this without any reference to inte-  
But Mr. de Quincey holds that Shak-  
ack on this part of his youthful history  
years, breathes forth pathetic counsels  
into which his own inexperience had  
the disparity of years between himself  
notices in a beautiful scene of the  
In this scene Viola, disguised as a  
one of whom it is said—

“ All yet belle thy happy years  
As art a man ”—

Duke to own that his eye “ hath stay'd  
” Viola, who is enamoured of the  
replies,—“ A little, by your favour;”  
used to describe the “ kind of woman,”  
Duke's “ complexion ” and the Duke's  
is who in the stage representation of  
to otherwise than make him a grave  
or forty, a staid and dignified man,  
Shakspeare's whole conception of the  
would be a difference of twenty years  
Viola. No wonder, then, that the  
the Duke dramatically exclaim,—

“ Leave! Let still the woman take  
in herself; so wears she to him,  
e level in her husband's heart.”

“ However we do praise ourselves,  
are more giddy and unfirm,  
g. wavering, sooner lost and worn,  
n's are.”

nels, therefore, which Shakspeare is  
breathe in his maturer years, have  
is own giddy and unfirm fancies. We  
at, upon the general principle upon  
subjects his conception of what is indi-  
that is universally true, he would have  
adopted whatever was peculiar in his  
f it had been emphatically recom-  
pation through the medium of his self-  
Shakspeare wrote these lines at a time of  
when a slight disparity of years be-  
his wife would have been a very poor  
conscience that his affection could  
and it certainly does happen, as a  
tion to his supposed “ earnestness in  
as to the *inverted* disparity of years,  
etty clearly an appeal to the lessons  
erience,” † that at this precise period  
red from his constant attendance upon  
are, in the ‘ Encyclopædia Britannica.’  
Encyclopædia Britannica.

the stage, purchasing land in his native place, and thus  
seeking in all probability the more constant companion-  
ship of that object of his early choice of whom he is thus  
supposed to have expressed his distaste. It appears to  
us that this is a tolerably convincing proof that his affec-  
tions could hold the bent, however he might dramatically  
and poetically have said,—

“ Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :  
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.”

The marriage-bond of Shakspeare, which may be seen  
in the Consistorial Court of Worcester, was first pub-  
lished by Mr. Wheler in 1836, having been previously  
discovered by Sir R. Phillips. It consists of a bond to  
the officers of the Ecclesiastical Court, in which Falk  
Sandells, of the county of Warwick, farmer, and John  
Rychardson, of the same place, farmer, are bound in the  
sum of forty pounds, &c. It is dated the 25th day of  
November, in the 25th year of Elizabeth (1582). The  
date of this marriage-bond, and the date of the birth of  
Shakspeare's first child, have led to the belief that the  
marriage was forced upon a very young man by the  
friends of a woman whom he had injured. We believe  
that this is one of the cases in which we may fall into  
error by attempting to decide without knowing *all* the  
facts. We hold that the licence for matrimony, ob-  
tained from the Consistorial Court at Worcester, was a  
permission sought for under no extraordinary circum-  
stances;—still less that the young man who was about  
to marry was compelled to urge on the marriage as a  
consequence of previous imprudence. We believe, on  
the contrary, that the course pursued was strictly in  
accordance with the customs of the time, and of the  
class to which Shakspeare belonged. The espousals be-  
fore witnesses, we have no doubt, were then considered  
as constituting a valid marriage, if followed up within  
a limited time by the marriage of the Church; and  
these espousals might have taken place in Shakspeare's  
case, as in very many of the marriages of the middle  
classes of his time. However the Reformed Church  
might have endeavoured to abrogate this practice, it was  
unquestionably the ancient habit of the people. It was  
derived from the Roman law, the foundation of many  
of our institutions. It prevailed for a long period without  
offence. It still prevails in the Lutheran Church. We  
are not to judge of the customs of those days by our own,  
especially if our inferences have the effect of imputing  
criminality where the most perfect innocence may have  
existed.

The course of Shakspeare's life for a year or so after  
his marriage cannot be followed with any accuracy.  
Aubrey says, “ This William, being inclined naturally  
to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about  
eighteen, and was an actor at one of the playhouses,  
and did act exceedingly well. Now Ben Jonson was  
never a good actor, but an excellent instructor. He  
began early to make Essays at Dramatic Poetry, which  
at that time was very low, and his plays took well.”  
Thus writes honest Aubrey, in the year 1680, in his  
‘ Minutes of Lives,’ addressed to his “ worthy friend,  
Mr. Anthony à Wood, Antiquary of Oxford.” Of the

value of Aubrey's evidence we may form some opinion from his own statement to his friend:—"T is a task that I never thought to have undertaken till you imposed it upon me, saying that I was fit for it by reason of my general acquaintance, having now not only lived above half a century of years in the world, but have also been much tumbled up and down in it; which hath made me so well known. Besides the modern advantage of coffeehouses in this great city, before which men knew not how to be acquainted but with their own relations or societies, I might add that I come of a longævous race, by which means I have wiped some feathers off the wings of time for several generations, which does reach high." It must not be forgotten that Aubrey's account of Shakspeare, brief and imperfect as it is, is the earliest known to exist. His story of Shakspeare's coming to London is a simple and natural one, without a single marvellous circumstance about it:—"This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London." This, the elder story, appears to us to have much greater verisimilitude than Rowe's, the later:—"He was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London." Aubrey, who has picked up all the gossip "of coffeehouses in this great city," hears no word of Rowe's story, which would certainly have been handed down amongst the traditions of the theatre to Davenant and Shadwell, from whom he does hear something:—"I have heard Sir William Davenant and Mr. Thomas Shadwell (who is counted the best comedian we have now) say, that he had a most prodigious wit." Neither does he say, nor indeed any one else till two centuries and a quarter after Shakspeare is dead, that, "after four years' conjugal discord, he would resolve upon that plan of solitary emigration to the metropolis, which, at the same time that it released him from the humiliation of domestic feuds, succeeded so splendidly for his worldly prosperity, and with a train of circumstances so vast for all future ages."\* It is certainly a singular vocation for a writer of genius to bury the legendary scandals of the days of Rowe, for the sake of exhuming a new scandal, which cannot be received at all without the belief that the circumstance must have had a permanent and most evil influence upon the mind of the unhappy man who thus cowardly and ignominiously is held to have severed himself from his duty as a husband and a father. We cannot trace the evil influence, and therefore we reject the scandal. It has not even the slightest support from the weakest tradition. It is founded upon an imperfect comparison of two documents, judging of the habits of that period by those of our own day; supported by quotations from a dramatist of whom it would be difficult to affirm that he ever wrote a line which had strict reference to his own feelings and circumstances.

In the baptismal register of the parish of Stratford for 1583 is the entry of the baptism of Susanna on the 26th May. This record necessarily implies the residence of the wife of William Shakspeare in the parish of Stratford. Did he himself continue to reside in this

\* 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

parish? There is no evidence of his residence. His name appears in no suit in the Bailiff's Court at this period. He fills no municipal office, such as his father had filled before him. But his wife continues to reside in the native place of her husband, surrounded by his relations and her own. His father and his mother no doubt watch with anxious solicitude over the fortunes of their first son. He has a brother, Gilbert, seventeen years of age, and a sister of fourteen. His brother Richard is nine years of age; but Edmund is young enough to be the playmate of his little Susanna. On the 2nd February, 1585, there is another entry in the parochial register, of the baptism of Hamnet and Judith, son and daughter to William Shakspeare. While he is yet a minor he is the father of three children. The circumstance of his minority may perhaps account for the absence of his name from all records of court-leet, or bailiff's court, or common-hall. He was neither a constable, nor an ale-conner, nor an overseer, nor a jury-man, because he was a minor. We cannot affirm that he did not leave Stratford before his minority expired; but it is to be inferred that, if he had continued to reside at Stratford after he was legally of age, we should have found traces of his residence in the records of the town. If his residence was out of the borough, as we have supposed his father's to have been at this period, some trace would yet have been found of him, in all likelihood, within the parish. Just before the termination of his minority we have an undeniable record that he was a second time a father within the parish. It is at this period, then, that we would place his removal from Stratford; his flight, according to the old legend; his solitary emigration, according to the new discovery. That his emigration was even solitary we have not a tittle of evidence. Rowe says that, after having settled in the world in a family manner, and continued in this kind of settlement for some time, the extravagance of which he was guilty in robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park obliged him to leave his business and family. He could not have so left, even according to the circumstances which were known to Rowe, till after the birth of his son and daughter in 1585. But the story goes on:—"It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer." Sixty years after the time of Rowe the story assumed a more circumstantial shape, as far as regards the mean rank which Shakspeare filled in his early connexion with the theatre. Dr. Johnson adds one passage to the 'Life,' which he says "Mr. Pope related, as communicated to him by Mr. Rowe." It is so remarkable an anecdote that it is somewhat surprising that Rowe did not himself add it to his own meagre account:—

"In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play; and when

Shakspeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will Shakspeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakspeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakspeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves—'I am Shakspeare's boy, Sir.' In time, Shakspeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakspeare's boys."

Steevens has attempted to impugn the credibility of this anecdote by saying,—“That it was once the general custom to ride on horseback to the play I am yet to learn. The most popular of the theatres were on the Bankside; and we are told by the satirical pamphleteers of that time that the usual mode of conveyance to these places of amusement was by water, but not a single writer so much as hints at the custom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horses held during the hours of exhibition.” Steevens is here in error; he has a vague notion—which is still persevered in with singular obstinacy, even by those who have now the means of knowing that Shakspeare had acquired property in the chief theatre in 1589—that the great dramatic poet had felt no inspiration till he was about eight-and-twenty, and that, therefore, his connexion with the theatre began in the palmy days of the Globe on the Bankside—a theatre not built till 1593. To the earlier theatres, if they were frequented by the gallants of the Court, they would have gone on horses. They did so go, as we learn from Dekker, long after the Bankside theatres were established. The story first appeared in a book entitled ‘The Lives of the Poets,’ considered to be the work of Theophilus Cibber, but said to be written by a Scotchman of the name of Shiels, who was an amanuensis of Dr. Johnson. Shiels had certainly some hand in the book; and there we find that Davenant told the anecdote to Betterton, who communicated it to Rowe, who told it to Pope, who told it to Dr. Newton. Improbable as the story is as it now stands, there may be a scintillation of truth in it, as in most traditions. It is by no means impossible that the Blackfriars Theatre might have had Shakspeare's boys to hold horses, but not Shakspeare himself. As a proprietor of the theatre, Shakspeare might sagaciously perceive that its interest would be promoted by the readiest accommodation being offered to its visitors; and further, with that worldly adroitness which, in him, was not incompatible with the exercise of the highest genius, he might have derived an individual profit by employing servants to perform this office. In an age when horse-stealing was one of the commonest occurrences, it would be a guarantee for the safe charge of the horses that they were committed to the care of

the agents of one then well known in the world,—an actor, a writer, a proprietor of the theatre. Such an association with the author of ‘Hamlet’ must sound most anti-poetical; but the fact is scarcely less prosaic than that the same wondrous man, about the period when he wrote ‘Macbeth,’ had an action for debt in the Bailiff's Court at Stratford, to recover thirty-five shillings and tence for corn by him sold and delivered.

Familiar, then, with theatrical exhibitions, such as they were, from his earliest youth, and with a genius so essentially dramatic that all other writers that the world has seen have never approached him in his power of going out of himself, it is inconsistent with probability that he should not have attempted some dramatic composition at an early age. The theory that he was first employed in repairing the plays of others we hold to be altogether untenable; supported only by a very narrow view of the great essentials to a dramatic work, and by verbal criticism, which, when carefully examined, utterly fails even in its own petty assumptions.\* There can be no doubt that the three Parts of ‘Henry VI.’ belong to the early stage. We believe them to be wholly and absolutely the early work of Shakspeare. But we do not necessarily hold that they were his earliest work; for the proof is so clear of the continual improvements and elaborations which he made in his best productions, that it would be difficult to say that some of the plays which have the most finished air, but of which there were no early editions, may not be founded upon very youthful compositions. Others may have wholly perished; thrown aside after a season; never printed; and neglected by their author, to whom new inventions would be easier than remodellings of pieces probably composed upon a false theory of art. For it is too much to imagine that his first productions would be wholly untainted by the taste of the period. Some might have been weak delineations of life and character, overloaded with mythological conceits and pastoral affectations, like the plays of Lyly, which were the Court fashion before 1590. Others might have been prompted by the false ambition to produce effect, which is the characteristic of ‘Locrine,’ and partially so of ‘Titus Andronicus.’ But of one thing we may be sure—that there would be no want of power even in his first productions; that real poetry would have gushed out of the bombast, and true wit sparkled amidst the conceits. His first plays would, we think, fall in with the prevailing desire of the people to learn the history of their country through the stage. If so, they would certainly not exhibit the feebleness of some of those performances which were popular about the period of which we are now speaking, and which continued to be popular even after he had most successfully undertaken

“To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse.”

The door of the theatre was not a difficult one for him to enter. It is a singular fact, that several of the most eminent actors of this very period are held to have been his immediate neighbours. We see no difficulty in believing that the first step taken by him in a decision

\* See our ‘Essay on the Three Parts of Henry VI., and Richard III.’ in the Pictorial and Library editions.

as interesting to ages unborn as important to himself, was the experimental one of rendering his personal aid towards the proper performance of his first acted play. We inverse the usual belief in this matter. We think that Shakspeare became an actor because he was a dramatic writer, and not a dramatic writer because he was an actor. He very quickly made his way to wealth and reputation, not so much by a handsome person and pleasing manners, as by that genius which left all other competitors far behind him in the race of dramatic composition; and by that prudence which taught him to combine the exercise of his extraordinary powers with a constant reference to the course of life he had chosen, not lowering his art for the advancement of his fortune, but achieving his fortune in showing what mighty things might be accomplished by his art.

Amongst those innumerable by-ways in London which are familiar to the hurried pedestrian, there is a well-known line of streets, or rather lanes, leading from the hill on which St. Paul's stands to the great thoroughfare of Blackfriars Bridge. Between Apothecaries' Hall and Printing-house Square is a short lane, leading into an open space called Playhouse Yard. It is one of those shabby places of which so many in London lie close to the glittering thoroughfares; but which are known only to their own inhabitants, and have at all times an air of quiet which seems like desolation. The houses of this little square, or yard, are neither ancient nor modern. Some of them were probably built soon after the great fire of London; for a few present their gable fronts to the streets, and the wide casements of others have evidently been filled up and modern sashes inserted. But there is nothing here, nor indeed in the whole precinct, with the exception of the few yards of ancient wall, that has any pretension to belong to what may be called the antiquities of London. In the heart of this precinct, close by the church of a suppressed monastery, surrounded by the new houses of the nobility, in the very spot which is now known as Playhouse Yard, was built, in 1575, the Blackfriars Theatre.

The history of the early stage, as it is to be deduced from statutes, and proclamations, and orders of council, exhibits a constant succession of conflicts between the civic authorities and the performers of plays. The act of the 14th of Elizabeth, "for the punishment of vagabonds, and for relief of the poor and impotent," was essentially an act of protection for the established companies of players. We have here, for the first time, a definition of rogues and vagabonds; and it includes not only those who can "give no reckoning how he or she doth lawfully get his or her living," but "all fencers, bearwards, common players in interludes, and minstrels, not belonging to any baron of this realm, or towards any other honourable personage of greater degree; all jugglers, pedlers, tinkers, and petty chapmen; which said fencers, bearwards, common players in interludes, minstrels, jugglers, pedlers, tinkers, and petty chapmen, shall wander abroad, and have not licence of two justices of the peace at the least, whereof one to be of the quorum, where and in what shire they shall happen to wander." The circumstance of belong-

ing to any baron, or person of greater degree, was in itself a pretty large exception; and if in those times of rising puritanism the licence of two justices of the peace was not always to be procured, the large number of companies enrolled as the servants of the nobility offers sufficient evidence that the profession of a player was not a persecuted one, but one expressly sanctioned by the ruling powers. There was one company of players, the Earl of Leicester's, which, within two years after the legislative protection of this act, received a more important privilege from the Queen herself. In 1574 a writ of privy seal was issued to the keeper of the great seal, commanding him to set forth letters patent addressed to all justices, &c., licensing and authorizing James Burbadge, and four other persons, servants to the Earl of Leicester, "to use, exercise, and occupy the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, interludes, stage-plays, and such other like as they have already used and studied, or hereafter shall use and study, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them." And they were to exhibit their performances "as well within our City of London and liberties of the same, as throughout our realm of England." Without knowing how far the servants of the Earl of Leicester might have been molested by the authorities of the City of London, in defiance of this patent, it is clear that the patent was of itself insufficient to insure their kind reception within the city; for it appears that, within three months after the date of the patent, a letter was written from the Privy Council to the Lord Mayor, directing him "to admit the comedy-players within the city of London, and to be otherwise favourably used." This mandate was probably obeyed; but in 1575 the Court of Common Council, without any exception for the objects of the patent of 1574, made certain orders, in the city language termed an act, which assumed that the whole authority for the regulation of plays was in the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; that they only could license theatrical exhibitions within the city; and that the players whom they did license should contribute half their receipts to charitable purposes. The civic authorities appear to have stretched their power somewhat too far; for in that very year James Burbadge, and the other servants of the Earl of Leicester, erected their theatre amidst the houses of the great in the Blackfriars, within a stone's throw of the city walls, but absolutely out of the control of the city officers. The immediate neighbours of the players were the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Hunsdon, as we learn from a petition against the players from the inhabitants of the precinct. The petition was unavailing. The reason which it states "one Burbadge hath lately bought" were converted "into a common playhouse; and within fourteen years from the period of its erection William Shakspeare was one of its proprietors.

The royal patent of 1574 authorized in the exercise of their art and faculty "James Burbadge, John Petyt, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson, who are described as the servants of the Earl of Leicester. Although on the early stage the character was frequently doubled, we can scarcely imagine that these

five persons were of themselves sufficient to form a company of comedians. They had, no doubt, subordinate actors in their pay; they being the proprietors or shareholders in the general adventure. Of these five original patentees four remained as the "sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse" in 1589, the name only of John Perkin being absent from the subscribers to a certificate to the Privy Council that the company acting at the Blackfriars "have never given cause of displeasure in that they have brought into their plays matters of state and religion." This certificate—which bears the date of November, 1589—exhibits to us the list of the professional companions of Shakspeare in an early stage of his career, though certainly not in the very earliest. The certificate describes the persons subscribing it as "her Majesty's poor players," and sets forth that they are "all of them sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse." Their names are presented in the following order:—1. James Burbadge. 2. Richard Burbadge. 3. John Laneham. 4. Thomas Greene. 5. Robert Wilson. 6. John Taylor. 7. Anth. Wadson. 8. Thomas Pope. 9. George Peele. 10. Augustine Phillipps. 11. Nicholas Fowley. 12. William Shakspeare. 13. William Kempe. 14. William Johnson. 15. Baptiste Goodale. 16. Robert Armin.

It would not be an easy matter, without some knowledge of minute facts and a considerable effort of imagination, to form an accurate notion of that building in the Blackfriars—rooms converted into a common playhouse—in which we may conclude that the first plays of Shakspeare were exhibited. The very expression used by the petitioners against Burbadge's project would imply that the building was not very nicely adapted to the purposes of dramatic representation. They say, "which rooms the said Burbadge is now altering, and meaneth very shortly to convert and turn the same into a common playhouse." And yet we are not to infer that the rooms were hastily adapted to their object by the aid of a few boards and drapery, like the barn of a strolling company. In 1596 the shareholders say, in a petition to the Privy Council, that the theatre, "by reason of its having been so long built, hath fallen into great decay, and that, besides the reparation thereof, it has been found necessary to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereto." The structure, no doubt, was adapted to its object without any very great regard to durability; and the accommodations, both for actors and audience, were of a somewhat rude nature. The Blackfriars was a winter theatre; so that, differing from the Globe, which belonged to the same company, it was, there can be little doubt, roofed in. It appears surprising that, in a climate like that of England, even a summer theatre should be without a roof; but the surprise is lessened when we consider that, when the Globe was built, in 1594, not twenty years had elapsed since plays were commonly represented in the open yards of the inns of London. The Belle Savage was amongst the most famous of these inn-yard theatres; and even the present area of that inn will show how readily it might be adapted for such performances. The Blackfriars theatre was probably little more than

a large space, arranged pretty much like the Belle Savage yard, but with a roof over it. Indeed, so completely were the public-theatres adapted after the model of the temporary ones, that the space for the "groundlings" long continued to be called the yard. One of the earliest theatres, built probably about the same time as the Blackfriars, was called the Curtain, from which we may infer that the refinement of separating the actors from the audience during the intervals of the representation was at first peculiar to that theatre.

In the continuation of Stow's 'Chronicle,' by Edmund Howes, there is a very curious passage, which carries us back to the period in which he was writing (1631) for sixty years. He describes the destruction of the Globe by fire in 1613, the burning of the Fortune Playhouse four years after, the rebuilding of both theatres, and the erection of "a new fair playhouse near the Whitefriars." He then adds,—“And this is the seventeenth stage, or common playhouse, which hath been new made within the space of threescore years within London and the suburbs, viz.: five inns, or common hostleries, turned to playhouses, one Cockpit, St. Paul's singing-school, one in the Blackfriars, and one in the Whitefriars, which was built last of all, in the year one thousand six hundred twenty-nine. All the rest not named were erected only for common playhouses, besides the new-built Bear-garden, which was built as well for plays, and fencers' prizes, as bull-baiting; besides one in former time at Newington Butts. Before the space of threescore years abovesaid I neither knew, heard, nor read of any such theatres, set stages, or playhouses, as have been purposely built within man's memory." It would appear, as far as we can judge from the very imperfect materials which exist, that in the early period of Shakspeare's connexion with the Blackfriars it was the only private theatre. It is natural to conclude that the proprietors of this theatre, being the Queen's servants, were the most respectable of their vocation; conformed to the ordinances of the state with the utmost scrupulousness; endeavoured to attract a select audience rather than an uncritical multitude; and received higher prices for admission than were paid at the public theatres. The performances at the Blackfriars were for the most part in the winter. Whether the performances were in the day or evening, artificial lights were used. The audience in what we now call the pit (then also so called) sat upon benches, and did not stand, as in the yard open to the sky of the public playhouses. There were small rooms corresponding with the private boxes of existing theatres. A portion of the audience, including those who aspired to the distinction of critics, sat upon the stage. It is possible, and indeed there is some evidence, that the rate of admission varied according to the attraction of the performance; and we may be pretty sure that a company like that of Shakspeare's generally charged at a higher rate than the larger theatres, which depended more upon the multitude.

At an early period, but not so early as the date of the certificate of 1589, which shows that Shakspeare was a sharer in the company acting at the Blackfriars, he is mentioned by contemporaries. Henry Cressel



one of the very few persons who have left us any distinct memorial of Shakspeare. He appears to have had some connexion with the writers of his time, in preparing their manuscripts for the press. He so prepared Greene's posthumous tract, 'The Groat's-worth of Wit,' copying out the author's faint and blotted sheets, written on his sick-bed. In this pamphlet of Greene's an insult was offered to Shakspeare; and it would appear from the allusions of Chettle that he was justly offended. Marlowe, also, resented, as well he might, a charge of impiety which was levelled against him. Chettle says, "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted." By acquaintance he means companionship, if not friendship. He goes on, "And with one of them I care not if I never be." He is supposed here to point at Marlowe. But to the other he tenders an apology, in all sincerity: "The other, whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case), the author being dead, that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." In the Induction to 'Cynthia's Revels' Ben Jonson makes one of the personified spectators on the stage say, "I would speak with your author; where is he?" It may be presumed, therefore, that it was not uncommon for the author to mix with that part of the audience; and thus Henry Chettle may be good evidence of the civil demeanour of William Shakspeare. We may thus imagine the young author composedly moving amidst the throng of wits and critics that fill the stage. He moves amongst them modestly, but without any false humility. In worldly station, if such a consideration could influence his demeanour, he is fully their equal. They are for the most part, as he himself is, actors, as well as makers of plays. Phillips says Marlowe was an actor. Greene is reasonably conjectured to have been an actor. Peele and Wilson were actors of Shakspeare's own company; and so was Anthony Wadeson. There can be little doubt that upon the early stage the occupations for the most part went together. The dialogue was less regarded than the action. A plot was hastily got up, with rude shows and startling incidents. The characters were little discriminated; one actor took the tyrant line, and another the lover; and ready words were at hand for the one to rant with and the other to whine. The actors were not very solicitous about the words, and often discharged their mimic passions in extemporaneous eloquence. In a few years the necessity of pleasing more refined audiences changed the economy of the stage. Men of high talent sought the theatre as a ready mode of maintenance by their writings; but their connexion with the stage would naturally begin in acting rather than in authorship. The managers, themselves actors, would think, and perhaps rightly, that an actor would be the best judge of dramatic effect. The rewards of authorship through

the medium of the press were in those days small indeed; and paltry as was the dramatist's fee, the players were far better paymasters than the stationers. To become a sharer in a theatrical speculation offered a reasonable chance of competence, if not of wealth. If a sharer existed who was "excellent" enough in "his quality" he professed to fill the stage creditably, and added to that quality "a facetious grace in writing," there is no doubt that with "uprightness of dealing" he would, in such a company as that of the Blackfriars, advance rapidly to distinction, and have the countenance and friendship of "divers of worship." Those of Shakspeare's early competitors who approached the nearest to him in genius possessed not that practical wisdom which carried him safely and honourably through a life beset with some temptations. They knew not the value of "government and modesty." He lived amongst them, but we may readily conclude that he was not of them.

In the spring of 1588, and through the summer also, we may well believe that Shakspeare abided in London, whether or not he had his wife and children about him. The course of public events was such that he would scarcely have left the capital, even for a few weeks. For the hearts of all men in the vast city were mightily stirred; and whilst in that "shop of war" might be heard on every side the din of "anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice,"\* the poet had his own work to do, in urging forward the noble impulse through which the people, of whatever sect or whatever party, willed that they would be free. It was the year of the Armada.

But, glorious as was the contemplation of the attitude of England during this year, the very energy that had called forth this noble display of patriotic spirit exhibited itself in domestic controversy when the peace from without was removed. The same season that witnessed the utter destruction of the armament of Spain saw London excited to the pitch of fury by polemical disputes. It was not now the quarrel between Protestant and Romanist, but between the National Church and Puritanism. The theatres, those new and powerful teachers, lent themselves to the controversy. In some of these their licence to entertain the people was abused by the introduction of matters connected with religion and politics; so that in 1589 Lord Burghley not only directed the Lord Mayor to inquire what companies of players had offended, but a commission was appointed for the same purpose. How Shakspeare's company proceeded during this inquiry has been made out most clearly by the valuable document discovered at Bridgewater House by Mr. Collier, wherein they disclaim to have conducted themselves amiss. "There are to certify your Right Honourable Lordships that her Majesty's poor players, James Burbage, Richard Burbage, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillipps, Nicholas Towley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Armin, being all of them sharers in the Blackfriars playhouse, have never given

\* Milton: 'Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.'

displeasure, in that they have brought into their letters of state and religion, unfit to be handled or to be presented before lewd spectators: neither any complaint in that kind ever been preferred to any of them. Wherefore they trust most to your Lordships' consideration of their former favour, being at all times ready and willing to oblige to any command whatsoever your Lordships' wisdom may think in such case meet," &c. 1589."

petition, Shakspeare, a sharer in the theatre, but below him in the list, says, and they all say, they have never brought into their plays matters of religion." The public mind in 1589-90 was agitated by "matters of state and religious controversy was going on which is now known as *Martin Marprelate*, in which the constitution of the church were most furiously attacked in a succession of pamphlets; and they were written with equal violence and scurrility. The chief part in the controversy, as we learn from Gabriel Harvey.

Shakspeare's great contemporary, Edmund Spenser, in his entitled 'The Tears of the Muses,' originally written in 1591, describes, in the 'Complaint' of the Muse of Comedy, the state of the drama at that time which he is writing:—

Be the sweet delights of learning's treasure,  
Went with comic sock to beautify  
The staid theatres, and fill with pleasure  
The listeners' eyes, and ears with melody;  
Which I late was wont to reign as queen,  
And ask in mirth with graces well beseen?  
Is gone; and all that goodly glee,  
Which went to be the glory of gay wits,  
Is fled, and nowhere now to see;  
In her room unseemly Sorrow sits,  
With hollow brows and griesly countenance,  
To grieve my joyous gentle dalliance.

And beside sits ugly Barbarism,  
With brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late  
From dread darkness of the deep abyss,  
Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate;  
Which the minds of men now tyrannize,  
And make a fair scene with rudeness foul disguise.

And they with folly have possess'd,  
With vain toys the vulgar entertain;  
Which have banished, with all the rest  
Whom wont to wait upon my train,  
The counterfeits, and unhurtful Sport,  
And Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort."

as in England in 1590-91, and it is probable

'Tears of the Muses' was written in 1590. The stanzas which we have quoted are descriptive, not only of a period of the drama when it had fallen from the semi-barbarism by which it was characterized, but from the commencement of Shakspeare's career till about the earliest date at which his name in London can be possibly fixed.\* This stanza has nothing in common with those accounts of the drama which have reference to this "semi-barbarism." Nor does the writer of it belong to the school which considered a violation of the unities of time and

place as the great defect of the English theatre. Nor does he assert his preference of the classic school over the romantic, by objecting, as Sir Philip Sidney objects, that "plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns." There had been, according to Spenser, a state of the drama that would

"Fill with pleasure  
The listeners' eyes, and ears with melody."

Can any comedy be named, if we assume that Shakspeare had, in 1590, not written any, which could be celebrated—and by the exquisite versifier of 'The Fairy Queen'—for its "melody"? Could any also be praised for

"That goodly glee  
Which went to be the glory of gay wits"?

Could the plays before Shakspeare be described by the most competent of judges—the most poetical mind of that age next to Shakspeare—as abounding in

"Fine Counterfeits, and unurtful Sport,  
Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort"?

We have not seen such a comedy, except some three or four of Shakspeare's, which could have existed before 1590. We do not believe there is such a comedy from any other pen. What, according to the 'Complaint' of Thalia, has banished such comedy? "Unseemly Sorrow," it appears, has been fashionable;—not the proprieties of tragedy, but a Sorrow

"With hollow brows and griesly countenance;"—

the violent scenes of blood which were offered for the excitement of the multitude, before the tragedy of real art was devised. But this state of the drama is shortly passed over. There is something more defined. By the side of this false tragic sits "ugly Barbarism and brutish Ignorance." These are not the barbarism and ignorance of the *old* stage;—they are

"Ycrept of late  
Out of dread darkness of the deep abyss."

They "now tyrannize;" they now "disguise" the fair scene "with rudeness." The Muse of Tragedy, Melpomene, had previously described the "rueful spectacles" of "the stage." It was a stage which had no "true tragedy." But it had possessed

"Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort."

The four stanzas which we have quoted are immediately followed by these four others:—

"All these, and all that else the comic stage  
With season'd wit and goodly pleasure graced,  
By which man's life in his likeliest image  
Was limed forth, are wholly now defaced;  
And those sweet wits, which wont the like to frame,  
Are now despis'd, and made a laughing game.  
And he, the man whom Nature self had made  
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate  
With kindly counter, under mimic shade  
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late  
With whom all joy and jolly merriment  
Is also dead, and in dolour drest.

Instead thereof scoffing Scurrility,  
And scornful Folly, with Contempt, is crept,  
Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaldry,  
Without regard or due decorum kept;  
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,  
And doth the Learner's task upon him take.

\* Edinburgh Review, vol. lxxi., p. 469.

But that was not a word from whose pen  
 Large volumes of poetry had ever been  
 Scouring the world of their unnumbered  
 Which gave the world a new and better  
 Both in the way of the world and  
 Thus as aimed to mockery to show

The love of personal abuse had driven out real comedy,  
 and there was one who for a brief season had left the  
 madness to take its course. We cannot doubt that

"He, the man whom Nature self had made  
 To most benefit and Truth to imitate,

was *William Shakespeare*.

England was sorely visited by the plague in 1592  
 and 1593. The theatres were shut; there were no per-  
 formances at Court. Shakespeare, we may believe, during  
 the long period of the continuance of the plague in  
 London, had no occupation at the Blackfriars Theatre;  
 and the pastimes of the Lord Chamberlain's servants  
 were discontinued at the palace. It is probable that  
 he was residing at his own Stratford. The leisure, we  
 think, afforded him opportunity of preparing the most  
 important of that wonderful series of historical dramas  
 which unquestionably appeared within a few years of  
 this period; and of producing some other dramatic  
 compositions of the highest order of poetical excellence.  
 It appears to us, looking at the printed labours of  
 Shakespeare at this exact period, that there was some  
 pause in his professional occupation; and that many  
 months' residence in Stratford, from the autumn of  
 1592 to the summer of 1593, enabled him more sys-  
 tematically to cultivate those higher faculties which  
 placed him, even in the opinion of his contemporaries,  
 at the head of the living poets of England.

It is easy to believe that if any external impulse were  
 wanting to stimulate the poetical ambition of Shaks-  
 pere—to make him aspire to some higher character  
 than that of the most popular of dramatists—such might  
 be found in 1593 in the clear field which was left for  
 the exercise of his peculiar powers. Robert Greene had  
 died on the 3rd of September, 1592, leaving behind  
 him a sneer at the actor who aspired "to bombast out  
 a blank verse." Had his genius not been destroyed by  
 the wear and tear, and the corrupting influences, of a  
 profligate life, he never could have competed with the  
 mature Shakespeare. But as we know that "the only  
 Shake-scene in a country," at whom the unhappy man  
 presumed to scoff, felt the insult somewhat deeply, so  
 we may presume he took the most effectual means to  
 prove to the world that he was not, according to the  
 malignant insinuation of his envious compeer, "an  
 upstart crow beautified with our feathers." We believe  
 that in the gentleness of his nature, when he introduced  
 into 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
 Of learning late deceas'd in beggary,"

he dropped a tear upon the grave of Greene, whose de-  
 merits were to be forgiven in his misery. On the 1st of  
 June, 1593, Christopher Marlowe perished in a wretched  
 brawl, "slain by Francis Archer," as the Register of  
 Burials of the parish of St. Nicholas, Deptford, informs  
 us. Who was left of the dramatists that could enter  
 into competition with William Shakespeare, such as he  
 was almost alone. The great disciples

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tries of the exhibition of 'Andro-' and of 'The Taming of a Shrew.' es exhibit the names of plays which pparent connexion with Shakspeare. December, 1593, Richard Burbage with Peter Streete, a carpenter, for the part of Burbage of the cove- an indenture of agreement by ertook to erect a new theatre for . This was the famous Globe on hich Shakspeare was unquestionably us see that in 1594 there were new e upon his invention; and we may e that the reliance of Burbage and on their poet's unequalled powers eipal inducements to engage in this

is professional engagements, which ewed with increased activity after a, Shakspeare published his 'Rape of vowed to take advantage of all had honoured Lord Southampton our than the first heir of his inven- and Adonis' was entered in the ationers' Company on the 18th of 'Lucrece' appears in the same Re- f May, 1594. That this elaborate in part composed in that interval esulted from the shutting of the ay be reasonably conjectured; but uring the year which had elapsed ation of the first and the second ul been brought into more intimate his noble patron. The language ion is that of distant respect, the grateful friendship. At the period edicated to him his 'Venus and hampton was scarcely twenty years sed to have become intimate with circumstance that his mother had s Heneage, who filled the office of umber, and in the discharge of his ld be brought into frequent inter- ed Chamberlain's players. This is e more natural belief appears to be ; attachment to literature, and, with osity of his character, did not res- of rank to the extent with which y men of colder temperaments inds. Shakspeare appears to have t the writers of his day that offered e merits of the young nobleman, is, and especially that of 'Lucrece,' modest and a manly spirit, entirely rdinary language of literary adula- dence in the second dedication of a ecourse between the two minds than forced adulation of any kind, and y extravagant compliments to the e abilities of a superior in rank. e always suspicious; and probably e always suspicious; and probably when he dedicated his 'World of

Words' to the Earl in 1598, shows pretty correctly what the race of panegyrists expected in return for their compliments: "In truth, I acknowledge an entire debt, not only of my best knowledge, but of all; yea of more than I know, or can, to your bounteous lordship, in whose pay and patronage I have lived some years; to whom I owe and vow the years I have to live. But, as to me, and many more, the glorious and gracious sunshine of your honour hath infused light and life." There is an extraordinary anecdote told by Rowe of Lord Southampton's munificence to Shakspeare, which seems to bring the poet somewhat near to Florio's plain-speaking association of pay and patronage:—"What grace soever the Queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the Earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of 'Venus and Adonis.' There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakspeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shown to French dancers and Italian singers." This is one of the many instances in which we are not warranted in rejecting a tradition, however we may look suspiciously upon the accuracy of its details. D'Avenant could scarcely be very well acquainted with Shakspeare's affairs, for he was only ten years old when Shakspeare died. The sum mentioned as the gift of the young nobleman to the poet is so large, looking at the value of money in those days, that it could scarcely consist with the independence of a generous spirit to bear the load of such a prodigality of bounty. The notions of those days were, however, different from ours. Examples will readily suggest themselves of the most lavish rewards bestowed by princes and nobles upon great painters. They received such gifts without any compromise of their intellectual dignity. It was the same then with poets. According to the habits of the time Shakspeare might have received a large gift from Lord Southampton, without any forfeiture of his self-respect. Nevertheless, Rowe's story must still appear sufficiently apocryphal: "My Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." It is not necessary to account for the gradual acquisition of property by Shakspeare that we should yield our assent to this tradition, without some qualification. In 1589, when Lord Southampton was a lad at College, Shakspeare had already acquired that property which was to be the foundation of his future fortune. He was then a shareholder in the Blackfriars Theatre. That the adventure was a prosperous one, not

only to himself but to his brother shareholders, may be inferred from the fact that four years afterwards they began the building of another theatre. The Globe was commenced in December, 1593; and being constructed for the most part of wood, was ready to be opened, we should imagine, in the summer of 1594. In 1596 the same prosperous company were prepared to expend considerable sums upon the repair and extension of their original theatre, the Blackfriars. The name of Shakspeare occupies a prominent position in the document from which we collect this fact: it is a petition to the Lords of the Privy Council from "Thomas Pope, Richard Burbadge, John Hemings, Augustine Philips, William Shakspeare, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, servants to the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlain to her Majesty;" and it sets forth that they are "the owners and players of the private theatre in the Blackfriars; that it hath fallen into decay; and that it has been found necessary to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereto." It then states what is important to the present question:—"To this end your petitioners have all and each of them put down sums of money according to their shares in the said theatre, and which they have justly and honestly gained by the exercise of their quality of stage-players." It then alleges that certain inhabitants of the precinct had besought the Council not to allow the said private house to remain open, "but hereafter to be shut up and closed, to the manifest and great injury of your petitioners, who have no other means whereby to maintain their wives and families, but by the exercise of their quality as they have heretofore done." The common proprietorship of the company in the Globe and Blackfriars is also noticed:—"In the summer season your petitioners are able to play at their new-built house on the Bankside, called the Globe, but in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriars." If the winter theatre be shut up, they say they will be "unable to practise themselves in any plays or interludes when called upon to perform for the recreation and solace of her Majesty and her honourable Court, as they have been heretofore accustomed." Though the Registers of the Council and the Office-books of the Treasurer of the Chamber are wanting for this exact period, we have here the distinct evidence of the intimate relation between Shakspeare's company and the Court. The petitioners, in concluding by the prayer that their "honourable Lordships will grant permission to finish the reparations and alterations they have begun," add as a reason for this favour that they "have hitherto been well ordered in their behaviour and just in their dealings." The performances at the Blackfriars went on without interruption. Shakspeare, in 1597, bought "all that capital messuage or tenement in Stratford called the New Place." This appears to have been his first investment in property distinct from his theatrical speculations. The purchase of the best house in his native town, at a period of his life when his professional occupations could have allowed him little leisure to reside in it, would appear to have had in view an early retirement from a pursuit which pro-

bably was little agreeable to him. His powers as a dramatic writer might be profitably exercised without being associated with the actor's vocation. We know from other circumstances that at this period Stratford was nearest to his heart. On the 24th of January, 1598, Mr. Abraham Sturley, an alderman of Stratford, writes to his brother-in-law, Richard Quiney, then in London:—"I would write nothing unto you now—but come home. I pray God send you comfortably home. This is one special remembrance, from your father's motion. It seemeth by him that our countryman Mr. Shakspeare is willing to disburse some money upon some odd yard land or other at Shottery, or near about us. He thinketh it a very fit pattern to move him to deal in the matter of our tithes. By the instructions you can give him thereof, and by the friends he can make therefore, we think it a fair mark for him to shoot at, and not impossible to hit. It obtained, would advance him indeed, and would do us much good." We thus see that in a year after the purchase of New Place, Shakspeare's accumulation of money was going on. The worthy alderman and his connexions appear to look confidently to their countryman, Mr. Shakspeare, to assist them in their needs. On the 4th of November, in the same year, Sturley again writes a very long letter "to his most loving brother Mr. Richard Quiney, at the Bell, in Cane Lane, in London," in which he says of a letter written by Quiney to him on the 21st of October, that it imported, amongst other matters, "that our countryman Mr. W. Shakspeare would procure us money, which I well like of, as I shall hear when, and where, and how; and I pray let not go that occasion, if it may sort to any indifferent conditions." Quiney himself at this very time writes the following characteristic letter to his "loving good friend and countryman, Mr. William Shakspeare:"—"Loving countryman, I am bold of you as of a friend, craving your help with thirty pounds upon Mr. Bushell and my security, or Mr. Mythen with me. Mr. Rosswell is not come to London as yet, and I have especial cause. You shall friend me much in helping me out of all the debts I owe in London, I thank God, and much quiet to my mind which would not be indebted. I am now towards the Court in hope your answer for the dispatch of my business. You shall neither lose credit nor money by me, the Lord willing; and now but persuade yourself so as I hope, and you shall not need to fear but with all hearty thankfulness I will hold my time, and content your friend, and if we bargain farther, you shall be the paymaster yourself. My time bids me to hasten to an end, and so I commit this to your care and hope of your help. I fear I shall not be back this night from the Court. Haste. The Lord be with you and with us all. Amen. From the Bell in Cane Lane, the 25th October, 1598. Yours in all kindness, Ryc. Quiney." The anxious dependence which these honest men appear to have upon the good offices of their townsman is more satisfactory even than the evidence which their letters afford of his worldly condition.

In the midst of this prosperity the registers of the

upon-Avon present to us an event thrown a shade over the brightest trial of the only son of the poet is

Hamnet was born on the 2nd of that at his death he was eleven years old. He was a twin child; and that he was constitutionally weak, interfered probably with the education which he received; for whilst Susanna, the elder, had been "witty above her sex," and of a vigorous hand, as we may judge from the deed in 1639, the mark of Judith being a witness to a conveyance in

the case of this inevitable calamity, the poet probably be regarded as a happy man for the rest of his life. He had conquered any adversity by which his earlier career might have been hindered.

He had taken his rank among the great poets; and, above all, his pursuits were not without demand a constant exercise of his mind, and that exercise in the cultivation of the most pleasurable thoughts. To these belong the great histories of 'Richard III.,' and 'Henry IV.,' and the comedies of the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Twelfth Night,' and 'As You Like It.'

Nothing, and 'Twelfth Night.' afford the most abundant evidence of his intellects was in the most healthful and vigorous. These were not hasty adaptations, as we may well believe, but the result of a long and steady application. It is not surprising that the dramatic poet appears not to have been with the applause of the Globe or even with the gracious encouragement of the Court. During three years he gave to the world editions of some of these plays, as if to remove from the pedantic notion that they and comedy did not meet their end.

'Richard II.' and 'Richard III.' in 1597; 'Love's Labour's Lost,' in 1598; 'Romeo and Juliet,' in 1599; 'Henry IV., Part I.' in 1599; 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' in 1600. The publication then ceased. It is no doubt the interests of his fellows; and Shakspeare to assert an exclusive interest, or to pride, at the expense of his association was higher than that of any other of his plays were accessible to the public. In 1598 it was proclaimed, and it is not surprising, that "as Plautus and Terence were the best for tragedy and comedy of Shakespeare, among the English, there is not a man in both kinds for the stage;" and it is not surprising that the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in the tongue of Shakspeare. It was a period of Shakspeare's life that he

wrote, with reference to himself, unlocking his heart to some nameless friend:—

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state."

Sonnets of Shakspeare were in existence in 1598, when Meres tells us of "his sugared sonnets among his private friends." We do not receive these Sonnets altogether as evidences of Shakspeare's personal history or feelings. We believe that the order in which they were printed is an arbitrary one; that some form a continuous poem or poems, that others are isolated in their subjects and the persons to whom they are addressed; that some may express the poet's personal feelings, that others are wholly fictitious, dealing with imaginary loves and jealousies, and not attempting to separate the personal identity of the artist from the sentiments which he expressed, and the situations which he delineated. We believe that, taken as works of art, having a certain degree of continuity, the Sonnets of Spenser, of Daniel, of Drayton, of Shakspeare, although in many instances they might shadow forth real feelings and be outpourings of the inmost heart, were presented to the world as exercises of fancy, and were received by the world as such. Even of those portions of these remarkable lyrics which appear to have an obvious reference to the poet's feelings and circumstances, we cannot avoid rejecting the principle of continuity; for they clearly belong to different periods of his life, if they are the reflection of his real sentiments. We have the playfulness of an early love, and the agonizing throes of an unlawful passion. They speak of a period when the writer had won no honour or substantial rewards—"in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," the period of his youth, if the allusion was at all real; and yet the writer is

"With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn."

One little dedicatory poem says,

"Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassy,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit."

Another (and it is distinctly associated with what we hold to be a continued little poem, wholly fictitious, in which the poet dramatizes as it were the poetical character) boasts that

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

Without attempting therefore to disprove that these Sonnets were addressed to the Earl of Southampton, or to the Earl of Pembroke, we must leave the reader who fancies he can find in them a shadowy outline of Shakspeare's life to form his own conclusion from their careful perusal. They want unity and consistency too much to be received as credible illustrations of this life. The 71st to the 74th Sonnets seem bursting from a heart oppressed with a sense of its own unworthiness, and surrendered to some overwhelming misery. There is a line in the 74th which points at suicide. We cling to the belief that the sentiments here expressed are essentially dramatic. In the 32nd Sonnet, where we recognise the man Shakspeare speaking in his own modest and cheerful spirit, death is to come across his "well-contented day." We must place one sentiment

in opposition to the other, and then the effect is neutralized. The opinion which we have formed of the probable admixture of the artificial and the real in the Sonnets, arising from their supposed original fragmentary state, necessarily leads to the belief that some are accurate illustrations of the poet's situation and feelings. It is collected from these Sonnets, for example, that his profession as a player was disagreeable to him; and this complaint is found amongst those portions which may be separated from the series of verses which appear to us to be written in an artificial character. It might be addressed to any one of his family, or some honoured friend, such as Lord Southampton:—

“O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide  
Than public means, which public manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.”

But if from his professional occupation his nature was felt by him to be subdued to what it worked in,—if thence his name received a brand,—if vulgar scandal sometimes assailed him,—he had high thoughts to console him, such as were never before imparted to mortal. This was probably written in some period of dejection, when his heart was ill at ease, and he looked upon the world with a slight tinge of indifference, if not of dislike. Every man of high genius has felt something of this. It was reserved for the highest to throw it off, “like dew-drops from the lion's mane.” But the profound self-abasement and despondency of the 74th Sonnet, exquisite as the diction is, appear to us unreal, as a representation of the mental state of William Shakspeare; written, as it most probably was, at a period of his life when he revels and luxuriates (in the comedies which belong to the close of the sixteenth century) in the spirit of enjoyment, gushing from a heart full of love for his species, at peace with itself and with all the world.

About the close of the year 1599, the Blackfriars Theatre was remarkable for the constant presence of two men of high rank, who were there seeking amusement and instruction as some solace for the bitter mortifications of disappointed ambition. “My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland came not to the Court; the one doth but very seldom; they pass away the time in London merely in going to plays every day.”\* Essex had arrived from Ireland on the 28th of September, 1599—not

“Bringing rebellion broached on his sword.”—

not surrounded with swarms of citizens who

“Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in.”

but a fugitive from his army; one who in his desire for peace had treated with rebels, and had brought down upon him the censures of the Court; one who knew that his sovereign was surrounded with his personal enemies, and who in his reckless anger once thought to turn his army homeward to compel justice at their hands; one who at last rushed alone into the Queen's

\* Letter of Rowland Whyte to Sir Robert Sydney, in the Sydney Papers.

presence, was in the till the 26 of the Lo but to all Southamp London m ampton, i cousin of consent of under the dismissed had appoi land was having m first husb The seas the Theat and to the the state. period ab gratificati at the op twenty p ‘Henry I 1598; ‘M (not in I have to s ‘Taming which are were unq cannot wi velly fro and Rutl there is e belongs a is pleasur that migh banished most deli ampton v Lord Ke time to t found in into the b reference Southamp There is tially mis alone in influences the exiled the ingra upon, eve and simpl The pe Southamp a gloomy ship of Sc actor to t alone pre worked

inequality of rank and the inequality of intellect, and the fruit had been a continuance and a strengthening of that "love" which seven years earlier had been described as "without end." Those ties were now broken by calamity. The accomplished noble, a prisoner looking daily for death, could not know the depth of the love of his "especial friend." \* He was beyond the reach of any service that this friend could render him. All was gloom and uncertainty. It has been said, and we believe without any intention to depreciate the character of the great poet, that "There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience; the memory of hours mis-spent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worse nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind." † The genius of Shakspeare was so essentially dramatic, that neither Lear, nor Timon, nor Jaques, nor the Duke in 'Measure for Measure,' nor Hamlet, whatever censure of mankind they may express, can altogether be held to reflect "a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world." ‡ That period is referred to the beginning of the seventeenth century, to which the plays belong that are said to exhibit these attributes. § But from this period there is certainly a more solemn cast of thought in all the works of the great poet. The influence of time in the formation and direction of the poetical power must yet be taken into account, as well as any temper arising out of passing events. Shakspeare was now thirty-seven years of age. He had attained to the consciousness of his own intellectual strength, and he had acquired by long practice the mastery of his own genius. He had already learnt to direct the stage to higher and nobler purposes than those of mere amusement. It might be carried farther into the teaching of the highest philosophy through the medium of the grandest poetry. The epoch which produced 'Othello,' 'Lear,' and 'Macbeth' has been described as exhibiting the genius of Shakspeare in full possession and habitual exercise of power, "at its very point of culmination."

The year 1601 was also a year which brought to Shakspeare a great domestic affliction. His father died on the 8th of September of that year. It is impossible not to feel that Shakspeare's family arrangements, imperfectly as we know them, had especial reference to the comfort and honour of his parents. When he bought New Place in 1597, his occupations then demanding his presence in London through great part of the year, his wife and children, we may readily imagine, were under the same roof with his father and mother. They had sighed over the declining health of

his little Hamnet,—they had watched over the growth of his Susanna and Judith. If restricted means had at any previous period assailed them, he had provided for the comforts of their advanced age. And now that father, the companion of his boyhood—he who had led him forth into the fields and had taught him to look at nature with a practical eye—was gone. More materials for deep thought in the year 1601. The Register of Stratford attests the death of this earliest friend.

The fortieth volume of the registers of the Town Council of Aberdeen contains some entries, which are not without their reference to the life of Shakspeare:—

"Nouo Octobris 1601.

"Ordinance to the dean of gild.

"The samen day The prouest Baillies and counsall ordanis the sume of threttie tua merkis to be gevin to the Kingis seruantes presently in this burcht. . . quha playes comedie and stage playes. Be reason they ar recommendit be his majesties special letter and hes played sum of their comedies in this burcht and ordanis the said sume to be payit to thame be the dean of gild quhilk salbe allowit in his comptis."

"22 Octr 1601.

"The Quhilk day Sir Francis Hospitall of Hanlsie knycht Frenschman being recommendit be his majestie to the Prouest Baillies and Counsall of this burcht to be favorable Intertenent with the gentillmen his majesties seruants efter specifett quha war direct to this burcht be his majestie to accompanie the said Frenschman being ane nobillman of France cumming only to this burcht to sic the towne and countrie the said Frenschman with the knightis and gentillmen folowing wer all reassuit and admittit Burgesses of Gild of this burcht quha gave their althia in common form folowis the names of thame that war admittit burgesses

Sir Francis Hospitall of halke knycht  
Sir Claud Hamilton of Schawfeld knycht  
Sir John Grahame of orkhill knycht  
Sir John Ramsay of Ester Baronie knycht  
James Hay James Auchterlony Robert Ker James Schaw  
Thomas foster James Gleghorne David Drummond  
Scrutours to his Majestie  
Monsieur de Scheyne Monsieur la Bar Scrutours to the said  
Sir Francis  
James Law  
James Hamilton scrutour to the said Sir Claud  
Archibald Sym Trumpeter  
Laurence Fletcher comediane to his majestie.  
Mr David Wed  
Johns Bronderstainis "

These documents present something more than the facts, that a company of players, specially recommended by the King, were paid a gratuity from the Corporation of Aberdeen for their performances in that town, one of them subsequently receiving the freedom of the borough. The provost, baillies, and council ordain that thirty-two marks should be given to the King's servants then in that borough, who played comedies and stage-plays. The circumstance that they are recommended by the King's special letter is not so important as the description of them as the King's servants. Thirteen days after the entry of the 9th of October, at which first period these servants of the King had played some of their comedies, Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty, is admitted a Burgess of guild of the borough of Aberdeen—the greatest honour which the Corporation could bestow. He is admitted to this honour in company with a nobleman of France visiting Aberdeen for

\* The expression is used by Southampton in his letter to Lord Ellesmere introducing Shakspeare and Burbage in 1608. See Collier's 'New Facts,' p. 33.

† Hallam's 'Literature of Europe,' vol. iii., p. 508.

‡ Mr. Hallam refers to 'Hamlet' in its altered form.



the gratification of his curiosity, and recommended by the King to be favourably entertained; as well as with three men of rank, and others, who were directed by his Majesty to accompany "the said Frenchman." All the party are described in the document as knights and gentlemen. We have to inquire, then, who was Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty? Assuredly the King had not in his service a company of Scotch players. In 1599 he had licensed a company of English comedians to play at Edinburgh. Fond as James was of theatrical exhibitions, he had not the means of gratifying his taste, except through the visits of English comedians. Scotland had no drama in the proper sense of the word. We may safely conclude that King James would have no Scottish company of players, because Scotland had no dramas to play.

"Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty," was undoubtedly an Englishman; and "the King's servants presently in this borough who play comedies and stage-plays" were as certainly English players. There are not many facts known by which we can trace the history of Lawrence Fletcher. He is not mentioned amongst "the names of the principal actors in all these plays," which list is given in the first folio edition of Shakspeare; but he undoubtedly belonged to Shakspeare's company. Augustine Phillipps, who, by his will, in 1605, bequeathed a thirty-shilling piece of gold to his "fellow" William Shakspeare, also bequeathed twenty shillings to his "fellow" Lawrence Fletcher. But there is more direct evidence than this of the connexion of Fletcher with Shakspeare's company. The patent of James I., dated at Westminster on the nineteenth of May, 1603, in favour of the players acting at the Globe, is headed "Pro Laurentio Fletcher et Willielmo Shakspeare et aliis;" and it licenses and authorises the performances of "Laurence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipps, John Hemings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowly, and the rest of their associates." The connexion in 1603 of Fletcher and Shakspeare cannot be more distinctly established than by this document. Chalmers says that Fletcher "was placed before Shakspeare and Richard Burbage in King James's licence as much perhaps by accident as by design." The Aberdeen Register is evidence against this opinion. Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty, is admitted to honours which are not bestowed upon the other King's servants who had acted plays in the borough of Aberdeen in 1601. Lawrence Fletcher is first named in the letters patent of 1603. It is evident, we think, that he was admitted a burgher of Aberdeen as the head of the company, and that he was placed first in the royal licence for the same reason. But there is a circumstance, we apprehend, set forth in the Aberdeen Registers which is not only important with reference to the question of Shakspeare having visited Scotland, but which explains a remarkable event in the history of the stage. The company rewarded by the Corporation of Aberdeen on the 9th of October, 1601, were not only recommended by his Majesty's special letter, but they were the King's servants. Lawrence Fletcher, according to the second entry, was comedian

to his Majesty received; not been. They were 1590; but tioned in servants. Laurence says that of this i servants, wards con did not c and other the King that we, c mere mot presents &c. The and facu subjects s think goo ercise pu infection usual ho The justi letters pa assist the ment thu you shall shall tak patent ex and coun their wel belief tha tue of thi the Chart removed on the l patent to Greenwic the exact words of iraply sor named as sible that James tak on which lain's serv performed that he c at first business of the K ject of pl company cedent of the serva servants o course; t above all act, carri

within his new metropolis. But all these objections are removed when we refer to the facts opened to us by the council registers of Aberdeen. King James the Sixth of Scotland had recommended his servants to the magistrates of Aberdeen; and Lawrence Fletcher, there can be no doubt, was one of those servants so recommended. The patent of James the First of England directed to Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, and others, eighteen months after the performances at Aberdeen, is directed to those persons as "our servants." It does not appoint them the King's servants, but recognises the appointment as already existing. Can there be a reasonable doubt that the appointment was originally made by the King in Scotland, and subsisted when the same King ascended the English throne? Lawrence Fletcher was admitted a burgher of Guild of the borough of Aberdeen as comedian to his Majesty, in company with other persons who were servitors to his Majesty. He received that honour, we may conclude, as the head of the company, also the King's servants. We know not how he attained this distinction amongst his fellows, but it is impossible to imagine that accident so favoured him in two instances. The King's servant who was most favoured at Aberdeen, and the King's servant who is first in the patent in 1603, was surely placed in that position by the voice of his fellows, the other King's servants. William Shakspeare is named with him in a marked manner in the heading of the patent. Seven of their fellows are also named, as distinguished from "the rest of their associates." There can be no doubt of the identity of the Lawrence Fletcher, the servant of James VI. of Scotland, and the Lawrence Fletcher, the servant of James I. of England. Can we doubt that the King's servants who played comedies and stage plays in Aberdeen, in 1601, were, taken as a company, the King's servants who were licensed to exercise the art and faculty of playing, throughout all the realm, in 1603? If these points are evident, what reason have we to doubt that William Shakspeare, the second named in the licence of 1603, was amongst the King's servants at Aberdeen in 1601? Every circumstance concurs in the likelihood that he was of that number recommended by the King's special letter; and his position in the licence, even before Burbage, was, we may well believe, a compliment to him who in 1601 had taught "our James" something of the power and riches of the English drama. These circumstances give us, we think, warranty to conclude that the story of *Macbeth* might have been suggested to Shakspeare upon Scottish ground; that the accuracy displayed in the local descriptions and allusions might have been derived from a rapid personal observation; and that some of the peculiarities of his witchcraft imagery might have been found in Scottish superstitions, and more especially in those which were rife at Aberdeen at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

In May, 1602, Shakspeare made a large addition to his property at Stratford by the purchase, from William and John Combe, for the sum of three hundred and twenty pounds, of one hundred and seven acres of arable land in the town of Old Stratford. The inden-

ture, which is in the possession of Mr. Wheeler of Stratford, is dated the 1st of May, 1602. The conveyance bears the signatures of the vendors of the property. But although it concludes in the usual form, "The parties to these presents having interchangeably set to their hands and seals," the counterpart (also in the possession of Mr. Wheeler) has not the hand and seal of the purchaser of the property described in the deed as "William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the countie aforesaide, Gentleman." The counterpart is not signed, and the piece of wax which is affixed to it is unimpressed with any seal. The acknowledgment of possession is however recorded. The property is delivered to Gilbert Shakspeare to the use of William. Gilbert was two years and a half younger than William, and in all likelihood was the cultivator of the land which the poet thus bought, or assisted their father in the cultivation.

Amongst the few papers rescued from "time's devouring maw" which enable us to trace Shakspeare's career with any exactness, there is another which relates to the acquisition of property in the same year. It is a copy of Court Roll for the Manor of Rowington, dated the 28th of September, 1602, containing the surrender by Walter Getley to the use of William Shakspeare of a house in Stratford, situated in Walker Street. This tenement was opposite Shakspeare's house of New Place. It is now taken down; it was in existence a few years ago. This document, which is in the possession of Mr. Hunt, the town-clerk of Stratford, also shows that at the latter end of September, 1602, William Shakspeare, the purchaser of this property, was not at Stratford. It could not legally pass to him, being a copyhold, till he had done suit and service in the Lord's Court; and the surrender therefore provides that it should remain in the possession of the lord till he, the purchaser, should appear.

In the September of 1602 the Earl of Worcester, writing to the Earl of Shrewsbury, says, "We are frolic here in Court, much dancing in the Privy Chamber of country-dances before the Queen's Majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith." In the December she was entertained at Sir Robert Cecil's house in the Strand, and some of the usual devices of flattering mummery were exhibited before her. A few months saw a period to the frolic and the flattery. The last entry in the books of the Treasurer of the Chamber during the reign of Elizabeth, which pertains to Shakspeare, is the following;—melancholy in the contrast between the Candlemas-Day of 1603, the 2nd of February, and the following 24th of March, when Elizabeth died:—"To John Hemynges and the rest of his companie, servants to the Lorde Chamberleyne, upon the Councells Warraunte, dated at Whitehall the xxth of Aprill, 1603, for their paines and expences in presenting before the late Queenes Ma<sup>tie</sup> twoe playes, the one upon St. Stephens day at night, and thother upon Candlemas day at night, for ech of which they were allowed, by way of her Ma<sup>tie</sup> reward, tenne poundes, amounting in all to xx<sup>li</sup>."

King James I. of England left his good city of Edinburgh on the 5th of April, 1603. He was nearly five weeks on the road. On the 7th of May he was

safely lodged at the Charter House; and one of his first acts of authority was, as already noticed, after creating four new peers, and issuing a proclamation against robbery on the Borders, to order the Privy Seal for the patent to Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, and others. We learn from the patent itself that the King's servants were to perform publicly "when the infection of the plague shall decrease." It is clear that the King's servants were not at liberty then to perform publicly. How long the theatres were closed we do not exactly know; but a document is in existence, dated April 9th, 1604, directing the Lord Mayor of London, and Justices of Middlesex and Surrey, "to permit and suffer the three companies of players to the King, Queen, and Prince to exercise their plays in their several and usual houses." On the 20th of October, 1603, Joan, the wife of the celebrated Edward Alleyn, writes to her husband from London,—“About us the sickness doth cease, and likely more and more, by God's help, to cease. All the companies be come home, and well, for aught we know.” Her husband is hawking in the country, and Henslowe, his partner, is at the Court. Shakspeare is in London. Some one propounded a theory that there was no real man called William Shakspeare, and that the plays which passed with his name were the works of Marlowe and others. This very letter of good Mrs. Alleyn shows that William Shakspeare not only lived, but went about pretty much like other people, calling common things by their common names, giving advice about worldly matters in the way of ordinary folk, and spoken of by the wife of his friend without any wonder or laudation, just as if he had written no ‘Midsummer Night's Dream,’ or ‘Othello’ :—“Aboute a weeke a goe there came a youthe, who said he was Mr. Francis Chaloner, who would have borrowed xli to have bought things for . . . . and said he was known unto you, and Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe, who came . . . said he knewe hym not, onely he herde of hym that he was a roge . . . . so he was glade we did not lend him the monney. . . . Richard Johnes [went] to seeke and inquire after the fellow, and said he had lent hym a horse. I feare me he gulled hym, though he gulled not us. The youthe was a prety youthe, and hansome in appayrell: we knowe not what became of hym.”\* But although Shakspeare was in London on the 20th of October, 1603, it is tolerably clear that the performances at the public theatres were not resumed till after the order of the 9th of April, 1604. In the Office Books of the Treasurer of the Chamber there is an entry of a payment of thirty-two pounds upon the Council's warrant dated at Hampton Court, February 8th, 1604, “by way of his Majesty's free gift” to Richard Burbage, one of his Majesty's comedians, “for the maintenance and relief of himself and the rest of his company, being prohibited to present any plays publicly in or near London, by reason of great peril that might grow through the extraordinary concourse and assembly of people, to a new increase of the plague, till it shall please God to settle the city in a more perfect health.” † But

though the fear of of people,” for his own before the same Office John Hem and the re in the cou there prese of Deceml Wilton wa broke, to v nets were s opinion. nobleman, of any ma friended S his acts of and Henry tion of th most noble Earl of Pe In the su “singular places you dignity gr trifles; an priv'd ou since your trifles som them, and we hope tl the fate, c writings) ; you have speak of tl volume wl object of to Wilton arisen from It would t before Jar towards S the player poet's life.

At the taken up l a little be formity is eleven la Masque; plays befo nobles for to his serv have been accession early frie a long i: Southam;

\* From the Papers in Dulwich College, printed in Mr. Collier's 'Memoirs of Edward Alleyn.'

† Cunningham's 'Revels at Court,' p. xxxv.

the King, their tastes may have led the monarch to a just preference of the works of Shakspeare before those of any other dramatist. The six plays performed before the King and Prince in the Christmas of 1603-4 at Hampton Court, were followed at the succeeding Christmas by performances "at the Banqueting-House at Whitehall," in which the plays of Shakspeare were preferred above those of every other competitor. There were eleven performances by the King's players, of which eight were plays of Shakspeare. Jonson shared this honour with him in the representation of 'Every One in his Humour,' and 'Every One out of his Humour.' A single play by Heywood, another by Chapman, and a tragedy by an unknown author, completed the list of these revels at Whitehall. It is told, Malone says, "upon authority which there is no reason to doubt, that King James bestowed especial honour upon Shakspeare." The story is told in the Advertisement to Lintot's edition of Shakspeare's Poems—"That most learned Prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William Davenant, as a credible person now living can testify." Was the honour bestowed as a reward for the compliment to the King in 'Macbeth,' or was the compliment to the King a tribute of gratitude for the honour?

We have seen that in the year 1602 Shakspeare was investing the gains of his profession in the purchase of property at Stratford. It appears from the original Fines of the Court of King's Bench, preserved in the Chapter-house, that a little before the accession of James, in 1603, Shakspeare had also purchased a messuage at Stratford, with barns, gardens, and orchards, of Hercules Underhill, for the sum of sixty pounds. There can be little doubt that this continued acquisition of property in his native place had reference to the ruling desire of the poet to retire to his quiet fields and the placid intercourse of society at Stratford, out of the turmoil of his professional life and the excitement of the companionship of the gay and the brilliant. And yet it appears highly probable that he was encouraged, at this very period, through the favour of those who rightly estimated his merit, to apply for an office which would have brought him even more closely in connexion with the Court, that of Master of the Queen's Revels, to which office Samuel Daniel was appointed. It is not impossible that Shakspeare looked to this appointment as a compensation for his retirement from the profession of an actor, retaining his interest, however, as a theatrical proprietor. Be that as it may, he still carried forward his ruling purpose of the acquisition of property at Stratford. In 1605 he accomplished a purchase which required a larger outlay than any previous investment. On the 24th of July, in the third year of James, a conveyance was made by Ralph Hubbard, Esq., to William Shakspeare, gentleman, of a moiety of a lease of the great and small tithes of Stratford, for the remainder of a term of ninety-two years, and the amount of the purchase was four hundred and

forty pounds. There can be little doubt that he was the cultivator of his own land, availing himself of the assistance of his brother Gilbert, and, in an earlier period, probably of his father. An account in 1597 of the stock of malt in the borough of Stratford, is said to exhibit ten quarters in the possession of William Shakspeare, of Chapel Street Ward. New Place was situated in Chapel Street. The purchase of a moiety of the tithes of so large a parish as Stratford might require extensive arrangements for their collection. Tithes in those days were more frequently collected in kind than by a *modus*. But even if a *modus* was taken, it would require a knowledge of the value of agricultural produce to farm the tithes with advantage. But before the date of this purchase it is perfectly clear that William Shakspeare was in the exercise of the trading part of a farmer's business. He bought the hundred and seven acres of land of John and William Combe in May, 1602. In 1604 a declaration was entered in the Borough Court of Stratford, on a plea of debt, William Shakspeare against Philip Rogers, for the sum of thirty-five shillings and ten-pence, for corn delivered. The precept was issued in the usual form upon this declaration, the delivery of the corn being stated to have taken place at several times in the first and second years of James. There cannot be more distinct evidence that William Shakspeare, at the very period when his dramas were calling forth the rapturous applause of the new Sovereign and his Court, and when he himself, as it would seem, was ambitious of a courtly office, did not disdain to pursue the humble though honourable occupation of a farmer in Stratford, and to exercise his just rights of property in connexion with that occupation. We must believe that he looked forward to the calm and healthful employment of the evening of his days, as a tiller of the land which his father had tilled before him, at the same time working out noble plans of poetical employment in his comparative leisure, as the best scheme of life in his declining years. The exact period when he commenced the complete realization of these plans is somewhat doubtful. He had probably ceased to appear as an actor before 1605. If the date 1608 be correctly assigned to a letter held to be written by Lord Southampton, it is clear that Shakspeare was not then an actor, for he is there described as "till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a sharer in the same." His partial freedom from his professional labours certainly preceded his final settlement at Stratford.

In the conveyance by the Combes to Shakspeare in 1602, he is designated as William Shakspeare of Stratford-upon-Avon. The same designation holds in subsequent legal documents connected with Stratford; but there is no doubt that, at the period of the conveyance from the Combes, he was an actor in the company performing at the Blackfriars and at the Globe; and in tracing therefore the "whereabout" of Shakspeare, from the imperfect records which remain to us, we have assumed that where the fellows of Shakspeare are to be found, there is he to be also located. But in the belief that before 1608 he had ceased to be an actor, we are not required to assume that he was so ~~consequently~~ *consequently* ~~with~~

his company as before that partial retirement. His interest would no doubt require his occasional presence with them, for he continued to be a considerable proprietor in their lucrative concerns. That prudence and careful management which could alone have enabled him to realize a large property out of his professional pursuits, and at the same time not to dissipate it by his agricultural occupations, appears to have been founded upon an arrangement by which he secured the assistance of his family, and at the same time made a provision for them. We have seen that in 1602 his brother Gilbert was his representative at Stratford. Richard, who was ten years his junior, and who, dying a year before him, was buried at Stratford, would also appear to have been resident there. His youngest brother Edmund, sixteen years his junior, was, there can be little question, associated with him in the theatre; and he probably looked to him to attend to the management of his property in London, after he retired from any active attention to its conduct. But Edmund died early. He lived in the parish of St. Saviour's, in all probability at his brother's house in the liberty of the Clink; and the register of burials of that parish has the following record:—"1607, December 31st, Edmond Shakespeare, a player, in the church." The death of his brother might probably have had a considerable influence upon the habits of his life, and might have induced him to dispose of all his theatrical property, as there is reason to believe he did, several years before his death. The value of a portion of this property has been ascertained, as far as it can be, upon an estimate for its sale; and by this estimate the amount of his portion, as compared with that of his co-proprietors, is distinctly shown. In 1608 the question of the jurisdiction of the City in the Blackfriars, and especially with reference to the playhouse, was brought before Lord Ellesmere, the Chancellor. The proprietors of the theatre remained in undisturbed possession. Out of this attempt a negotiation appears to have arisen for the purchase of the property by the City; for amongst the documents connected with this attempt of the Corporation is found a paper headed, "For avoiding of the playhouse in the precinct of the Blackfriars." The document states, in conclusion, that "in the whole it will cost the Lord Mayor and the citizens at the least 7000*l*." Richard Burbage claims 1000*l*. for the fee, and for his four shares 933*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. Laz. Fletcher owns three shares, which he rates at 700*l*., that is, at seven years' purchase. "W. Shakespeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500*l*," and for his four shares, the same as his fellowes Burbidge and Fletcher, viz. 933*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*." Heminge and Condell have each two shares, Taylor and Lowin each a share and a half; four more players each a half share; which they all value at the same rate. The hired men of the company also claim recompense for their loss; "and the widows and orphans of players who are paid by the sharers at divers rates and proportions."\* It thus appears that, next to Richard Burbage, Shakspeare was the largest

\* This valuable document was discovered by Mr. Collier, and published by him in his 'New Facts.'

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married Thomas Quiney in 1616, lived to the age of seventy-seven, having been buried on the 9th of February, 1662. The descendants of Shakspeare's family and of his friends surrounded the worthy vicar on every side; and he appears to have thought it absolutely necessary to acquire such a knowledge of the productions of the great poet as might qualify him to speak of them in general society:—"Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays, and bee much versed in them, that I may not bee ignorant in that matter." The honest vicar was not quite certain whether the fame of Shakspeare was only a provincial one, for he adds—"Whether Dr. Heylin does well, in reckoning up the dramatick poets which have been famous in England, to omit Shakespeare?" The good man is not altogether to be blamed for having previously to 1662 been "ignorant" of Shakspeare's plays. He was only thirty-three years of age; and his youth had been passed in the stormy period when the Puritans had well nigh banished all literature, and especially dramatic literature, from the minds of the people, in their intolerant proscription of all pleasure and recreation. At any rate we may accept the statements of the good vicar as founded upon the recollections of those with whom he was associated in 1662. It is wholly consistent with what we otherwise know of Shakspeare's life, that "he frequented the plays all his younger time." It is equally consistent that he "in his elder days lived at Stratford." There is nothing improbable in the belief that he "supplied the stage with two plays every year." The last clause of the sentence is somewhat startling:—"And for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a-year, as I have heard." And yet the assertion must not be considered wholly an exaggeration. "He spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a-year," must mean the rate of the time when Mr. Ward is writing. During the half century which had preceded the Restoration there had been a more important decrease in the value of money than had even taken place in the reign of Elizabeth. During that reign the prices of all commodities were constantly rising; but after the reduction of the legal rate of interest from ten per cent. to eight in 1624, and from eight to six in 1651, the change was still more remarkable. Sir Josias Child, in 1688, says that five hundred pounds with a daughter, sixty years before, was esteemed a larger portion than two thousand pounds now. It would appear, therefore, that the thousand a-year in 1662 was not more than one-third of the amount in 1612; and this sum, from 300*l.* to 400*l.*, was, as near as may be, the amount which Shakspeare appears to have derived from his theatrical property. In all probability he held that property during the greater part of the period when he "supplied the stage with two plays every year;" and this indirect remuneration for his poetical labours might readily have been mistaken, fifty years afterwards, as "an allowance so large" for authorship that the good vicar records it as a memorable thing.

It is established that 'Othello' was performed in 1602; 'Hamlet,' greatly enlarged, was published in 1604; 'Measure for Measure' was acted before the Court on St. Stephen's night in the same year. If we place Shak-

speare's partial retirement from his professional duties about this period, and regard the plays whose dates up to this point have not been fixed by any authentic record, or satisfactory combination of circumstances, we have abundant work in reserve for the great poet in the maturity of his intellect. 'Lear,' 'Macbeth,' 'Timon of Athens,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Cymbeline,' 'The Winter's Tale,' 'The Tempest,' 'Henry VIII.,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' eleven of the noblest productions of the human intellect, so varied in their character,—the deepest passion, the profoundest philosophy, the wildest romance, the most comprehensive history—what a glorious labour to fill the nine or ten remaining years of the life of the man who had left his native fields twenty years before to seek for advancement in doubtful and perilous paths,—in a profession which was denounced by some and despised by others,—amongst companions full of genius and learning, but who had perished early in their pride and their self-abandonment! And he returns wealthy and honoured to the bosom of those who are dearest to him—his wife and daughters, his mother, his sisters and brothers. The companions of his boyhood are all around him. They have been useful members of society in their native place. He has constantly kept up his intercourse with them. They have looked to him for assistance in their difficulties. He is come to be one of them, to dwell wholly amongst them, to take a deeper interest in their pleasures and in their cares, to receive their sympathy. He is come to walk amidst his own fields, to till them, to sell their produce. His labour will be his recreation. In the activity of his body will the energy of his intellect find its support and its rest. His nature is eminently fitted for action as well as contemplation. Were it otherwise, he would have "bad dreams," like his own Hamlet. Morbid thoughts may have come over him "like a passing cloud;" but from this time his mind will be eminently healthful. The imagination and the reason henceforth will be wonderfully balanced. Much of this belongs to the progressive character of his understanding; something to his favourable position.

With the exception of a playful piece of ridicule in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' we know not of a single personality which can be alleged against Shakspeare, in an age when his dramatic contemporaries, especially, bespattered their rivals and their enemies as fiercely as any modern paragraph writer. But vulgar opinion, which is too apt most easily to recognise the power of talent in its ability to inflict pain, has assigned to Shakspeare a performance which has the quality, extraordinary as regards himself, of possessing scurrility without wit. It is something lower in the moral scale even than the fabricated ballad upon Sir Thomas Lucy; for it exhibits a wanton and unprovoked outrage upon an unoffending neighbour, in the hour of convivial intercourse. Rowe tells the story as if he thought he were doing honour to the genius of the man whose good qualities he is at the same moment recording: "The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be—in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He

had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story still remembered in that country that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him, and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately, upon which Shakspeare gave him these four lines:—

‘Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav’d;  
‘T is a hundred to ten his soul is not sav’d.  
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?  
Oh! Oh! quoth the devil, ‘t is my John-a-Combe.’

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it." Certainly this is an extraordinary illustration of Shakspeare's "pleasurable wit and good nature"—of those qualities which won for him the name of the "gentle Shakspeare;" which made Jonson, stern enough to most men, proclaim—"He was honest, and of an open and free nature," and that his "mind and manners" were reflected in his "well-turned and true-filed lines." John-a-Combe never forgave the sharpness of the satire! And yet he bequeathed by his last will "To Mr. William Shakspeare, five pounds." Aubrey tells the story with a difference:—"One time, as he was at the tavern at Stratford-upon-Avon, one Combes, an old rich usurer, was to be buried, he makes there this extemporary epitaph;" and then he gives the lines with a variation, in which "vows" rhymes to "allows," instead of "sav'd" to "ingrav'd." Of course, following out this second story, the family of John Combe resented the insult to the memory of their parent, who died in 1614; and yet an intimacy subsisted between them even till the death of Shakspeare, for in his own will he bequeaths to the son of the usurer a remarkable token of personal regard, the badge of a gentleman:—"To Mr. Thomas Combe my sword." The whole story is a fabrication. Ten in the hundred was the old name of opprobrium for one who lent money. To receive interest at all was called usury. "That ten in the hundred was gone to the devil," was an old joke, that shaped itself into epigrams long before the death of John Combe; and in the 'Remains of Richard Brathwaite,' printed in 1618, we have the very epitaph assigned to Shakspeare, with a third set of variations, given as a notable production, of this voluminous writer: "Upon one John Combe, of Stratford-upon-Avon, a notable usurer, fastened upon a Tombe that he had caused to be built in his Lifetime." The lie direct is given by the will of John Combe to this third version of the lines against him; for it directs that a convenient tomb shall be erected one year after his decease.

The register of marriages at Stratford-upon-Avon

for the year 1607 contains the entry of the marriage of John Hall, gentleman, and Susanna Shakspeare, on the 5th June. Susanna, the eldest daughter of William Shakspeare, was now twenty-four years of age. John Hall, gentleman, a physician settled at Stratford, was in his thirty-second year. This appears in every respect to have been a propitious alliance. Shakspeare received into his family a man of learning and talent.

The season at which the marriage of Shakspeare's eldest daughter took place would appear to give some corroboration to the belief that, at this period, he had wholly ceased to be an actor. It is not likely that an event to him so deeply interesting would have taken place during his absence from Stratford. It was the season of performances at the Globe. It is at this period that we can fix the date of 'Lear.' That wonderful tragedy was first published in 1608; and the title-page recites that "It was plaid before the King's Majesty at White-Hall, uppon S. Stephen's Night; in Christmas Halli-daies." This most extraordinary production might well have been the first fruits of a period of comparative leisure; when the creative faculty was wholly untrammelled by petty cares, and the judgment might be employed in working again and again upon the first conceptions, so as to produce such a masterpiece of consummate art without after labour. The next season of repose gave birth to an effort of genius wholly different in character; but almost as wonderful in its profound sagacity and knowledge of the world, as 'Lear' is unequalled for its depth of individual passion. 'Troilus and Cressida' was published in 1609. We may well believe that the Sonnets were published in 1609, without the consent of their author. That the appearance of those remarkable lyrics should have annoyed him, by exposing, as they now appear in the eyes of some to do, the frailties of his nature, we do not for a moment believe. They would be received by his family and by the world as essentially fictitious; and ranked with the productions of the same class with which the age abounded.

The year 1608 brought its domestic joys and calamities to Shakspeare. In the same font where he had been baptized, forty-three years before, was baptized, on the 21st of February, his grand-daughter, "Elizabeth, daughter of John Hall." In the same grave where his father was laid in 1601, was buried his mother, "Mary Shakspeare, widow," on the 29th of September, 1608. She was the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, who died in 1556. She was probably, therefore, about seventy years of age when her sons followed her to the "house of all living."

There is a memorandum existing, by Thomas Greene, a contemporary of Shakspeare, residing at Stratford, which, under the date of November 17th, 1614, bears this record:—"My cousin Shakspeare coming yesterday to town, I went to see him how he did." We cite this memorandum here, as an indication of Shakspeare's habit of occasionally visiting London; for Thomas Greene was then in the capital, with the intent of opposing the project of an inclosure at Stratford. The frequency of Shakspeare's visits to London would naturally depend upon the nature of his connexion with the theatres. He was a permanent shareholder, as we have

ackfriars; and no doubt at the Globe rests as a sharer might be diligently by his fellows; and he might only have when he had a new play to bring forth of his leisure in the country. But until his wardrobe and other properties, more ads might be made upon his personal if he were totally free from the responsibility to the charge of such an embarrassment. Mr. Collier has printed a memorandum of Edward Alleyn, dated the payment of various sums "for the amounting to 590*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. Mr. Collier on the money was paid is nowhere ought we know, it was to Shakespeare anterior to his departure from London—memorandum is introduced with the it seems very likely, from evidence now e to be adduced, that Alleyn became the great dramatist's interest in the theatre, robe, and stock of the Blackfriars." document itself says nothing about prose, and stock. It is simply as follows:—

" 1613.

me E. A. for the Blackfriars	160 <i>l</i>
ackfriars . . . . .	126 <i>l</i>
t the Lease . . . . .	310 <i>l</i>
of the same, and other small	3 <i>l</i> 6 <i>s</i> . 8 <i>d</i> ."

of the entire sum is paid "again for the estimate "For avoiding of the Playt rejected as an authority, the conjecture that the property purchased by id to Shakspeare is wholly untenable; dued at a thousand pounds, was the arbage, and to the owner of the Fee the sum for the lease. Subsequent Alleyn show that he paid rent for and expended sums upon the building oofs that it was not Shakspeare's perthat he bought in April 1612. There nce furnished by another document that ot a resident in London in 1613; for in ecuted by him on the 10th of March in e purchase of a dwelling-house in the Blackfriars, he is described as "William Stratforde Upon Avon in the countie of man;" whilst his fellow John Hemyng, o the same deed, is described as "of nan." From the situation of the proppear to have been bought either as an the theatre, or for some protection of he sharers. In the deed of 1602, Shakscribed as of Stratford-upon-Avon. It is hould be so described, in a deed for the l at Stratford; but upon the same prinpen a resident in London in 1613, he n described as of London in a deed for property in London. Yet we also look yance as evidence that Shakspeare had in wholly severed himself from his intere. He is in London at the signing of

\* See page 1074.

the deed, attending, probably, to the duties which still devolved upon him as a sharer in the Blackfriars. He is not a resident in London; he has come to town, as Thomas Greene describes in 1614. But we have no evidence that he sold his theatrical property at all. Certainly the evidence that he sold it to Edward Alleyn may be laid aside in any attempt to fix the date of Shakspeare's departure from London.

Every one agrees that during the last three or four years of his life Shakspeare ceased to write. Yet we venture to think that every one is in error. The opinion is founded upon a belief that he only finally left London towards the close of 1613. We have shown, from his purchase of a large house at Stratford, his constant acquisition of landed property there, his active engagements in the business of agriculture, the interest which he took in matters connected with his property in which his neighbours had a common interest, that he must have partially left London before this period. There were no circumstances, as far as we can collect, to have prevented him finally leaving London several years before 1613. But his biographers, having fixed a period for the termination of his connexion with the active business of the theatre, assume that he became wholly unemployed; that he gave himself up, as Rowe has described, to "ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." His income was enough, they say, to dispense with labour; and therefore he did not labour. But when the days of leisure arrived, is it reasonable to believe that the mere habit of his life would not assert its ordinary control; that the greatest of intellects would suddenly sink to the condition of an every-day man—cherishing no high plans for the future, looking back with no desire to equal and excel the work of the past? At the period of life when Chaucer began to write the 'Canterbury Tales,' Shakspeare, according to his biographers, was suddenly and utterly to cease to write. We cannot believe it. Is there a parallel case in the career of any great artist who had won for himself competence and fame? Is the mere applause of the world, and a sufficiency of the goods of life, "the end-all and the be-all" of the labours of a mighty mind? These attained, is the voice of his spiritual being to be heard no more? If those who reason thus could present a satisfactory record of the dates of all Shakspeare's works, and especially of his later works, we should still cling to the belief that some fruits of the last years of his literary industry had wholly perished. It is unnecessary, as it appears to us, to adopt any such theory. Without the means of fixing the precise date of many particular dramas, we have indisputable traces, up to this period, of the appearance of at least five-sixths of all Shakspeare's undoubted works. Are there any dramas whose individual appearance is not accounted for by those who have attempted to fix the exact chronology of other plays? There are such dramas, and they form a class. They are the three great Roman plays of 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Caesar,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra.'

The happy quiet of Shakspeare's retreat was not wholly undisturbed by calamity, domestic and public. His brother Richard, who was ten years his junior, was



buried at Stratford on the 4th of February, 1613. Of his father's family his sister Joan, who had married Mr. William Hart of Stratford, was probably the only other left. There is no record of the death of his brother Gilbert; but as he is not mentioned in the will of William, in all likelihood he died before him. Oldys, in his manuscript notes upon Langbaine, has a story of "One of Shakspeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II." Gilbert was born in 1566; so that if he had lived some years after the restoration of Charles II. it is not surprising that "his memory was weakened," as Oldys reports, and that he could give "the most noted actors" but "little satisfaction in their endeavours to learn something from him of his brother." The story of Oldys is clearly apocryphal, as far as regards any brother of Shakspeare's. They were a short-lived race. His sister, indeed, survived him thirty years. The family at New Place, at this period, would be composed therefore of his wife only, and his unmarried daughter Judith; unless his elder daughter and his son-in-law formed a part of the same household, with their only child Elizabeth, who was born in 1608. The public calamity to which we have alluded was a great fire, which broke out at Stratford on the 9th of July, 1614. That Shakspeare assisted with all the energy of his character in alleviating the miseries of this calamity, and in the restoration of his town, we cannot doubt. In the same year we find him taking some interest in the project of an inclosure of the common-fields of Stratford. The inclosure would probably have improved his property, and especially have increased the value of the tithes, of the moiety of which he held a lease. The Corporation of Stratford were opposed to the inclosure. They held that it would be injurious to the poorer inhabitants, who were then deeply suffering from the desolation of the fire; and they appear to have been solicitous that Shakspeare should take the same view of the matter as themselves. His friend William Combe, then high sheriff of the county, was a principal person engaged in forwarding the inclosure. The Corporation sent their common clerk, Thomas Greene, to London, to oppose the project; and a memorandum in his hand-writing, which still remains, exhibits the business-like manner in which Shakspeare informed himself of the details of the plan. The first memorandum is dated the 17th of November, 1614, and is as follows:—"My Cosen Shakspeare comyng yesterday to town, I went to see how he did. He told me that they assured him they ment to inclose no further than to Gospel Bush, and so upp straight (leaving out pt. of the Dyngles to the field) to the gate in Clopton hedg, and take in Salisbury's peece; and that they mean in Aprill to svey. the land and then to gyve satisfaccion, and not before: and he and Mr. Hall say they think yr. will be nothyng done at all." Mr. Greene appears to have returned to Stratford in about a fortnight after the date of this memorandum, and Shakspeare seems to have remained in London; for according to a second memorandum, which is damaged and partly illegible, an official letter was written to Shakspeare by the Corporation, accompanied by a pri-

vate letter from Mr. Greene, moving him to exert his influence against this plan of the inclosure:—"23 Dec. A. Hall, Lres. wrytten, one to Mr. Manyring—another to Mr. Shakspeare, with almost all the company's hands to eyther. I also wrytte myself to my Cen. Shakspeare, the coppyes of all our . . . then also a note of the inconvenyences wold . . . by the inclosure." Arthur Mannerling, to whom one of these letters was written by the Corporation, was officially connected with the Lord Chancellor, and then residing at his house; and from the letter to him, which has been preserved, it appears that he was apprised of the injury to be expected from the intended inclosure; reminded of the damage that Stratford, then "lying in the ashes of desolation," had sustained from recent fires; and entreated to forbear the inclosure." The letter to Shakspeare has not been discovered. The fact of its having been written leaves no doubt of the importance which was attached to his opinion by his neighbours. Truly in his later years he had

"Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends!"

The younger daughter of Shakspeare was married at the 10th of February, 1616, to Thomas Quiney, as the register of Stratford shows. Thomas Quiney was the son of Richard Quiney of Stratford, whom we have seen in 1598 soliciting the kind offices of his lowly countryman Shakspeare. Thomas, who was born in 1588, was probably a well-educated man. The last will of Shakspeare would appear to have been prepared in some degree with reference to this marriage. It is dated the 25th of March, 1616; but the word "Januarii" seems to have been first written and afterwards struck out, "Martii" having been written above it. It is not unlikely, and indeed it appears most probable, that the document was prepared before the marriage of Judith; for the elder daughter is mentioned as Susanna Hall,—the younger simply as Judith. To her, one hundred pounds is bequeathed, and fifty pounds conditionally. The life-interest of a further sum of one hundred and fifty pounds is also bequeathed to her, with remainder to her children; but if she died without issue within three years after the date of the will, the hundred and fifty pounds was to be otherwise appropriated. We pass over the various legacies to relations and friends to come to the bequest of the great bulk of the property. All the real estate is devised to his daughter Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life. It is then entailed upon her first son and his heirs male; and in default of such issue, to her second son and his heirs male; and so on: in default of such issue, to his granddaughter Elizabeth Hall (called in the language of the time his "niece"); and in default of such issue, to his daughter Judith and her heirs male. By this strict entailment it was manifestly the object of Shakspeare to found a family. Like many other such purposes of short-sighted humanity the object was not accomplished. His elder daughter had no issue but Elizabeth, and she died childless. The heirs male of Judith died before her. The estates were scattered after the second generation, and the descendants of his sister were the only transmitters to posterity of his blood and lineage.

"Item, I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture." This is the clause of the will upon which, for half a century, all men believed that Shakspeare recollected his wife only to mark how little he esteemed her,—to "cut her off, not indeed with a shilling, but with an old bed."\* We had the satisfaction of first showing the utter groundlessness of this opinion; and we here briefly repeat the statement which we made in our Postscript to 'Twelfth Night,' that the wife of Shakspeare was unquestionably provided for by the natural operation of the law of England. His estates, with the exception of a copyhold tenement, expressly mentioned in his will, were *freehold*. His wife was entitled to *dower*. She was provided for amply, by the clear and undeniable operation of the English law. Of the houses and gardens which Shakspeare inherited from his father, she was assured of the life-interest of a third, should she survive her husband, the instant that old John Shakspeare died. Of the capital messuage called New Place, the best house in Stratford, which Shakspeare purchased in 1597, she was assured of the same life-interest, from the moment of the conveyance, provided it was a direct conveyance to her husband. That it was so conveyed we may infer from the terms of the conveyance of the lands in Old Stratford, and other places, which were purchased by Shakspeare in 1602, and were then conveyed "to the onlye proper use and behoofe of the saide William Shakspeare, his heires and assignes, for ever." Of a life-interest in a third of these lands also was she assured. The tenement in Blackfriars, purchased in 1614, was conveyed to Shakspeare and three other persons; and after his death was re-conveyed by those persons to the uses of his will, "for and in performance of the confidence and trust in them reposed by William Shakespeare deceased." In this estate, certainly, the widow of our poet had not dower. It has been remarked to us that even the express mention of the second-best bed was anything but unkindness and insult; that the best bed was in all probability an heir-loom: it might have descended to Shakspeare himself from his father as an heir-loom and, as such, was the property of his own heirs. The best bed was considered amongst the most important of those chattels which went to the heir by custom with the house.†

\* Malone.

† "And note that in some places chattels as heir-looms (as the best bed, table, pot, pan, cart, and other dead chattels moveable) may go to the heir, and the heir in that case may

The will of Shakspeare thus commences:—"I, William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory, (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament." And yet within one month of this declaration William Shakspeare is no more:

OBITU ANO. DOI. 1616. ETATIS 53. DIE 23. AP.

Such is the inscription on his tomb. It is corroborated by the register of his burial:—"April 25. Will Shakspeare gent." Writing forty-six years after the event, the vicar of Stratford says, "Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted." A tradition of this nature, surviving its object nearly half a century, is not much to be relied on. But if it were absolutely true, our reverence for Shakspeare would not be diminished by the fact that he accelerated his end in the exercise of hospitality, according to the manner of his age, towards two of the most illustrious of his friends. The "merry-meeting," the last of many social hours spent with the full-hearted Jonson and the elegant Drayton, may be contemplated without a painful feeling. Shakspeare possessed a mind eminently social—"he was of a free and generous nature." But, says the tradition of half a century, "he drank too hard" at this "merry meeting." We believe that this is the vulgar colouring of a common incident. He "died of a fever there contracted." The fever that is too often the attendant upon a hot spring, when the low grounds upon a river bank have been recently inundated, is a fever that the good people of Stratford did not well understand at that day. The "merry meeting" rounded off a tradition much more effectively. Whatever was the immediate cause of his last illness, we may well believe that the closing scene was full of tranquillity and hope; and that he who had sought, perhaps more than any man, to look beyond the material and finite things of the world, should rest at last in the "peace which passeth all understanding"—in that assured belief which the opening of his will has expressed with far more than formal solemnity:—"I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

have an action for them at the common law, and shall not sue for them in the ecclesiastical court; but the heir-loom is due by custom, and not by the common law."—*Coke upon Littleton*, 18 b.

## A TABLE OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS,

SHOWING THE POSITIVE FACTS WHICH DETERMINE THE DATES PREVIOUS TO WHICH  
THEY WERE PRODUCED.

HENRY VI., Part I. . . . .	Alluded to by Nashe in Pierce Pennilesse . . . . .	1592	TWELFTH NIGHT . . . . .	Acted in the Mill Temple Hall . . . . .
HENRY VI., Part II. . . . .	Printed as 'The First Part of the Contention' . . . . .	1594	OTHELLO . . . . .	Acted at Hamfeld . . . . .
HENRY VI., Part III. . . . .	Printed as 'The True Trage- dy of Richard Duke of York' . . . . .	1596	MEASURE FOR MEASURE . . . . .	Acted at Whitehall . . . . .
RICHARD II. . . . .	Printed . . . . .	1597	LEAR . . . . .	Printed 1608. Acted Whitehall . . . . .
RICHARD III. . . . .	Printed . . . . .	1597	TAMING OF THE SHREW . . . . .	Supposed to have been acted at Hamfeld Theatre, 1593. Banned at Stationers' Hall . . . . .
ROMEO AND JULIET . . . . .	Printed . . . . .	1597	TROILUS AND CRESSIDA . . . . .	Printed 1609. Previously acted at Court . . . . .
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST . . . . .	Printed . . . . .	1598	PERICLES . . . . .	Printed . . . . .
HENRY IV., Part I. . . . .	Printed . . . . .	1598	THE TEMPEST . . . . .	Acted at Whitehall . . . . .
HENRY IV., Part II. . . . .	Printed . . . . .	1600	THE WINTER'S TALE . . . . .	Acted at Whitehall . . . . .
HENRY V. . . . .	Printed . . . . .	1600	HENRY VIII. . . . .	Acted as a new play in the Globe was burnt . . . . .
MERCHANT OF VENICE . . . . .	Printed 1600. Mentioned by Meres . . . . .	1596		
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM . . . . .	Printed 1600. Mentioned by Meres . . . . .	1598		
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING . . . . .	Printed . . . . .	1600		
AS YOU LIKE IT . . . . .	Entrd. at Stationers' Hall	1600		
ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL . . . . .	Held to be mentioned by Meres as 'Love's La- bour's Won' . . . . .	1598		
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA . . . . .	Mentioned by Meres . . . . .	1598		
COMEDY OF ERRORS . . . . .	Mentioned by Meres . . . . .	1598		
KING JOHN . . . . .	Mentioned by Meres . . . . .	1598		
TITUS ANDRONICUS . . . . .	Printed . . . . .	1600		
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR . . . . .	Printed . . . . .	1602		
HAMLET . . . . .	Printed . . . . .	1603		

\* \* \* Out of the thirty-seven Plays of Shakspeare, the first thirty-one are thus to some extent fixed in epochs. These are, of course, to be modified by other circumstances, which are stated in our Introductory Notice to each Play. There are six Plays remaining, whose dates are not thus limited by publication, by the notice of contemporaries, or by the date of their performance; and these certainly belong to the latter period. They are

MACBETH, JULIUS CÆSAR,  
CYMBELINE, ANTONY AND CLODIA,  
TIMON OF ATHENS, CORIOLANUS



